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to give many instances of such thievery for persons of less prominence. Historians seemed to have the clearest kind of evidence that this was the tomb of Helena: one can follow its vicissitudes in medieval and later documents from the time of her death to the day when the sarcophagus was so beautifully—too beautifully—restored and placed in the museum. But the surprising part is that archæologists should have acquiesced in this opinion, without seeing that from the style and subject of its reliefs this sarcophagus must have been made at a much earlier time. It is only another occasion when archæologists saw what they expected to see and were told to see, and did not use their own eyes. They were told that this sarcophagus was carved under Constantine; and as Constantine's time was a period of abject decadence in the art of sculpture, they invested these reliefs with every defect which they attributed to the age: with confusion in the composition and crudity in the figures. The unprejudiced eye sees in them perhaps the greatest masterpiece in relief work produced by Roman art!

BAS-RELIEF FROM THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH OF MARCUS AURELIUS, NOW IN THE CAPITOLINE MUSEUM, ROME

The sculpture shows German prisoners appealing to Marcus Aurelius for mercy.

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A DISCOVERY CONCERNI MARCUS AURELIUS

IDENTIFICATION OF THE EMPEROR'S SARCOPH IN THE VATICAN

BY ARTHUR L. FROTHINGHAM

Sometime Professor of Ancient History and Archæology, Princeton Universi

CONSIDERING that the tomb of every Roman emperor has been supposed to be destroyed, one cannot escape a certain feeling of delicacy in claiming to have discovered that of Marcus Aurelius. If two authorities—Professor Ferrero, as a specialist, and some intelligent amateur—were asked to pick out the four greatest emperors, the chances are they would agree on Augustus, the founder, and Trajan, the rebuilder, of the empire; Marcus Aurelius, the perfect man on the throne; and Diocletian, the autocratic organizer and logical *finale*. Moreover the "Meditations" of Marcus Aurelius after seventeen centuries still persist in influencing thinking people, and reappear from time to time in the collections of familiar authors. It is a curious fact, too, that his tomb illustrates his theories in one way as clearly as his "Meditations"; for it is no ordinary tomb, but a sculptured synopsis of a philosophy of life.

Every one who has visit museum of sculpture in Rc this tomb, and has suppose the truth about it in his B an immense cenotaph of largest sarcophagus that an us. Its surface on all si with figures cut, with con tery, in high relief, in the i surface of this hardest of 327 or 328 A.D. this sa taken by the Emperor Con der to bury in it his mother, Helena, and was placed in mausoleum which he built the walls of Rome. Wh suspected that Constantine the effrontery to pillage t of an earlier emperor and cophagus to save themselves carving a new one? And, been suspected it would hav

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DETAIL OF THE SCULPTURE ON ONE END OF THE SARCOPHAGUS, DEPICTING THE EXECUTION OF GERMAN PRISONERS (SEE NEXT PAGE)

is lighted and the flames rise to consume the emperor's body. The soldiers as they pass fling in their ornaments and war-prizes; and the cavalry, as they gallop three times around, raise their lances to strike down the captives. Some are killed by the first blow, others fall to their knees and need a second or a third thrust. One of these wounded men, a chief with peaked cap, raises his hand to beg for quarter; but a youth who is being approached by an executioner turns with quiet scorn to meet the thrust.

On the sarcophagus the genius of the sculptor has shown the various phases of this tragedy, not in separate episodes but in a continuous moving picture, from the moment when the chain-gang approaches

SARCOPHAGUS IN THE VATICAN MUSEUM KNOWN AS THE TOMB OF THE N
CONSTANTINE, BUT ASCRIBED IN THIS ARTICLE TO MARCUS AUREL

the square with bended heads and sad, seared faces, through the stage of placing them in line, till the end of the massacre. The figures are well posed and grouped, in just the style that was current in the reigns of Marcus Aurelius and Commodus; a free and dramatic composition of statuesque men, as if set against a background. There is repressed emotion or determination in every figure.

One may be loath to believe that so humane an emperor as Marcus Aurelius would have allowed so barbarous a scene to be placed on his tomb. But the fact is that similar massacres appear of the Column of Marcus A self! It had long been a prisoners should be massacr days of emperors as a sort offering, as, for example, the Jews killed on the birthday of Vespasian and Domitian. as this was to pagan Rome, i able that the scene should h tended for the tomb of that n Christians, the "Empress" H

Proof of the accuracy of t tion is found in the difference

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DETAIL FROM ONE OF THE SPIRAL RELIEFS ON THE COLUMN OF MARCUS AURELIUS IN ROME

This relief depicts a sacrifice of German prisoners.

artistic style of this sarcophagus and another in the same hall of the Vatican. One can see what inferior work the artists of Constantine's time were capable of doing when they handled porphyry, by simply turning to the sarcophagus of Constantia, Helena's grandchild, who died not long after and which was evidently as close a copy in form and aspect of the older work as Constantine's artists were able to make it. The clumsy, chubby, lifeless cherubs gathering the grapes, symbolic of Christian salvation, are about as far as possible in style from the figures on our sarcophagus. Even the softer white marble used in other works of the time like the friezes of the Arch of Constantine or the small statues of Consuls found in the Forum only shows more plainly the artistic decay, and how absolutely impossible it would have been for such artisans to have carved our masterpiece.

However evident it may seem that this sarcophagus was stolen by Constantine for Helena and not made for her, and that its style indicates the age of Marcus Aurelius, this hardly goes far toward proving that it was this emperor's tomb. That some emperor lay here is, to be sure, indicated by the fact that porphyry was the imperial stone and was probably hardly ever used for any but imperial persons: and that we know of emperors from Nero to Diocletian and later who were all buried in porphyry tombs. There is the improbability that a sacrificial massacre could be in honor of any one but an emperor. There is also the unparalleled size of the sarcophagus.

And now, to be more definite, I will disclose the mental process by which I reached the certainty that Marcus Aurelius must have been the emperor who was buried here. But for the readers' sake it must be abbreviated. I was writing a chapter on early Christian sculpture. This work, if it was carved for Helena, would have headed this chapter, together with the Triumphal Arch of Constantine. When I saw, however, from its workmanship and subject that it must date a century and a half earlier, between 170 and 190 A.D. instead of 328 A.D., and must belong to some imperial personage of that time, it appeared to me that I might be on the track of an inter-

esting mystery and I studied the tomb itself for a clue to the identity of the personage. But I could arrive at no conclusion till I studied the cover—a slanting four-pitch roof with a flat top to carry the urn containing the emperor's ashes. In the center of each long side lay a lion—all alone: a sort of heraldic-appearing lion, reclining, with paws crossed. It was only too easy to see in them the lion of the sign of the zodiac "Leo," and to understand that the person buried here was born under "Leo." Was it Antoninus Pius? Marcus Aurelius? Lucius Verus? Commodus?

I found, by investigating their birthdays, that only two emperors in all history were ruled by "Leo": they were Marcus Aurelius and Claudius Gothicus. Was it foolish to imagine that belief in such a fraudulent science as astrology could be expressed,—would be allowed,—on an official imperial monument? Certainly not! Augustus had his sign, Capricorn, engraved on his coinage and it is set over his head in his great Vienna cameo. The death of Claudius Gothicus was commemorated in a medallion with a lion occupying the entire reverse. If it was done for one of these emperors, how much more readily for the imperial philosopher whose belief in Stoicism was coupled,—as it nearly always was,—with a belief in Astrology?

In fact, at that time, it is no exaggeration to say that astrology was a ruling force throughout the Roman world. Everybody had his or her horoscope drawn by some well-known astrologer. The pages of Tacitus and Suetonius are full of proofs that many a man went to his death because of too promising snuffed out as a possible empire. It was because persuaded him that his s him the throne that the l peted for the empire in 58

An anecdote will illustra curious astrological craze, connection of Marcus Au lion. There flourished a Asia Minor a phenomen faker called Alexander of who had established in his bureau of occult knowledg the oracle of Delphi. He mous correspondence and m man notables consulted him time, quite early in the wa ing desperately fought alon between the Romans under relius and the Germanic tri being in a most dangerous sent emissaries to Alexande they could do to insure vic turned an answer in verse, of which was that they sh lions and cast them into the propitiatory offering, to th ment of hymns and precious the East. The lion, then, wa of the emperor's protecting must be propitiated because Roman ideas the fate of wrapped up in the fortune mander-in-chief, the *imperat*

If this is the meaning of the sarcophagus, what are th ful winged figures,—two m female,—seated along the r roof; and what are the fou

ONE OF THE LIONS ON THE COVER OF THE SARCOPHAGUS

It is used here as the sign of the zodiac "Leo," under which Marcus Aurelius was born.

nating with eight placards that encircle the sarcophagus below the cover? The answer can be found in the emperor's "Meditations." He speaks there of the body as compounded of the Four Elements,—earth, water, air, fire,—and how it will at death once again return to its sources. Clear from the outermost fiery ether the soul at the moment of conception has been caught, as a scintilla, to be borne along toward the earth into and through the milky way, taking on one element after the other, one quality after another from the planets the portals of whose houses it passes, though it is ruled by the one whose house is in the Sign then occupied by the Sun. So the upper part of the tomb expressed the emperor's ideas as to the origin and essence of his personality, in these Angels of the Elements.

The emperor's stoicism is sometimes smiled at, as that of a "mollycoddle." I think the smiles are for a man who never existed. Marcus Aurelius was as hard-working a man as Roosevelt, though he did not enjoy ruling. It was the more to his credit that he never shirked. What he wanted was to study philosophy in an Italian villa, but for years he never left off fighting barbarians in northern forests rather than see the strength of the State diminished. He would have been glad to lay down his task and rather hoped that a rebellion might deprive him of it. But he went on plugging away at his duty.

This is merely by way of emphasizing his view of life, which was: no one can harm you but yourself; the loss of money, position, friends, children, wife, is nothing if you keep the mastery over yourself; if you do, you cannot suffer injury. Now, this form of Stoic belief is expressed in the Four Heads and the Eight Placards on the sarcophagus. For an explanation we must return to astrology. According to its theories there are Twelve Houses or sections of the heavens which relate to the life of every man. The position of each star in these Houses at the birth of the soul determines the life. The accepted idea was this: out of these twelve four are fundamental and four are indifferent or inimical. The other four relate to matters outside oneself—family, friends, fortune, education, travel, etc. To many, in fact to most persons, these last four "houses" seemed of more importance than any others, as they meant wealth or poverty, popularity or loneliness, happiness or misery. But if there is one thing in the "Meditations" that stands out luminously it is the absolute disdain in which the emperor held everything that did not affect personality. He bore with perfect equanimity the behavior of his wife, the death of his children, the treachery of his friends. So he could truly have represented in allegorical heads the Four Houses that stood for personality and character, and could have the other Eight Houses represented by blank placards, *tabulæ rasæ,* unwritten pages so far as his life was concerned. No other emperor, and few other men, could say as much.

Where was Marcus Aurelius buried, if his ashes rested in an urn poised on the roof of this colossal sarcophagus? Unless it was at the base of his great memorial Column, as Trajan had been, it must have been in the enormous mausoleum of Hadrian, the modern Castle of St. Angelo, where all of his family were buried. It is a curious coincidence that in the twelfth century there still remained in this mausoleum a large carved porphyry sarcophagus which is described by medieval writers as very similar to the sarcophagus I am describing. These writers asserted that it was the sarcophagus of Hadrian himself, and as the original inscriptions that accompanied the imperial sarcophagi in their niches were at that time still partly in place, they may have been right. This sarcophagus of Hadrian was then appropriated for the tomb of Pope Innocent II and later the sarcophagus of Marcus Aurelius (and Helena) was used as the tomb of Pope Alexander IV. Both were placed in the church of St. John Lateran. The tomb of Hadrian was destroyed in the great fire of 1308 which consumed the church: the tomb of Marcus Aurelius was badly injured and split into many pieces, but survives. It will now be recognized; I hope, to be the one remaining tomb of an emperor, a magnificent work of art, and an unusual attempt to represent a great man's personality. It is as characteristic of Rome, as the wonderful sarcophagus of Alexander the Great in Constantinople[1] is representative of the genius of Greece.

[1] For a picture and description of the Alexander sarcophagus see THE CENTURY for February, 1893.

Owned by Mr. P. A. B. Widener, Philadelphia

REMBRANDT'S PORTRAIT OF HIS WIFE, SASKIA

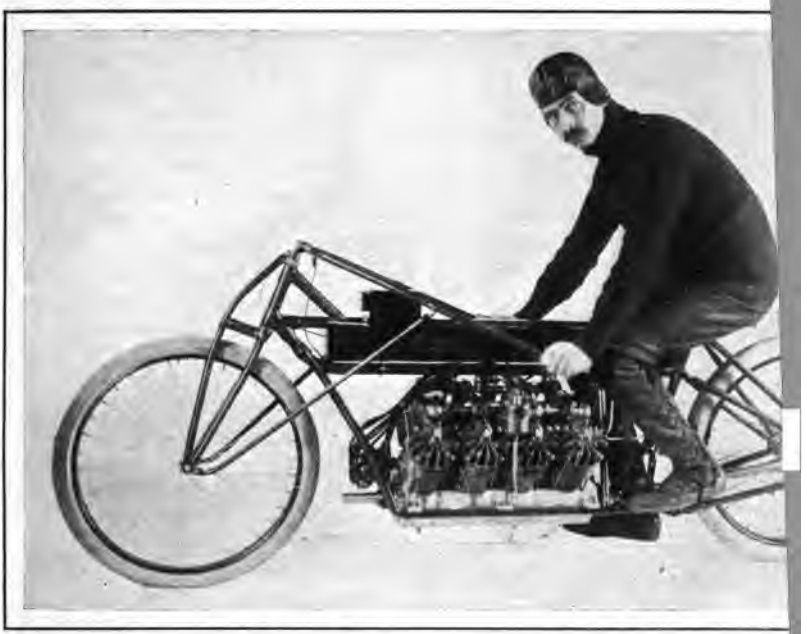
(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF MASTERPIECES IN AMERICAN GALLERIES–

TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF MASTERPIECES IN AMERICAN GALLERIES

SASKIA

BY

REMBRANDT



GLENN CURTISS AND HIS 40-HORSE-POWER MOTOR-CYCLE
On this machine, at Ormond Beach, Curtiss ran a mile in 26 2-5 seconds, which is the fastest a ma

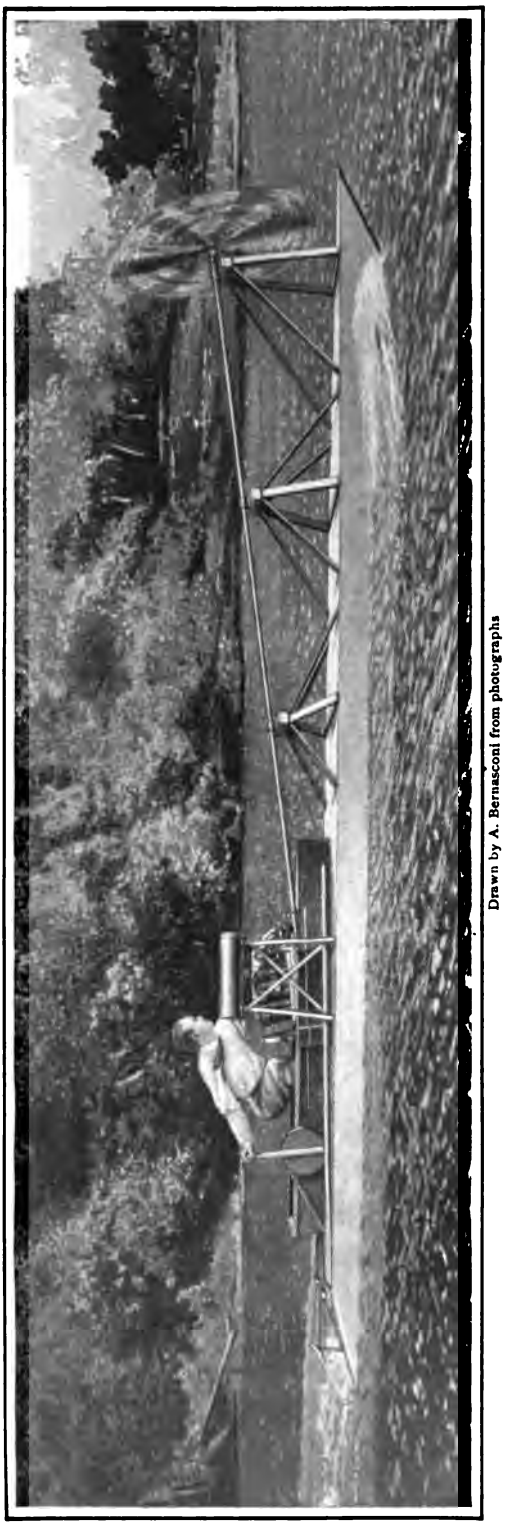
THE EVOLUTION OF A FLYINC

INCIDENTS IN THE EXPERIENCE OF GLENN H. C WITH MOTORS AND AEROPLANES

BY AUGUSTUS POST

"I KNEW he could do it!" is an expression that has often been heard in Hammondsport, New York, to voice the local confidence in whatever Glenn H. Curtiss has undertaken from boy to man, just as the descriptive words, "The handiest person I ever saw at fixing things," reduces to a phrase those qualities of ingenuity and mechanical skill which have lent physical wings to his persistence and daring. From the bicycle to the motorcycle, from the dirigible to the aeroplane, his interest at each step has developed without halt or diversion to the limit of his ability to accomplish; and up to the present time, at least, he may be said to stand alone in the realms of *speed,* pure and simple, and its producer, *power.*

Glenn Hammond Curtiss was born at Hammondsport, May 21, 1878. His father died when he was ab old. The first enterprising remembers doing was the selling of wintergreen in or a pair of shoes. He helped many ways, and in vacation at tying vines in the vineya Steuben County is famous. ploit in the line of "speed' moting the building of a ha would run faster and fart other boy's on the hill. He in making and handling sk in summer when the boys c eggs, he was usually the dar let down by a rope to hole where certain birds had th school he was strongest in leaving the high school wit 100 in arithmetic, 99 in al



HYDROPLANE IN WHICH GLENN CURTISS TESTED HIS AIR PROPELLER AND MOTOR MADE FOR DR. ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL'S "CYGNET II"
Drawn by A. Bernasconi from photographs
The tests were made near Dr. Bell's summer home at Baddeck, Nova Scotia, and the boat in the picture is being drawn by the fan at about thirty miles an hour.

in grammar, but with only 75 in spelling. His mind was always keen to theory, and indomitable in any sort of planning.

The first thirteen years of his life were passed in Hammondsport. Then his mother moved to Rochester, in order that his sister might attend the school for deaf-mutes. After he had finished the course at the high school of that city, he first worked as a messenger and then entered a large photographic works, where he found scope for his mechanical bent. He always had a passion for taking mechanical contrivances apart and putting them together. He made a telegraph instrument out of wooden spools, wire nails, tin and wire. When he was praised for saving the life of a companion who had fallen through the ice, he retorted, "I pulled him out because I was the nearest to him."

In those days he used to ride his bicycle seventy-five miles over the roads to Hammondsport to see his grandmother Curtiss. On those trips, he would always ride as fast as he could. Speed was always a feature in his work in order that he might turn to something else which he wanted to do. His grandmother finally prevailed upon him to come back and stay with her at the Hammondsport homestead. For a time he assisted a local photographer, but as the "snap-shot" camera did not altogether satisfy his appetite for speed, he decided to ally himself with the bicycle and took charge of a local repair shop. A competitor in that business organized a bicycle race of five miles over the country roads about the valley. Curtiss's employer was determined that Glenn should enter and win this race; so he sent for the lightest racing wheel to be had, which arrived on the morning of the eventful day. The racers started beside the monument at the Episcopal Church, riding down the valley, and were quickly out of sight of those at the starting line. After some little time of excite-

ment and suspense, Glenn Curtiss came into the home stretch and won the race fully a half-mile ahead of the others.

When bicycle repair business slacked during the winter, he turned his attention to mechanical jobs, such as repairing electric bells and wiring houses. On one occasion, when some of the older heads were puzzled over the working of an acetylene gas generator, he said, "I can tell you how it goes," and quickly put it in order.

his extraordinary flight present year from New delphia and back, made which carried Curtiss Rheims.

In the spring of 1900 opened a shop called the cubator," which was the engine destined by its ap aeroplane to extend his rep out the world. Having ri

GLENN CURTISS TESTING THE AIR PROPELLER AND MOTOR MADE FOR BALDWIN'S DIRIGIBLE, ON THE ROADS AT HAMMONDSPORT

He then started to build acetylene generators and, as with everything in which he took an interest, he was not content until he had thoroughly mastered the subject and had made improvements. The first generator was made by using two tomato cans, which became a favorite expedient in his successive steps of experiment from this acetylene gas generator to the carbureter of a motor-cycle; and finally, during the last summer, the tomato can was turned to a new use in his enlargement of the water capacity of the radiator on Hamilton's flying-machine, so that he could cool his engine more effectively on

as fast as it would go, he ke the problem of increasing it procured castings for a small gas engine, and after weeks experiment installed them as a bicycle. The contrivance, than a toy, had a 2-inch bore a stroke; yet he made it drive the bicycle by a friction rolle made the pulley first of w leather and finally of rubbe first on the front wheel, an back wheel, and changed it a along with the accessory par who watched him said it "

THE FIRST BIPLANE BUILT BY GLENN CURTISS, CALLED "SELFRIDGE'S 'RED WING'"

It is shown on the ice on Lake Keuka, and in the lower picture the machine at the first trial, carrying F. W. Baldwin, is tipping toward the ice where it was smashed.

bicycle with tin cans tied all over it with rope." The carbureter consisted of a tomato can filled with gasolene, containing a gauze screen which drew up the liquid by capillary attraction, when it vaporized and was taken to the cylinder by a pipe from the top of the can. Later, a carbureter was made with a gauze cone upon which the gasolene was arranged to drip, but while going uphill the gasolene would not drop straight but dripped on the side of the can and so caused trouble.

The first cycle motor was too small, so another set of castings was procured, this time as big as were made, with a cylinder 3½ inches by 5 inches, and which weighed about 190 pounds. This machine was literally a terror; an explosion occurred about once in ten revolutions but when it was produced, the engine was so out of balance that it nearly jumped out of the frame. Still it could generate a speed of nearly thirty miles an hour and it gave the villagers such a surprise as to suggest the fiction that when Curtiss rode it for the first time he could not stop it and so had to ride it up over the hills through North Urbana to Wayne until the gasolene ran out. He now saw that to surpass the motor-cycles then coming into use he must seek a simpler application of greater power. His second motor, built down the valley at Cold Spring, near Bath, was better suited to the task.

A few Hammondsport men who had watched with interest Curtiss's efforts to establish a business, joined in the building of a factory which, contrary to the usual rule, was placed on a hill, so that the heavy, raw materials had to be hauled upgrade while the light, finished product went down, sometimes even under its own power. Nevertheless, the enterprise prospered. Curtiss had now perfected his motor-cycle to a point of confidence which led him to seek contests in which, entering virtually unknown, he would win with flying colors and sometimes make a world's record.

On Memorial Day, 1903, he won the New York Motor Club's hill-climbing event in New York City and then, mounting his wheel, rode off up the Hudson River to another race in which he won the

American Championship. At Providence, Rhode Island, he made a world's record for single-cylinder motor-cycles, one mile in 56⅖ seconds, proving that he had developed the most powerful single-cylinder engine. He then built a two-cylinder motor with which, at Ormond Beach, Florida, on January 28, 1904, he made a world's record for ten miles in 8 minutes and 54⅖ seconds, which stood for over seven years.

Not content with this success, he determined to see what speed could be attained by a motor-cycle. He had just built a 40-horse-power, eight-cylinder motor for Dr. Silverton of Milwaukee, who wanted to use it in a flying-machine, and to try it out, installed it in a bicycle frame with an automobile tire on the rear wheel and a bicycle tire in front. This was done in winter when the snow was deep, so the best trial that could be made was to take it out into the snowy road, where, with two or three of the men to push him, Curtiss ran it for a little way. Without further ado, this giant motor-cycle was then boxed up in a hurry and rushed to the station where the train was being held for it in order that it might reach Ormond Beach, Florida, in time for the memorable races of January, 1907. That is a sample of the way in which thin
been done at Hammondsp
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and rush and day and nig
things out. This is charac
tiss's efforts and is due p
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details before starting to
tions are always changing
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Rheims was nearly lost to
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the engine he was to use in
caused Blériot hurriedly
motor for a more powerful

Curtiss's 40-horse-power
small automobile—for, alt
only two wheels, it had a m
proportion for a bicycle—pr
fastest machine in the wo
two-mile start on the wide
mond, on January 24, 1907
mile in 26⅖ seconds, or at
miles an hour, which is fas
human being has yet travele
of vehicle, either before or si
time the wheels of the mac
entirely off the ground, and
was so terrific it seemed to C
like holding on to the moto

GLENN CURTISS'S THIRD BIPLANE, "JUNE BUG"

This picture was taken while the inventor was winning the prize offered by the "Scientific American" (

hurled through space. He lay on the machine without even the precaution of wearing goggles and afterward said: "All I could see was a streak of beach with wild surf on one side, sand hills on the other, and a black spot where the crowd was. It was a pretty big proposition. I had dreamed about the machine while I slept at night and studied it for days and days to get the weights and strength of materials right. I knew the amount of centrifugal force that would act on the tires, for its strength was so great at high speed that it would throw ordinary tires right off the rims. I realized the danger from the *torque* that would tend to turn the machine over, and I knew the size of the bevel gears needed to drive it."

LIEUTENANT FRANK P. LAHM THE AERONAUT, AND GLENN CURTISS, WATCHING ORVILLE WRIGHT IN FLIGHT AT FORT MEYER

At this time Orville Wright was making the endurance tests of the Wright biplane purchased by the United States.

Although this speed record was not officially declared, because the machine was too big to be included in any of the classes of motor-cycles and was not run with the automobiles, it stands out as a unique achievement of mechanical genius to design and construct a machine faster than any other contrivance capable of carrying a man. A near approach to this speed was made this year by Barney Oldfield, but to accomplish it he drove a 200 horse-power Benz racer a mile in 27.33 seconds, and only after the lapse of three years, during which wonderful progress has been made in automobile construction.

Having developed a motor to such a remarkable state of efficiency, Curtiss at once became a factor in solving the problem of flight. Captain Thomas Scott Baldwin, a little before the time of the Ormond speed record, was building a dirigible balloon in California. One day he noticed a light motor on a cycle. He said to the owner, "That 's just what I want for my airship. Where did you get it?" On learning that it was made by Curtiss at Hammondsport, he started a correspondence and finally came east for a conference. On arriving at the shop, he was surprised to meet a young man who looked hardly more than a boy. They discussed the production of a motor and when he asked the price, he was again surprised to hear mentioned a very reasonable sum, for he had expected that he would have to pay several times as much. The motor was built, and after it, still others with successive improvements. Special features were added, and, in short, there was developed the motor which has carried Curtiss in his remarkable flights. Captain Baldwin used it on his "California Arrow," the only successful airship at the St. Louis Exposition, and most of the others who built dirigibles in this country used Curtiss motors.

To try out the power of the motor built for Captain Baldwin, and to test the efficiency of an aerial propeller, Curtiss built a "wind wagon," with one wheel in front and two wheels and fan propeller behind. Great was the consternation caused in the valley when the machine was driven up the dusty road. An automobile was sent on ahead to clear the way, but it was soon

left behind and the whirring, three-wheeled, embryonic flying-machine rushed along, leaving a cloud of dust behind, clipping the leaves from the trees, and frightening the horses, which were hardly more surprised than their drivers. Many were the protests against the running of this machine, and as it had already served its purpose, it was allowed to pass into the history of Curtiss's experiments. Later the motor with fan was mounted on a scowboat, or hydroplane, to test its endurance, and speed on water.

When Captain Baldwin built his dirigible for the United States Government, Curtiss was commissioned to make the motor, which he had also done for Baldwin's thirteen previous dirigibles. To meet contract specifications, the airship was expected to run for two hours on an endurance test, so it required a water-cooled motor. All the previous motors had been air-cooled, so this was a step in advance of anything yet done at the Curtiss factory. It was an important contract and Curtiss and Baldwin worked the winter through in building this airship, which was the first commissioned by the United States Government. Before this time Captain Baldwin had moved to Hammondsport and all of the mechanical parts of his airships were built there.

The next great influence which came into Curtiss's life was his association with Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, who about this time had taken up the study of aeronautics, no doubt under the inspiration of Professor Langley's work, with which at that time Dr. Bell was possibly more familiar than any other man. Dr. Bell had purchased one of the Curtiss single-cylinder motors to use in propeller experiments. Their first meeting occurred when Curtiss, on his way to Ormond Beach, stopped off in Washington to see Dr. Bell with regard to building a motor for his large structure of tetrahedral kites, upon which he was then at work. Dr. Bell's idea was that the time would come when the framework of the aeroplane would have to be so large in proportion to its surface that it would be too heavy to fly, so he evolved the tetrahedral, cellular form of structure which would enable the size to be increased indefinitely without increasing the proportionate weight of a larger machine over a smaller one.

Dr. Bell had associated v
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February 12, 1908, this gli
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F. W. Baldwin was chosen
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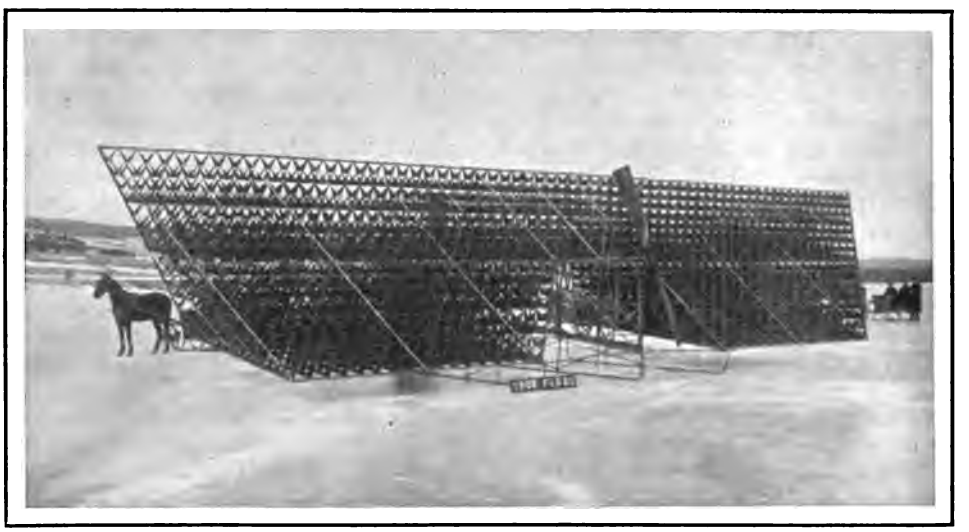
the ice was wrecked, as is sh
accompanying picture from a
taken at the moment.

As soon as the ice broke
spring, the scene of operation
ferred to the race-track of
Farm. Under the next mach

of the runners used on the ice, were put wheels. Drome No. 2 was called Baldwin's "White Wing" and in it the lateral stability was improved by the use of lateral rudders. On May 18, 1908, flights were made over the ground by F. W. Baldwin, whose experience on the ice stood him in good stead. Great was the excitement of these first flights. A feeling of anxiety such as precedes all unusual events pervaded the group, but was quickly dispelled when the machine came down, usually smashed in one part or another. At no time was there any injury to the aviator, whether the machine crumpled up or the wheels gave way. On contact with the ground the under-frame would simply fold up in a most exasperating manner. Change after change was made and meeting after meeting of the Association was held in Curtiss's library or "thinkorium," as it was called. Papers were read by each member on various subjects. Plans were submitted, propellers were tested, and, when the weather was good and the machine was ready, we would all adjourn to the flying field and take the machine out to try some new improvement.

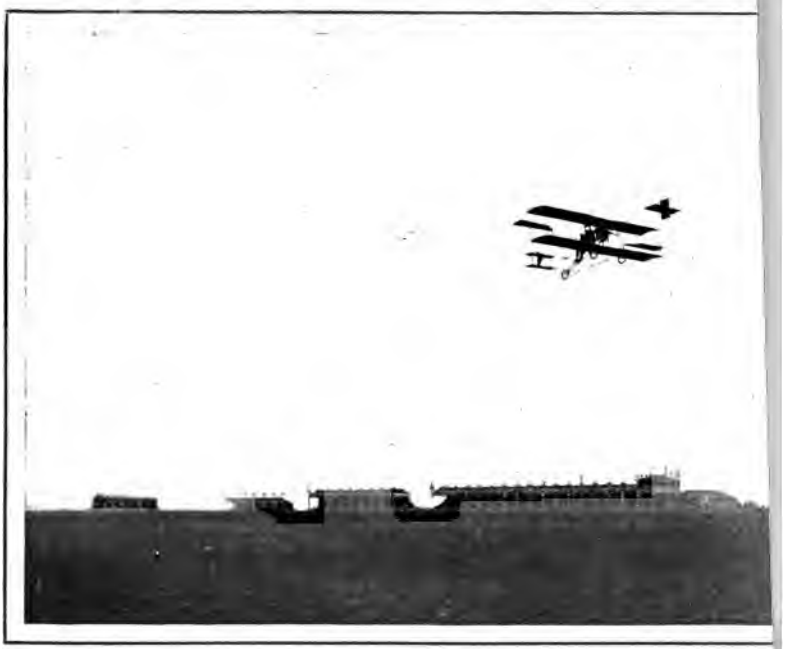
By July 1, 1908, Curtiss's Drome No. 3, christened the "June Bug," was ready. This embodied all the improvements suggested by the previous experience, and as it proved to be able to fly, as the rest had done, Curtiss determined to try for the "Scientific American" trophy, a prize offered to the first machine in this country to fly one kilometer in a straight line. On the appointed day, July 4, officials from the Aero Club of America, of which I was then Secretary, were present. The start was made and the "June Bug" flew over a mile and a half, winning the prize for that year. It was the first public flight in competition in this country.



DR. ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL'S TETRAHEDRAL STRUCTURE, "CYGNET II" (SEE PAGE 12)

The structure is shown on the ice at Baddeck, Nova Scotia, February 23, 1909, after Glenn Curtiss had installed the motor and air propeller shown in the picture. Under power it moved over the ice on runners, but did not fly. Dr. Bell's previous structure, "Cygnet I," had been flown at an elevation of 168 feet over water, with Lieutenant Selfridge in it, the power being applied by a small steamer towing it like a kite.

After winning the "Scientific American" trophy, Curtiss said to McCurdy, "Now it is your turn to do the next important thing, which is to rise from the water." The "June Bug" was then mounted on floats and tried out on Lake Keuka, but sufficient speed was not attained to rise completely from the water and for a time these trials were abandoned, awaiting more favorable conditions. Experiments were then adjourned to Dr. Bell's summer home at Beim Bhreagh near Baddeck, Nova Scotia. The "Silver Dart," J. A. D. McCurdy's machine (Drome No. 4), was successfully flown by McCurdy over 3000 miles. A Curtiss motor was installed in Dr. Bell's



GLENN CURTISS WINNING THE GORDON BENNETT PRIZE A
RHEIMS, FRANCE, AUGUST 28, 1909

tetrahedral "Cygnet II" which was tried on floats and later on ice.

In the following spring (1909) Curtiss came to New York, for he had sold a machine to the Aeronautical Society and they wanted him to teach one of their members to fly it. The first flight in New York City was made by Curtiss, who then took the machine to the Hempstead Plains to teach his pupil, which was the first event on that now popular flying ground for members of both the Aero Club of America and the Aeronautical Society.

When James Gordon Bennett offered an International Aviation Trophy for the fastest machine to fly over a course of 20 kilometers to be raced for at Rheims, France, in Augus
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THE GORDON BENNETT TROPHY, FIRST WON BY GLENN CURTISS AT RHEIMS

and whatever evidence may be adduced to show that "prohibition does not prohibit," at least it will be admitted by the most antagonistic caviler that the passage of a State-wide prohibitory law gives evidence of a remarkable appreciation of the evils of intemperance and a widely diffused sentiment in favor of combating these evils.

When we consider, moreover, that State-wide prohibition is now the law of nine States (Maine, Kansas, North Dakota, and Oklahoma, in addition to those just named), having an aggregate population of over twelve millions; that "local option" applied to communities in other States brings the total number of people living in theoretically "dry" territories to about forty millions, it must be admitted that the growth of the temperance sentiment in recent years has been phenomenal. Particularly noteworthy is the fact that this growth is not merely sectional in scope, but is general from Maine to Oklahoma, from Alabama to North Dakota.

THE WATER WAGON IN THE METROPOLIS

LAST spring the New York legislature passed a bill providing for the enforced segregation of inebriates. The passage of the bill in itself shows the growth of knowledge on the subject among our legislators, and in such a matter as this legislators, as every one knows, try very hard to voice the sentiments of their constituencies. But when the bill came up for consideration before Mayor Gaynor of New York City, an unexpected argument against it was presented by the mayor himself. He called attention to the fact that two private asylums for inebriates near New York had recently gone out of business, presumably from lack of patronage; and he suggested that this seemed to argue that intemperance is remedying itself in the metropolis without legislative aid.

It was argued in response that there were other reasons for the discontinuance of these asylums; but the bald fact that, having once done a thriving business, these institutions have now closed their doors, while their place has not been supplied by other similar institutions, certainly does seem to argue that inebriety, at least among the class of people who can afford to pay for the treatment of it, is a less prevalent disease in the metropolis than it formerly was.

Now this is obviously a matter in regard to which statistics would be exceedingly difficult to obtain, since men of a class mostly alien to the police courts do not advertise their lapses from sobriety. But it seems to me that casual observation, quite aside from statistics, tends to corroborate the inference just stated. It is, I think, a common experience of the man about town that his associates in general drink less than they did five or ten years ago. Go into any restaurant in New York where business men congregate at the lunch hour, and you will note that a large number of tables, often the majority, have no beverage but water. As a general rule the waiter will not thrust the wine-card before you with old-time insistence, knowing from experience that you probably do not want it. Even at dinner-time, in these same restaurants, many tables show no wine-glasses, whereas formerly they were all but general. Moreover, it is distinctly the rule, even at private dinner-parties of some formality, to serve a single wine, following the English custom, whereas until recently New Yorkers were notorious for "mixing" their drinks.

Of course I do not mean to imply that wines are not still served in conventional sequence, from cocktail and sherry to port and liqueur, at formal banquets and by many *bons vivants;* but I speak of the prevailing custom, and this assuredly has altered very decidedly within the last decade. Clearly, then, the temperance spirit is abroad in metropolitan no less than in rural districts.

THE WATER WAGON IN EUROPE

FOR the last two or three years temperance lectures—of course under official auspices—have been delivered from time to time on the warships of the German fleet. Now it is announced that Prince Henry has authorized the establishment of Good Templary in the imperial navy, and that the order seems likely to thrive there. These certainly are surprising facts; but we must link with them the fact that the most important scientific investigations through which the deleteri-

MRS. GLENN H. CURTISS IN THE PILOT'S SEAT BEFORE THE FLIGH
FROM ALBANY TO NEW YORK

of the American contingent felt pretty downhearted at this splendid performance. The second lap was made at what seemed to be terrific speed, but there was an ominous silence in the judges' stand. Suddenly Mr. Bishop, president of the Aero Club of America, who was in the stand, gave an excited cheer and it was announced that Blériot had lost by 6 seconds. A more impressive scene to the Americans present can hardly be imagined than the hauling down of the French flag and the hoisting of the Stars and Stripes to the top of the flag-pole on that field.

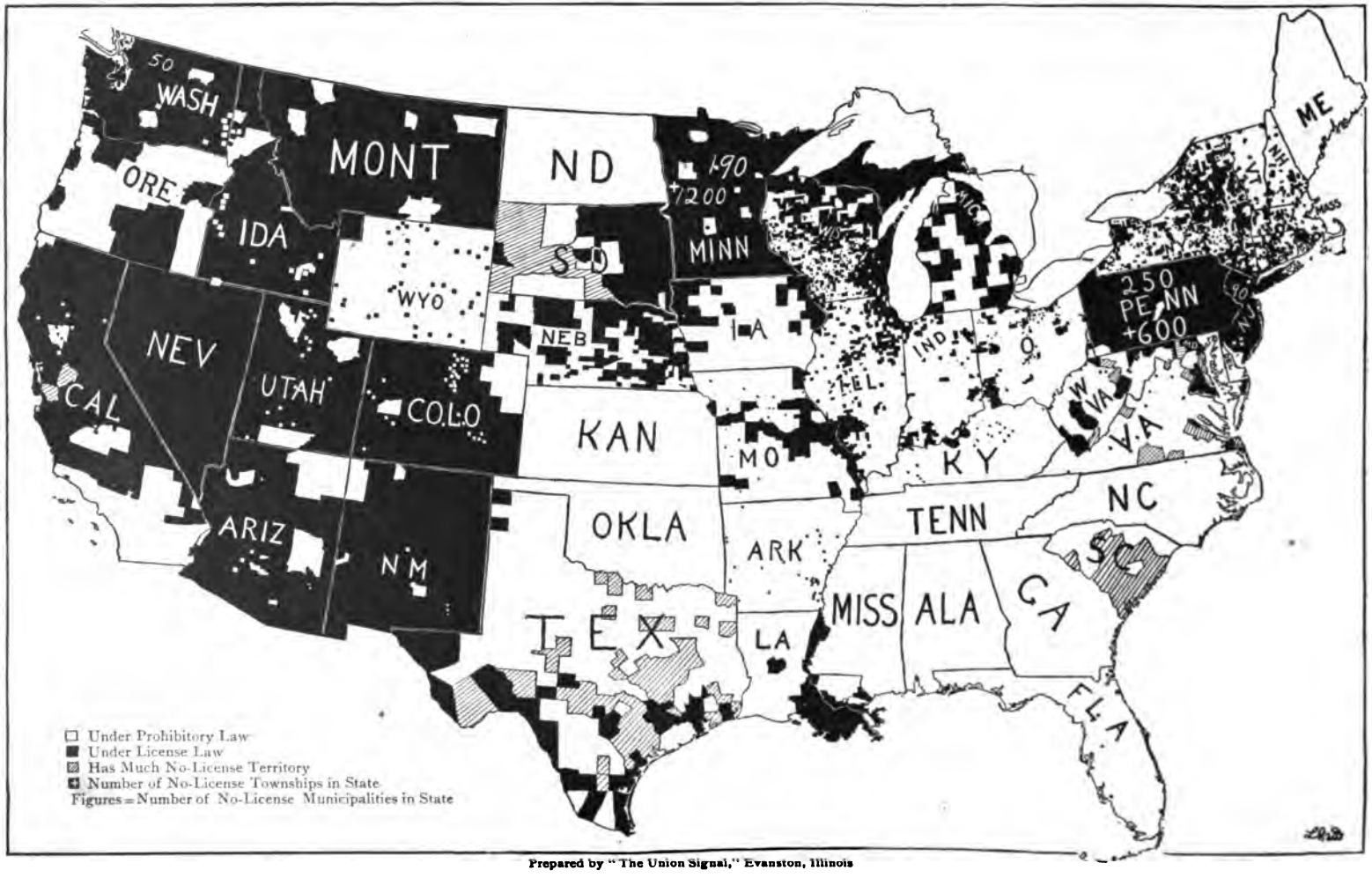
Ambassador White, accompanied by Mrs. Roosevelt, visited the hanger and showered congratulations upon Curtiss. Blériot, also, was most cordial, and soon despatches from every direction flowed in from societies, clubs, and personal friends. The winning of the event at Rheims brought the contest for 1910 into the hands of the Aero Club of America, which as this article is about to appear will conduct the contest at Belmont Park. The distance has been increased to 100 kilometers, about seventy miles. France and England have already challenged and will send three champions, while Curtiss has been chose the three to represent America

The winning of the Grand Vitesse, by flying a distance meters in 23 minutes and 29 s of the Grand Prix at Brescia, tember 11, 1909, were almos in the excitement following t of the international cup.

New York, at that time, midst of the Hudson-Fulton and Curtiss was prevailed upo at once to this country. His m set up on Governor's Island, w were made. Wilbur Wright al of his machines on the island the memorable flight to Gran and back.

On Curtiss's return to Hamn the whole region joined in a re celebrate his victory at Rheims. flights were made at St. Lo which, at Los Angeles, Califor vided honors with the intrepi man Louis Paulhan.

During the winter, questions the mechanical devices used in cupied the attention of Curtiss problem of how to win the priz 000 offered by the New York



Prepared by "The Union Signal," Evanston, Illinois

PROHIBITION MAP OF THE UNITED STATES

Much the same influences seem to be operative in Great Britain. Nowhere was alcohol more strongly entrenched; but of late the campaign against it has been waged with great vigor and with no trifling effect. The conservatism of the British is proverbial, and the peculiar characteristics of the influences to be combated in a land where more than eleven hundred of the clergy are even now said to be stockholders in brewing establishments are painfully obvious. Hence it is not surprising that it required years of earnest work to arouse the public to so elementary a need as the teaching of temperance in the public schools. The movement reached its culmination when, in 1904, no fewer than 15,000 British physicians petitioned for such teaching; but not until 1907 was the effort finally effective. In that year, however, the teaching of temperance was included in the new school code. In 1909 a notable syllabus on temperance was issued officially for use in public elementary schools in England and Wales.

The educational work which the State thus at last takes definitely in hand had been carried on tentatively in an unofficial way by the Band of Hope Union, whose secretary for the school system, Mr. Charles Wakeley, had for sixteen years prior to 1906 visited on the average 3000 schools a year and delivered or caused to be delivered more than 57,000 lectures to six and a quarter million pupils and two hundred thousand teachers. Such a propaganda cannot fail to have enormous influence.

I think the results of this, and of other temperance influences, are clearly appreciable by any one who has personal familiarity with the London of ten or fifteen years ago as contrasted with the London of to-day. Then the foreigner was generally assured that he could not live in London without taking whisky; that his health in that climate demanded it. Now one hears this advice given less insistently, and a very large number of younger Englishmen have found out for themselves its falsity. Men of the widest opportunities to judge assure me that even within the last five years there has been a marked change in the drinking habits of the average better-class Londoner. My own somewhat varied observations certainly seem to corroborate this opinio
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THE WATER WAGON AND

THE Prohibition Year B
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The American investigatio
by Mrs. Martha M. Allen,
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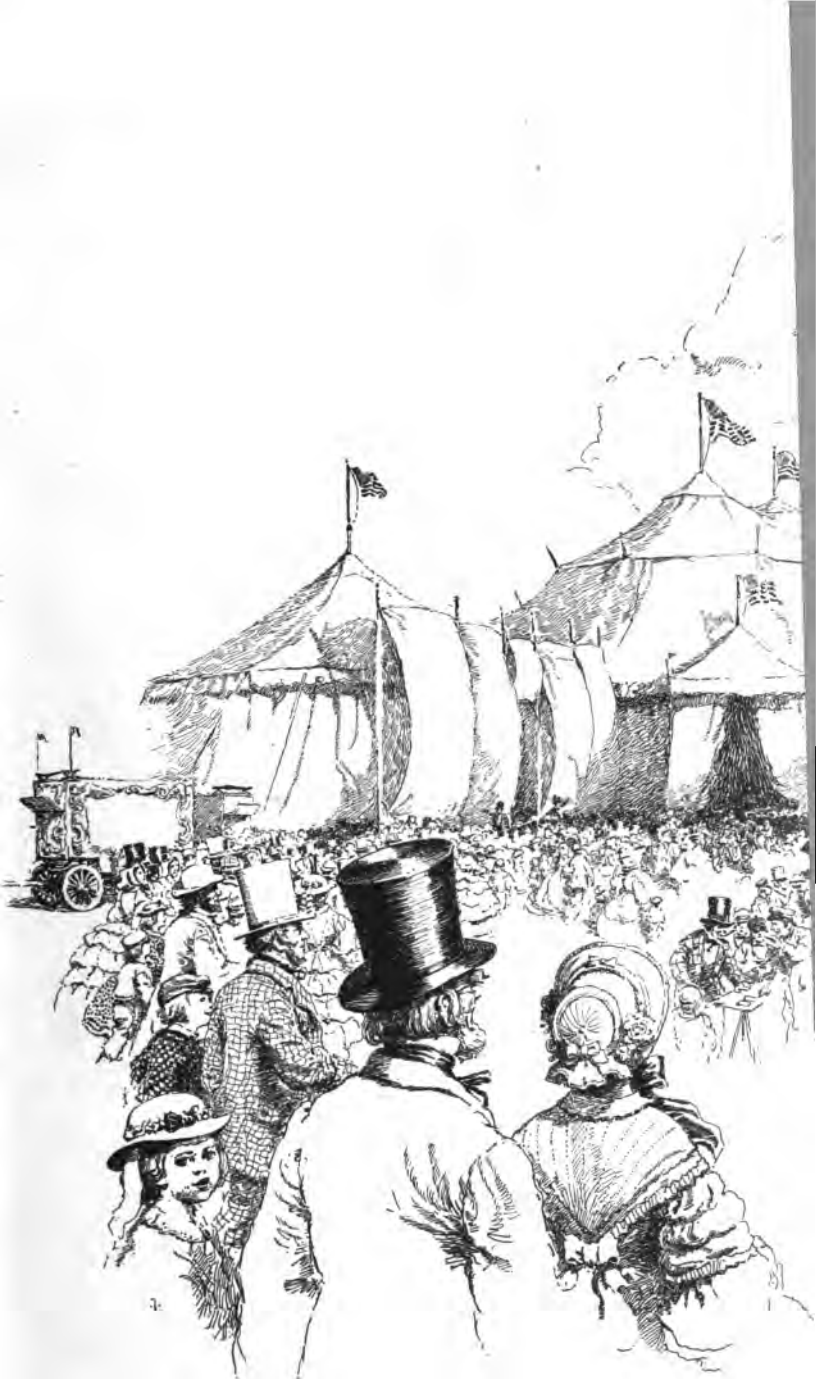
FROM THE CRAYON DRAWING BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON



Drawn by John Wolcott Adams

THE TENTS

Drawn by John Wolcott Adams

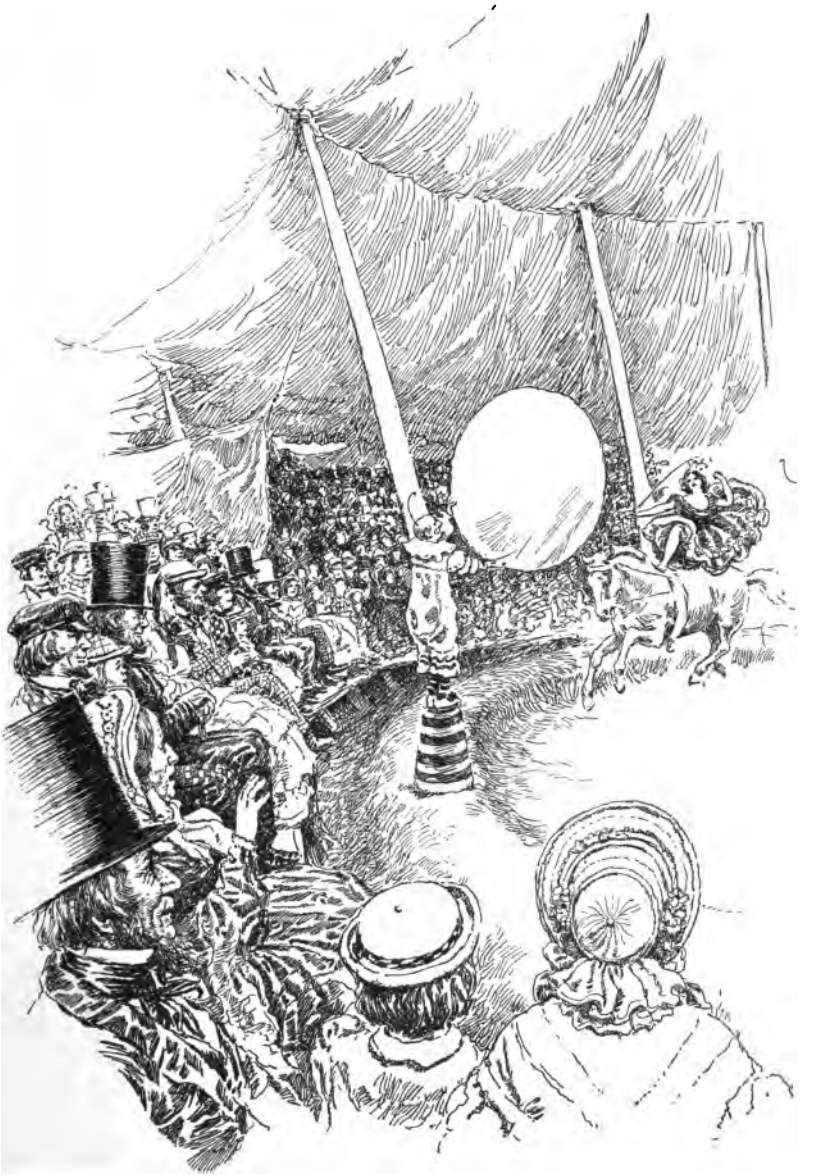
THE LEMONADE STAND

Drawn by John Wolcott Adams

THE SIDE-SHOW

Drawn by John Wolcott Adams

THE MENAGERIE



Drawn by John Wolcott Adams

THE RING

Drawn by John Wolcott Adams

THE TRUANTS

A DARLING OF MISFORTU

BY ALICE HEGAN RICE

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs," "Lovey Mary," "Mr. Opp," etc.

A SHABBY but joyous citizen of the world at large was Mr. Phelan Harrihan, as, with a soul wholly in tune with the finite, half sat and half reclined on a baggage-truck at Lebanon Junction. He was relieving the tedium of his waiting moments by entertaining a critical if not fastidious audience of three.

Beside him, with head thrust under his ragged sleeve, sat a small and unlovely bull-terrier, who, at each fresh burst of laughter, lifted a pair of languishing eyes to the face of his master, and then manifested his surplus affection by ardently licking the buttons on the sleeve of the arm that encircled him.

It was a moot question whether Mr. Harrihan resembled his dog, or whether his dog resembled him. That there was a marked similarity admitted of no discussion. If Corp's nose had been encouraged and his lower jaw suppressed, if his intensely emotional nature had been under better control, and his sentimentality tempered with humor, the analogy would have been more complete. In taste, they were one. By birth, predilection, and instinct both were philosophers of the open, preferring an untrammeled life in Vagabondia to the collars and conventions of society. Both delighted in exquisite leisure, and spent it in pleased acquiescence with things as they are.

Some twenty-five years before, Phelan had opened his eyes upon a half-circle of blue sky, seen through the end of a canvas-covered wagon on a Western prairie, and having first conceived life to be a free-and-easy affair on a long, open road, he thereafter declined to consider it in any other light.

The only break in his nomadic existence was when a benevolent old gentleman found him, a friendless lad in a Nashville hospital, nursed him throu elected to educate him. T of black captivity for Ph being crammed and coac seemed an interminable proudly entered at the Un he promptly failed in eve was dropped at the mid-yea

The old gentleman, fo spared all disappointment i irresponsible protégé, for the catastrophe, leaving Ph a legacy of fifteen dollars the memory of a kind, but man who was not quite head.

Being thus provided with than adequate to meet al needs, Phelan joyously a straight and narrow path of once more betook himself road.

The call of blue skies and the excitement of each day the dramatic possibilities of incident, the opportunity fo intimate fellowship, and abo herited and chronic disinc work, made Phelan an easy v malady called by the casual t derlust," but known in Hobo road fever."

Only once a year did he do and a stiff collar, and recogr tution. During his meteor the University he had been m of the Alpha Delta fraterni nition of his varied accomplis only could he sing and danc tale with the best, but he mimic and a ventriloquist, gif proven invaluable in crucial c the faculty, and had consti hero in several escapades.

terial is college history made, and the Alpha Delta, recognizing the distinction of possessing this unique member, refused to accept his resignation, but unanimously demanded his presence at each annual reunion.

On June second, for five consecutive years, the ends of the earth had yielded up Phelan Harrihan; by a miracle of grace he had arrived in Nashville, decently appareled, ready to respond to his toast, to bask for his brief hour in the full glare of the calcium, then to depart again into oblivion.

It was now the first day of June and as Phelan concluded his tale, which was in fact an undress rehearsal of what he intended to tell on the morrow, he looked forward with modest satisfaction to the triumph that was sure to be his. For the hundredth time he made certain that the small brown purse, so unused to its present obesity, was safe and sound in his inside pocket.

During the pause that followed his recital, his audience grew restive.

"Go on, do it again," urged the ragged boy who sold the sandwiches, "show us how Forty Fathom Dan looked when he thought he was sinking."

"I don't dare trifle with me features," said Phelan solemnly. "My eyes are mistaking themselves for my mouth now, and watering at the sight of those sandwiches. One for five, is it? Two for fifteen, I suppose. Well here 's one for me, and one for Corp, and keep the change, kid. Ain't that the train coming?"

"It 's the up train," said the station-master, rising reluctantly; "it meets yours here. I 've got to be hustling."

Phelan, left without an audience, strolled up and down the platform, closely followed by Corporal Harrihan.

As the train slowed up at the little Junction, there was manifestly some commotion on board. Standing in the doorway of the rear car a small, white-faced woman argued excitedly with the conductor.

"I did n't have no ticket, I tell you!" she was saying as the train came to a stop. "I 'lowed I 'd pay my way, but I lost my pocket-book. I lost it somewheres on the train here, I don't know where it is!"

"I 've seen your kind before," said the conductor wearily; "what did you get on for when you did n't have anything to pay your fare with?"

"I tell you I lost my pocket-book after I got on!" she said doggedly; "I ain't going to get off, you dare n't put me off!"

Phelan, who had sauntered up, grew sympathetic. He, too, had experienced the annoyance of being pressed for his fare when it was inconvenient to produce it.

"Go ahead," demanded the conductor firmly, "I don't want to push you off, but if you don't step down and out right away, I 'll have it to do."

The woman's expression changed from defiance to terror. She clung to the brake with both hands and looked at him fearfully.

"No, no, don't touch me!" she cried. "Don't make me get off! I 've got to get to Cincinnati. My man 's there. He 's been hurt in the foundry. He 's—maybe he 's dying now."

"I can't help that, maybe it 's so and maybe it ain't. You never had any money when you got on this train and you know it. Go on, step off!"

"But I did!" she cried wildly; "I did. Oh, God! don't put me off."

The train began to move, and the conductor seized the woman's arms from behind and forced her forward. A moment more and she would be pushed off the lowest step. She turned beseeching eyes on the little group of spectators, and as she did so Phelan Harrihan sprang forward and with his hand on the railing, ran along with the slow-moving train.

With a deft movement he bent forward and apparently snatched something from the folds of her skirt.

"Get on to your luck now," he said with an encouraging smile that played havoc with the position of his features; "if here ain't your pocket-book all the time!"

The hysterical woman looked from the unfamiliar little brown purse in her hand, to the snub-nosed, grimy face of the young man running along the track, then she caught her breath.

"Why,—" she cried unsteadily, "yes—yes, it 's my purse."

Phelan loosened his hold on the railing and had only time to scramble breathlessly up the bank before the down train, the

train for Nashville which was to have been his, whizzed past.

He watched it regretfully as it slowed up at the station, then almost immediately pulled out again for the south, carrying his hopes with it.

"Corporal," said Phelan, to the dog, who had looked upon the whole episode as a physical-culture exercise indulged in for his special benefit, "a noble act of charity is never to be regretted, but was n't I the original gun, not to wait for the change?"

His lack of business method seemed to weigh upon him, and he continued to apologize to Corporal:

"It was so sudden, you know, Corp. Could n't see a lady ditched, when I had a bit of stuffed leather in my pocket. And two hundred miles to Nashville! Well I 'll—be—jammed!"

He searched in his trousers pockets and found a dime in one and a hole in the other. It was an old trick of his to hide a piece of money in time of prosperity, and then discover it in the blackness of adversity.

He held the dime out ruefully: "That 's punk and plaster for supper, but we 'll have to depend on a hand-out for breakfast. And Corp," he added apologetically, "you know I told you we was going to ride regular like gentlemen? Well, I 've been compelled to change my plans. We are going to turf it twelve miles down to the watering tank, and sit out a couple of dances till the midnight freight comes along. If a side door Pullman ain't convenient, I 'll have to go on the bumpers, then what 'll become of you, Mr. Corporal Harrihan?"

The coming ordeal cast no shadow over Corporal. He was declaring his passionate devotion, by wild tense springs at Phelan's face, seeking in vain to overcome the cruel limitation of a physiognomy that made kissing well-nigh impossible.

Phelan picked up his small bundle and started down the track with the easy, regular swing of one who has long since gaged the distance of railroad ties. But his step lacked its usual buoyancy, and he forgot to whistle. Mr. Harrihan was undergoing the novel experience of being worried. Of course he could get to Nashville,—if the train went, *he* could go,—but the prospect of arriving without decent clothes and with no money to pay for a lodging, did not in the him. He thought with re laid plans: an early arr bath, the purchase of a ne ment at a good hotel, the at the fraternity headqu Phelan Harrihan, Gentlem He could picture it all, the of his entrance, the yell c buzz of questions, and th osity-enkindling answers w to give. Then the banqu numerable courses of well-s speeches and toasts, and th tion that always followed h unique contribution.

Oh! he could n't miss i would interfere in his beha would, it always did. "Gi and keep your lucre!" wa Phelan's, quoted by brothe Maine to the Gulf.

All the long afternoon h ties, with Corporal at his h came on the clouds that h picket duty, joined the reg horizon which slowly wheel across the sky. Phelan scann with an experienced weather to look for a possible shelter ing shower. On either si stretched away in undulati no sign of a habitation in sig old scarecrow, and a tumb in the distance were the onl presented themselves.

Turning up his coat-colla a dash for the shed, but the took him half-way. It wa your gentle little summer patter on the shingles waki derneath; it was a large an ous breakage in the celestial let gallons of water down h filling his pockets, hat brim and sending a dashing cascad poral's oblique profile.

"Float on your back, Co for the shore!" laughed H landed with a spring under th shed. "Cheer up, old pard if all your past misdeeds hac you in your drowning hour.'

Corporal, shivering and u under cover, and dumbly Phelan what he intended to

"Light a blaze, sure,"

"and linger here in the air of the tropics till the midnight freight comes along."

Scraping together the old wood and debris in the rear of the shed, and extricating with some difficulty a small tin match-box from his saturated clothes, he knelt before the pile and used all of his persuasive powers to induce it to ignite.

At the first feeble blaze Corporal's spirits rose so promptly that he had to be restrained.

"Easy there! Corp," cautioned Phelan. "A fire 's like a woman, you can't be sure of it too soon. And, dog alive, stop wagging your tail, don't you see it makes a draft?"

The fire capriciously would, then it would n't. A tiny flame played tantalizingly along the top of a stick only to go sullenly out when it reached the end. Match after match was sacrificed to the cause, but at last, down deep under the surface, there was a steady, reassuring, cheerful crackle that made Phelan sit back on his heels, and remark complacently:

"They most generally come around, in the end!"

In five minutes the fire was burning bright, Corporal was dreaming of meaty bones in far fence corners, and Phelan, less free from the incumbrances of civilization, was divesting himself of his rain-soaked garments.

From one of the innumerable pockets of his old cutaway coat he took a comb and brush and clothes-brush, and carefully deposited them before the fire. Then from around his neck he removed a small leather case, hung by a string and holding a razor. His treasured toilet articles thus being cared for, he turned his attention to the contents of his dripping bundle. A suit of underwear and a battered old copy of Eli Perkins were ruefully examined, and spread out to dry.

The fire, while it lasted, was doing admirable service, but the wood supply was limited, and Phelan saw that he must take immediate advantage of the heat. How to dry the underwear which he wore was the question which puzzled him, and he wrestled with it for several moments before an inspiration came.

"I 'll borrow some duds from the scarecrow!" he said half aloud, and went forth immediately to execute his idea.

The rain had ceased, but the fields were still afloat, and Phelan waded ankle deep through the slush grass, to where the scarecrow raised his threatening arms against the twilight sky.

"Beggars and borrowers should n't be choosers," said Phelan, as he divested the figure of its ragged trousers and coat, "but I have a strong feeling in my mind that these habiliments ain't going to become me. Who 's your tailor, friend?"

The scarecrow, reduced now to an old straw hat and a necktie, maintained a dignified and oppressive silence.

"Well, he ain't on to the latest cut," continued Phelan, wringing the water out of the coat. "But maybe these here is your pajamas? Don't tell me I disturbed you after you 'd retired for the night? Very well then, aurevoy."

With the clothes under his arm he made his way back to the shed, and divesting himself of his own raiment he got into his borrowed property.

By this time the fire had died down, and the place was in semi-darkness. Phelan threw on a handful of sticks and, as the blaze flared up, he caught his first clear sight of his newly acquired clothes. They were ragged and weather-stained, and circled about with broad, unmistakable stripes.

"Well I 'll be spiked!" said Phelan, vastly amused. "I would n't 'a' thought it of a nice, friendly scarecrow like that! Buncoed me, did n't he? Well, feathers don't always make the jail-bird. Wonder what poor devil wore 'em last? Peeled out of 'em in this very shed, like as not. Well, they 'll serve my purpose all right, all right."

He took off his shoes, placed them under his head for a pillow, lit a short cob pipe, threw on fresh wood, and prepared to wait for his clothes to dry.

Meanwhile the question of the banquet revolved itself continually in his mind. This time to-morrow night, the preparations would be in full swing. Instead of being hungry, half naked, and chilled, he might be in a luxurious club-house dallying with caviar, stuffed olives, and Benedictine. All that lay between him and bliss were two hundred miles of railroad ties and a decent suit of clothes!

"Wake up, Corp; for the love of Mike be sociable!" cried Phelan when the situation became too gloomy to contemplate.

"Ain't that like a dog now? Hold your tongue when I 'm longing for a word of kindly sympathy an' encouragement, and barking your fool head off once we get on the bumpers. Much good it 'll be doing us to get to Nashville in this fix, but we 'll take our blessings as they come, Corp, and just trust to luck that somebody will forget to turn 'em off. I know when I get to the banquet there 'll be one other man absent besides meself. That 's Bell of Terre Haute. Him and me is always in the same boat, he gets ten thousand a year and ain't got the nerve to spend it, and I get fifteen a month, and ain't got the nerve to keep it! Poor old Bell."

Corporal, roused from his slumbers, sniffed inquiringly at the many garments spread about the fire, yawned, turned around several times in dog fashion, then curled up beside Phelan, signifying by his bored expression that he had n't the slightest interest in the matter under discussion.

Gradually the darkness closed in, and the fire died to embers. It would be four hours before the night freight slowed up at the water-tank, and Phelan, tired from his long tramp, and drowsy from the heat and the vapor rising from the drying clothes, shifted the shoe-buttons from under his left ear, and drifted into dreamland.

How long he slept undisturbed, only the scarecrow outside knew. He was dimly aware, in his dreams, of subdued sounds and, by and by, the sounds formed themselves into whispered words and, still half asleep, he listened.

"I thought we 'd find him along here. This is the road they always take," a low voice was saying; "you and Sam stand here, John and me 'll tackle him from this side. He 'll put up a stiff fight, you bet."

Phelan opened his eyes, and tried to remember where he was.

"Gosh! look at that bulldog!" came another whisper, and at the same moment Corporal jumped to his feet, growling angrily.

As he did so, four men sprang through the opening of the shed, and seized Phelan by the arms and legs.

"Look out there," cried one excitedly; "don't let him escape; here 's the handcuffs."

"But here," cried I
what you doing to me

By this time C
roused, made a viciou
est man, and the crac
him yelping and lim
night.

"You coward!" c
gling to rise, "if you h

"Get those shackl
shouted one of the me
ready, Sam? Take hi
got his head. Leave the
got to drive like sand t

After being dragged
thrown into a spring wa
himself lying on his ba
rough country road, his
tors sitting beside hin
hand.

Any effort on his p
seek information was p
phatically discouraged.
gathered, from the bits
tors, that he was an esc
most desperate character
ward was offered, and
at large twenty-four hou

In vain did he strugg
Only once did he get a
oft-repeated plea of inn
when he told how he h
clothes he had on. For
a laugh when he did not

"Got 'em off a scared
said the man at his head
had subsided; "say, I wa
when you tell that to the
of the Penitentiary—I a
laugh in ten years!"

So, in the face of such
lapsed into silence and gl
came of him concerned h
moment, than the fate of
the thought of the faith
wounded and perhaps dyi
the fields, made him sick a

Just as they came in sig
of the station, the whistle
was heard down the track
were beaten to a gallop.

Phelan was hurried fr
into an empty box car, wit
in attendance. As the trai
heard a little whimper
there, panting for breath
run, and with one ear ha

bloody, cowered Corporal. Phelan's hands were not at his disposal, but even if they had been it is doubtful if he would have denied Corp the joy for once of kissing him.

Through the rest of the night the heavy cars rumbled over the rails, and the men took turn about sleeping and guarding the prisoner. Only once did Phelan venture another question:

"Say, you sports, you don't mind telling me where you are taking me, do you?"

"Listen at his gaff!" said one. "He 'll know all right when he gets to Nashville."

Phelan sent such a radiant smile into the darkness that it threatened to reveal itself. Then he slipped his encircled wrists about Corporal's body and giving him a squeeze whispered:

"It 's better 'n the bumpers, Corp."

At the Penitentiary next day there was consternation and dismay when instead of the desperate criminal, who two days before had scaled the walls and dropped to freedom, an innocent little Irishman was presented, whose only offense apparently was in having donned, temporarily, the garb of crime.

As the investigation proceeded, Phelan found it expedient to become excessively indignant. That an American citizen, strolling harmlessly through the fields of a summer evening, and being caught in a shower, should attempt to dry his clothes in an unused shed, and find himself attacked and bound, and hurried away without his belongings to a distant city, was an inconceivable outrage. If a shadow of doubt remained as to his identity, a score of prominent gentlemen could be gotten in the city to identify him. He named them, and added that he was totally unable to hazard a guess as to what form their resentment of such proceedings would assume.

The authorities looked grave. Could Mr. Harrihan remember just what articles he had left behind? Mr. Harrihan could. A suit of clothes, a pair of shoes, a hat, a toilet set, and a small sum of money; "the loss of which," added Phelan with a fine air of indifference, "are as nothing compared to the indignity offered to my person."

Would the gentleman be satisfied if the cost of these articles, together with the railroad fare back to Lebanon Junction be paid him? The gentleman, after an injured pause, announced that he would.

And thus it was that Mr. Phelan Harrihan, in immaculate raiment, presented himself at the Sixth Annual Reunion of the Alpha Delta fraternity, and with a complacent smile encircling a ten-cent cigar, won fresh laurels by recounting, with many adornments, the adventures of the previous night.

THE ADVANCE OF TH WATER WAGON

AN APPARENT CHANGE OF SENTIMENT WITH TO LIQUOR-DRINKING

BY HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, M.

"Aweel, aweel, moderation 's best, but abstinence is bette than naething." —*Sandy Mackaye*, in "Alton Locke."

THE WATER WAGON IN RURAL DISTRICTS

NOT long ago one of my friends, about to start on a fishing trip into the mountains of North Carolina, offered to bring me some photographs of the illicit stills with which the region is supposed to abound, and which he had often seen on other trips a few years before. When he returned, however, he not only failed to bring the promised photographs, but he had an astonishing report to make on the seeming change in public sentiment that had taken place during the last half-decade.

Formerly there had been no difficulty in discovering the illicit stills, provided their owners were sure that one was in nowise connected with the Government Revenue Service. Now no stills were to be found. Doubtless they yet exist, but seemingly in no such numbers as of old.

But more notable than the mere paucity of distilleries seemed the sentiment of the people on the subject, tacit rather than expressed. For generations this had been their most intimate point of contact with the outer world. In years gone by, it was nothing at all unusual, on noting the absence of a citizen of recognized standing in the community, to be told that he had "gone away for a while," which meant that he was "serving time" for illicit distilling. Otherwise law self-respecting people, th did not regard this as an to be ashamed. They co they had not quite as mu ment grain and distil alc to raise the grain itself. little was said, it seemed sentiment was changing. citizens were not "awa seemed a growing recog question of distilling liqu not formerly admitted.

All this is somewhat in "sentiment" of a commun ject must necessarily be; y informant—who is the be cause he himself has only eral interest in the subjec and unequivocal change of average citizen on a sub which there had hitherto point of view in the entire

This individual observa the well-known fact of th so to say, of the temper throughout the South, as passage within the last thr hibitory laws forbidding th in Georgia, Alabama, N Mississippi, and Tennes opinions may differ as to of attacking the liquor ev

and whatever evidence may be adduced to show that "prohibition does not prohibit," at least it will be admitted by the most antagonistic caviler that the passage of a State-wide prohibitory law gives evidence of a remarkable appreciation of the evils of intemperance and a widely diffused sentiment in favor of combating these evils.

When we consider, moreover, that State-wide prohibition is now the law of nine States (Maine, Kansas, North Dakota, and Oklahoma, in addition to those just named), having an aggregate population of over twelve millions; that "local option" applied to communities in other States brings the total number of people living in theoretically "dry" territories to about forty millions, it must be admitted that the growth of the temperance sentiment in recent years has been phenomenal. Particularly noteworthy is the fact that this growth is not merely sectional in scope, but is general from Maine to Oklahoma, from Alabama to North Dakota.

THE WATER WAGON IN THE METROPOLIS

LAST spring the New York legislature passed a bill providing for the enforced segregation of inebriates. The passage of the bill in itself shows the growth of knowledge on the subject among our legislators, and in such a matter as this legislators, as every one knows, try very hard to voice the sentiments of their constituencies. But when the bill came up for consideration before Mayor Gaynor of New York City, an unexpected argument against it was presented by the mayor himself. He called attention to the fact that two private asylums for inebriates near New York had recently gone out of business, presumably from lack of patronage; and he suggested that this seemed to argue that intemperance is remedying itself in the metropolis without legislative aid.

It was argued in response that there were other reasons for the discontinuance of these asylums; but the bald fact that, having once done a thriving business, these institutions have now closed their doors, while their place has not been supplied by other similar institutions, certainly does seem to argue that inebriety, at least among the class of people who can afford to pay for the treatment of it, is a less prevalent disease in the metropolis than it formerly was.

Now this is obviously a matter in regard to which statistics would be exceedingly difficult to obtain, since men of a class mostly alien to the police courts do not advertise their lapses from sobriety. But it seems to me that casual observation, quite aside from statistics, tends to corroborate the inference just stated. It is, I think, a common experience of the man about town that his associates in general drink less than they did five or ten years ago. Go into any restaurant in New York where business men congregate at the lunch hour, and you will note that a large number of tables, often the majority, have no beverage but water. As a general rule the waiter will not thrust the wine-card before you with old-time insistence, knowing from experience that you probably do not want it. Even at dinner-time, in these same restaurants, many tables show no wine-glasses, whereas formerly they were all but general. Moreover, it is distinctly the rule, even at private dinner-parties of some formality, to serve a single wine, following the English custom, whereas until recently New Yorkers were notorious for "mixing" their drinks.

Of course I do not mean to imply that wines are not still served in conventional sequence, from cocktail and sherry to port and liqueur, at formal banquets and by many *bons vivants;* but I speak of the prevailing custom, and this assuredly has altered very decidedly within the last decade. Clearly, then, the temperance spirit is abroad in metropolitan no less than in rural districts.

THE WATER WAGON IN EUROPE

FOR the last two or three years temperance lectures—of course under official auspices—have been delivered from time to time on the warships of the German fleet. Now it is announced that Prince Henry has authorized the establishment of Good Templary in the imperial navy, and that the order seems likely to thrive there. These certainly are surprising facts; but we must link with them the fact that the most important scientific investigations through which the deleteri-

THE DWELLER ON THE THRESHOLD

A STORY IN SIX PARTS: PART I

BY ROBERT HICHENS

Author of "The Garden of Allah," "The Spell of Egypt," "The Holy Land,"

I

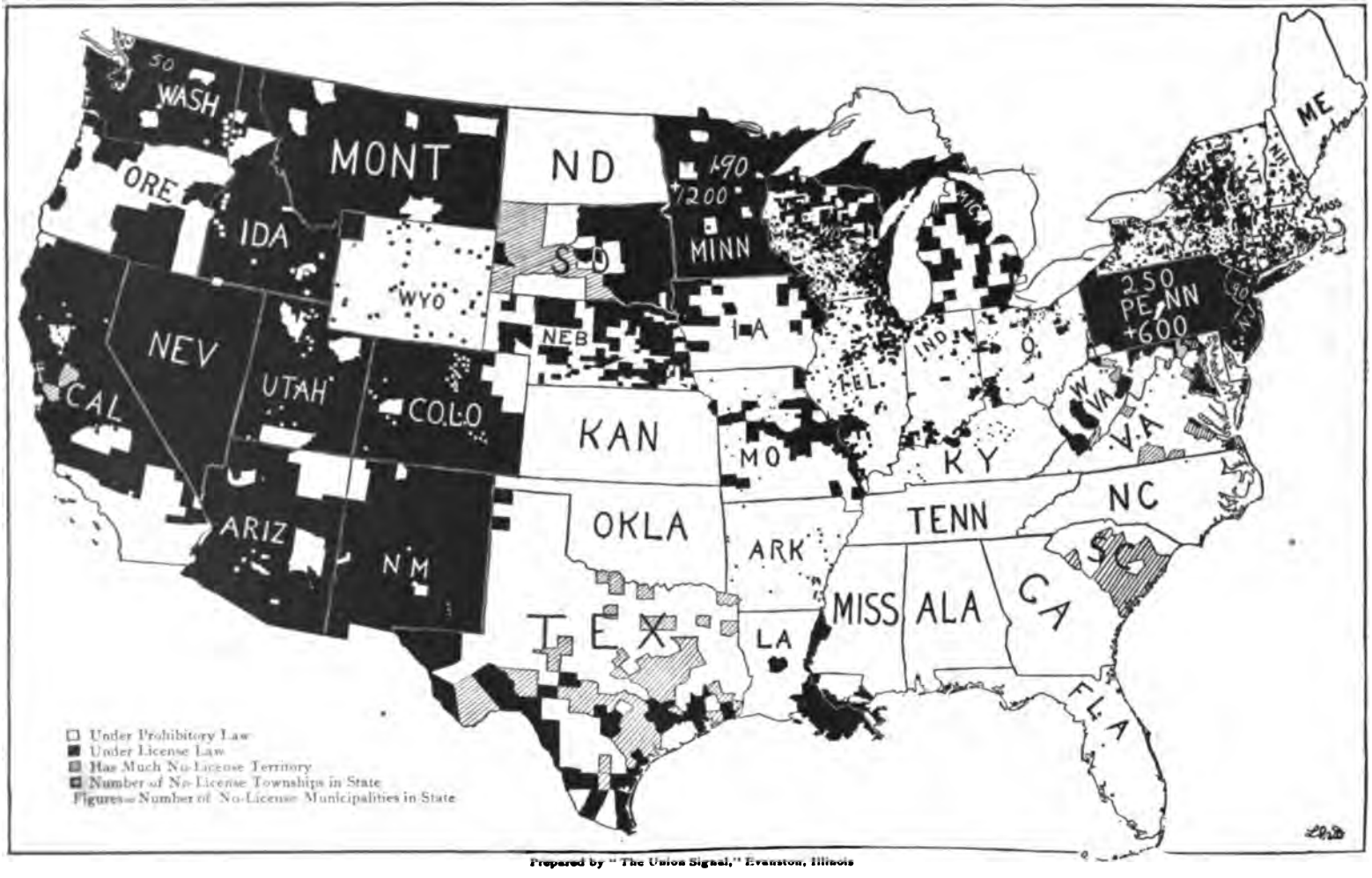
WHEN Evelyn Malling, notorious because of his sustained interest in Psychical Research and his work for Professor Stepton, first met the Rev. Marcus Harding, that well-known clergyman was still in the full flow of his many activities. He had been translated from his labors in Liverpool to a West End church in London. There he had proved hitherto an astonishing success. On Hospital Sundays the total sums collected from his flock were by far the largest that came from the pockets of any congregation in London. The music in St. Joseph's was allowed by connoisseurs, who knew their Elgar as well as their Goss, their Perosi as well as their Bach, and their Wesley, to be remarkable. Critical persons, mostly men, who sat on the fence between Orthodoxy and Atheism, thought highly of Mr. Harding's sermons, and even sometimes came down on his side. And, of all signs surely the most promising for a West End clergyman's success, smart people flocked to him to be married, and Arum lilies were perpetually being carried in and out of his chancel, which was adorned with Morris windows. He was married to a woman who managed to be admirable without being dull, Lady Sophia, daughter of the late Earl of Mansford, and sister of the present peer. He was comfortably off. His health as a rule was good, though occasionally he suffered from some obscure form of dyspepsia. And he was still comparat just forty-eight.

Nevertheless, as Evelyn M diately perceived, Mr. Hard a happy man.

In appearance he was rem commanding height, with a striking head and countenanc of keen gray eyes, he looked who was intended by nature White threads appeared in his hair, which he wore parted in But his face, which was clean- not many telltale lines. And look more than his age.

The sadness noted by Mall first evasive and fleeting, n fixed in the puckers of a fore the down-drawn corners of a was as a thin, almost impalpabl can scarcely be seen, yet that a features in a landscape ever Like a shadow it traveled acro obscured the forehead, lay abo And as a shadow lifts it lift soon returned, like a thing un becoming determined to discov ing-place.

Malling's first meeting with man took place upon Westmin on an afternoon in early May, don seemed, almost like a spi to be flinging itself with aband first gaieties of the season. M alone, coming on foot from Mr. Harding was also on foo senior curate, the Rev. Henry



Prepared by "The Union Signal," Evanston, Illinois

PROHIBITION MAP OF THE UNITED STATES

more blatant guise. But Evelyn Malling was a highly trained observer and a man in whom investigation had become a habit. Now that he was no longer ill at ease he became deeply interested in the relations between the two men with whom he was walking. He was unable to understand them, and this fact of course increased his interest. Moreover he was surprised by the change he observed in Chichester.

Although he had never been intimate with Henry Chichester, he had known him fairly well, and had summed him up as a very good man and a decidedly attractive man, but marred, as Malling thought, by a definite weakness of character. He had been too amiable, too ready to take others on their own valuation of themselves, too kind-hearted, and too easily deceived. The gentleness of a saint had been his, but scarcely the firmness of a saint. Industrious, dutiful, and conscientious, he had not struck Malling as a man of strong intellect, though he was a cultivated and well-educated man. Though not governed by his own passions,—when one looked at him one had been inclined to doubt whether he had any,—he had seemed prone to be governed by those about him, at any rate in little matters of every day. His charm had consisted in his transparent goodness, and in an almost gay kindliness which had seemed to float round him like an atmosphere. To look into his face had been to look at the happiness which comes only to those who do right things, and are at peace with their own souls.

What could have happened to change this charming, if too pliant, personality into the critical, watchful, almost—so at moments it seemed to Malling—aggressive curate who was now, always in a gentlemanly way, making things rather difficult for his rector?

And the matter became the more mysterious when Malling considered Mr. Harding. For here was a man obviously of dominant personality. Despite his fleeting subservience to Chichester, inexplicable to Malling, he was surely by far the stronger of the two, both in intellect and character. Not so saintly, perhaps, he was more likely to influence others. Firmness showed in his forcible chin, energy in the large lines of his mouth, decision in his clear-cut features. Yet there was something contradictory in his face. And the flitting melancholy, alread surely hinted at some secr perhaps known only to Ha perhaps known to Chichester

When the three men cam ing at the corner of the Gro Chichester stopped short.

"Here is our way," he s across Mr. Harding to Mall

The rector looked at Mall

"Have you far to go?" h rather a tentative air.

"I live in Cadogan Square

"Of course. I remember us you were going there."

"Good-by," said Chicheste taking the underground to So ton."

"I think I shall walk," sai

"But you know we are due

"There is plenty of time. shall be there at four."

"But really—"

"Punctually at four. I w with Mr. Malling."

"I really think you had began Chichester. "Over-exe

"Am I an invalid?" excl Harding, almost sharply.

"No, no, of course not. I member that yesterday you we well."

"That is the very reason wh walk. Exercise always does m good."

"Let us all walk," said abruptly.

But this was obviously not ding's intention.

"I want you to go through t and the accounts before the m said, in a quieter but decisive vo will meet at the School at f will have plenty of time if yo train. And meanwhile Mr. M I will go on foot together as fa gan Square."

Chichester stood for a mom into Mr. Harding's face, the almost sulkily:

"Very well. Good-by."

He turned on his heel, and the throng near the station.

It seemed to Malling that an of relief overspread his compar

"You don't mind my compan tle longer, I hope?" said the re

physicians of the Milwaukee City Hospital prescribe very little alcohol, as "they believe they have more reliable agents at their command for most cases." The Hospital of the Good Shepherd reports "great decrease in recent years." The Cook County Hospital, Chicago, spent just over three cents per capita for alcoholics in 1908; Bellevue and Allied hospitals, New York, and the Manhattan State Hospital, each spent less than three cents per capita; while the Frances E. Willard Hospital, Chicago, the Battle Creek Sanitarium, the Red Cross Hospital in New York, and the Kane County Hospital at Kane, Pennsylvania, are all strictly non-alcoholic in practice.

I am not at all surprised at this showing, for it is the general experience that, on the average, the prescription of alcoholics by physicians has greatly decreased. Twenty-five years ago Dr. N. S. Davis of Chicago was almost alone among men of prominence in the profession in teaching that alcohol has no utility whatever as a therapeutic agent. Now there is a growing feeling that he was not far wrong. Nearly all the laboratory work through which the new knowledge as to the effects of alcohol has been revealed has, as a matter of course, been done by men of medical training, and the clinical experience of a large number of others has led them to the conclusion that physicians formerly gave alcohol a prominence among therapeutic agents to which it was not justly entitled.

In speaking thus, we must not forget that the very earliest of temperance reformers were physicians. The temperance movement in America had its inception in the teaching of Dr. Benjamin Rush of Philadelphia, and the very earliest temperance society was organized by a less famous New York State physician, Dr. Billy Clark. But these temperance leaders of the elder day did not aim at abstinence, but merely at a restricted use of alcohol. It is only within comparatively recent times that wine and beer have been included in the temperance pledge. So, as just stated, Dr. Davis was almost alone a generation ago in his scientific indictment of alcohol in any combination as a medicine.

But now it is easy to name leaders in the profession who have come to a like conclusion. As typical illustrations, let us note that the celebrated gynæcological surgeon Professor Howard A. Kelly of Johns Hopkins declares: "My experience has taught me that the effect [of alcohol] is temporary, evanescent, that the drug (for such it is) does no real good, and that a dangerous habit is thus easily engendered which may be most difficult to eradicate, a habit that may utterly ruin the patient's body, soul, and spirit"; and that the distinguished neurologist Dr. Frederick Peterson, Professor of Psychiatry at Columbia University, has thought it worth while to have printed on the back of his prescription blanks: "Alcohol is a poison. Some claim that it is a food, but if so, it is a poisoned food."

Such authoritative estimates assuredly must facilitate the progress of the Water Wagon.

THE WATER WAGON IN THE TRADES

I READ that: "The Federal Trades and Labor Council, the official central board of the working-man [of Canada], by an overwhelming majority, on March 19, 1908, decided to send representatives to Quebec with the temperance delegation. Only five out of one hundred dissented from the movement."

I have seen it reported (though I do not vouch for the precise accuracy of the figures) that total abstinence rules, during working hours at least, now apply to something like a million and a half of men in the service of American railroads; and that a canvass of almost seven thousand employers showed that more than half make some sort of temperance requirement of the employees.

A suggestive illustration of the validity of these statistics chances to have fallen within my own experience. Not long ago I wrote for "McClure's Magazine" an article setting forth in clear terms, but without sentimentality or bias, the recently discovered scientific facts as to the deleterious effects of alcohol, even when taken in small quantities, on the working and thinking capacity of men. Immediately on publication, and for weeks thereafter, requests to reproduce the article, wholly or in part, poured in upon editor and writer, until fully one thousand such requests had been received. A very large proportion of these requests came from railroad officials, factory owners, and other employers of men,

THE VIRTUE PRIZES OF T FRENCH

BY STERLING HEILIG

"VIRTUE is rewarded once a year in France," said Renan, when it came his turn to preside at the annual distribution of the Montyon Virtue Prizes of the French Academy.

The tender cynic could not resist the epigram, but his audience, understanding, was flattered; because if virtue is rewarded once a year in France, it is at least once a year oftener than in other countries.

The day is not the same in Paris as in Gisors. Nor is it the same day in Salency as at Nanterre. All France is dotted with strange, annual virtue prizes, unknown to the other peoples of the world. From the effulgent ceremony of the French Academy, distributing to humble, virtuous folk the veritable riches of a famous foundation, to the "Crowning of the Rosière" of the humblest village, they are picturesque and touching. In the same day, at Gisors, I have seen a meritorious maiden crowned with roses and presented with a $500 marriage-portion to start her on the road to happiness, and a bent and aged servant-woman crowned with laurel and presented with $600 for a life of utterly illogical self-sacrifice.

It was to see the crowning of its Rosière that we had stopped in the old Norman town of Gisors, trusting at the same time to observe the chorus of "The Chimes of Normandy" in its native stage-setting. We found the chorus, but its traditional color was toned down by thrift. The Normans are censorious and morose in their maturer years, and they hold their young folks down. Otherwise the setting of the scene was perfect. As in "The Chimes of Normandy," there was a ruined castle. Its towers rose in an atmosphere fresh, clear, and redolent of new-mown hay. Nightingales quarreled in the thickets of its ancien just beyond the picturesque Trois Ecus," at tables set in old oak-trees, youths in embr ets, cider-pots in hand, did a into some desultory singing. Gisors is diversified by three s of clear, sweet water, running a quantity of old stone brid might imagine ten creeks flow Gisors. Nevertheless, there i *place,* containing the post-of bacco-bureau, the *gendarmer* mayor's office. Here we saw ing.

The *place* was crowded wit and country-people. Up the advanced the fife-and-drum co it marched the fire brigade; th society. They arrived in bad ing places on a platform in f mayor's office.

The multitude remained pa open lane. Up this lane, to melody from the choral society, the prettiest girl one could ima ing on the mayor's arm. Sh heroine of the occasion.

"They bring her from h house in the Street of the M one was telling. "At their door stood. He called the old foll told them that their daughter, tue, piety, obedience, and ind been elected this year's Rosièr asked their permission to take on his arm to the *mairie,* for vance of the civil ceremonies."

"Of course her parents kn about the election?" I inquired

"For sure, my good monsieu a matron with a shining, cider-

TO A MOCKING-BIRD

HEARD SINGING AT MIDNIGHT

BY CLYDE WALTON HILL

OH, music like a silken lace
On the dark velvet of the night!
Oh, what the time and where the place
That wakes from slumber to delight?
What old forgotten fairy sprite
Has wandered here to earth again
And stolen with an elfin grace
Into the dreams of men?

Do I not still grief's vigil keep?
And yet no drowsed Elysium
Can breathe such melodies of sleep
As these that lull me as they come
And make mine eyelids wearisome
And sing of beauties far away
In old enchanted forest deep
Where gnomes and pixies play.

Your little being is a part
Of this wide underworld of pain,
And yet you, waking, ever start
None but the gladdest midnight strain.
No grief nor memory nor pain
Must haunt you in your early sleep;
You wake with singing in your heart;
How many wake to weep!

Your dreamland clarions far we hear
Rise from beyond our troubled night:
Your glad note in our time of fear,
When vague and fateful dreams affright.
Are you some bygone hero sprite
Mysteriously come back to tell
That death, like midnight, is not drear,
Since waking, all is well?

"All the girls of her sodality were waiting with her, dressed in white."

The girls in white were coming up behind Euphrasie. They took places not upon the platform, but below it, facing the front row of people. "Girls mount that platform only one by one," observed the matron; "one by one, and one time only, every two years," meaning, as I learned, that Gisors crowns her Rosières biannually. To prevent the girls from being jostled, there stretched before them a single rank of field police (*gardes-champêtres*) and local *gendarmerie*. Last to take places on the platform, were seven rather sour-faced men past middle age, in dress suits.

"The municipal council?" I inquired.

"Exactly, Monsieur. Observe the ogre with dyed whiskers? He has no business in a municipal council. He is no better than a—"

"Silence for Monsieur the Mayor!" boomed an aged fireman in a Greek helmet that must have dated from 1820.

The mayor made a neat speech, leaning rather to the sentiments of his friend the sub-prefect than to those of his friend the *curé*. He told how, some fourteen hundred years ago, in the year 535 A. D., the first annual crowning of a virtuous young girl was celebrated by Bishop Médard, at Salency, not forty miles from Gisors.

"The good girl received from the hands of the holy bishop a crown of white roses and a marriage-portion of twenty-five pounds," recited the matron in a resentful tone. "Why does he not put that in? He says Médard, not Saint-Médard. Atheist of a Mayor!"

The mayor went on to tell the meaning of the ceremony and the history of French Rosières. The word refers to the crown of white roses. The white roses refer to innocence. The ceremony, annual, biannual, or triannual, according to the necessity of accumulating the revenues of the fund, had for its idea the encouragement both of good girls and their parents. The sources of the funds have always been various. It was a common habit for great families of Old France, in memory of a young daughter dying in her blossom, thus to endow localities with revenues charged on certain of their lands. Prosperous towns and villages established Rosière funds out of local public sp
thropic *bourgeois*, by will or
others. Indeed, it is to the
of the great French middle c
of the foundations now exis
origin; and they are many
official statistics are lacking,
that in France at least two t
are annually crowned as Ros

Like a good republican,
glossed over the confiscation
ity of the ancient foundat
French Revolution. Napoleo
couraged their reëstablishme
ancient times, he took care
often became tainted with
ideas. Not only must the Ro
be irreproachable from eve
view, but they asked her to sh
ancestors for four generation
wise irreproachable. In Gisc
merit alone counting, no such
family pretentions were made.

"A good thing, too," mutte
tron; "or where would they
Rosière?"

Following the example of t
Salency, who stood by Bish
when he crowned the first
sière, the *seigneurs* of Old F
more and more to pretend to
choose the annual Rosière. As
liberality, the town authorities
permitted to present three gi
seigneur to choose from. We ha
that, too. No such aristocrati
is vested in a person, too often
The town council, this year,
scientious investigation, had e
phrasie-Cécile-Flora-Cathérine
Dupont Rosière of Gisors and t
Vexin.

The crowd cheered while the
her name in a book. The cour
the mayor signed, the choral so
into song, and the procession
The mayor took the girl upo
again, her little friends in wh
behind, and all marched to t
church of Saints Gervais an
which dates from the thirteenth

"They do it only for the mon
bled the matron of the cider-sh
as I helped her out of the crush
are 2500 francs to vote, and
they want to have the voting of
wise the council would not

the head of the great valley North Dome, perfect in outline as if turned in a lathe, and its brother, the Half Dome (or shall we say half-brother?) across the valley, look down upon Mirror Lake from an altitude of over four thousand feet. These domes suggest enormous granite bubbles if such were possible pushed up from below and retaining their forms through the vast geologic ages. Of course they must have weathered enormously, but as the rock seems to peel off in concentric sheets, their forms are preserved.

II

ONE warm bright Sunday near the end of April, six of us walked up from the hotel to Vernal and Nevada falls, or as near to them as we could get, and took our fill of the tumult of foaming waters struggling with the wreck of huge granite cliffs: so impassive and immobile the rocks, so impetuous and reckless and determined the onset of the waters, till the falls are reached, when the obstructed river seems to find the escape and the freedom it was so eagerly seeking. Better to be completely changed into foam and spray by one single leap of six hundred feet into empty space, the river seems to say, than be forever baffled and tortured and torn on this rack of merciless boulders.

We followed the zigzagging trail up the steep side of the valley, touching melting snow banks in its upper courses, passing huge granite rocks also melting in the slow heat of the geologic ages, pausing to take in the rugged shaggy spruces and pines that sentineled the mountain sides here and there, or resting our eyes upon Liberty Cap which carries its suggestive form a thousand feet or more above the Nevada Fall. What beauty, what grandeur attended us that day! the wild tumult of waters, the snow-white falls, the motionless avalanches of granite rocks, and the naked granite shaft, Liberty Cap, dominating all!

And that night, too, when we sat around a big camp-fire near our tents in the valley, and saw the full moon come up and look down upon us from behind Sentinel Rock, and heard the intermittent booming of Yosemite Falls sifting through the spruce trees that towered around us, and felt the tender brooding spirit of the great valley, itself touched to lyric intensity by the grandeurs on every hand, steal in upon us and possess our souls—surely that was a night none of us can ever forget. As Yosemite can stand the broad, searching light of midday and not be cheapened, so its enchantments can stand the light of the moon and the stars and not be rendered too vague and impalpable.

John Muir, our guide and friend, had spent years, or parts of many years, in the valley, and had haunted its heights both by day and by night, and threaded its watercourses in all seasons, and had had hairbreadth escapes on its precipices. Sometime in the seventies he had run a sawmill here near the foot of the falls and had made lumber of hundreds of thousands of its noblest spruce trees.

"You, such a student and lover of trees and forests, engaged in such vandalism as that!" I said, when it came out that a tornado had swept down the trees, and Muir with his sawmill, which he built himself, and the ruins of which he showed us, only freed the valley of the unsightly ruin which the wind had wrought. It was here that he met Emerson when the sage visited Yosemite in his old age; he had much discourse with him at his sawmill, Emerson shinning up a plank which led at a steep angle to Muir's loft, which was his study and his museum. It is said that Emerson was greatly taken with Muir—a new kind of Thoreau, a Thoreau browsing upon the cedars and sequoias of the Sierra, instead of upon the scrub-oaks of Concord; not a greater, as that remark might seem to imply, but different, schooled in nature, and not stamped with the Emersonian stamp as Thoreau was.

Probably no man who has written books has heard and felt the call of the mountains as John Muir has; they have called him as the desert used to call the old saints and hermits, and there has been a kind of religious enthusiasm in his response. He has spent nearly half his life in their solitudes, engaged in his studies, as he says, but really yielding to the spell which they early put upon him. His studies do not seem as yet to have yielded to his readers results commensurate with this large experience, but his communion with mountains has stamped and molded his spirit: you can see the effects of it in his face and in the wistful, far-away look in his eyes; he hears their call incessantly.

in the Vauclin family, almost rich as riches go here. In the war all three sons were killed; and old Vauclin was invalided by a wound in the stomach."

"Tell how he lost his money," interrupted a pert but engaging little girl, looking up from her slice of melon.

"My daughter, messieurs. Père Vauclin and his wife, now being without sons, put at first a part, then all, of their fortune into a distillery, on the advice of a man who, as he is no longer young and has been cruelly punished—"

"Henri!" boomed a voice from the kitchen.

"My wife, messieurs. The Vauclins, being without their sons, grew poor more rapidly than any one could think it possible. Fifteen years ago the old wife went half-paralyzed, and Vauclin has been dying of his stomach ever since the year 1873. Bathilde-Agathe has supported them."

"Without wages!"

"Worse. She has simply kept that old couple for twenty years past. During seventeen years she paid the mortgage interest on the homestead. Each year she reduced it by one hundred francs. During the Exposition summer of 1900 the mortgagee presented her with a satisfaction for the balance. Bathilde-Agathe lodges the old couple in the homestead saved from mortgage; she finds them clothes, finds them food, dresses them, prepares the food, and feeds them—everything, *quoi?* She got into the habit."

That afternoon we stood in the crowded *place* again. On the platform, with the mayor, the council, and the curé, sat a youngish-looking Academician, whose name escapes me, in the full regalia of the forty. He was the delegate, to bring the sum and represent the Academy at the actual crowning of Bathilde-Agathe.

Suddenly there was a blare of trumpets. Up dashed the landau. From it descended two men in evening dress of ancient cut. One of them handed down Bathilde-Agathe, in her old black stuff gown, her best cloth shoes, and a white-starched cap tied with a white ribbon.

"*Vive* Bathilde!" the crowd shouted.

She mounted the steps of the platform. They had to urge her along, such was her delicious timidity; yet with the exception of the young Academician and ourselves, she probably knew every sou
titude. Her long arms,
wrinkled and knobby, hung
knees. Those on the platf
honor her, the mayor particu
ing gruff encouragements.

So they crowned her—fo
defined by the French Aca
annual interest of Baron d
first gift in 1782 was to be gi
most virtuous act accomplish
by a poor Frenchman." Th
confiscated it. In 1819 he in
eral new prizes, and in 182
were established by his will, a
to "virtuous acts" performed
and the colonies.

"The etymology of the wo
young Academician, "declare
have been originally a virile q
its meaning has been softened
say weakened. In any case,
from the state of mind of the
nian general who discovered
mouse that bit his thumb wh
rummaging in a basket of figs.
he observed, 'there is no anima
that he cannot save his life, if
the virtue to defend himself.'
that epoch, meant to know h
At present, on the contrary, th
Prizes tend to recompense the
self. The virtue we celebrat
rather moral than physical forc

In his majestically turned
the platform of the *place* of
young Academician had the a
claim Bathilde-Agathe and he
so many esoteric relatives of t
tals.

"Despising the good things o
ing themselves wholly to the
others, they realize off-hand,"
"the long dream of the greatest
presence of their obscure lives,
effulgent maxims pale; and in
find a new witness to the sayin
taigne that naïve ignorance a
science sometimes run across ea
truth. The French Institute wo
fil its destiny if, among all those
the ideal, it should neglect the

To praise the aged servant-gi
bled the poet, the artist, the
savant, and philosopher that sum
noon. Even the hero and the
short of Bathilde's merit.

who was an acquaintance of Malling, but whom Malling had not seen for a considerable period of time, having been out on his estate in the Malay. At the moment when Malling arrived upon the bridge the two clergymen were standing by the parapet on the Parliament side, looking out over the river. As he drew near to them the curate glanced suddenly round, saw him, and uttered an involuntary exclamation which attracted Mr. Harding's attention.

"Telepathy!" said Chichester, shaking Malling by the hand. "I believe I looked round because I knew I should see you. Yet I supposed you to be still in the Malay." He glanced at the rector rather doubtfully, seemed to take a resolution, and with an air almost of doggedness, added, "May I?" and introduced the two men to one another.

Mr. Harding observed the new-comer with an interest that was unmistakable.

"You are the Mr. Malling of whom Professor Stepton has spoken to me," he said,—"who has done so much experimental work for him?"

"Yes."

"The professor comes to my church now and then."

"I have heard him say so."

"You saw we were looking at the river? Before I came to London I was at Liverpool, and learned there to love great rivers. There is something in a great river that reminds us—"

He caught his curate's eye and was silent.

"Are you walking my way?" asked Malling. "I am going by the Abbey and Victoria Street to Cadogan Square."

"Then we will accompany you as far as Victoria Station," said the rector.

"You don't think it would be wiser to take a hansom?" began Chichester. "You remember—"

"No, no, certainly not. Walking always does me good," rejoined Mr. Harding, almost in a tone of rebuke.

The curate said nothing more, and the three men set out toward Parliament Square, Malling walking between the two clergymen.

He felt embarrassed, and this surprised him, for he was an extremely self-reliant man and entirely free from shyness. At first he thought that possibly his odd discomfort arose from the fact that he was in company with two men who, perhaps, had quite recently had a difference which they were endeavoring out of courtesy to conceal from him.

Perhaps there had been a slight quarrel over some parish matter. Certainly when he first spoke with them there had been something uneasy, a suspicion of strain, in the manner of both. But then he remembered how, before Chichester had turned round, they had been leaning amicably above the river.

No, it could not be that. He sought mentally for some other reason. But while he did so he talked, and endeavored to rid himself promptly of the unwelcome feeling that beset him.

In this effort, however, he did not at first succeed. The "conditions" were evidently unsatisfactory. He wondered whether if he were not walking between the two men he would feel more comfortable, and presently, at a crossing, he managed to change his place. He was now next to Mr. Harding, who had the curate on his other side, and at once he felt more at his ease. The rector of St. Joseph's led the conversation, in which Malling joined, and at first the curate was silent. But presently Malling noticed a thing that struck him as odd. Chichester began to "chip in" now and then, and whenever he did so it was either to modify what Mr. Harding had just said, or to check him in what he was saying, or abruptly to introduce a new topic of talk. Sometimes Mr. Harding did not appear to notice these interruptions; at other times he obviously resented them; at others again he yielded with an air of anxiety, almost of fear, to his curate's attenuations or hastened to follow his somewhat surprising leads down new conversational paths. Malling could not understand Chichester. But it became evident to him that for some reason or other the curate was painfully critical of his rector, as sometimes highly sensitive people are critical of members of their own family. And Mr. Harding was certainly aware of this critical attitude, and at moments seemed to be defiant of it, at other moments to be almost terrorized by it.

All that passed, be it noted, passed as between gentlemen, rather glided in the form of nuance than trampled heavily in

THE DWELLER ON THE THRESHOLD

A STORY IN SIX PARTS: PART I

BY ROBERT HICHENS

Author of "The Garden of Allah," "The Spell of Egypt," "The Holy Land,"

I

WHEN Evelyn Malling, notorious because of his sustained interest in Psychical Research and his work for Professor Stepton, first met the Rev. Marcus Harding, that well-known clergyman was still in the full flow of his many activities. He had been translated from his labors in Liverpool to a West End church in London. There he had proved hitherto an astonishing success. On Hospital Sundays the total sums collected from his flock were by far the largest that came from the pockets of any congregation in London. The music in St. Joseph's was allowed by connoisseurs, who knew their Elgar as well as their Goss, their Perosi as well as their Bach, and their Wesley, to be remarkable. Critical persons, mostly men, who sat on the fence between Orthodoxy and Atheism, thought highly of Mr. Harding's sermons, and even sometimes came down on his side. And, of all signs surely the most promising for a West End clergyman's success, smart people flocked to him to be married, and Arum lilies were perpetually being carried in and out of his chancel, which was adorned with Morris windows. He was married to a woman who managed to be admirable without being dull, Lady Sophia, daughter of the late Earl of Mansford, and sister of the present peer. He was comfortably off. His health as a rule was good, though occasionally he suffered from some obscure form of dyspepsia. And he was still comparat just forty-eight.

Nevertheless, as Evelyn M diately perceived, Mr. Hard a happy man.

In appearance he was rem commanding height, with a striking head and countenanc of keen gray eyes, he looked who was intended by nature White threads appeared in his hair, which he wore parted in But his face, which was clean not many telltale lines. And look more than his age.

The sadness noted by Mal first evasive and fleeting, n fixed in the puckers of a fore the down-drawn corners of a was as a thin, almost impalpabl can scarcely be seen, yet that a features in a landscape ever Like a shadow it traveled acro obscured the forehead, lay abo And as a shadow lifts it lifte soon returned, like a thing un becoming determined to discov ing-place.

Malling's first meeting with man took place upon Westmin on an afternoon in early May, don seemed, almost like a spi to be flinging itself with aband first gaieties of the season. M alone, coming on foot from Mr. Harding was also on foo senior curate, the Rev. Henry

who was an acquaintance of Malling, but whom Malling had not seen for a considerable period of time, having been out on his estate in the Malay. At the moment when Malling arrived upon the bridge the two clergymen were standing by the parapet on the Parliament side, looking out over the river. As he drew near to them the curate glanced suddenly round, saw him, and uttered an involuntary exclamation which attracted Mr. Harding's attention.

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All that passed, be it noted, passed as between gentlemen, rather glided in the form of nuance than trampled heavily in

more blatant guise. But Evelyn Malling was a highly trained observer and a man in whom investigation had become a habit. Now that he was no longer ill at ease he became deeply interested in the relations between the two men with whom he was walking. He was unable to understand them, and this fact of course increased his interest. Moreover he was surprised by the change he observed in Chichester.

Although he had never been intimate with Henry Chichester, he had known him fairly well, and had summed him up as a very good man and a decidedly attractive man, but marred, as Malling thought, by a definite weakness of character. He had been too amiable, too ready to take others on their own valuation of themselves, too kind-hearted, and too easily deceived. The gentleness of a saint had been his, but scarcely the firmness of a saint. Industrious, dutiful, and conscientious, he had not struck Malling as a man of strong intellect, though he was a cultivated and well-educated man. Though not governed by his own passions,—when one looked at him one had been inclined to doubt whether he had any,—he had seemed prone to be governed by those about him, at any rate in little matters of every day. His charm had consisted in his transparent goodness, and in an almost gay kindliness which had seemed to float round him like an atmosphere. To look into his face had been to look at the happiness which comes only to those who do right things, and are at peace with their own souls.

What could have happened to change this charming, if too pliant, personality into the critical, watchful, almost—so at moments it seemed to Malling—aggressive curate who was now, always in a gentlemanly way, making things rather difficult for his rector?

And the matter became the more mysterious when Malling considered Mr. Harding. For here was a man obviously of dominant personality. Despite his fleeting subservience to Chichester, inexplicable to Malling, he was surely by far the stronger of the two, both in intellect and character. Not so saintly, perhaps, he was more likely to influence others. Firmness showed in his forcible chin, energy in the large lines of his mouth, decision in his clear-cut features. Yet there was something contradictory in his face. And the flitting melancholy, alread surely hinted at some secre perhaps known only to Har perhaps known to Chichester

When the three men came ing at the corner of the Gros Chichester stopped short.

"Here is our way," he s across Mr. Harding to Malli

The rector looked at Malli

"Have you far to go?" he rather a tentative air.

"I live in Cadogan Square.

"Of course. I remember. us you were going there."

"Good-by," said Chichester taking the underground to Sou ton."

"I think I shall walk," said

"But you know we are due

"There is plenty of time. shall be there at four."

"But really—"

"Punctually at four. I wi with Mr. Malling."

"I really think you had b began Chichester. "Over-exe

"Am I an invalid?" excla Harding, almost sharply.

"No, no, of course not. B member that yesterday you wer well."

"That is the very reason wh walk. Exercise always does m good."

"Let us all walk," said t abruptly.

But this was obviously not ding's intention.

"I want you to go through t and the accounts before the me said, in a quieter but decisive vo will meet at the School at fc will have plenty of time if yo train. And meanwhile Mr. M I will go on foot together as fa gan Square."

Chichester stood for a mome into Mr. Harding's face, ther almost sulkily:

"Very well. Good-by."

He turned on his heel, and v the throng near the station.

It seemed to Malling that an of relief overspread his compan

"You don't mind my compan tle longer, I hope?" said the rec

Copyright, 1909, by William Ordway Partridge. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL

FROM THE BUST BY WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

"I must turn off here."

"I 'll go with you as far as your door if you 've no objection," said the rector, who seemed very loath to leave his companion. "It 's odd how men change, is n't it?"

"As they grow older? But surely development is natural and to be expected?"

"Certainly. But when a man changes drastically, sheds his character and takes on another?"

"You are talking perhaps of what is called conversion?"

"Well, that would be an instance of what I mean, no doubt. But there are changes of another type. We clergymen, you know, mix intimately with so many men that we are almost bound to become psychologists if we are to do any good. It becomes a habit with many of us to study closely our fellow-men. Now I, for instance; I cannot live at close quarters with a man without, almost unconsciously, subjecting him to a minute scrutiny, and striving to sum him up. My curates, for example—"

"Yes?" said Malling.

"There are four of them, our friend Chichester being the senior one."

"And you have 'placed' them all?"

"I thought I had, I thought so—but—"

Mr. Harding was silent. Then, with a strange abruptness, and the air of a man forced into an action against which something within him protested, he said:

"Mr. Malling, you are the only person I know who, having been acquainted with Henry Chichester, has at last met him again after a prolonged interval of separation. Two years, you said. People who see a man from day to day observe very little or nothing. Changes occur and are not noticed by them. A man and his wife live together and grow old. But does either ever notice when the face of the other begins first to lose its bloom, to take on that peculiar, unmistakable stamp that the passage of the years sets on us all? Few of us really see what is always before us. But the man who comes back—he sees. Tell me the honest truth, I beg of you. Do you or do you not, see a great change in Henry Chichester?"

The rector's voice had risen while he spoke, till it almost clamored for reply. His eyes were more clamorous still, insistent in their demand upon Malling. Nevertheless voice and eyes ling toward caution. Som him said, "Be careful what acting surprise, he answered

"Chichester changed! Ir

The rector's countenance

"You have n't observed it

"Remember I 've only se and walking in the midst of

"Quite true! Quite true

Mr. Harding meditated and then said:

"Mr. Malling, I daresay to-day may surprise you. Y it odd of me to be so frank you and I have not met befor ton has told me so much abo cannot feel we are quite s should like you to have an o observing Henry Chichest prejudice. I will say nothing if I invite you to meet him, or elsewhere, will you pro come?"

"Certainly, if I possibly ca

"And your address?"

Malling stopped and, smil to the number outside a house

"You live here?"

Mr. Harding took a small pencil from his pocket and not address.

"Good-by," he said. "I liv Gardens—Number 89."

"Thank you. Good-by."

The two men shook hands. Harding went on his way to Kensington, while Malling i latch-key into the door of N Cadogan Square.

II

Evelyn Malling was well to meeting with strange peopl ing investigations into strange c He was not easily surprised, easily puzzled. By nature mo than credulous, he had a cool he was seldom, if ever, the vi imagination. But on the ever day in question he found him ually dwelling, and with a curic mind, upon the encounter of noon. Mr. Harding's manner ter part of their walk togeth scarcely knew why—profou pressed him. He longed to see

From a photograph by Braun, Clément & Co. of the painting by C. H. Brispot. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

A MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY BESTOWING A VIRTUE PRIZE FOR THE POOR

the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost" had been pronounced, Malling settled himself to listen. He felt tensely interested. Both Mr. Harding and Chichester were now before him, the one as performer—he used the word mentally, with no thought of irreverence—the other as audience. He could study both as he wished to study them at that moment.

Chichester was a small, cherubic man, with blue eyes, fair hair, and neat features, the sort of man who looks as if when a boy he must have been the leading choirboy in a cathedral. There was nothing powerful in his face, but much that was amiable and winning. His chin and his forehead were rather weak. His eyes and his mouth looked good. Or—did they?

Malling found himself wondering that as Mr. Harding preached.

And was Mr. Harding the powerful preacher he was reputed to be?

At first he held his congregation. That was evident. Rows of rapt faces gazed up at him, as he leaned over the edge of the pulpit, or stood upright with his hands pressed palm downward upon it. But it seemed to Malling that he held them rather because of his reputation, because of what they confidently expected of him, because of what he had done in the past, than because of what he was actually doing. And presently they slipped out of his grasp. He lost them.

The first thing that is necessary in an orator, if he is to be successful with an audience, is confidence in himself, a conviction that he has something to say which is worth saying, which has to be said. Malling perceived that on this Sunday morning Mr. Harding possessed neither self-confidence nor conviction; though he made a determined, almost a violent, effort to pretend that he had both. He took as the theme of his discourse self-knowledge, and as his motto—so he called it—the words, "Know thyself." This was surely a promising subject. He began to treat it with vigor. But very soon it became evident that he was ill at ease, as an actor becomes who cannot get into touch with his audience. He stumbled now and then in his sentences, harked back, corrected a phrase, modified a thought, attenuated a statement. Then, evidently bracing himself up, almost aggressively he delivered a few passages that were eloq
But the indecision returned,
painful. He even contradic
A "No, that is not so. I sh
communicated grave doubts a
ers of clear thinking to the n
congregation. People began t
to shift about in their chairs.
beneath the pulpit unfolded
and waved it slowly to and
Harding paused, gazed at the
away from it, wiped his forel
handkerchief, grasped the p
and went on speaking, but nc
most a faltering voice.

The congregation were dou
rant of the cause of their past
bation, but Malling felt sure th
what it was.

The cause was Henry Chich

On the cherubic face of
curate, as he leaned back in his
Mr. Harding gave out the oper
of the sermon, there had been
sion that was surely one of an
as a master's face wears when h
about to give some public exhibit
simile came at once into Mallin
It was the master listening to
fearing for, criticizing, striving
to convey help to the pupil. A
sermon went on it was obvious t
that the curate was not satisfie
and that his dissatisfaction was, a
breaking the rector down. A
statements of Mr. Harding look
tempt flashed over Chichester's fa
forming it. The anxiety of th
product of vanity but also of s
was overlaid by the powerful con
a man who longs to traverse
ments but is forced by circumst
keep silence. And so certain was
that the cause of Mr. Harding's p
tion lay in Chichester's mental
that he longed to spring up, to
curate by the shoulders and to thr
out of the church. Then all w
well. He knew it. The rector's
fidence would return and, with
natural powers.

But now the situation was b
painful, almost unbearable.

With every sentence the rector
more involved, more hesitating, n
potent. The sweat ran down h
Even his fine voice was affected.

church, where she must be crowned by Monsieur the Curé. Ours is a religious foundation."

"It is a handy marriage-portion," I observed.

"She gets 1250 francs the day she marries, always provided that she conducts herself well meanwhile; and they will give her the balance ten months later, on condition that she is still living with her husband."

Inside the church, at the end of an impressive ceremony, the old curé crowned Euphrasie with a wreath of white roses, as Saint-Médard had done to the first French Rosière nine hundred years before the discovery of America. The curé said:

"This girl is as a dove and a lily; yes, but she is more; for she is pious and wise-hearted, charitable and modest, respectful to her elders, helpful to little children, an example to her own age, industrious, saving, obedient. Yet do not look on her as a phenomenon in Gisors. Two years from now, when we shall crown the Rosière again, there will be no lack of meritorious girls from whom to choose one, like this, whom Providence has favored with opportunities for distinguishing herself according to common report and the evidence presented to the municipal council!"

We had imagined this to be all, but on the church steps our curiosity was aroused by the unusual actions of a group of women,—well-dressed wives of solid citizens,—surrounding a decent old servant-woman in worn clothes, clog shoes, and plain black cap tied with a shoe-string under her wrinkled chin. The curious, patronizing deference they showed her was astonishing; and as my shining-faced one finally tore herself from the group, I ventured to stop her.

"Why did the women so surround that old creature? Is she a poor relation of the Rosière?" I asked.

"My good monsieur, you are mistaken," she bubbled with easy indignation. "And the messieurs of the council are mistaken, also. Atheists! They will do well to make a place for Monsieur the Curé on the platform with them, otherwise they will discover that they lack their heroine. Do they imagine that Bathilde-Agathe will sell her faith for gold? The mayor is a freethinker—"

"Her name is Bathilde-Agathe?"

"Yes; and it is she they are to crown this afternoon with laurel, when the monsieur comes from the Academy at Paris in his *beau costume,* bringing the 3000 francs in gold. Bathilde-Agathe will have to hurry home, prepare the dinner, feed her master and mistress, and be ready when they go to fetch her in the landau. At her age—83 years! And I must hurry, too. Be at the *place* at three o'clock, and you shall see it all."

At the luncheon-table of Les Trois Ecus I heard how a Montyon Prize of the French Academy was to distinguish Gisors this year in the person of the aged Bathilde-Agathe, and make a piquantly contrasting double event.

Here we were far from young girls and white roses. Antoine-Jean-Baptiste-Robert Auget, Baron de Montyon, amassed a vast fortune in the public service, emigrated to England at the breaking out of the Revolution, returned to Paris in 1815, and lived on until 1820, always occupied in philanthropic works.

Before the Revolution he had given great sums to hospitals and institutions of charity and learning; but the peculiar foundations which have always borne his name, and have been imitated in so many parts of France that they almost rival the funds of the Rosières, are the Virtue Prizes for the poor with which he endowed the French Academy.

Their annual distribution is always an event. Beneath the dome of the Institute meet the Forty Immortals. Packed in the circling seats about them are the brilliant representatives of Paris. They hear read and glorified the names and lives of obscure slaves of the ideal.

Throughout the year the Academy receives memorials and petitions from all parts of France suggesting beneficiaries, setting forth their titles. A Montyon committee makes minute investigations of them, and in the end it votes its prizes to the worthiest. Such a one had been Bathilde-Agathe. Already her name had been acclaimed beneath the dome of the Institute.

"What has she done to merit such extraordinary honor coming to her all the way from Paris?" I asked.

"Forty years ago, before the Franco-Prussian War," said the hotel proprietor, "Bathilde-Agathe was confidential servant

"My dear Sophy!" exclaimed Mr. Harding.

"Well, it is so!" she said, with a sort of petulance.

"Perhaps Mr. Chichester is not gifted as a preacher," said Malling.

"Oh, I would n't say that," said the rector.

"My husband never criticizes his—swans," said Lady Sophia, with delicate malice, and a glance full of meaning at Malling. "But I 'm a woman, and my principles are not so high as his."

"You do yourself an injustice," said the rector. "Here we are."

He drew out his latch-key.

Before lunch Malling was left alone for a few minutes in the drawing-room with Lady Sophia. The rector had to see a parishioner who had called and was waiting for him in his study. Directly her husband had left the room Lady Sophia turned to Malling and said:

"Had you ever heard my husband preach till this morning?"

"No, never," Malling answered. "I 'm afraid I 'm not a very regular church-goer. I must congratulate you again on the music at St. Joseph's. It is exceptional. Even at St. Anne's Soho—"

Almost brusquely she interrupted him. She was obviously in a highly nervous condition; and scarcely able to control herself.

"Yes, yes, our music is always good, of course. So glad you liked it. But what I want to say is that you have n't heard my husband preach this morning."

Malling looked at her with curiosity, but without astonishment. He might have acted a part with her as he had the previous day with her husband. But, as he looked, he came to a rapid decision, to be more frank with the woman than he had been with the man.

"You mean, of course, that your husband was not in his best vein," he said. "I won't pretend that I did n't realize that."

"You did n't hear him at all. He was n't himself—simply."

She sat down on a sofa and clasped her hands together.

"I cannot tell you what I was feeling," she added. "And he used to be so full of self-confidence. It was his great gift. His self-confidence carried him through everything. Nothing could have if—"

Suddenly she checked hers with a sort of covert inquir

"You must think me qui like this," she said, with a manner when he first met he

"Shall I tell you what I he asked, leaning forward i had taken.

"Yes, do, do!"

"I think you are very your husband and that your him has received a perhaps check."

Before she could reply the and Mr. Harding reappeared

At lunch he carefully avoid ence to church matters, and t general subjects. Lady So herself a nervously intelligen woman. It seemed to Mal that she was devoted to h "wrapped up in" him—to us sive phrase. Any failure on h her even more than it did hi she must still be quivering fro distresses of the morning. B strove to aid the rector's adm to be serene, and proved hers talker, and well informed on t the day. Of her Malling g clear impression.

But his impression of her h confused and almost nebulous.

"Do you smoke?" asked M when lunch was over.

Malling said that he did.

"Then come and have a c study."

"Yes, do go," said Lady So quiet talk with you will rest my

And she went away, leavin men together.

Mr. Harding's study looked back of the house upon a tiny st den. It was very comfortably, t luxuriously, furnished, and the lined with bookcases. While his to a drawer to get the cigar-bo idly cast his eyes over the bo shelves nearest to him. He al to see what a man had to read. book his eyes rested upon wa "Human Personality." Ther series of works by Hudson, "Psychic Phenomena," ther

"Doubtless there is relationship between a great thought and a beautiful act," he said; "yet the noblest maxim does only invite: and if a great work suffices to show genius, a beautiful act is not sufficient to realize virtue. Heroism, martyrdom even, may be of an instant. Virtue is duration."

The stolid farmers of the Norman Vexin listened with approval. Duration appealed to them even in an oration. Their true enthusiasm was, nevertheless, for the beautiful act of the distinguished stranger when he handed over to Bathilde-Agathe three crisp new Bank of France notes for one thousand francs each.

"*Vive* Bathilde!" they cried. Of the two events of that great day, this was the one that pleased them best: it had brought foreign money to the Vexin.

"How did Bathilde-Agathe earn the money to pay mortgage interest and take care of her old patrons?" I asked the hotel man as we paid our bill.

"By spending nothing," was the typically Norman answer of the man of Les Trois Ecus. "And keeping hens," he added, after some reflection.

"'T WAS LIKE ANOTHER SUNSET"

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

I

'T WAS like another sunset when the moon
Sank from the sky and the near stars grew bright;
As when is played some dear and lingering tune,
Softly the theme repeats. Sunset and set of moon
Were one sweet tune,
And lovely was the night.

II

O night of wonder, of mysterious sleep!
What meanest thou? Oh, what this pause most strange—
This hush 'twixt sun and sun—which mortals keep
For silence and rest, forgetfulness and sleep?
In what vast deep
Where doth the live soul range?

III

And if from loss and dull and seeming death,
As ship to shore, we to ourselves return,
Shall not the invisible soul, a quenchless breath,
To itself return after that pause of death—
A subtler breath
That doth forever burn?

Mount Holyoke College,
June 1, 1909.

"Then why should we mind when all are subject to criticism!" exclaimed Mr. Harding, forcibly.

Evidently he was startled by his own outburst, for instantly he set about to attenuate it.

"What I mean is that men ought not to care so much as most of them undoubtedly do what others think about them."

"It certainly is a sign of great weakness to care too much," said Malling. "But some people have a quite peculiar power of impressing their critical thoughts on others. These spread uneasiness around them like an atmosphere."

"I know, I know," said the rector, with an almost hungry eagerness. "Now surely one ought to keep out of such an atmosphere, to get out of it, and to keep out of it."

"Why not?"

"But—but—how extraordinary it is, the difficulty men have in getting away from things! Have n't you noticed that?"

"Want of moral strength," said Malling, laconically.

"You think so?"

"Don't you?"

At this moment there was a knock at the door. Mr. Harding started.

"How impossible it is to get a quiet moment," he said with acute irritation. "Come in!" he called out.

The footman appeared.

"Mr. Chichester has called to see you, sir."

The rector's manner changed. He beckoned to the man to come into the room and to shut the door. The footman, looking surprised, obeyed.

"Where is he, Thomas?" asked Mr. Harding, in a lowered voice. "In the hall?"

"No, sir. As you were engaged I showed him up into the drawing-room."

"Oh, very well. Thank you. You can go."

The footman went out, still looking surprised. Just as he was about to close the door his master said:

"Wait a moment!"

"Sir?"

"Was her ladyship in the drawing-room?"

"No, sir. Her ladyship is lying down in the boudoir."

"Ah. That will do."

The footman shut the doo

Directly he was gone the with an air of decision.

"Mr. Malling," he said ought to apologize to you fo with the abruptness allowabl but surprising in an acquain in one who is almost a str apologize. My only excuse is you to be a man of exceptio mind and unusual ability. from Professor Stepton. But other thing. As I told you y are the only person of my who, having been fairly in Henry Chichester, has not se of him during the two years with me as my coadjutor. N want you to do is this: will stairs and spend a few minutes Chichester? Tell him I am d am coming in a moment. I that you are not interrupted. to my wife. And, of course, I to make the matter appear natu chester, not to rouse his—but you understand. Will you d me?"

"Certainly," said Malling, most prosaic manner. "Why n

"Why not? Exactly. The ing objectionable in the matter Mr. Harding's manner became nest, almost tragic. "I 'll ask yo —afterward you will tell me th actly how Chichester impresses in comparison with the impressi of him two years ago. You—yo objection to promising to tell m

Malling hesitated.

"But is it quite fair to Chi he said. "Suppose I obtained, fo a less favorable, or even an un impression of him now? You ar tor. I hardly think—"

The rector interrupted him.

"I 'll leave it to you," he sa just as you please. But, believe m a very strong reason for wishing your opinion. I need it. I need

There was a lamentable sou voice.

"If I feel it is right I will you," said Malling.

The rector opened the door of

"You know your way?"

"Yes."

who was an acquaintance of Malling, but whom Malling had not seen for a considerable period of time, having been out on his estate in the Malay. At the moment when Malling arrived upon the bridge the two clergymen were standing by the parapet on the Parliament side, looking out over the river. As he drew near to them the curate glanced suddenly round, saw him, and uttered an involuntary exclamation which attracted Mr. Harding's attention.

"Telepathy!" said Chichester, shaking Malling by the hand. "I believe I looked round because I knew I should see you. Yet I supposed you to be still in the Malay." He glanced at the rector rather doubtfully, seemed to take a resolution, and with an air almost of doggedness, added, "May I?" and introduced the two men to one another.

Mr. Harding observed the new-comer with an interest that was unmistakable.

"You are the Mr. Malling of whom Professor Stepton has spoken to me," he said,—"who has done so much experimental work for him?"

"Yes."

"The professor comes to my church now and then."

"I have heard him say so."

"You saw we were looking at the river? Before I came to London I was at Liverpool, and learned there to love great rivers. There is something in a great river that reminds us—"

He caught his curate's eye and was silent.

"Are you walking my way?" asked Malling. "I am going by the Abbey and Victoria Street to Cadogan Square."

"Then we will accompany you as far as Victoria Station," said the rector.

"You don't think it would be wiser to take a hansom?" began Chichester. "You remember—"

"No, no, certainly not. Walking always does me good," rejoined Mr. Harding, almost in a tone of rebuke.

The curate said nothing more, and the three men set out toward Parliament Square, Malling walking between the two clergymen.

He felt embarrassed, and this surprised him, for he was an extremely self-reliant man and entirely free from shyness. At first he thought that possibly his odd discomfort arose from the fact that he was in company with two men who, perhaps, had quite recently had a difference which they were endeavoring out of courtesy to conceal from him.

Perhaps there had been a slight quarrel over some parish matter. Certainly when he first spoke with them there had been something uneasy, a suspicion of strain, in the manner of both. But then he remembered how, before Chichester had turned round, they had been leaning amicably above the river.

No, it could not be that. He sought mentally for some other reason. But while he did so he talked, and endeavored to rid himself promptly of the unwelcome feeling that beset him.

In this effort, however, he did not at first succeed. The "conditions" were evidently unsatisfactory. He wondered whether if he were not walking between the two men he would feel more comfortable, and presently, at a crossing, he managed to change his place. He was now next to Mr. Harding, who had the curate on his other side, and at once he felt more at his ease. The rector of St. Joseph's led the conversation, in which Malling joined, and at first the curate was silent. But presently Malling noticed a thing that struck him as odd. Chichester began to "chip in" now and then, and whenever he did so it was either to modify what Mr. Harding had just said, or to check him in what he was saying, or abruptly to introduce a new topic of talk. Sometimes Mr. Harding did not appear to notice these interruptions; at other times he obviously resented them; at others again he yielded with an air of anxiety, almost of fear, to his curate's attenuations or hastened to follow his somewhat surprising leads down new conversational paths. Malling could not understand Chichester. But it became evident to him that for some reason or other the curate was painfully critical of his rector, as sometimes highly sensitive people are critical of members of their own family. And Mr. Harding was certainly aware of this critical attitude, and at moments seemed to be defiant of it, at other moments to be almost terrorized by it.

All that passed, be it noted, passed as between gentlemen, rather glided in the form of nuance than trampled heavily in

"No," said Malling, amazed at the curate's excitement, but showing no astonishment.

"But it 's a terrible thing to see too clearly!" continued Chichester, almost as if talking to himself, absorbed. "A terrible thing!"

He looked up at Malling, and almost solemnly he said:

"Are you still going on with all those investigations?"

"When I have any spare time, I often spend some of it in that sort of work," answered Malling, lightly.

It was his way to make light of his research work, and indeed he seldom mentioned it unless he was forced to do so.

"Do you think it is right?" said Chichester, earnestly.

"Right?"

"To strive to push one's way into hidden regions."

"If I did n't think it right I should n't do it," retorted Malling, but without heat.

"And—for clergymen?" questioned Chichester, leaning forward, and dropping his small, thin hands down between his knees.

"What do you mean?"

"Do you think it right for clergymen to indulge themselves—for it is indulgence—in investigations, in attempts to find out more than God has chosen to reveal to us?"

The man of science in Malling felt impatient with the man of faith in Chichester.

"Does it never occur to you that the anima mundi may have hidden certain things from the minds of mortals just in order to provide them with a field to till?" he said, with a hint of sarcasm. "Was n't the fact that the earth revolves round the sun, instead of the sun round the earth, hidden from every living creature till Galileo discovered it? Do you think Galileo deserved our censure?"

"Saul was punished for consulting the witch of Endor," returned Chichester. "And the Roman Catholic Church forbids her children to deal in occult things."

"You can't expect a man like me, a disciple of Stepton, to take the Roman Catholic view of such a matter."

"You are not a clergyman," said Chichester.

Malling could not help smiling.

"You think the professio
it certain obligations," he sai
it does. But I shall neve
one of them is to shut you
fact in the whole scheme
Harm can never come from

"If I could believe that
cried out.

"Do you mean to tell me
lieve it?"

Chichester looked at Mall
a minute without replying.
up, and said, with a chang
manner:

"If the rector does n't co
I shall have to go. Sunday
day, you know, for us clergy

He drew out his watch and

"I shall have to go. I 'm
Children's Service."

Malling got up too.

"Is it getting late?" he s
haps—"

At this moment the door
opened and Mr. Harding appe

"Oh, Chichester," he said.
to have kept you waiting.
Would you like to come to my

"I must be off," said Malli
I say good-by to Lady Sophia
haps she is resting and would
be disturbed."

"I 'm sure she would w
good-by to you," said the rect
just ask her."

He shot a quick glance fro
to the other and went out of
leaving the door open behind hi

Directly he was gone the c
"It has been such a pleasure to
new my acquaintance with you,
ling. Are you going to be lon
don?"

"All the season, I think."

"Then I hope we may meet a
very soon."

He hesitated, put one har
pocket, and brought out a card-

"I should like to give you my

"And let me give you mine."

They exchanged cards.

"I expect you 'll be very busy
curate, rather doubtfully.

Then he added, like a man u
some strong, almost overpower
to do a thing not quite natural

"But I wish you could spare

"I shall be glad to have it."

They set out on their walk to Cadogan Square. After two or three minutes of silence the rector remarked:

"You know Chichester well?"

"I can hardly say that. I used to meet him sometimes with some friends of mine, the Crespignys. But I have n't seen him for more than two years."

"He 's a very good fellow."

"An excellent fellow."

"Perhaps a little bit limited in his outlook. He has been with me at St. Joseph's exactly two years."

The rector seemed about to say more, then shut his large mouth almost with a snap. Malling made no remark. He was quite certain that snap was merely the preliminary to some further remark about Chichester. And so it proved. As they came to St. Peter's Eaton Square, the rector resumed:

"I often think that it is a man's limitations which make him critical of others. The more one knows, the wider one's outlook, the readier one is to shut one's eyes to the foibles, even to the faults, of one's neighbors. I have tried to impress that upon our friend Chichester."

"Does n't he agree with you?"

"Well—it 's difficult to say, difficult to say. Shall we go by Wilton Place, or—?"

"Certainly."

"Professor Stepton has talked to me about you from time to time, Mr. Malling."

"He 's a remarkable man," said Malling almost with enthusiasm.

"Yes. He 's finding his way to the truth rather by the pathway of science than by the pathway of faith. But he 's a man I respect. And I believe he 'll get out into the light. You 've done a great deal of work for him, I understand, in—in occult directions."

"I have made a good many careful investigations at his suggestion."

"Exactly. Now"—Mr. Harding paused, seemed to make an effort, and continued—"we know very little even now, with all that has been done, as to—to the possibilities—I scarcely know how to put it--the possibilities of the soul."

"Very little indeed," rejoined Malling.

He was considerably surprised by his companion's manner, but was quite resolved not to help him out.

"The possibilities of one soul, let us say, in connection with another," continued the rector, almost in a faltering voice. "I often feel as if the soul were a sort of mysterious fluid, and that when we what is called influence another person, we, as it were, submerge his soul fluid in our own, as a drop of water might be submerged in an ocean."

"Ah!" said Malling, laconically.

Mr. Harding shot a rather sharp glance at him.

"You don't object to my getting on this subject, I hope?" he observed.

"Certainly not."

"Perhaps you think it rather a strange one for a clergyman to select?"

"Oh, no. I have known many clergymen deeply interested in Stepton's investigations."

Mr. Harding's face, which had been cloudy, cleared.

"It seems to me," he said, "that we clergymen have a special reason for desiring Stepton, and all Stepton's assistants, to make progress. It is true, of course, that we live by faith. And nothing can be more beautiful than a childlike faith in the Great Being who is above all worlds, in the *anima mundi*. But it would be unnatural in us if we did not earnestly desire that our faith be proved, scientifically proved, to be well-founded. I speak now of the faith we Christians hold in a life beyond the grave. I know many people who think it very wrong in a clergyman to mix himself up in any occult experiments. But I don't agree with them."

It was now Malling's turn to look sharply at his companion.

"Have you made many experiments yourself, may I ask?" he said very bluntly.

The clergyman started, and was obviously embarrassed by the question.

"I! Oh, I was speaking generally. I am a very busy man, you see. What with my church and my parish, and one thing and another, I get very little time for outside things. Still I am greatly interested, I confess, in all that Stepton is doing."

"Does Mr. Chichester share your interest?" said Malling.

"In a minor degree, in a minor degree," answered the rector, rather evasively.

They were now in Sloane Street, and Malling said:

THE AWAKENING OF THE W
IN ART

SURPRISING GROWTH OF THE WESTERN STATES IN ESTHETIC CULTURE

BY LEILA MECHLIN

Assistant Secretary, The American Federation of Arts

FOR sixty years, or more, the West has signified opportunity to the nation and to the individual. Its resources of wealth have been boundless; commercial enterprise has flourished, comparatively slight effort has been crowned with success. In the minds of the majority the West still stands for money-making and is typified by the cow-puncher, the pork-packer, the promoter, and the miner. But few are aware that there is at the present time in the country beyond the Alleghanies a great force awakening which will before long exert a powerful influence upon the development of art in America. Not many years ago the saying was current that Chicago was all right for business, but if you wanted culture you must go somewhere else; but this is changed. The cities of the East now offer little in the way of culture that is not obtainable there. And Chicago is a type. There is, in fact, to-day in the West a hunger for art, in its varying forms of expression, that the East has never experienced. I was told, a short time ago, that the Southwest was crying for picture exhibitions, and in this respect I know the Southwest is not peculiar. To organizations sending out traveling exhibitions, appeals come from all parts of the West, and evidence is not lacking of the fullest interest and appreciation.

Last winter, in response to one of these appeals, The American Federation of Arts sent an exhibition consisting of about forty paintings by prominent American artists to Fort Worth, Texas, where it was set forth for several weeks in a gallery at the Public Library. The cost o tion and insurance, amountir seven hundred dollars, was pa and promptly by those who loan. While this exhibition v it was visited by over five th sons. It was an event of local The Fort Worth papers gave and intelligent notice. Appre frankly manifested, purchases Two pictures were bought by sons and one, through popula tion, was bought for a permar collection. Every organization in making the exhibition a succ the least appreciative of the visi group of newsboys who came the last days under the guidar probation officer. This winter probably be four cities in Tex exhibition circuit.

The same desire for a knov beauty has been demonstrated in though in a different manner. the Museum, an illustrated lectu or some kindred subject is giv Sunday afternoon in the auditori ing several hundred persons, by rector, Mr. A. H. Griffith, and n what may be the weather more c can possibly be accommodated. one hour before the lecture begin seats are filled. It took twelve the city to become interested in when it did, an appropriation of was made to build an auditorium the day this auditorium was open not large enough and now a new

man again. He longed, almost more ardently, to pay a visit to Henry Chichester. Although the instinct of caution, which had perhaps been developed in him by his work among mediums, cranks of various kinds, and charlatans, had prevented him from letting the rector know that he had been struck by the change in the senior curate, that change had greatly astonished him. Yet was it really so very marked? He had noticed it before his attention had been drawn to it. That he knew. But was he not now, perhaps, exaggerating its character, "suggestioned" as it were by the obvious turmoil of Mr. Harding? He wondered, and was disturbed by his wonderment. Two or three times he got up, with the intention of jumping into a cab, and going to Westminster to find out if Professor Stepton was in town. But he only got as far as the hall. Then something seemed to check him. He told himself that he was in no fit condition to meet the sharp eyes of the man of science, who delighted in his somewhat frigid attitude of mind toward all supposed supernormal manifestations, and he returned to his study and tried to occupy himself with a book.

On the occasion of his last return, just as he was about to sit down, his eyes chanced to fall on an almanac framed in silver which stood on his writing-table. He took it up and stared at it. May 8, Friday—May 9, Saturday—May 10, Sunday. It was May 9. He put the almanac back on the table with a sudden sense of relief. For he had come to a decision.

To-morrow he would attend morning service at St. Joseph's.

Malling was not a regular church-goer. He belonged to the Stepton breed. But he was an earnest man and no scoffer, and some of his best friends were priests and clergymen. Nevertheless it was in a rather unusual go-to-meeting frame of mind that he got into a tail-coat and top hat, and set forth in a hansom to St. Joseph's the next morning.

He had never been there before. As he drew near he found people flowing toward the great church on foot, in cabs and carriages. Evidently Mr. Harding had attractive powers, and Malling began to wonder whether he would have any difficulty in obtaining the seat he wanted, in some corner from which he could get a good view both of the chancel and the pulpit. Were vergers "bribable"? What an ignoramus he was about church matters!

He smiled to himself as he paid the cabman and joined the stream of churchgoers which was passing in through the open door.

Just as he was entering the building some one in the crowd by accident jostled him, and he was pushed rather roughly against a tall lady immediately before him. She turned round with a startled face, and Malling hastily begged her pardon.

"I was pushed," he said. "Forgive me."

The lady smiled, her lips moved, doubtless in some words of conventional acceptance, then she disappeared in the throng, taking her way toward the left of the church. She was a slim woman, with a white streak in her dark hair just above the forehead. Her face, which was refined and handsome, had given to Malling a strong impression of anxiety. Even when it had smiled it had looked almost tragically anxious, he thought. The church was seated with chairs, and a man, evidently an attendant, told him that all the chairs in the right and left aisles were free. He made his way to the right, and was fortunate enough to get one not far from the pulpit. Unluckily, from it he could only see the left-hand side of the choir. But the preacher would be full in his view. The organ sounded; the procession appeared. Over the heads of worshipers—he was a tall man—Malling perceived both Mr. Harding and Chichester. The latter took his place at the end of the left-hand row of light-colored oaken stalls next to the congregation. Malling could see him well. But the rector was hidden from him. He fixed his eyes upon Chichester.

The service went on its way. The music was excellent. A fair young man, who looked as if he might be a first-rate cricketer, one of the curates no doubt, read the lessons. Chichester intoned with an agreeable light tenor voice. During the third hymn, "Fight the Good Fight," Mr. Harding mounted into the pulpit. He let down the brass reading-desk. He had no notes in his hands. Evidently he was going to preach extempore. After the "In

For example, one of the former was heard to remark to his companion as they stood before Saint-Gaudens's "Puritan"—"The old fellow 's comin' right along, now ain't he? and you can't stop him." At the same time two high school boys wandered from the sculpture hall into the picture gallery and stopped before Sargent's portrait of James Whitcomb Riley. One of the boys declared that it did not look like the Riley he had seen on the street, to which the other retorted, "Well, it looks like the Riley who wrote the poems, anyhow."

These two instances illustrate strikingly certain characteristics of the western attitude toward art: a desire for the "real thing" and an appreciation of the best. The westerner does not care a picayune what other people think, he forms his own opinion and sticks to it until he finds something better. His expressions of appreciation may be crude but they are genuine, and he is at least open to conviction, visual if not verbal. What is more he venerates those who have achieved, and has the wisdom to seek expert advice when advice is needed. In art, as in other things, he wants the best and is willing to pay for it. There are probably few buildings in this country more beautiful than the Minnesota Capitol, with its admirable architectural design and its splendid mural paintings. It, in turn, has served as inspiring example. The public buildings in the West, erected within the past decade, are notably good architecturally and contain some of the best works produced by our foremost mural painters. The East has been laid under tribute by the West.

In adopting the practise of securing a plan from experts for the remodeling and development of the city the municipalities in the West have manifested traditional enterprise. The Chicago Plan by Mr. D. H. Burnham is without doubt the most elaborate of its kind ever projected.[1] In conception it is colossal, a magician's dream, but the time and money that will be required for its fulfilment do not discourage or even amaze those for whom it has been made—they believe it will be realized—and in all probability it will. Mr. Cass Gilbert has drawn up a comprehensive plan for St. Paul which is being followed; Milwaukee has secured a plan through a local committee with the advice of Mr. John Nolen and Mr. Fre Olmsted; Portland, Orego clared its intention of getting Mr. Burnham; Los Angeles has sought the advice of M Mulford Robinson in regard city improvement, as has also Iowa. Kansas City has a pl extension in operation, and h least, as much as any other United States in the past fe ward insuring, for the futu of aspect; Denver has just v and hard-fought fight for a which comprehends improveme the principles of art are domina

Of all American cities Denv haps, the best street lighting fi Louis may boast the best-desi lic schools, that is, the best sc tecture and school surroundings Henry Read, of Denver, mus credit for the first and to Mr. V Ittner, of St. Louis, the cred latter. It should not be forgo thermore, that some of Saint- most notable works are owned cago; that in Indianapolis are to two of the best soldiers' monu the country—the Soldiers and Monument by MacMonnies, and ton Monument by Andrew C Mr. Adolph Weinman is now upon a pediment for the Wiscon tol; Mr. MacMonnies, as the r THE CENTURY know, has made neers' Monument" for Denver; Lake City is to be found some of work of Mr. Cyrus Dallin.

Utah has the distinction of hav the first State in the Union to es State Art Institution. In 189 Alice M. Horne planned and suc carried through a project for th lishment of such an organization, ing the legislature, of which the year she had become a member, t priate $1000 annually for exhibiti poses. Of this amount three dollars constitutes an annual priz is given for the best picture shov Utah artist and the rest is expen transportation charges and other expenses. The pictures receivi award become the property of t and form what is known as the

[1] See the article by ex-President Eliot on this plan in THE CENTURY for January, 1910.

husky. It seemed to be failing. Yet he would not cease. To Malling he gave the impression of a man governed by a secret obstinacy, fighting on though he knew it was no use, that he had lost the combat. Malling longed to cry out to him, "Give it up!"

The congregation coughed more persistently, and the lady with the fan began to ply her instrument of torture almost hysterically.

Suddenly Malling felt obliged to look toward the left of the crowded church. Sitting up very straight, and almost craning his neck, he stared over the heads of the fidgeting people and met the eyes of a woman, the lady with the streak of white hair against whom he had pushed when coming in.

There was a look almost of anguish on her face. She turned her eyes toward Mr. Harding. At the same instant the rector saw Malling in the congregation. He stopped short, muttered an uneven sentence, then, forcing his voice, uttered in unnaturally loud tones the "Now to God the Father," et cetera.

Henry Chichester rose in his stall with an expression of intense thankfulness, which yet seemed somehow combined with a sneer.

The collection was made.

Before the celebration some of the choir and two of the clergy, of whom Mr. Harding was one, left the church. Henry Chichester and the fair, athletic-looking curate remained. Malling took his hat and made his way slowly to the door. As he emerged a young man stopped him and said:

"If you please, sir, the rector would like to speak to you if you could wait just a moment. You are Mr. Malling, I believe."

"Yes. How could you know?"

"Mr. Harding told me what you were like, sir, and that you were wearing a tie with a large green stone in it. Begging your pardon, sir."

"I will wait," said Malling, marveling at the rector's rapid and accurate powers of observation.

Those of the congregation who had not remained for the celebration were quickly dispersing, but Malling now noticed that the lady with the white lock was, like himself, waiting for some one. She stood not far from him. She was holding a parasol, and, looking down, she moved its point to and fro on the ground. Several people greeted her. Almost as if startled she glanced up quickly, smiled, replied. Then, as they went on, she again looked down. There was a pucker in her brow. Her lips twitched now and then.

Suddenly she lifted her head, turned and forced her quivering mouth to smile. Mr. Harding had come into sight round the corner of the church.

"Ah, Mr. Malling," he said, "so you have stayed. Very good of you. Sophia, let me introduce Mr. Malling to you—my wife, Lady Sophia."

The lady with the white lock held out her hand.

"You have heard Professor Stepton speak of Mr. Malling, have n't you?" added the rector to his wife.

"Indeed I have," she answered.

She smiled again kindly, and as if resolved to throw off her depression began to talk with some animation as they all walked together toward the street. Directly they reached it the rector said:

"Are you engaged to lunch to-day, Mr. Malling?"

"No," answered Malling.

Lady Sophia turned to him and said:

"Then I shall be informal and beg you to lunch with us, if you don't mind our being alone. We lunch early, at one, as my husband is tired after his morning's work and eats virtually nothing at breakfast."

"I shall be delighted," said Malling. "It 's very kind of you."

"We always walk home," said the rector.

He sighed. It was obvious that he was in low spirits after the failure of the morning, but he tried to conceal the fact, and his wife tactfully helped him. Malling praised the music warmly, and remarked on the huge congregation.

"I scarcely thought I should find a seat," he added.

"It is always full to the doors in the morning," said Lady Sophia, with a cheerfulness that was slightly forced.

She glanced at her husband, and suddenly added, not without a decided touch of feminine spite:

"Unless Mr. Chichester, the senior curate, is preaching."

"My dear Sophy!" exclaimed Mr. Harding.

"Well, it is so!" she said, with a sort of petulance.

"Perhaps Mr. Chichester is not gifted as a preacher," said Malling.

"Oh, I would n't say that," said the rector.

"My husband never criticizes his—swans," said Lady Sophia, with delicate malice, and a glance full of meaning at Malling. "But I 'm a woman, and my principles are not so high as his."

"You do yourself an injustice," said the rector. "Here we are."

He drew out his latch-key.

Before lunch Malling was left alone for a few minutes in the drawing-room with Lady Sophia. The rector had to see a parishioner who had called and was waiting for him in his study. Directly her husband had left the room Lady Sophia turned to Malling and said:

"Had you ever heard my husband preach till this morning?"

"No, never," Malling answered. "I 'm afraid I 'm not a very regular church-goer. I must congratulate you again on the music at St. Joseph's. It is exceptional. Even at St. Anne's Soho—"

Almost brusquely she interrupted him. She was obviously in a highly nervous condition; and scarcely able to control herself.

"Yes, yes, our music is always good, of course. So glad you liked it. But what I want to say is that you have n't heard my husband preach this morning."

Malling looked at her with curiosity, but without astonishment. He might have acted a part with her as he had the previous day with her husband. But, as he looked, he came to a rapid decision, to be more frank with the woman than he had been with the man.

"You mean, of course, that your husband was not in his best vein," he said. "I won't pretend that I did n't realize that."

"You did n't hear him at all. He was n't himself—simply."

She sat down on a sofa and clasped her hands together.

"I cannot tell you what I was feeling," she added. "And he used to be so full of self-confidence. It was his great gift. His self-confidence carried him through everything. Nothing could have kept him back if—"

Suddenly she checked herself and looked, with a sort of covert inquiry, at Malling.

"You must think me quite mad to talk like this," she said, with a return to her manner when he first met her.

"Shall I tell you what I really think?" he asked, leaning forward in the chair he had taken.

"Yes, do, do!"

"I think you are very ambitious for your husband and that your ambition for him has received a perhaps mysterious—check."

Before she could reply the door opened and Mr. Harding reappeared.

At lunch he carefully avoided any reference to church matters, and they talked on general subjects. Lady Sophia showed herself a nervously intelligent and ardent woman. It seemed to Malling obvious that she was devoted to her husband, "wrapped up in" him—to use an expressive phrase. Any failure on his part upset her even more than it did him. Secretly she must still be quivering from the public distresses of the morning. But she now strove to aid the rector's admirable effort to be serene, and proved herself a clever talker, and well informed on the events of the day. Of her Malling got a fairly clear impression.

But his impression of her husband was confused and almost nebulous.

"Do you smoke?" asked Mr. Harding, when lunch was over.

Malling said that he did.

"Then come and have a cigar in my study."

"Yes, do go," said Lady Sophia. "A quiet talk with you will rest my husband."

And she went away, leaving the two men together.

Mr. Harding's study looked out at the back of the house upon a tiny strip of garden. It was very comfortably, though not luxuriously, furnished, and the walls were lined with bookcases. While his host went to a drawer to get the cigar-box, Malling idly cast his eyes over the books in the shelves nearest to him. He always liked to see what a man had to read. The first book his eyes rested upon was Myers's "Human Personality." Then came a series of works by Hudson, including "Psychic Phenomena," then Oliver

Lodge's "Survival of Man," "Man and the Universe," and "Life and Matter." Farther along were works by Lowes Dickinson and Professor William James, Bowden's "The Imitation of Buddha" and Inge's "Christian Mysticism." At the end of the shelf, bound in white vellum, was Don Lorenzo Scupoli's "The Spiritual Combat."

A drawer shut, and Malling turned about to take the cigar which Mr. Harding offered him.

"The light is rather strong, don't you think?" Mr. Harding said, when the two men had lit up. "I 'll lower the blind."

He did so, and they sat down in a sort of agreeable twilight, aware of the blaze of an almost un-English sun without.

Malling settled down to his cigar with a very definite intention to clear up his impressions of the rector. The essence of the man baffled him. He had known more about Lady Sophia in five minutes than he knew about Mr. Harding now, although he had talked with him, walked with him, heard him preach, and watched him intently while he was doing so. His confusion and distress of the morning were comprehended by Malling. They were undoubtedly caused by the preacher's painful consciousness of the presence and criticism of one whom, apparently, he feared, or of whose adverse opinion at any rate he was in peculiar dread. But what was the character of the man himself? Was he saint or sinner, or just ordinary, normal man, with a usual allowance of faults and virtues? Was he a man of real force, or was he painted lath? The Chichester episodes seemed to point to the latter conclusion. But Malling was too intelligent to take everything at its surface value. He knew much of the trickery of man, but that knowledge did not blind him to the mystery of man. He had exposed charlatans. Yet he had often said to himself, "Who can ever really expose another? Who can ever really expose himself?" Essentially he was the Seeker. And he was seldom or never dogmatic. A friend of his, who professed to believe in transmigration, had once said of him, "I 'm quite certain Malling must have been a sleuth-hound once." Now he wished to get on a trail.

But Mr. Harding, who on the previous day had been almost strangely frank about Henry Chichester, to-day had apparently no intention to be frank about himself. Though he had desired Malling's company, now that they were together alone he showed a reserve through which, Malling believed, he secretly wanted to break. But something held him back. He talked of politics, government and church, the spread of science, the follies of the day. And Malling got little nearer to him. But presently Malling happened to mention the modern craze for discussing intimately, or, as a Frenchwoman whom he knew expressed it, "avec un luxe de détail," matters of health.

"Yes, yes," responded Mr. Harding. "It is becoming almost objectionable, almost indecent. At the same time the health of the body is a very interesting subject because of its effect upon the mind, even, so it seems sometimes, upon the very nature of a man. Now I—" he struck the ash off the end of his cigar—"was, I might almost say, the victim of my stomach in the pulpit this morning."

"You were feeling ill?"

"Not exactly ill. I have a strong constitution. But I suffer at times from what the doctors call nervous dyspepsia. It is a very tiresome complaint, because it takes away for the time a man's confidence in himself, reduces him to the worm-level almost; and it gives him absurd ideas. Now this morning in the pulpit I had an attack of pain and uneasiness, and my nerve quite gave out. You must have noticed it."

"I saw that you were troubled by something."

"Something! It was that. My poor wife was thoroughly upset by it. You know how sensitive women are. To hold a crowd of people a man must be strong and well, in full possession of his powers. And I had a good subject."

"Splendid."

"I 'll treat it again—treat it again."

The rector shifted in his chair.

"Do you think," he said, after a pause, "that it is possible for another, an outsider, to know a man better than he knows himself?"

"In some cases, yes," answered Malling.

"But—as a rule?"

"There is the saying that outsiders see most of the game."

TWO ROMANTIC CHARACTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Four Pictures Illustrating Incidents In The Life of

N Hale

Executed as a SPY by the BRITISH

September 22. 1776.

and of

Major André

Executed for ~~SAME OFFENCE~~ by the AMERIC

October 2. 1780.

Drawn by

HAROLD MATTHEWS BRETT

Malling went up-stairs. Mr. Harding stood watching him from below till he disappeared.

III

WHEN Malling opened the door of the drawing-room Chichester was standing by one of the windows, looking out into Onslow Gardens. He turned round, saw Malling, and uttered an exclamation.

"You are here!"

His light tenor voice sounded almost denunciatory, as if he had a right to demand an explanation of Malling's presence in Mr. Harding's house, and as he came away quickly from the window, he repeated, with still more emphasis:

"You are here!"

"Lunching—yes," replied Malling, imperturbably.

He looked at Chichester and smiled.

"You have no objection, I hope?"

His words and manner evidently brought the curate to a sense of his own unconventionality. He held out his hand.

"I beg your pardon. Your coming in surprised me. I had no idea"—his blue eyes went searchingly over Malling's calm face—"that you could be here. I thought you and the rector were complete strangers till I introduced you yesterday."

"So we were."

Malling sat down comfortably on a sofa. His action evidently recalled Chichester's mind to the fact that he was there to see the rector.

"Is n't the rector coming to see me?" he asked.

"Almost directly. He 's busy for a few minutes. We were smoking together in his study."

"You seem to—you seem to have made great friends!" said Chichester, with a sort of forced jocularity.

"Great friends! They 're hardly made in a moment. I happened to be at church this morning—"

"At church—where?" exclaimed the curate.

"At St. Joseph's. And Mr. Harding kindly asked me to lunch."

"You were at church at St. Joseph's this morning?" said Chichester.

He sat down by Malling and stared into his face.

"Did you—did you stay for the sermon?"

"Certainly. I came for the sermon. I had never heard Mr. Harding preach."

"No? No? Well, what did you think of it? What did you think of it?"

The curate spoke nervously, and seemed to Malling to be regarding him with furtive anxiety.

"It was obvious that Mr. Harding was n't in good form this morning," Malling said. "He explained the matter after lunch."

"He *explained* the matter!" said Chichester, with a rising voice, in which there was an almost shrill note of suspicion.

"Yes. He told me he was often the victim of nervous dyspepsia, and that he had an attack of it while in the pulpit this morning."

"He told you it was nervous dyspepsia!"

"I have just said so."

The curate looked down.

"I advised him not to walk all the way home yesterday," he said gloomily. "You heard me."

"You think it was that?"

"He never will take advice from any one. That 's his—one of his great faults. Whatever he thinks, whatever he says, must be right. You, as a layman, probably have no idea how a certain type of clergyman loves authority."

This remark struck Malling as in such singularly bad taste—considering where they were, and that one of them was Mr. Harding's guest, the other his curate—that only his secret desire to make obscure things clear, prevented him from resenting it.

"It is one of the curses of the Church," continued Chichester, "this passion for authority, for ruling, for having all men under one's feet as it were. If men would only listen, take advice, see themselves as they really are, how much finer, how much greater, they might become!"

"See themselves as others see them! Eh?" said Malling. "But do you mean that a rector should depend on his curate's advice rather than on his own judgment?"

"And why not?" said Chichester. "Rector—curate—archbishop—what does it matter? The point is not what rank in the hierarchy a man has, but what, and how, does he see? A street boy may perceive a truth that a king is blind to. At that moment the street boy is greater than the king. Do you deny it?"

Drawn by H. M. Brett. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE LAST MOMENTS OF NATHAN HALE

to come to dine with me. I live very modestly, of course. I 'm in rooms, in Hornton Street—do you know it?—near Campden Hill?—Number 4a—as you 'll see on my card. I wonder—"

"I shall be delighted to come."

"When?"

"Whenever you are kind enough to ask me."

"Could you come on Wednesday week? It 's so unfortunate, I have such a quantity of parish engagements—that is my first evening free."

"Wednesday week, with pleasure."

"At half after seven?"

"That will suit me perfectly."

"And"—he looked toward the door—"I shall be greatly obliged to you if you won't mention to the rector the fact that you are coming. He—"

"My wife 's in the boudoir," said Mr. Harding, coming into the room at this moment.

He stood by the door.

Malling shook hands with Chichester, and went to say good-by to his hostess.

Mr. Harding shut the drawing-room door.

"This is the way," he said. "Well, Mr. Malling? Well?"

"You mean you want to know—?"

"Your impression of Chichester."

The rector stopped on the landing.

"Do you find him much changed?"

Malling shrugged his shoulders.

"Possibly—a little. He may have become rather firmer in manner, a trifle more decisive."

"Firmer! More decisive, you say!"

"But surely that is only natural, working—as he has done, I understand, under a man such as yourself for two years."

"Such as myself! Then you think he 's caught something of my manner and way of looking at things? You think—"

"Really, it 's difficult to say," interrupted Malling. "He 's developed, no doubt. But very few people don't. I suppose you 've trained him."

"I!" said the rector. "I train a man like Chichester!"

In his voice there was a bitter irony.

"Is that you, Mr. Malling?" said the voice of Lady Sophia. "I was lying down with a book. This is my little room."

She looked pale, almost haggard, as the sunshine fell upon her through the open window.

Malling took his leave at once and she did not attempt to detain him.

"I hope you 'll come again," she said, as they shook hands. "Perhaps on another Sunday morning, to church and lunch. I 'll let you know."

She said the last words with a significance which made Malling understand that she did not wish him to come to church at St. Joseph's again till she gave him the word.

The rector let him out of the house. Not another word was spoken about Henry Chichester. As his guest walked away the rector stood, bareheaded, looking after him, then, as Malling turned the corner of the gardens, with a heavy sigh, and the unconscious gesture of a man greatly troubled in mind, he stepped back into his hall and shut the door behind him.

(To be continued)

THE AWAKENING OF THE W IN ART

SURPRISING GROWTH OF THE WESTERN STATES IN ESTHETIC CULTURE

BY LEILA MECHLIN

Assistant Secretary, The American Federation of Arts

FOR sixty years, or more, the West has signified opportunity to the nation and to the individual. Its resources of wealth have been boundless; commercial enterprise has flourished, comparatively slight effort has been crowned with success. In the minds of the majority the West still stands for money-making and is typified by the cow-puncher, the pork-packer, the promoter, and the miner. But few are aware that there is at the present time in the country beyond the Alleghanies a great force awakening which will before long exert a powerful influence upon the development of art in America. Not many years ago the saying was current that Chicago was all right for business, but if you wanted culture you must go somewhere else; but this is changed. The cities of the East now offer little in the way of culture that is not obtainable there. And Chicago is a type. There is, in fact, to-day in the West a hunger for art, in its varying forms of expression, that the East has never experienced. I was told, a short time ago, that the Southwest was crying for picture exhibitions, and in this respect I know the Southwest is not peculiar. To organizations sending out traveling exhibitions, appeals come from all parts of the West, and evidence is not lacking of the fullest interest and appreciation.

Last winter, in response to one of these appeals, The American Federation of Arts sent an exhibition consisting of about forty paintings by prominent American artists to Fort Worth, Texas, where it was set forth for several weeks in a gallery at the Public Library.. The cost of tion and insurance, amounting seven hundred dollars, was paid and promptly by those who s loan. While this exhibition w it was visited by over five tho sons. It was an event of local i The Fort Worth papers gave and intelligent notice. Apprec frankly manifested, purchases Two pictures were bought by p sons and one, through popula tion, was bought for a permar collection. Every organization in making the exhibition a succ the least appreciative of the vis group of newsboys who came the last days under the guida probation officer. This winter probably be four cities in Te exhibition circuit.

The same desire for a knc beauty has been demonstrated though in a different manner. the Museum, an illustrated lec or some kindred subject is g Sunday afternoon in the audito ing several hundred persons, rector, Mr. A. H. Griffith, and what may be the weather more can possibly be accommodated one hour before the lecture beg seats are filled. It took twelv the city to become interested i when it did, an appropriation was made to build an auditoriu the day this auditorium was ope not large enough and now a n

rium which will seat twenty-five hundred is comprehended in the plans for the new Art Museum, the site for which has recently been secured. The Sunday afternoon talks are given each year from November to May, and hundreds of persons have said that they look forward to them all through the week because they give them something to think about and the opportunity to learn about places and things which they might otherwise never have hoped to see or appreciate. One saloon-keeper and his family, consisting of his wife, two sons, and a daughter, have not missed a Sunday in twelve years. On Sundays children are not admitted, but during the week from one to three lectures are given for their benefit alone, the schools, both public and private, coming by special arrangement in a body.

It was in Chicago that the movement, initiated in New England, for the decoration of the public schools first took firm root. Through the efforts of the Public School Art Society of that city, which was organized in 1894, over twelve hundred works of art have been placed in the local public schools. The majority of these are reproductions of masterpieces but through the coöperation of the Chicago Society of Artists an exhibition of original paintings is yearly circulated. There is now scarcely a town of fair size in the West that does not include such work on its program of civic betterment.

In the West, art is essentially democratic. The "cold storage" policy was discarded by the Art Museums almost at the outset. Instead of waiting for the people to come to them they have reached out to the people, invited their attendance, and sought their coöperation. Instances of this are the Art Museums of Toledo and Cincinnati. During the past winter the director of the former, Mr. George W. Stevens, delivered lectures on art on Friday evenings in the public school buildings before audiences made up of parents and children. These lectures were well attended, the rooms being crowded, and were successful in arousing great interest in art, of which the Museum stands as a tangible demonstration. In Cincinnati, the Art Museum has had half-tone reproductions made of some of its chief exhibits and has circulated these in the schools, conducting at the same time special classes at the Museum for the teachers with the object of enabling them to instruct their pupils for whom they, in turn, served as guides.

The John Herron Art Institute, at Indianapolis, has gone a step further. Last year the General Assembly of Indiana enacted a statute by which the Board of Commissioners of the School City of Indianapolis must turn over to the management of the John Herron Art Institute one half cent on each hundred dollars of the city's taxables. In return, the Institute has undertaken to admit to its Museum, without charge, all the teachers and pupils of the city; to provide in the Museum or in the public schools illustrated lectures for school children; to instruct the teachers of the city in the teaching of drawing and design at half the usual rate; and to instruct without charge fifty picked pupils in drawing and the applied arts. About seventeen thousand pupils, accompanied usually by their teachers, have been admitted to the Museum during the past year.

John Herron, who gave the Art Institute of Indianapolis to the people, was a plain man who accumulated his fortune, as have many men in the West, by hard work and economy. His life did not touch the lives of others in the community who were interested in art. It is therefore the more significant that he should have made this disposition of his fortune. This fact laid the trustees of the Institute under special obligation; the Institute must minister, as nearly as possible, to all the people. And it does. Less than a year ago the Saint-Gaudens Exhibition, shown first in New York, then in Washington, Pittsburg, and Chicago, was secured for Indianapolis, and to the end that its message should be delivered throughout the city, merchants, manufacturers, and other business men bought and distributed, at the instance of the Institute management, about sixty thousand tickets to their employees. The tickets were used gladly and scores of talks were given by Mr. William Henry Fox, then director, in the presence of the sculpture, inducing better understanding and keen appreciation. Mr. Fox also traveled over the entire State and by addresses aroused a general interest in the collection. Much appreciation came from the working-men and school children.

For example, one of the former was heard to remark to his companion as they stood before Saint-Gaudens's "Puritan"—"The old fellow 's comin' right along, now ain't he? and you can't stop him." At the same time two high school boys wandered from the sculpture hall into the picture gallery and stopped before Sargent's portrait of James Whitcomb Riley. One of the boys declared that it did not look like the Riley he had seen on the street, to which the other retorted, "Well, it looks like the Riley who wrote the poems, anyhow."

These two instances illustrate strikingly certain characteristics of the western attitude toward art: a desire for the "real thing" and an appreciation of the best. The westerner does not care a picayune what other people think, he forms his own opinion and sticks to it until he finds something better. His expressions of appreciation may be crude but they are genuine, and he is at least open to conviction, visual if not verbal. What is more he venerates those who have achieved, and has the wisdom to seek expert advice when advice is needed. In art, as in other things, he wants the best and is willing to pay for it. There are probably few buildings in this country more beautiful than the Minnesota Capitol, with its admirable architectural design and its splendid mural paintings. It, in turn, has served as inspiring example. The public buildings in the West, erected within the past decade, are notably good architecturally and contain some of the best works produced by our foremost mural painters. The East has been laid under tribute by the West.

In adopting the practise of securing a plan from experts for the remodeling and development of the city the municipalities in the West have manifested traditional enterprise. The Chicago Plan by Mr. D. H. Burnham is without doubt the most elaborate of its kind ever projected.[1] In conception it is colossal, a magician's dream, but the time and money that will be required for its fulfilment do not discourage or even amaze those for whom it has been made—they believe it will be realized—and in all probability it will. Mr. Cass Gilbert has drawn up a comprehensive plan for St. Paul which is being followed; Milwaukee has secured a plan through a local committee with the advice of Mr. John Nolen and Mr. Frede Olmsted; Portland, Oregon, clared its intention of getting a Mr. Burnham; Los Angeles, C has sought the advice of Mr Mulford Robinson in regard to city improvement, as has also Iowa. Kansas City has a plan extension in operation, and has least, as much as any other ci United States in the past few ward insuring, for the futur of aspect; Denver has just wc and hard-fought fight for a ci which comprehends improvement the principles of art are dominar

Of all American cities Denve haps, the best street lighting fix Louis may boast the best-desig lic schools, that is, the best sch tecture and school surroundings. Henry Read, of Denver, must credit for the first and to Mr. W Ittner, of St. Louis, the credi latter. It should not be forgo thermore, that some of Saint-(most notable works are owned cago; that in Indianapolis are to two of the best soldiers' monu the country—the Soldiers and Monument by MacMonnies, and ton Monument by Andrew C Mr. Adolph Weinman is now upon a pediment for the Wiscon tol; Mr. MacMonnies, as the r THE CENTURY know, has mad neers' Monument" for Denver Lake City is to be found some o work of Mr. Cyrus Dallin.

Utah has the distinction of ha the first State in the Union to e State Art Institution. In 18 Alice M. Horne planned and su carried through a project for t lishment of such an organization, ing the legislature, of which the year she had become a member, priate $1000 annually for exhibi poses. Of this amount three dollars constitutes an annual pri is given for the best picture sho Utah artist and the rest is expe transportation charges and other expenses. The pictures recei award become the property of and form what is known as th

[1] See the article by ex-President Eliot on this plan in THE CENTURY for January, 1910.

Art Collection." Last year, through the efforts of Mr. J. B. Fairbanks, of Salt Lake City, the appropriation was increased to $2000, the additional thousand to be used for the purchase of pictures. The inducement for passing the amendment carrying the additional appropriation was the promise, made by Mr. Fairbanks, of a copy of Rubens's "Holy Family" in the Metropolitan Museum, as a gift to the State. With the first additional appropriation were purchased eight pictures, all by Utah painters. A resident of Salt Lake City has said that Utah has furnished more artists than art patrons, but certainly in few States have the artists received more loyal support, or has greater effort been made to bring art to the people. Springville in this State votes taxes to buy a picture each year and has an art gallery in its new high school. The art teachers in the public schools in Utah, almost without exception, have had professional training abroad.

I was told, not long ago, by an American who had lately returned from Europe that at the Students' Hostel in Paris she was informed that nine tenths of the Americans studying in that city came from west of the Mississippi. This was an astounding statement and I inquired if she knew whether the percentage was proportionately large in our eastern schools. "No," she said, "I think not, for I asked the question myself of some western girls I met coming home, and they said, that as a rule when they got as far as New York, Paris did not seem much farther, 'and besides,' they added, 'we want the best.'"

Leaving out of account the schools of the East, it is doubtful if better instruction, or stronger work, can be found in any of the art schools abroad to-day than in the Chicago Art Institute, the Cincinnati Academy, or the St. Louis Museum School, to name only a few of the schools of the West. During the last term there were no fewer than 1500 students enrolled at the Chicago Art Institute and the total attendance for the year was 2637. There are classes in drawing and painting, illustration, sculpture and designing, and at the annual exhibition excellent showing is made by all. In this school special instruction is given in mural painting and exceptional work is produced. Admirable decorations have been placed by these students in a number of the Chicago public schools. Milwaukee, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Lawrence, Kansas; Portland, Oregon, and San Francisco all have well established schools.

The majority of art schools in the West are of comparatively recent development, if not institution, but the art spirit which engenders the impulse for expression has long been stirring. Looking through a directory of American artists it is found that among those who have attained special distinction not a few have been born west of the Alleghany Mountains. California and Ohio furnish the largest quota, but Michigan, Wisconsin, and Illinois are not far behind. Conspicuous among the painters who may be placed in this category are George De Forest Brush, Gari Melchers, Joseph De Camp, Robert MacCameron, William M. Chase, Walter McEwen, Ernest Lawson, Kenyon Cox, Louis Betts, Karl Anderson, George W. Bellows, Frederic C. Frieseke, Eric Pape, and Jules Guérin, and among the sculptors, Lorado Taft, Cyrus Dallin, Gutzon Borglum, Solon Borglum, Chester Beach, Bessie Potter Vonnoh, Eli Harvey, Charles H. Niehaus, Janet Scudder, Enid Yandell, Helen Farnsworth Mears, and Abastenia St. Leger Eberle. At a late exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts over thirty per cent. of the artists represented came from west of the Alleghanies or south of the Potomac.

But, perhaps, after all, the most significant token of art development in the West is the upbuilding of art museums. St. Louis was the first city to establish a municipal gallery, and is still in this respect unique. The City Art Museum of St. Louis is the outgrowth of the St. Louis School of Fine Arts, which had its origin in a free evening drawing-class, organized by the present director, Mr. Halsey C. Ives, in 1875. The school was adopted in time by the Washington University, after which a museum was partially endowed by Mr. Wayman Crow, a citizen of St. Louis; finally, in 1909, it was taken over by the municipality and was given a permanent home in the building erected for the International Exhibition of Art at the time of the St. Louis Exposition. The Albright Gallery, Buffalo, of which, since the death of Charles M. Kuntz, Miss

Cornelia Bentley Sage has been Acting Director, is, as it were, the aftermath of another World's Fair, and it has established close relationship with the St. Louis Museum, syndicating with it numerous important transient exhibitions. The museums at Cincinnati, Detroit, Indianapolis, and Chicago have already been briefly mentioned. Milwaukee has the Layton Gallery, privately endowed and maintained; Portland has a gallery given outright by a public-spirited citizen; the Museum in San Francisco is well known; Denver and Minneapolis have each a gallery in the Public Library. Toledo is erecting a new Museum with a fund contributed by individual subscription; in Los Angeles a building to serve this purpose is being erected by the city. Seattle is soon to have an art museum—the largest west of Chicago, it is said. It is to be erected under the auspices of the Washington State Art Association; five acres of land in the heart of the city have been given for the purpose, and $350,000 of the requisite $500,000 for the erection of the building has been secured.

In this art movement the western universities are doing their part. The University of Michigan dedicated in May a Memorial Hall, erected by its alumni, which is in reality a permanent art gallery, and the University of Kansas is now erecting an Administration Building wherein two spacious halls for the purpose of art exhibitions will be provided. That the University of Kansas should have borrowed in 1902 the entire permanent collection of the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg, at the time the International Exhibition was held, and the Shaw fund pictures the following year from the St. Louis Exposition, is evidence of western enterprise and ambition. "Did the people come to see these exhibitions?" said one of the University men; "they came out from Kansas City in car-loads; in all over twelve thousand."

The permanent collections in the western Art Museums are small but they have for the most part been well selected and the pictures catalogued are of distinct merit, not often works of questionable attribution but paintings by living artists of reputation. These are supplemented by transient exhibitions, one of which is sent out each year by the Society of Western Artists, an organization which been in existence over fourteen has done much toward concen fort and crystallizing forces.

Mention should also be made tary Exhibition sent out by the Water Color Society, which nc seventh season is making a circu ern cities. The paintings whicl this exhibition are selected each the American Water Color So nual exhibition in New York, sent the best current output. M cities have applied for it than placed on the circuit, and M Nicoll, who when president of t originated the project and is extent responsible for its succes that more people visit the exhil single day in St. Louis than entire time it is on view in Nev

The Museums have, more privilege of drawing from time private collections, a number of great value are to be found in For instance in Detroit there tinguished collection assembled Charles L. Freer and deeded the Nation—a collection of paintings and pottery, of pai Whistler and by a small group ican artists. This collection, not pass into the hands of the Si Institution until Mr. Freer's generously open to those who ar interested and scarcely a day pa is not visited by persons from re of this and other countries. It tion of this collection, lent and by Mr. Freer, which formed the exhibition in the Ann Arbor Building in May. In Cincinna the collection of Mr. and Mr P. Taft; in Chicago those of M L. Hutchinson, Mr. H. F. M Mr. John A. Logan, Mr. M. A and Mrs. Potter Palmer, beside but little less note.

It was in Portland, in June exhibition assembled by the Ar League of the Pacific Coast, a successively in San Francisco, les, and Seattle, concluded i This exhibition comprised wor architects of the Pacific coast, a etchings by Joseph Pennell, an tion of drawings and designs

H. Blashfield for mural paintings. In Los Angeles nearly twenty-five thousand visits were paid to the exhibition and several of Mr. Blashfield's works were purchased for the Public Library and the High School.

In the East art is commonly interpreted as meaning painting or sculpture, but in the West it stands for any manifestation of beauty for which man is responsible. The art movement may begin by the establishment of a museum or a gallery but it soon escapes through the door and concerns itself with general aspects. Last winter, the Civic League of Carmel-by-the-Sea, a California coast town not far from San Francisco, undertook the erection of a drinking-fountain for horses which was in reality a work of art, simple, appropriate, and picturesque; and last summer it instituted a garden competition, in part, "to teach the people color harmony." One of the winners of the competition was a lad of nine years of age who when given a choice of prizes selected a picture in preference to money or plants. "You know," he afterward explained to his mother, "I can sometime earn ten dollars but I never could have got that beautiful picture." Here certainly was love of art.

In so brief an article it is impossible to do more than cite a few instances testifying to development. The strength and promise of the movement are that it is not self-conscious nor exotic but spontaneous, natural, youthful. Its breadth is signified by improvement in many directions, in little things as well as great. "Fifteen years ago," said a man who has traveled much in the middle West, "when I was in the smaller western cities and wished to bring something home with me to members of my family I could rarely find anything in the jewelry stores worth purchasing—the stock on display was fearful to behold; now it is quite different, almost everywhere good things are to be found; the taste of the communities has improved, and the demand is for more artistic productions."

Doubtless much of the development of which we are but now becoming aware is due to the influence exerted by the several World's Fairs. Another potent influence has been the women's clubs. A few years ago the members of these clubs contented themselves with perfunctory knowledge of the works of the old masters, with which, in most instances, they became familiar through reproductions. Now the clubs are initiating effort in many directions. Through them exhibitions of original work are being arranged, civic improvement is promoted, city and town plans are secured. Mr. James William Pattison, secretary of the Municipal Art League of Chicago, tells of having been invited by one of these clubs to visit a small town in Iowa for the purpose of recommending means for civic improvement. He was met at the station by a delegation and when, with the president, he drove about the town, the carriage in which he rode headed a procession of buggies, many members of the club following, eager for instruction. Moreover, the advice then given was afterward followed.

A year or more ago the Municipal Art League of Chicago planned and successfully held an outdoor sculpture exhibition, demonstrating to the people the value of sculpture in conjunction with landscape, and suggesting such use. In Chicago, also, a society has recently been organized under the name "Friends of American Art," the members of which, one hundred and forty-two in all, have each pledged two hundred and fifty dollars a year for five years for the purchase of paintings by American artists for the Chicago Art Institute's permanent collection. This is pretty substantial "friendship," for there is no doubt that the money will be well expended and discriminating patronage is the life-blood of art. A citizen of Chicago—a man of the people—dying not long ago, left one million dollars in trust to the Chicago Art Institute, the interest to be used for the purchase of sculpture for the city—works of art which should be assets in beauty.

Of course mistakes are made and will continue to be made. This is to be expected; how else do nations learn? All that is necessary is that the standard be upheld and that that "best" which is desired shall not be inferior. Then with appreciation, one may safely prophesy, will come production—a new art—in which shall find expression the bigness, the frankness, the sincerity of the West, and the courage, the aspiration, the determination, and the ideality of the spirit of America.

TWO ROMANTIC CHARACTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Four Pictures Illustrating Incidents In The Life of

N Hale

Executed as a SPY by the BRITISH

September 22. 1776.

and of

Major André

Executed for ~~SAME OFFENCE~~ by the AMERICANS.

October 2. 1780.

Drawn by

HAROLD MATTHEWS BRETT

Drawn by H. M. Brett. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

NATHAN HALE AT YALE: THE BROAD JUMP RECORD

Drawn by H. M. Brett. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE LAST MOMENTS OF NATHAN HALE

Drawn by H. M. Brett. Half tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

MAJOR ANDRÉ MAKING A PEN SKETCH OF HIMSELF THE DAY BEFORE HIS EXECUTION

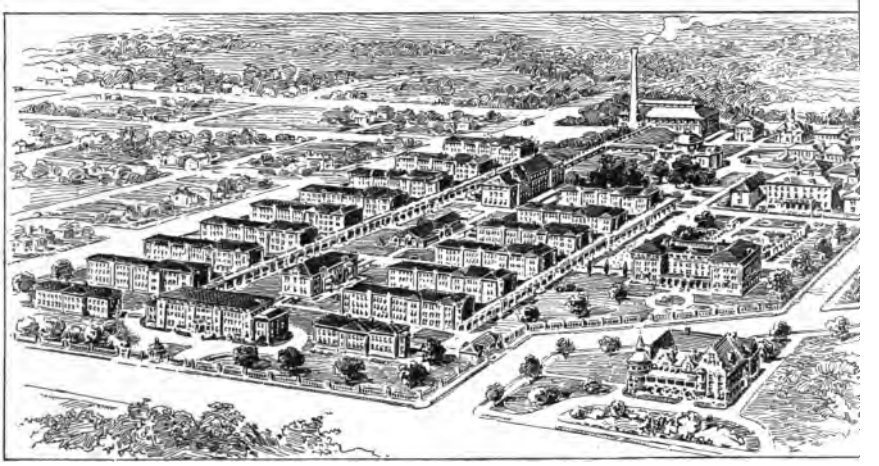
MAJOR ANDRÉ MAKING CARICATURES OF AMERICAN OFFICERS

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY H. M. BRETT

experimental pharmacology, in which the strength of the drugs given the patients in the wards may be standardized upon animals. Many most necessary drugs, like digitalis for the heart, deteriorate on keeping, or are sold of inferior grade, and the public, including the hospital patient, is at the mercy of any pharmacist who may fail to comply with the highest standards. In a matter of life and death, such as the substitution of an inert preparation to meet a critical emergency, the danger may be averted by the control of the laboratory of experimental pharmacology.

those whose digestion is seri
paired. The cooking is done
electricity to avoid the noise,
labor of handling coals, and appl
furnished for keeping food ser
the main kitchen hot while bei
tioned for the patients. In the l
pitals, such as the Boucicaut in
the Johns Hopkins in Baltimor
conveyed in heated vessels upon
small railroad track leading
main kitchen to the wards.

In hospitals having a babies'
separate milk laboratory is arra



Drawn by E. J. Meeker

VIEW OF THE NEW CINCINNATI GENERAL HOSPITAL

DIET KITCHENS

No small share of space in the modern hospital is allotted to the diet kitchens which serve as accessories to the main kitchen. The latter, in some of the newest hospitals, are most elaborately arranged. In the Moabit Hospital, for example, are separate rooms for preparing meats and vegetables, the hospital cures its own hams, and in its kitchens may be seen troughs filled with live fish, so that a patient who is ordered a fish diet may be certain of its freshness! Such extremes are doubtless unnecessary, but a good diet kitchen every hospital must have, and an expert dietician every hospital should have. The nurses in many institutions have an instruction diet kitchen, and each group of wards has its independent kitchen, where simple articles such as gruels, toast, or beef juice may be made appetizing for

the refrigerators, sterilizers, bot
ers, and other appliances used in
ing" and pasteurizing milk fo
feeding.

To cater to the dietetic and ra
its of the cosmopolitan populat
large hospital is by no means an
Mr. Hebberd told me that in o
hospitals of his Department of
he had so many foreign orthodox
of a certain class that he was o
build a special "Kosher" kitche
they could bake their own bread
other food according to their pecu

I recall an amusing incident i
tion with a Hindu sailor. He
anemic, and meat was ordered fo
but he would have none of it.
finally learned through an interpr
he would eat a chicken if it were
to him alive and he were allowed
its neck after a bloodless mann

own. With some difficulty a live chicken was procured and taken to the patient behind a screen in the ward. The bird escaped and flew directly over the bed of a partly delirious negro who thought his time had come! He leaped out of bed and gave chase, wildly shouting "hallelujah!" and in a moment the whole ward was in a turmoil in the effort to calm the excited negro, the astonished chicken, and the disappointed Hindu who saw himself being so suddenly deprived of his meal!

DISINFECTION APPLIANCES

THE disinfection plant of the modern hospital is elaborate. In some of the new foreign hospitals each ward service room is provided with a small steam boiler sterilizer in which the bedclothing of every patient is subjected to disinfection before being taken to the laundry. It is then dumped upon flat copper trays mounted upon rollers and again dumped into a rotary washing-drum, so that it is not touched by hand in any part of the process. In the Moabit Hospital a separate drum is used for each class of articles, all the sheets being washed in one, the towels in another, etc. A clock is set when the drum is filled and an automatic bell rings an alarm when the washing has proceeded long enough, so that one attendant can care for many drums. Large steam sterilizers are provided also to disinfect entire mattresses and the patients' street clothing when necessary. In the Presbyterian Hospital in New York, a small sterilizer is placed in the ward diet kitchen in which are sterilized all the plates and eating utensils used by patients who have typhoid fever.

The Presbyterian Hospital has also apparatus designed by Dr. W. P. Northrup for washing infants. Boilers are filled with water at the desired temperature, and an automatic device prevents the chance of the child being scalded by too hot water. The infant is laid on a bath towel on a marble slab and washed with a sprinkler. This is a time-saving device and prevents all possibility of contagion where many babies are being cared for.

THE OPERATING PAVILION

THE operating rooms of the larger hospitals are often grouped in a separate pavilion, for, in addition to an amphitheater in which physicians may witness operations, are the anæsthetizing and recovery rooms; sterilizing rooms for the great boilers, used in connection with the complicated high-pressure steam apparatus for sterilizing instruments and dressings; rooms for storage of instruments and dressings; closets for warming blankets, etc. Rooms are set aside for operations upon septic cases and for such delicate operations as those performed by opening the chest under conditions of atmospheric pressure which prevent collapse of the lungs. The operator's hands are inserted through openings in the apparatus which incloses the patient's head and chest, while the operator guides his work by looking in through a small window.

HOSPITALS AND EDUCATION

ALL the great foreign hospitals are devoted to medical education, being almost always closely connected with a university. The numerous laboratory experts, giving their entire time to specialized work must be salaried, although the visiting staff may not be. If at the same time they are giving instruction to the medical students of the university, both economy and efficiency are promoted. A widespread movement is being advocated in this country to further similar coalition, for it is now well recognized that the best results are always obtained for the patients wherever the stimulus to hospital research and teaching is strongest and the facilities for them are most liberal.

The methods and appliances above described add greatly to both the structural and maintenance cost of the institutions adopting them, but it should be remembered that in proportion as new means are discovered to promote the cure of hospital patients, the duration of their stay in the wards is shortened, and a larger number may receive treatment. Moreover, a modern hospital is inevitably a great educational institution, training not alone the visiting staff, internes, and nurses, but educating both its patients and their visitors in methods of cleanliness, order, and hygiene, and extending its influence in an ever-widening sphere for the public welfare.

CELEBRITIES IN SILHOUETTI

BY WEYMER MILLS

IN the days when Leigh Hunt was grubbing for his most delightful book, "The Old Court Suburb," Mrs. Hunt wrote to an American friend: "After tea I sometimes sit at my window snipping away at black paper. I have done the silhouettes of most of our acquaintances."

We can picture the little woman in a simple sitting-room of the old house in Upper Cheyne Row, which was only "a stone's throw" from Carlyle's in Cheyne Row. Leigh is up-stairs away from the children, carrying his dusty goose-quill into realms of lovely Bellendens, Gunnings, Lepels, and other Kensington ghosts, and the tired mother is amusing her usually n ily by cutting shadow portraits collectors of Byroniana are fami Mrs. Hunt's portrait of Lord traveling costume, done in Italy. me lies another souvenir of almo interest, an unpublished silhouett and Mrs. Hunt cut in Mrs. Hu manner by one of her children. a very tired author and his bet armed with warming-pan and bottle, going to bed. He seems to ing a nightcap or a skull cap to pr head from drafts. The time it w must have been a cold Chelsea n the one when Thomas Carlyle

MR. AND MRS. LEIGH HUNT

visitor, Alfred Tennyson, hugged the kitchen fire in the house around the corner. Probably the girl who cut it never dreamed that it would go wandering down to posterity and as one of the few portraits of her father and mother. That is the charm of silhouettes—their wistful, ghostly quality. They creep out of cupboards and nooks and corners of antique shops, attics, and drawing-rooms, and cry out to us, "We are the shadows of the great who have lived—shadows of radiant, hot-blooded youth and sometimes of old age welcoming the time to rest, and we shall lie imprisoned under our little crystals until the names of those we were have vanished from the minds of men."

MLLE. CONTAT AND M. DAZINCOURT OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE

They are in costume as *Susanne* and *Figaro* in "Le Mariage de Figaro," of which they were the original performers. These silhouettes are painted on glass in the French manner.

England and Germany are the two countries where the art of silhouette-making flourished for something like a century, beginning about 1750 and ending in the mid-Victorian era, lasting, it may be said, from hoop-skirt to hoop-skirt; but the late eighteenth century was the period when it reached its zenith. Although Etienne de Silhouette, the French Minister of Finance, gave his name to the shadow portrait, owing to his passion for cutting likenesses of his friends, it never found favor in France and to-day the most diligent searches of collectors there meet with few rewards. During the Empire, silhouettes painted on glass with gold or silver backgrounds became a fashion, but earlier examples are difficult to obtain. When they are found they are sure to have a charm and a decorative quality all their own. Take, for example, the one of Mlle. Contat and M. Dazincourt reproduced with this article. Could anything be more delightful? They are evidently in the green room of the Comédie Française and from their pleased attitude one would know that "Le Mariage de Figaro" has been a great success. She looks as if she were saying, "The Queen applauded me," and he is answering, "And soon she will send for me to teach her the art of acting."

The foremost English silhouettist of the last quarter of the eighteenth century was acknowledged to be Miers, who came from Leeds and had a place in the Strand. He was the Cosway of shadow limners. The way he painted costumes, soft kerchiefs, curls, and fluttering ribbons, shows that he had complete mastery of his brush. Like Cosway, he flattered his sitters and strived for effect. His work is usually done in India ink on little ovals of a composition like plaster of Paris, and is inclosed in a peculiar style of pear-tree frame. Later his partner Field introduced the fashion of retouching the silhouettes with gold. Miers also made miniature portraits for rings, brooches, and scarf-pins. About two dozen of these portraits in little were recently sold at Christie's in the collection of the late Montagu Guest. Many persons had three or four silhouette likenesses done at one time and distributed them among friends as we distribute photographs to-day. In Georgian days the price was about a guinea a picture. Among those who sat to Miers were beaming Robert Burns; beautiful "Perdita" Robinson, perhaps stealing the time from Gainsborough or

DOROTHY JORDAN THE ACTRESS
Painted on glass.

Sir Joshua; Admiral Lord Howe, tired of wars and glad of a stroll in the Strand; Charles James Fox, and all the royal family. George III had a mania for having his silhouette taken, and the Princess Royal was addicted to making shadow pictures herself; Lady Dorothy Nevill possesses a charming album of portraits done by her and given to a friend.

These friendship albums of silhouettes, the forerunners of our parents' photograph albums, found great favor in German society. John Lavater did several of them. The immortal Goethe and his circle at Weimar appear in at least two. The German silhouettes are most elaborate and often have water-color backgrounds of flowers. One little album was recently offered for sale in Berlin for £200. In Germany, the collecting of silhouettes is the fad of the moment, while in England they are just beginning to be studied and appreciated. A few wise persons, who felt their unique quality before they were sought after, have gathered together nearly all the choicest examples. Good specimens of Miers's work which a short while ago could have been procured for a few shillings, now fetch a corresponding number of guineas. An artistic silhouette that can be purchased for a pound or two to-day, will probably fetch ten times that amount at the end of the next decade.

Of an excellence that equaled Miers, were those shadow limners on g Beetham of London and Rosenb shop or studio was in the Temp With Charles, who signed hims Artist," by Florizel's permissio may be said to have portraye world that read "Evelina" and that came mincing on its foot crowd that chatters gaily in th Jane Austen. Silhouettes on g very frail that Father Time has most of them and it is rare to f perfect condition. Such a one i hood portrait of the famous Do dan, or Dora Jordan, as she s self. It was done not very long "Smock Alley Theatre" days, greater audiences of London we ering that she was nearly per "breeches parts." She is wear dier's uniform and looks gay justify Sir Joshua Reynolds's her that "she ran upon the stage ground, and laughed from sinc ness of delight." The work l much like Rosenberg's, although has lost its backing with the mak A likeness that should hang nea one of William IV as the Duk ence. When Dorothy Jordan ceiving eulogies from the pens poets and scribblers of her day, t a king met her and their long a love-affair made her the most

THE DUKE OF CLARENCE, AFTE
WILLIAM IV

Drawn by E. J. Meeker

GENERAL VIEW OF THE KING HUMBERT "POLICLINICO" IN ROME

The 44 buildings accommodate 1000 patients and occupy 45 acres near the Colosseum.

in Charlottenberg (Berlin), and the General Hospital in Mexico, all these treatments are given in a building known by the general name of the "Therapeutic Institute." In other hospitals they are conducted in convenient apartments in closer association with the wards.

The complete hydrotherapy equipment comprises every form of hot and cold bath and douche,—the spray, salt, needle, plunge, Russian, mud, fango,—and included with it are thermic appliances for the hot dry sand bath, the hot air bath, and electric light bath (merely designed to induce perspiration, not as an application of electricity). An important treatment consists in modifying simultaneously the force and temperature of a stream of water directed by the operator from a central series of controlling faucets, as it is directed upon the patient, who may stand as far as fifteen feet distant. In this manner the forceful shock of the water, is added to that of alternating heat and cold, both powerful agents in stimulating nerves and muscles. As adjuncts to the hydrotherapy apparatus are quiet rooms for rest after treatment, tables or couches for massage, and dressing-rooms.

The thermotherapy appliances, in addition to those above-mentioned, include different forms of apparatus in which rheumatic joints may be "baked" at several hundred degrees of temperature.

Mechanotherapy comprises the use of ingenious automatic machines, rollers, saddles, vibrators, cushioned hammers, and the like, adapted to exercise groups of muscles and impart mechanical stimulation to them. The saddle motions counterfeit those of horseback-riding. Such exercises have application for many disorders of the nerves and muscles, in the reduction of obesity, and other conditions. The variety of apparatus of this type includes several score machines and in the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, a room eighty feet square is required to contain a complete series which is set in motion by electric power.

Another form of mechanotherapy is well illustrated in the same institution. It consists of specially devised stairs, parallel bars, measured floor patterns, etc., designed to "reëducate" groups of muscles, which through disease such as locomotor ataxia have passed from normal control. It emphasizes the progressive hospital methods to note that this disease, in certain stages, was regarded formerly as almost hopeless of relief, and the patient was kept in bed with the vain solace of medicines.

Electrotherapy, as well as electric apparatus for diagnosis, occupies large space in the modern hospital equipment. Originally confined to the use of batteries for applying electric currents to weakened muscles and nerves, for the galvano-cautery and sometimes for electric baths, electricity as a generator of the X-ray has now come into such general use that no large hospital is complete without an X-ray department. Beginning with its employment for diagnosis of fractures and dislocations and determination of the exact position of calculi and foreign bodies, such as bullets, the Roëntgen ray was next used in the treatment of various diseases, especially malignant growths and obstinate forms of cutaneous eruptions. Recently, moreover, it has been discovered that if

them that he will cut perfect profile likenesses at the Assembly Room, from nine until six, or wait upon them at their own houses."

There were at least half a hundred fairly well-known silhouettists before the rise of the famous Auguste Edouart, who painted with black and gold and used a scenic background, and the boy Hubard, the darling of the early Victorians. Though they never approached the excellence of their forerunners they were very popular. Hubard became so much the fashion that a Hubard Gallery was opened. One of its patrons was the young poet Robert Browning and the portrait of him, which is here reproduced for the first time, descended in his family. It must have been done about the time when Mr. Kenyon first brought him to that room in Gloucester Place, where "a small pale person scarcely embodied at all" sat with her dreams. We wonder if it was a gift to "his Portuguese," as he called her. At least its artistic quality could never have inspired her as she sat penning her immortal love-sonnets for it is one of the ugliest of the early Victorian silhouettes.

QUEEN VICTORIA AS A CHILD AT KENSINGTON

When mourning rings were the fashion in England and the colonies, men and women of sentiment sometimes left in their wills a provision that their most dearly loved friends should receive silhouette portraits, copied in little and mounted in rings. These rings are very rare. I have seen one with the inscription, "The shadow of my sister Mrs. Ray." Miers did many square and oval portraits on ivory and mounted them in r
some of these have curious col
grounds. Such rings were n
toys of Cupid and were exch
beauty and beau. Perhaps a mo
token was the shadow likeness i
with a lock of the donor's hair
with enamel and seed pearls as
tion for the back of the case.
Time knows many a tale of th
off for the wars who received in
for his
such a
Several
ones ha
found i
delphia,
and Ne
bearing
name of
Many
persons
past were
silhouett
was Goe
his passio
work of
mous Joh
ter. Mr
herbert, w
must ha
strewn w
ways,
hearts,
Smarts,
the great
turists, ha
tle shadc
lery in he
at Brighto
ria Edgev
said to h
a fancy for them. Noble and distir
amateurs who dipped into the In
bottle or possessed scissors for silh
were legion. A popular game at
of the eighteenth century for a d
ning was the making of shadow p
with the aid of a linen sheet and a
the portraits being drawn from th
ows thrown on the sheet. The sil
of "His Excellency President W
ton and his Lady" were done at
these mild festivities and are stil
istence. Henry Wadsworth Lon
off at Göttingen did a portrait
friend Edward Preble, who becam

Drawn by E. J. Meeker

THE KITCHEN IN THE HOSPITAL AT DÜSSELDORF, GERMANY

X-ray pictures are also often of medico-legal importance in defending the hospital against false damage suits.

An X-ray plant implies a complete photographic outfit, so that prints may be made from the negatives. A first-class X-ray plant costs at least $5000 and a similar sum may be expended annually in maintenance, apart from the salaries of a competent operator, photographer, and clerk.

LABORATORIES AS AIDS TO DIAGNOSIS AND TREATMENT

THE primitive hospital laboratory consisted of a small room fitted with a few microscopes and chemical reagents where the various secretions of the body were examined and sections of morbid tissues removed by the surgeon were submitted to microscopic study. From this beginning has developed within the past two decades, a system of laboratories used not alone for examinations but for the preparation of many curative agents for the patients. Although more or less interdependent, for convenience of description, they may be classified as follows:

(1) The Bacteriological Laboratory, where the germs of diseases such as typhoid fever, pneumonia, and cerebrospinal meningitis are studied to establish diagnosis, and

(2) the Serum Laboratory, in which animal sera are prepared in order successfully to treat the diseases from which the germs have been derived. Such laboratories, apart from the necessities of good light and ventilation, must be provided with walls and floors made impermeable to germs and permitting frequent antiseptic cleaning. The tables of glass and iron are fitted with gas, water, and electric supply. There are large "incubators" or jacketed ovens in which cultures of germs may be grown under fixed conditions of temperature, regulated by automatic gas burners. There are also sterilizing boilers in which the glass tubes and plates and various solutions in use may be rendered completely germ-free by means of steam under high pressure. Electric centrifuges, revolving several thousand times a minute, are employed to precipitate substances (sometimes germs) from suspension in fluid. A glass-blower's outfit is supplied to seal hermetically tubes containing germs and sera. A subdivision of one of these laboratories is set apart for work upon highly virulent germs, such as those of glanders, powdered tuberculosis bacilli, etc. The conditions of ventilation

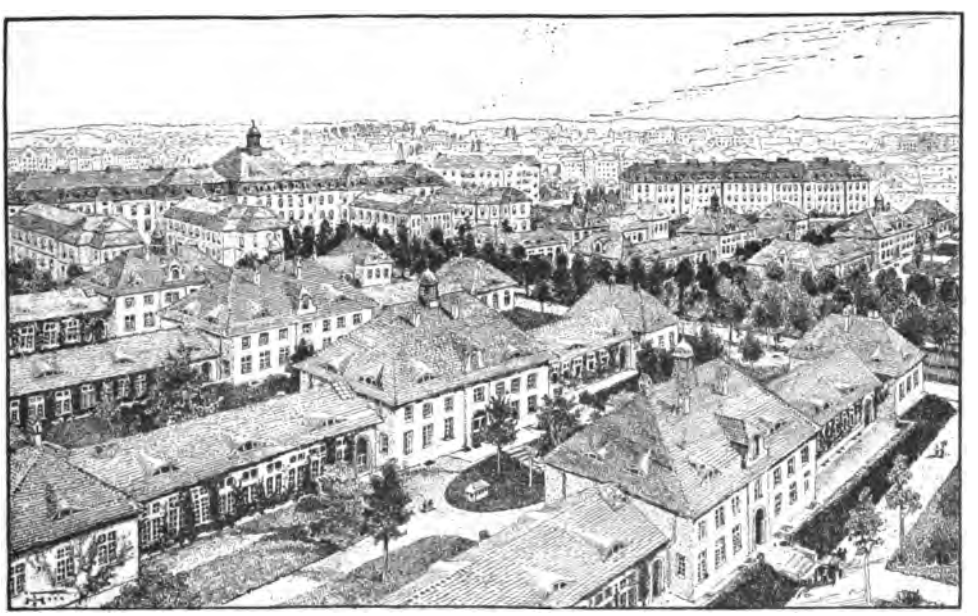
and sterilization here receive particular consideration.

(3) The Bio-chemical Laboratory, in which chemical analyses and researches are made upon the secretions and excretions of patients, and the important relations of intake of food and output of waste in such diseases as diabetes, or those of the kidney, are investigated. In this laboratory strong acids are used and noxious gases developed, hence it is supplied with large ventilating hoods. In the Düsseldorf laboratory a douche bath is kept ready so that in the event of burning the clothing, the experimenter may cover himself with water before further harm results. A large mercurial pump produces a vacuum for collection of gases (oxygen and carbonic acid) from small samples of patients' blood. An electric oven incinerates tissues at exceedingly high temperatures in order to collect the ashes for analysis.

(4) The Laboratory of Pathology contains microscopes and microtomes or apparatus for cutting delicate sections of tumors removed by the surgeon. It is furnished with ice-chests for preservation of gross specimens, cabinets for holding jars of specimens in alcohol, etc. It adjoins the autopsy room, so that the tissues of the dead as well as of the living may be investigated. A micro-photograph department is essential in which photographs of tissues and germs are made under high magnification.

(5) The Clinical Pathology Laboratory serves chiefly for diagnosis. It contains apparatus for counting blood-corpuscles and estimating the percentage of coloring matter in a drop of blood in cases of anemia, etc. There is apparatus also for determining the radioactivity of body fluids, and, in a darkened room, polaroscopic and spectroscopic determinations are made. When it is stated that the counting of a certain one of the varieties of white blood-corpuscles may decide for or against an operation for appendicitis, the value of this work may be appreciated.

(6) The Physical Apparatus Laboratory contains elaborate and delicate apparatus for advanced research. Solid masonry tables are erected to hold fine scales and electro-galvanometers free from vibration. One of the most ingenious mechanisms in use in this laboratory consists of apparatus for measuring the force and character of the heart-beats by means of the feeble electric currents generated each time the heart propels the blood through the arteries. The patient places an arm or leg in a pan of salt water and



Drawn by Harry Fenn

GENERAL VIEW OF THE NEW RUDOLF VIRCHOW HOSPITAL IN BERLIN

There are 53 buildings containing 1650 beds and occupying 68 acres.

Copyright by Frederick G. Waugh

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"THE BUCCANEERS." FROM THE PAINTING BY FREDERICK G. WAUGH

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

JERRY'S PACHYDERM

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Author of "Pigs is Pigs," "The Reformation of Uncle Billy," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY F. R. GRUGER

AN elephant is only a beast, but a man in a state of intoxication is worse than that; he is often foolish. Intoxication affects different men in different ways; one man will take laughing-gas and get up and angrily bite a piece out of the dentist's chair, while another man will only want to embrace the dentist. To desire to embrace a dentist is carrying love for your fellow-man to the foolish point, and intoxication always affected Jerry that way. When Jerry was in his cups he would love anything from a tree to a barrel of cement, but he should never, never have tried to love an elephant.

The Amateur Circus for the benefit of the Westcote Hospital lasted for three days, but the last day was Saturday, and that was the day Jerry went. From 9 A.M. until 6 P.M. he did n't get farther than Main Street, where the Bock beer signs were still in the windows, but at 6:02 P.M. he was ready to proceed, and when he stepped forth upon the sidewalk he stood face to face with Mamie. She, too, had come up from Long Island City to see the circus. When she saw Jerry she dodged. When he saw the two or three Mamies, he made straight for the one that seemed to him to be the most real, but it was only one of the optical illusions, and she got away.

It was quite a blow to Jerry. For a long while he sat on the edge of the curb and wept about it. He felt that that was no way for a girl to treat her affianced. Then, suddenly, he heard the band at the head of the circus parade break into a lively and soothing two-step march, far up the street, and he forgave Mamie, and, just to prove it, he went into the middle of the street and danced. I popular event. Many ch Mamie, brave little soul, wa to the middle of the street an back to the walk. She tucl under his arm and held him

The parade, largely amate course, moved slowly by. I full approval, and he told it each individual parader that but when the elephant came loved the elephant. It seeme he had never seen an elepha he had greater affection. He he wanted to go out and kiss and when she objected he sh from his arm and went anyw pity if a man cannot be allo few elephants before marriag

The elephant seemed surp bly it had never been kissed l shied to one side. But Jerry He lunged for it with his arn The elephant is an unwield apt to do unusual things in u and it now remarked "Go on from here!" and the hind leg the North walk, while the for for the South side of the neither got there. An elep split as easily as all that. for its head. The fore par phant then doubled back aga part, which sat down hea asphalt; the fore part made ineffectual pulls to get away arms closed lovingly aroun head of the beast!

Already Mamie was at his another moment she had dr luctantly away, but that

own. With some difficulty a live chicken was procured and taken to the patient behind a screen in the ward. The bird escaped and flew directly over the bed of a partly delirious negro who thought his time had come! He leaped out of bed and gave chase, wildly shouting "hallelujah!" and in a moment the whole ward was in a turmoil in the effort to calm the excited negro, the astonished chicken, and the disappointed Hindu who saw himself being so suddenly deprived of his meal!

DISINFECTION APPLIANCES

THE disinfection plant of the modern hospital is elaborate. In some of the new foreign hospitals each ward service room is provided with a small steam boiler sterilizer in which the bedclothing of every patient is subjected to disinfection before being taken to the laundry. It is then dumped upon flat copper trays mounted upon rollers and again dumped into a rotary washing-drum, so that it is not touched by hand in any part of the process. In the Moabit Hospital a separate drum is used for each class of articles, all the sheets being washed in one, the towels in another, etc. A clock is set when the drum is filled and an automatic bell rings an alarm when the washing has proceeded long enough, so that one attendant can care for many drums. Large steam sterilizers are provided also to disinfect entire mattresses and the patients' street clothing when necessary. In the Presbyterian Hospital in New York, a small sterilizer is placed in the ward diet kitchen in which are sterilized all the plates and eating utensils used by patients who have typhoid fever.

The Presbyterian Hospital has also apparatus designed by Dr. W. P. Northrup for washing infants. Boilers are filled with water at the desired temperature, and an automatic device prevents the chance of the child being scalded by too hot water. The infant is laid on a bath towel on a marble slab and washed with a sprinkler. This is a time-saving device and prevents all possibility of contagion where many babies are being cared for.

THE OPERATING PAVILION

THE operating rooms of the larger hospitals are often grouped in a separate pavilion, for, in addition to an amphitheater in which physicians may witness operations, are the anæsthetizing and recovery rooms; sterilizing rooms for the great boilers, used in connection with the complicated high-pressure steam apparatus for sterilizing instruments and dressings; rooms for storage of instruments and dressings; closets for warming blankets, etc. Rooms are set aside for operations upon septic cases and for such delicate operations as those performed by opening the chest under conditions of atmospheric pressure which prevent collapse of the lungs. The operator's hands are inserted through openings in the apparatus which incloses the patient's head and chest, while the operator guides his work by looking in through a small window.

HOSPITALS AND EDUCATION

ALL the great foreign hospitals are devoted to medical education, being almost always closely connected with a university. The numerous laboratory experts, giving their entire time to specialized work must be salaried, although the visiting staff may not be. If at the same time they are giving instruction to the medical students of the university, both economy and efficiency are promoted. A widespread movement is being advocated in this country to further similar coalition, for it is now well recognized that the best results are always obtained for the patients wherever the stimulus to hospital research and teaching is strongest and the facilities for them are most liberal.

The methods and appliances above described add greatly to both the structural and maintenance cost of the institutions adopting them, but it should be remembered that in proportion as new means are discovered to promote the cure of hospital patients, the duration of their stay in the wards is shortened, and a larger number may receive treatment. Moreover, a modern hospital is inevitably a great educational institution, training not alone the visiting staff, internes, and nurses, but educating both its patients and their visitors in methods of cleanliness, order, and hygiene, and extending its influence in an ever-widening sphere for the public welfare.

to work there was an envelop stuck in the wire cage of the elevator, and it was addressed to him, and the post-mark was Westcote. He was whistling as he tore open the flap of the envelop, and he was still whistling when he opened the paper inside the envelop. As the writing met his eye he stopped whistling, suddenly, and read

JERRY C. CASEY, Long Island City, N. Y.

Dr. to THE WESTCOTE HOSPITAL CIRCUS COMMITTEE

To breaking one elephant . . . $25.00

He stared at the bill long and hard, with his forehead wrinkled into a frown. Then he turned the bill over and looked at the back of it. Then he picked up the torn envelop and stared at the address. It was his, sure enough. "Jerry C. Casey, care of Granger Varnish Co., Long Island City, N. Y." There was no doubt of that! He turned the envelop over and looked at the back of it. He looked inside of it. He looked about him on the floor, for something that might hav out unseen. And then he sat box and looked at the bill long again.

"*'Jerry C. Casey,'*" he re "That 's me. I 'm him. He C. Casey sittin' on th' box here *t' th' Wistcote Hospital Circus tee.'* Belike 't was thim give up t' Wistcote. *'To Breakin' phunt!'* There be no doubt worrds—*'to breakin'*'; 't is as p nose on me face. *'Wan* Huh!"

He read it over and over, but make nothing else of it. It was a bill, a bill for twenty-five against Jerry C. Casey, in fav Westcote Circus Committee, for one elephant. In other words an elephant, to the breaking of per bill, Jerry C. Casey was in de Westcote Circus Committee, tw dollars. He called Murphy, who ing by, and handed Murphy the

"An' where did ye git th' i

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"HE FORGAVE MAMIE, AND, JUST TO PROVE IT, HE WENT INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET AND DANCED"

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"'T IS THE TROOT I 'M TELLIN' YE, MAMIE, . . . NOT WAN THING KIN I REMIMBER AV WHAT I DID'"

Casey?" asked Murphy when he had read the bill.

"Where—where did I git th' illephunt!" cried Jerry.

"From me gineral knowledge av th' charge med by th' horse-breakers fer th' breakin' av a horse," said Murphy, "'t w'u'd seem that twinty-five dollars w'u'd be none too much t' charge fer th' breakin' av an illephunt, particular if 't was a wild wan. An illephunt, Jerry, is a harrd beast t' handle, as ye well know, an' 't is no easy job t' break wan so 't will travel single or double, an' not shy at th' autty-mubbles, let alone travel under a saddle. Twinty-five dollars is none too much!"

"Twinty-five is none too much!" repeated Jerry in a dazed manner.

"'T is not a cint too much," said Murphy firmly. "Bechune you an' me, Jerry, I w'u'd not tek th' job t' break wan mesilf fer twinty-five. 'T is me opinion ye got th' best av th' felly. Mind ye, Jerry, th' price is not a-botherin' me, but what I do want t' know is—What th' doose did ye go an' buy an illephunt fer, annyway?"

"An' how sh'u'd I know, Murphy; how sh'u'd I know?" asked Jerry sadly. "Mebby I liked th' looks av him."

Murphy shook his head reproachfully.

"Ye sh'u'd niver buy an illephunt by th' looks, Jerry," he said. "'T is takin' too much risk. Whin did ye buy him?"

"I dunno," said Jerry, sadder than ever. "Th' circumstances was like this, Murphy:—At nine o'clock th' mornin' av th' last day av th' circus at Wistcote I wint into Grogan's saloon, an' I remimber gittin' out av bed th' next mornin' at eliven A.M. Anny one c'u'd buy an illephunt bechune thim hours, an' know nawthin' av it."

"Shure!" agreed Murphy, "I hev bought some odd bits mesilf th' same way. Ye recall th' wooden Indian I purchased aff av th' junkman on Thirty-fort' Street. But 't was not necessary fer t' hev it broke, Jerry. 'T was broke already."

"I sh'u'd think th' circus w'u'd not be afther sellin' th' illephunt," said Jerry, after a thoughtful pause. "It must hev been a bum illephunt, Murphy, t' sell fer what money I hed left after spindin' enough t' be insinsible t' th' ways av gods an' men at Grogan's bar."

"Mebby ye won it in a raffle," said Murphy. "Ye recall whin I spint eight dollars fer chances in th' goat, an' whin I won it I hed t' pay a kid two dollars t'

tek it away from th' boardin' house? But I was excusable, fer th' goat appealed t' th' eye, bein' painted rid, white, an' blue. Mebby," he added consolingly, "mebby th' illephunt was rid, white, an' blue."

Jerry was not consoled at all.

" 'T is not buyin' th' baste I mind, Murphy," he explained. " 'T is in th' nature av a man t' buy illephunts whin he starts in at Grogan's. 'T is contractin' t' hev th' baste broke I 'm mindin'! Twinty-five good dollars!"

"Jerry," said Murphy after more consideration, "bechune you an' me I tek it ye do not want th' illephunt. There 's wan way fer ye t' git out av payin' th' bill fer breakin'. Tell thim t' take th' illephunt fer th' debt!"

Jerry did. That night he took his pen in hand, and when he sent back the bill he sent with it this letter—

"Gintilmin Committee:—Yure bill reseved. I send it back. In thee
I didunt bie no illephunt off
thee seckond plase I was drunl
bott it and all contraks made wh
are nul and voyde. In thee thir
made a contrak with yous whe
thee Iluphant that iff yous brake
shood take the Ilaphent for th
brakin. Youse truly, J. Casey."

The response was prompt and
It almost took Jerry's breath a
ran:

"Dear Sir: There is no questi
ever of your having bought an
of this committee, or of any
connected with the Westcote Cir
your mind seems to be hazy on
ject, let us give you the facts cle
succinctly. The elephant, which
belong to us, but was rented for
sion, was in the Saturday evening
When the parade reached the c

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"'AN' WHERE DID YE GIT TH' ILLEPHUNT, CASEY?' ASKED MURPHY WHEN HE HAD READ THE BILL"

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"'T WAS A MOMENTARY ABERRATION,' SAID MAMIE PROUDLY; 'HE BUT MISTOOK TH' ILLEPHUNT T' BE ME'"

Main and Lincoln Streets you ran into the street and threw your arms around the elephant and broke it. The owner refuses to receive it back, and requires us to pay for it, and the inclosed bill mentions the exact sum he is charging us, and not a cent more. Yours truly, For The Committee, J. C. Long."

Jerry put the letter in his pocket and approached Murphy cautiously.

"Murphy," he said, "did ye iver wrastle wid an illephunt?"

"Mebby!" said Murphy diplomatically. "Mebby! An' mebby not! If so, 't was in a period av disthress. I hev no ricollection av tacklin' wan whin I was sober, Jerry. If ye be thinkin' av gettin' up a voddyville act fer th' stage, av a man wrastlin' wid an illephunt, ye 'll hev t' be gettin' some wan ilse. Murphy does not want th' job!"

"For why?" asked Jerry. "W'u'd ye be afraid av breakin' th' baste?"

"Breakin'?" cried Murphy. "Breakin'! Afraid av breakin' th' illephunt? D' ye think 't is Sandow I am? 'T w'u'd be th' illephunt breakin' Murphy I w'u'd be afraid av! 'T w'u'd tek a sthrong man t' break an illephunt, Jerry!"

Jerry slowly extended his right arm and drew it back, feeling the muscle with his left hand. Then he felt the muscle of his left arm. For the first time in his life he realized what a very muscular man he was. He looked at Murphy with mild pity. He closed his fists and squared his shoulders.

"Murphy," he said in a whisper, awestruck by his own strength, "I broke an illephunt!"

"Go away wid ye!" said Murphy scornfully.

"I broke an illephunt!" repeated Jerry solemnly. "I hev th' witnesses t' prove it! Here come th' illephunt—here was I thinkin' nawthin' at all—all at wance I mek up me mind t' try a fall wid th' huge packyderm, t' see which is th' bist man av us two—I walk into th' strate—I t'row me arms around th' illephunt—I give it wan good hug—th' illephunt is busted!"

"Go on!" said Murphy, but he backed away.

"Come try a fall wid me," said Jerry.

"I 'll not!" said Murphy, backing still farther away. "I 'll not be foolin' wid a man that kin crush an illephunt! I bid ye be careful wid yer stren'th, Jerry. Ye might be doin' some man bad damage, whin only intindin' a bit av play. Re-

mimber that th' illephunt is th' strongest av bastes!"

"'T was like play fer me t' mutilate th' strongest av bastes, then," said Jerry braggingly. "Look at th' certiffycate av stren'th I got from th' Committee."

He handed Murphy the Committee's letter, and Murphy spelled it over slowly. Then he handed it back to Jerry, and a smile of cunning spread over his features.

"Stren'th!" he said. "Stren'th! 'T is ashamed ye ought t' be, Jerry Casey, wrastlin' wid a twinty-five dollar illephunt! Th' illephunt is a fine baste, Jerry, an' he lives five hundred years at a stretch, more or liss, an' I 'm thinkin' a young illephunt, an' a strong wan, mind ye, might be worth five thousand dollars, about. An' ye hev wrastled wid a twinty-five dollar wan. An' broke it. An' ye brag av it! Shame on ye!"

Jerry blushed.

"Why shame, Murphy?" he asked.

"Why shame?" mocked Murphy. "Shame t' be wrastlin' wid an ould decrepid wreck av an illephunt; that 's why! Shame t' be wrastlin' wid a twinty-five dollar packyderm! Belike th' baste was tin thousand year ould, Jerry, an' gray-haired an' rheumatic, wid bones brittle wid age, an' blind in both eyes. Shame t' ye! You, a big strong likely lad, t' tackle a poor ould gre't-gre't gran'father av illephunts wid three legs in th' grave! If a good horse be worth wan hundred dollars, Jerry, what kind av a horse kin ye git fer two dollars an' fifty cints? If a brisk young illephunt be worth five thousand dollars, Jerry, what kind av an illephunt w'u'd be worth twinty-five dollars?"

"I was droonk, Murphy," said Jerry apologetically, "an' I c'u'd not see th' tinder state av th' illephunt. Niver w'u'd I tackle a sick packyderm in me right sinses. Me heart is kind, as a gineral thing, Murphy."

"Shame on ye!" said Murphy. "Th' least ye say av it th' better! Pay th' twinty-five an' have done wid it! Poor ould packyderm!"

Jerry, abashed and ashamed, crept meekly into his elevator and ran it up to the roof, where he sat in depressed seclusion as long as he could, and that night he wrote another letter and apologized to the Committee for what he had done to the elephant. He also inclos five of his hard earned dollars. mittee sent him a receipt, as g mittees should, and they also s letter. When Jerry read the gasped. It said:

"Dear Sir: Inclosed please fi We wish to thank you for yo in the matter, which we neve you would show when you fu stood it. As we do not conten ing another circus soon, and as paid for the elephant, we are to you. If you have any chil may enjoy playing with it, ev injured. Yours truly." To added as a postscript: "As we other address we are sending care of the Granger Varnish C

Jerry looked out of the door. he put his head outside and look down the street. There was n yet in sight, but it might arrive ute. As a matter of fact an ele in a varnish factory has no goo which to dispose of an elepha spur of the moment. A canary-b be temporarily hidden in a dark the elevator, but an elevator is in which to conceal an elephant. however unsuspicious, might noti is not even customary to tie an el a lamp-post and leave it standi street, even if it is an elephant condition, and a badly damaged five dollar elephant would be sur a crowd. "Who owns that old pachyderm?" people would ask, one would shout, "Jerry Casey!"

There are moments when a m refuses to work, and one of thes he is momentarily expecting the a sick-looking, superannuated, so broken elephant. Another is whe sweetheart catches him in an u position. When Jerry peered o door he saw Mamie approaching

His greeting to Mamie was r traught. Usually he greeted sively, but now he seemed cold a minded.

"Why! Hello illephunt!" he

Mamie looked at him suspicio eyes had a far-away look, as if h see her at all, but was looking into the street. When an automo tooted he turned pale. Then he

"I thought th' packyderm was an auttymubble," he explained, but he saw his mistake instantly in Mamie's eyes. The circus afternoon was still a sore point, and one not to be referred to. "I mane I thought th' illephunt was a packyderm," he corrected. And every moment the elephant was approaching with stately tread, if a twenty-five dollar elephant has a stately tread. Perhaps, though, it limped. He hated to think of Mamie seeing a limping elephant delivered to him.

"You—you 're lookin' well, Mame," he said. "W'u'd n't ye like t' take a little walk?"

"Oh!" she cried, "can you get off?"

"No," he said, and her face changed. But he could not help that. He was grasping at any straw. Luckily, Murphy passed then. He was Jerry's only hope.

"Murphy!" said Jerry, and he beckoned him into the elevator. "Mame, wait fer me wan minute," he begged, and sent the heavy elevator creaking upward.

"Murphy," he said in a whisper, "if iver ye helped a man, help me now! Ye seen Mame down there, lookin' like a rose, w'u'd ye have her killed?"

"By no manes," said Murphy heartily.

"Ye hev heard how wimmin is afraid av mice, Murphy?"

"I hev that," agreed Murphy.

" 'T is th' same wid Mame," said Jerry, perspiring at every pore, "but 't is illephunts she do be afraid av. Th' sight av wan t'rows her into fits, an' twice had she had thim packydermatic fits, an' th' third time will be th' death av her, th' doctor says."

"She 's came t' a safe place then," said Murphy, "fer divil an illephunt is like t' be found in a varnish factory."

"Hist!" said Jerry. "There 's wan comin'! 'T is on th' way an' liable t' be here anny minute. Th' wan I busted. 'T is not much I 'm askin', Murphy; nawthin' but will ye stay handy by th' door an' receive th' packyderm whilst I hustle Mame home? 'T will be no great job fer ye t' receive th' illephunt an' hold it by th' bridle, as ye may say, until I git back."

"I 'll do better than that," said Murphy. "I 'll take Mame home whilst ye stand an' hold th' baste by th' bridle yersilf."

"An' I thought ye was a frind av mine!" said Jerry reproachfully.

"I 'm no safety deposit fer broken illephunts, annyhow," said Murphy coldly.

"I 'll do as much fer ye some day," pleaded Jerry.

"Th' day is yet t' be born whin Murphy has illephunts passed on to 'im," said Murphy unyieldingly.

The elevator had reached the top, and Jerry stopped it there, and he was just wondering whether a good licking would convince Murphy that receiving elephants was one of the duties of friendship, when Mamie called.

"Jerry!" her voice came up the shaft; "Come down! The ixpriss man 's here with somethin' fer ye!"

" 'T is th' illephunt!" whispered Jerry in panic.

"An' where be th' fits?" asked Murphy in a whisper, sneeringly.

"Jerry!" came the clear voice again, and slowly Jerry ran the elevator down.

Before it reached the floor Jerry peered out at the street, but no pachyderm was there. On the floor before the elevator lay a bundle loosely tied with rope. In it the canvas skin and papier-mache head of the burlesque elephant were plain to be seen, and an expressman stood with his receipt book open. There was no doubt that the elephant was broken. The papier-mache head looked as if it had been mangled by a trolley.

" 'T was like play fer him t' mutilate th' strongest av bastes!" said Murphy, looking at the ceiling and speaking to no one in particular. Jerry cast his eyes down and turned red.

"He has a certiffycate av stren'th from th' Committee!" said Murphy, impersonally, to the ceiling, and Jerry moved one foot uneasily.

"He 's a strong man an' a brave wan what will step right up an' wrastle th' mighty illephantine packyderm to destruction," remarked Murphy. " 'T is no common man can step up an' hug th' mountainous monarch av th' jungle into twinty-five dollars' worth av dish-rags in wan hug." Jerry glanced at Mamie with appealing eyes.

"But he was droonk, mind ye," said Murphy to the air. "His heart is kind, as a gineral thing. Whin sober he does not damage illephunts nor rhinosserosses

Regent's favorite. In dusty antique shops, rag fairs, and attics, or collections—wherever we come upon the fascinating silhouette it takes on the quality of pathetic romance. It haunts us with suggestion, elusively telling so little and yet seeming to want to say so much. Typical of all is the inscription written on the back of the silhouette of a beautiful woman:

"My shadow will stay with you."

THE REV. JOSEPH COLTMAN, CURATE OF BEVERLY MINSTER

On the back of this silhouette are the words: "Glory to God and Good Will towards men were written on the tablet of his heart."

LYRIC

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

LYRIC, Lyric, thou the frailest
Of the Muse's little ones,
Like a cockle-shell thou sailest
Where the current fiercest runs—

Lyric, Lyric, rising, falling,
Dancing with the foamy fleck
On a tide where, past recalling,
Strongest barks have gone to wreck—

Lyric, Lyric,—yet I send thee
With the wind and wave to rove. . . .
Children playing may befriend thee,
Wandered up some sunny cove.

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Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"THE BUCCANEERS." FROM THE PAINTING BY FREDERICK G. WAUGH

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

finities are to be respected. My own inclinations (if they have any interest at all for the unknown friends, my readers of a lifetime) seem to have been rather wilful tendrils, reaching whithersoever they chose, and clinging obstinately, whether with or without apparent reason, little concerned with the canons, or with other persons' tastes in the literature of the day. For what these attractions are worth, and such as they are, I venture to recall them here.

IT must have been almost, or quite, forty years ago that there appeared in "The Atlantic Monthly" a story which took a grip upon something deeper than taste or imagination in me; but the interesting thing about it is that the controlling power lay in a single sentence. At this time I can recall nothing about the story except its closing words. The essential art of the work converged upon its last sentence; this has outlived the plot or action or style, and has survived within me for the large and active part of a life.

The tale was called "The Amber Gods," and the author was Harriet Prescott—now Mrs. Spofford—a writer of power and success in her youth, and still holding loyal readers in her age. Her hand has not lost its cunning—few trained hands do—and I never fail to read with pleasure anything that she publishes. But for me nothing of hers has ever taken the place filled by that first young story. What happened? What *were* the amber gods? Who was the hero? Who the heroine? What were their accidents and incidents, their woes and joys? It may be small credit to me that I cannot answer one of these elementary questions. And, as it is part of the plan of this paper not to "pony" on my subject, but to recall my impressions without refreshing them, I must omit to do so. To reread the text, and so equip one's self to write of it in the conventional form of the literary critic, would be to destroy all that has any value in these reminiscences—their unsupported persistence of energy in the mind.

As I say, I do not know who the amber gods were—although I think they were a necklace—nor why they were at all. But of this I am sure: the heroine, or she who told the story, had been very ill, and when it occurred to her one night to get up and go down-stairs, one wa
of considerable surprise, as at a
lapse in the tale. But, that sh
am quite sure, and that she pas
—I think, a tall, hall clock.
pointed to an hour which w
overpast, and as she came stealt
the stairs, she observed the cir
not without a certain shock.

The shock was extended to t
when, without blending or shad
effect, suddenly, sharply, power
unexpected sentence smote the

"I must have died at ten mi
one."

With these words the sto
There was no attempt to pallia
fect, or to prop the imaginatio
had no imagination, it was
fault, not the author's. To ha
ten minutes past one, and yet
say so, that was the important t
have died at ten minutes past o
be able to say so, and yet to sa
more—not a sign, not a sigh;
dumb as death and yet to live—
mute as risen Lazarus, of who
records not that he ever revealed
ment of his solemn experience—
the wonder: and the wonder hel

Since writing these paragraphs
from the phantasmagoria anothe
ing sentence, also occurring at th
the tale. As the escaping spirit s
the stairs, she said: "Out! Out
gale! Back to my elements!"
fancy something pagan, someth
theistic in this touch that smote t
Christian in the face of her faith
ever that may be, there was an a
in it that makes me feel cold to t

I cannot say, of course, that
writer had ever used the inventi
pression after death, before Miss
did; but only that her manner
so—the distinction of it—had
subtle influence upon me (after
ognized) in the trend which my
then taking toward the imaginat
ment of the after life. I do not,
think that this circumstance had
anything, to do with the incisiv
sion made at the time by the art
Amber Gods."

THE next story which I recal
sense of personal indebtedness

peared in "The Atlantic Monthly." The "Atlantic" at that time was in the hands of James T. Fields, who was one of the great editors of this country. He was never so sensitive to the traditions as to neglect the human appeal. He was always at one with his times, alert for strong material, and responsive to living drama.

The story to which I refer bore the title of "Life in the Iron Mills." I am not indeed sure that this could strictly be called a short story. It may have run through several numbers, but the impression left upon me serves the purpose, and remains a poignant one. "Life in the Iron Mills" was written by Rebecca Harding, afterward Rebecca Harding Davis, mother of Richard Harding Davis. She was young, at that time unknown, intense, concentrated upon the passion of humanity, and governed thereby in every line that she wrote.

The story, as the title indicates, dealt with the iron world—its tragic action, its denied aspirations, and with a certain grim picturesqueness which partook of the nature of the metal. The men and women who moved through the pages of this tale were molded in the foundry of a life as foreign to the critical and delicate audience of New England as the East End of London. I am conscious of a definite impetus given by this author to my sympathies with the under-world. From the placid top of Andover Hill I glanced down into it fearfully and sorrowfully.

That story was a distinct crisis for one young writer at the point where the intellect and the moral nature meet. It was never possible after reading it to ignore. One could never say again that one did not understand. The claims of toil and suffering upon ease had assumed a new form. For me they assumed a force which perhaps it is not too much to say, has never let me go.

Rebecca Harding may have been too terribly in earnest. Her intensity was essentially feminine, but her grip was like that of a masculine hand. She may have had her faults in style, but those were minor matters. Her men and women breathed and suffered, loved and missed of love, won life or wasted it with an ardor that was human, and a power that was art. The promise of that early story was fulfilled in some of her later books; particularly, as I remember, one called "Waiting for the Verdict," a novel which dealt with the shattered national life that followed the war.

THE next story which I find myself unable to escape, is one of the classics of modern English literature. I may take some content in this fact, for it is by no means true of all the "lost, the unforgotten" creations that have become part of existence for me. Slowly, delicately, joyously there emerges from an opalescent mist "The Brushwood Boy." It does not in the least detract from Kipling's unmistakable genius that his work is not altogether what may be called temperamental to any one reader. Much of it is not quite akin to me—which is a matter of no consequence except to myself—and for this reason my admiration and honor are more vivid for those poems or tales of his to which it would be impossible for any one to deny either.

All the world has marked "The Brushwood Boy" as a great story. For me the young figure rises gently out of a cloud of unremembered details. I am sure it was Policeman Day who waked the boy and girl from their dreams, as Policeman Life forever wakes us from ours. I am sure that the boy and the girl sought before they found each other with the confidence and reverence which characterize the true love, and are lacking in the false.

I am as sure that they were created for each other as most of us are sure that there is created for our own souls—whether found or missed, whether this side of the grave or the other—the complement of our unfinished being. It is either one of the illusions or one of the glories of life that belief in ideal and permanent love persists. The great mission of this beautiful story has been to urge what we may call the practicability of the ideal. Because we can love, because we shall love, let us go on loving, and this with the assurance that leads rhyme to seek its replying rhyme.

The beautiful prose of "The Brushwood Boy" has almost the conviction of fine poetry. It is as inevitable as the "Skylark," or "Evelyn Hope"; as ethereal as the one, as definite and modern as the other. What if we go groping all our lives for the hand that never answers, or

that answering, loses clasp? "The Brushwood Boy" and the girl remain; more permanent than our mistakes, more sure than our illusions. What was theirs may be ours or another's. They found their ideal—yes—but why? Because they believed in it; because they were true to it; because they waited for it, and recognized it when it came. "The Brushwood Boy" is a song of youth and hope, but it is a prayer of the maturer spirit: Lord, forgive our sins; prevent our blunders; and preserve our dreams! This story, if I am right, was first published in THE CENTURY.[1]

BUT upon the fleeing shadow of Kipling's masterpiece, there follow me two figures, dark, lean, silent and savage. These are a man and a wolf. The scene is one of the great American deserts. Desolation and starvation stalk across it. The man is chasing a desperate hope of escape by way of the distant sea. The wolf is pursuing the man. Both are at the mortal point of exhaustion. The wolf is sick. Who else ever wrote about a sick wolf? How was it possible to excite our sympathies in the animal's behalf? Mine were distinctly aroused. Each of the starving pair is awaiting his chance to profit by the death of the other. It is plain that the man would eat the wolf if he had the chance, as surely as the wolf would eat the man. Yet, for some curious reason, the human sympathy steals out toward the sick wolf—half guiltily, perhaps, but it does go wolfward.

This is not in the least an ethical story, and there is no opportunity for the moral sense to argue,—it is a wolf, he has wolf nature; but the man lacks excuse for assuming the wolf attributes. On the contrary, we incline to the wolf because the author determines that we shall, and for no higher reason. And therein lies the art of the dreadful tale. I cannot supply the name of the magazine which made a dark place for it in the reader's mind and memory. This drama of Hunger, essential and ghastly, and unappeased, could have had, it seems to me, but one author. Jack London, I should have said, was "writ large" all over it. But, on inquiry, I do not find that this particular story can be attributed to him, although there was one not unlike it in which a c
But to the wolf, my memo
firmly attached.

THERE now arises and confou
literary traditions a group of
unforgetable stories, the writer
so far as I can tell, are unknov
by any definition of the word.
stance only can I even recall th
which sheltered them. This
per's Monthly." The title of t
lently stole away" years ago.
is so long past that it is as mist
but the story stands straight ou
outline of yesterday, sharp, s
grim—not ghastly, with Londo
ness, but only tender and tragi
commonplace of daily life and

I see—and I shall always s
woman sawing wood. She is
creature, frail and fair. She
handled ax or saw before. Th
piled at the rear of a hut or a c
is scarcely more, and at som
from it. In the house lies the
invalid brother, a "nervous ca
can neither sleep nor find eas
noise is torture to him. The
ordinary human life has become
able. The ordinary human ner
trayed him. Nobody else u
him, or was patient with him.
"I will save you." She took hi
remote and silent spot—there
much money—and cherished
limely. Women do such things
midwinter, and brutally cold.
were found to saw the wood,
have made a noise about it. So
the business of it, a few sticks
and sawing as softly as if she we
to spare the shattered creature.
Christina Rossetti who said: "T
friend like a sister?"

This story was told in the fi
narrative—simply, without en
without self-consciousness, but
power of a peremptory realism. I
I think, to be fact. Perhaps it

THE now pursuing shape is on
which London in his novel,
Eden," has called "horror sto
truth, this was so horrible, tha
mercifully make short work of i

[1] In the number for December, 1895.

a serpent story, East Indian, vivid, improbable, but possible. We call it in our family, "The Avenging Snake," [1] but the actual title blurs. So does the magazine —which, however, I am quite sure was English; and so does the author. Nothing is left but the snake, and an army officer, and his young wife. He thought he loved her; she knew she loved him; she left her English home for him, and for her fate. The poor girl was all woman, and the woman's fear of the serpent was in her. The man had a stupid man's determination to cure her of it. One day he brought home a dead python, and left it in the bungalow. She seems to me to have entered the room, and to have lost herself in hysteria of terror. I would not transcribe here the details of the brutal incident. I doubt if there is a month in the year that I do not shudder to recall it. Purposing to cure her of her feminine weakness, he let her alone. When her cries ceased, he went to her. The live mate of the slaughtered snake had followed, and concealed itself—and avenged itself. . . . A fellow officer, years after, said something to the man, crudely trying to comfort.

"Nothing will do any good," was the dull reply. "It is always before me."

A friend tries to convince me that it is the horror of this thing which has made it so permanent to me. But that I doubt. I think it is the scorching vividness of the situation between blundering man and victim woman.

I FIND it necessary to give what must seem a disproportionate emphasis to the force of one remarkable story, published in some American magazine, within a dozen years. Again, author and title have vanished from the mind which shook—and which trembles still—beneath the grasp of one of the most powerful modern tales that I have read in any language.

They were two—man and woman, guilty man and woman. She was a wife, and she had supposed that she loved her children. She left them for this lover. The elopers fled fast, and successfully. No one traced them, and, eluding the civilization which would reject them, they drifted across the continent, and came upon one of the deserted towns which mining or commercial chance sometimes leaves behind in the Western wilds. There they halted; excluded from the world, as much alone as if they had been swung through space upon some uninhabited planet. Paolo and Francesca whirled upon the winds, and could not help it, but these affixed themselves voluntarily to stagnant solitude. For a time they drew breath and leaned back upon the unhappy thing which they called their love. Who could say when it crumbled beneath them? The signals of their despair came first from the woman. The man held his stronger silence, as men can. Hers was the hand that began to close the barriers of their wretchedness between them. They had made their mock of a home in a deserted hotel. Here their lonely footsteps crept through resounding corridors. They began to glance at one another fearfully. The eyes of each fell before the gaze of the other.

The day of revelation came. He, returning from a desperate walk about the streets of the silent city, could not find her. I remember that he rushed frenziedly about the great building till he traced her by her half-crazed cries. In an unused room she had locked and barred the doors. He could hear her crooning mournfully, as mothers do over a sick or unhappy baby. His commands and entreaties brought no reply. He got a desperate footing upon a narrow cornice, crawled boldly, and dashed in the window of her barricaded room. She had wrapped a piece of wood in an old shawl, and with wild, dry eyes sat cuddling the semblance of a child.

Now I see them flying from the accursed town; it was not more empty than their joy. The wretched man, with some manly purpose of restoring her to her abandoned friends, hurried her across the plains. It was winter, and snow overtook them. They struggled till they fell. With his last resolute strength his numb hand wrote upon a board these words:—*"The wages of sin is death."* When the snow melted in the spring this was found beside them.

I am regretfully aware that in the few lines allotted to these recollections, I have

[1] A variant of this story (if it be not the original) will be found in "The Dukite Snake: an Australian Bushman's Story," a narrative in verse by John Boyle O'Reilly.

given a thin idea of the power of this story. It had the reserve of Greek tragedy, and the familiar appeal of American life. The old tremendous situation between man and woman—stronger than life, or death, or honor, more powerful than anything on earth or in heaven but itself—could not be, for one responding reader, more vigorously portrayed. I do not think it would be possible for any one who had ever read this story to yield to a moral emergency without a hard fight against that revelation of the mathematics of remorse. If vividness goes for anything, if strength or clarity, or the momentum of a plot, or the implied authority of spirit over the rebellion of sense—if these things, set forth in a way that life is not long enough to forget, constitute power, then this was a great story.

I FIND it difficult to draw the curtain on these impressions—wavering as ghosts, yet actual as the figures that one's eye selects from the foreground of a crowd—without reference to one tale which, by the accepted code, I should omit to mention, or apologize for mentioning. There appeared in THE CENTURY [1] many years ago a short story which has left so definite an influence upon other readers that perhaps I may be pardoned for including myself among the debtors to it. If "The White Crown" had not been written by Herbert D. Ward, if I had happened upon it in the most inattentive hour, and if it had been done by an unknown hand, I am confident that it would have left upon me much of the effect that it has. That it has been called by competent judges the greatest Peace story ever written, may possibly excuse for me my own conviction that it is so. It was written by a young man, and, in some respects with a young man's inexperience of literary form; but it has the quality that is independent of youth or age or rhetoric—pure inspiration. I may be reve
than I should, if I say that the
largely the texture of a drean
of memorable fiction, like lover
will not easily forget the scene
great opposing armies of the
world melted to their knees
will of the mystical stranger
the silver crown upon the hea
diers pledged by their oath to h
to their secret order, never to
man life in war.

"As he stood with outstretch
the armies knelt. They tried
They could not. Only the
weeping fell upon the sunligh
saw a million men upon their
stranger smiled. . . . The clo
over the man of mystery. It clo
. . . It enveloped him, and it p

IF these films of the fiction o
have any value at all—and I by
insist that they have—there mus
optical or chemical laws for thei
from the mass of short stories th
azine reader of more or less trai
tion is likely to absorb in a lifeti

What are the elements of per
What the sources of power in
that one finds it impossible to e
think these will be found to l
four: originality, humanity, fo
finish. In most of the passing st
have selected me for their capti
would, I think, be found some
or shock of novelty; some hell
of human feeling; or some grip o
strength.

The literary quality, the ineffa
which we call style, will sust
other qualities; but, without thei
not go on living; the reasons fo
ing must be otherwise inevitab
writer of a short story must k
to tell it; but it is more importar
should have something to tell.[2]

[1] In August, 1891.

[2] The staying quality of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's own short stories have had an ardent admirer in one of the most discriminating of American authors, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Since the foregoing paper was received, we accidentally came across the following references to her work in letters of Dr. Holmes, printed in Morse's "Life and Letters."

Writing on the 4th of May, 1888, the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table says to Miss Phelps:

"I have never got over your story of 'Jack.' It is a *great* story." On May 31, 1891, he sa
Bell of St. Basil," "I remember well that
a previous volume and that it produced a
sion on me. But *how* deep it would be or
reading I did not suspect. I may as well
the pathos of your story quite overcame
not know I had so many tears in my em
tains. Either I have come to 'the stream
or that is one of the most touching storie
your tear-compelling imagination ever gave
THE EDITOR.

LOVE AND THE CANAL

BY JULIA FRANCIS WOOD

Author of "Cupid and Jimmy Curtis"

TO do Cuthbert justice, it had been an unusually trying day in a position which, to say the least, was no sinecure at best. A hundred petty annoyances, dragging on to the insidious, unflagging heat of the tropics, had told upon his nerves, though Cuthbert himself would have denied indignantly the possession of any such article. As a rule he was wont to present to that feminine portion of the Isthmus with whom it was his misfortune chiefly to deal, an impassive and granite courtesy against which entreaties, denunciations, and tears launched themselves in vain. But when Miss Bevin appeared, the last of a line of peculiarly irritating petitioners, the iron rein of Cuthbert's self-control broke at last.

"Certainly, certainly," he answered with a dangerous suavity her modest request for dining-room furniture, chairs, lanterns, and mosquito-netting. "You shall have them immediately. Can't we oblige you also with a few other trifles—a pianola perhaps, or a sewing-machine?"

The girl had flushed hotly under his discourtesy. When she spoke, her voice, despite its soft modulations and unmistakable breeding, held subtly a rebuke which stung.

"I beg your pardon," she said quietly; "I understood that employees in the Canal Zone were entitled to a certain amount of furniture in proportion to their salaries. I was doubtless mistaken."

"Oh, no," Cuthbert assured her, goaded to still further rudeness by a disconcerting and hitherto inconceivable sense of being in the wrong which she had thrust upon him. "You are undeniably entitled to it, but as to what you will get, madam, allow me to assure you that is an entirely different affair. Kindly remember that you are not ordering furniture at a New York department store. This is Panama, and the Government deals differently with its customers."

A man in the dawn of his forties, with hair fast graying and a tired, pleasant face, came forward to the girl's rescue from this second savage onslaught. "It takes a little time to learn the eccentricities of our revered Uncle Sam," he assured her kindly. "He ties up all his packages so very securely with red tape it makes it hard sometimes for our department to undo them. Only last week," he explained to her humorously, "a large consignment of dressers, which had been due for some time, appeared. Our joy at receiving them, however, was somewhat dampened upon discovering that they were minus casters or drawers. Long years hence, I suppose, in another generation or two, the casters and drawers will arrive in the singularly jaunty and unattached manner in which furniture here makes its appearance."

The girl, her cheeks still burning from Cuthbert's last remarks, appealed to the older man with a direct ignoring of the black-looking official behind the desk. "I know of course the difficulties there must be," she said, with a charming response in voice and manner to Darrell's kindliness. "Will it be possible for us to have anything? We brought nothing with us, as I understood that was all attended to down here, and we left Baltimore in such a hurry."

"We are out of both married and bachelor furniture of the type Miss Bevin's brother is entitled to," growled Cuthbert. "Can't give her anything for several weeks."

Darrell tempered his refusal with a

few more pleasant words. "A rather unusual classification of furniture, is n't it?" he smiled. "But that 's the way it 's labeled down here, bachelor wardrobes, married chairs, and so forth."

"Don't you think you were a little hard on her," he suggested to Cuthbert in his easy way, as he watched the girl's graceful exit down the path. "I imagine she 's having a pretty fierce time of it. She 's a different sort from most of the women here."

"I did n't notice any difference," grunted Cuthbert. "She exhibited the same sweet reasonableness as the rest of her sex."

"Oh, come now," protested Darrell. "No one could have taken it better when I explained to her—and how was she to know anything about things down here? She 's a Baltimore belle—lived there with an aunt and uncle, old Senator Bevin—in no end of style and luxury, until her brother got mixed up in some college scandal. The aunt and uncle cast him off, and by Jove, if his plucky sister did n't take his side, break with her rich relatives, and choose poverty and Panama with young Bevin."

"Mighty silly performance," adjudged Cuthbert. "She would much better have stayed at home. What good can she do trailing around after him here?"

"I imagine she hopes to keep him straight," suggested Darrell mildly. "It was a woman who drove him down here, and it will take a woman to save him."

"There it is!" cried Cuthbert, in indignant exasperation. "If there 's one thing that makes me mad clear through it 's that bland, calm egotism of woman's attitude. *She 'll* keep him straight! *She 'll* make a success of him! The conceit—the colossal *nerve* of it! As for their thinking that any influence of theirs could make any difference in a tremendous work like this—" his intolerant gesture swept the jagged trail of the Canal at their feet—"it 's absolutely maddening!"

Darrell smiled a trifle bitterly at the younger man's vehemence.

"Why do you suppose men come down here?" he demanded. "You can't judge them by yourself. The Canal 's an obsession to you, but sheer love of the work itself actuates one man in a thousand. And then of course there 's money. But back of it all who 's the money—who 's the success—for? Some wo
time, my boy. I 'd be willin
every cent I make that nine out
down here carry a woman's p
them, in their watches, in their
ets, a few perhaps only in thei
but it 's *there* and it 's the lever
them, this Isthmus, the univers

"Rot," Cuthbert rewarded
quence. He snapped a wat
umphantly in Darrell's face.
us!" he demanded.

"Well, I am the exception,
that proves the rule," Darrell re
a rather unpleasant laugh, "and
—you at thirty can hardly begi

Cuthbert squared his splen
ders in contempt. "It is n't th
like women," he rejoined, "bu
proper time and place. It 's
idea of theirs that they are a vit
making a man's happiness or f
makes me *sore,*" he added wit
vindictiveness that moved D
laughter.

"It would be just as sensibl
to shake your fist at the law o
tion," he retorted. "And loo
change it 's made on this Isthmu
short time since women have be
down here."

"Yes, *look* at the change!
Cuthbert explosively. "Befo
cared how rough the condition
men slept anywhere, ate anythi
that their wives are arriving, t
have decent houses to put them
must have furniture, and if it onl
there! But if Mrs. Smith has
or nail more than Mrs. Jones th
is rocked to its foundations. Th
ing little sunbeam idea, that soul
influence they flatter themselves
fuse, exhibits itself delightfully i
of work in having an excitab
burst in upon me every five min
the tearful announcement that
just been calling on Mrs. Jones
Jones has n't one cent more sa
her husband, and yet Mrs. Jones
two rockers to her one, and tha
written a letter to the Preside
United States to tell him how I a

"We 're turning Panama into
resort," ended Cuthbert dis
"that 's what 's going to happe
my words," he prophesied darkly

"I thought th' packyderm was an autty-mubble," he explained, but he saw his mistake instantly in Mamie's eyes. The circus afternoon was still a sore point, and one not to be referred to. "I mane I thought th' illephunt was a packyderm," he corrected. And every moment the elephant was approaching with stately tread, if a twenty-five dollar elephant has a stately tread. Perhaps, though, it limped. He hated to think of Mamie seeing a limping elephant delivered to him.

"You—you 're lookin' well, Mame," he said. "W'u'd n't ye like t' take a little walk?"

"Oh!" she cried, "can you get off?"

"No," he said, and her face changed. But he could not help that. He was grasping at any straw. Luckily, Murphy passed then. He was Jerry's only hope.

"Murphy!" said Jerry, and he beckoned him into the elevator. "Mame, wait fer me wan minute," he begged, and sent the heavy elevator creaking upward.

"Murphy," he said in a whisper, "if iver ye helped a man, help me now! Ye seen Mame down there, lookin' like a rose, w'u'd ye have her killed?"

"By no manes," said Murphy heartily.

"Ye hev heard how wimmin is afraid av mice, Murphy?"

"I hev that," agreed Murphy.

" 'T is th' same wid Mame," said Jerry, perspiring at every pore, "but 't is illephunts she do be afraid av. Th' sight av wan t'rows her into fits, an' twice had she had thim packydermatic fits, an' th' third time will be th' death av her, th' doctor says."

"She 's came t' a safe place then," said Murphy, "fer divil an illephunt is like t' be found in a varnish factory."

"Hist!" said Jerry. "There 's wan comin'! 'T is on th' way an' liable t' be here anny minute. Th' wan I busted. 'T is not much I 'm askin', Murphy; nawthin' but will ye stay handy by th' door an' receive th' packyderm whilst I hustle Mame home? 'T will be no great job fer ye t' receive th' illephunt an' hold it by th' bridle, as ye may say, until I git back."

"I 'll do better than that," said Murphy. "I 'll take Mame home whilst ye stand an' hold th' baste by th' bridle yersilf."

"An' I thought ye was a frind av mine!" said Jerry reproachfully.

"I 'm no safety deposit fer broken illephunts, annyhow," said Murphy coldly.

"I 'll do as much fer ye some day," pleaded Jerry.

"Th' day is yet t' be born whin Murphy has illephunts passed on to 'im," said Murphy unyieldingly.

The elevator had reached the top, and Jerry stopped it there, and he was just wondering whether a good licking would convince Murphy that receiving elephants was one of the duties of friendship, when Mamie called.

"Jerry!" her voice came up the shaft; "Come down! The ixpriss man 's here with somethin' fer ye!"

" 'T is th' illephunt!" whispered Jerry in panic.

"An' where be th' fits?" asked Murphy in a whisper, sneeringly.

"Jerry!" came the clear voice again, and slowly Jerry ran the elevator down.

Before it reached the floor Jerry peered out at the street, but no pachyderm was there. On the floor before the elevator lay a bundle loosely tied with rope. In it the canvas skin and papier-mache head of the burlesque elephant were plain to be seen, and an expressman stood with his receipt book open. There was no doubt that the elephant was broken. The papier-mache head looked as if it had been mangled by a trolley.

" 'T was like play fer him t' mutilate th' strongest av bastes!" said Murphy, looking at the ceiling and speaking to no one in particular. Jerry cast his eyes down and turned red.

"He has a certiffycate av stren'th from th' Committee!" said Murphy, impersonally, to the ceiling, and Jerry moved one foot uneasily.

"He 's a strong man an' a brave wan what will step right up an' wrastle th' mighty illephantine packyderm to destruction," remarked Murphy. " 'T is no common man can step up an' hug th' mountainous monarch av th' jungle into twinty-five dollars' worth av dish-rags in wan hug." Jerry glanced at Mamie with appealing eyes.

"But he was droonk, mind ye," said Murphy to the air. "His heart is kind, as a gineral thing. Whin sober he does not damage illephunts nor rhinosserosses

that, face to face with conditions like these, and with only that weak-looking sister of a brother to take care of her—and carrying it off in that plucky way. What a lovely face she has!"

"I don't think so," growled Cuthbert. He was still smarting under that incredible, maddening sense of unimportance which Miss Bevin had managed again subtly to convey to him. He did n't like girls who carried their heads like conquering princesses, and who looked you straight in the eyes when they talked. He approved the little soft, fluffy, ultra-feminine type—yellow-haired preferably, and unencumbered with brains—who hung breathless upon your words. Miss Bevin was certainly far from reaching that standard.

Considering this, it seemed an impish trick of fate that, in the forty-seven miles of Zone which bounded his escape, he could not avoid irritating reminders at every hand of Calvert Bevin. In a population which spent most of its waking hours riding back and forth across the Isthmus he was bound of course to encounter her at times, but at night, too, the first object which met his indignant eye at the station was that proud bronzed head of hers awaiting her brother's arrival. Oftenest he saw her on horseback climbing the narrow trails, a slim, boyish figure in khaki habit and wide sombrero. Even the darkness could not hide her from him. On his way to and from his office in the evening—for sunset marked no end to Cuthbert's labors—he could hear a girl's tender voice crooning songs of home.

Returning late one night Cuthbert noted on the steep trail above him a frolicsome lantern describing a suspiciously zigzag course. By the time he had caught up with it, it had collapsed entirely. Cuthbert dragged its prostrate owner to his feet, and with an exclamation of contemptuous disgust recognized Bevin, white, glassy-eyed, and murmuring incoherent babblings.

Cuthbert half dragged, half carried him to the ramshackle little dwelling which had been assigned to the Bevins. It was plunged in darkness. He called sharply for a light.

"Who is it?" Calvert demanded, a little tremor shaking the courage of her tone.

"It 's I—Jim Cuthbert—your brother with me," gruffly. He was dreading scene when she should see the ject in his arms. "Will you tern quickly, please."

"I have none," the girl re thur took the only one we ha

Cuthbert divined her prese the velvet, impenetrable dar tween them they managed t lantern his arduous ascent guished. It showed her white trembling, but bearing herself lant composure.

"He is not dead?". she de ploringly.

Cuthbert shook his head as limp figure upon its cot. Eve heart, to his own astonishme at enlightening those trusting He found himself explaining he was sure her brother would when he woke up.

There was no need, howev words of his. He saw the piti tion of the truth break upon he of scarlet shame which staine white brow and lowered for proud young head. As Cuthb sharply away from it in an am of angry pity the girl's low, tones stopped him.

"Take care," she warned, " ugly hole there near the windo

The lantern showed it clearl erous, jagged circle where th boarding had given way. "It when we came," the girl return to Cuthbert's exclamation. " a requisition the first day to ha but they have never done it."

Cuthbert held the lantern looked about him. The broke tle room was brave with path at adornment. A cot and a cha only articles of furniture, but p lined the bare walls, a rug hid ured floor, and a costly toilet s ered an improvised shelf. A midst of it, like an exiled flo Calvert Bevin. She had thrown some blue, shimmering cloud c lace; her white throat and a bared; over each shoulder hun rope of bronze, which caught t all its gleaming braids. All th

STORIES THAT STAY

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

Author of "Jack the Fisherman," "The Madonna of the Tubs," "The Supply at St. Agatha's," etc.

A SHORT story is, or should be, a work of art, and this in the closest sense of that elastic word. It has long been my conviction that more art, so to speak, is required for the making of a good short story than for the making of a long one; that the creative qualities needed for this kind of literary effort are so peculiar to the case as to demand standards of their own. I have even thought that they might call for judges of their own; persons trained to the business of understanding, interpreting, and ranking such work, experts in the estimate of the short story; as we have dramatic experts, musical experts, and the like. I am certain that the majority of educated people have insufficient ideas of what constitutes a superior short story, and that professional critics have something to learn of the business of rating one.

Perhaps I may be pardoned if I indulge the impulse of a long-suppressed purpose to say a few words about short stories—particularly about short stories that remain in the memory, or even the reasons why they do so. If experience in this difficult art goes for anything—but, on the whole, I am not at all sure that it does go for much—it might disqualify one, to a certain extent, for the indifferent and impersonal attitude which it is fashionable to consider necessary to critical treatment. In any event, one may humbly suggest that the contributor is at least as well equipped as the reader to express his mind upon this species of literary achievement. A highly-educated man, a college professor, once said to me: "*Those* things? Why, I supposed you got them off in three or four days." When I incidentally observed that the construction and completion of a short story never took me less than four weeks, and sometimes six, a blank and pitying silence replied.

On general principles, whatever acutely interests a writer—assuming that he knows how to write—is likely to interest his readers; and in so far as this is true, it may be worth while to share with mine the crystallization which the short stories of the last thirty years have formed in my mind.

Yet, at the outset, I perceive that the figure goes astray. The impressions which I find most readily at command are not crystallization at all. Almost any visual metaphor would better describe them—these wraiths of a generation whose poignant life has throbbed through the pages of our periodicals; in the main, our best periodicals. As I summon the stories that for me have outstayed the flesh and blood, the power and passion, the imagination and pathos and humor that they embodied for "a month, and a day," I feel like calling them phantom stories,—so remote, or so alien, or elusive do they seem. Fine fiction, like fine friendship, is a personal affair. Your friend is not to be of another's choosing. He is yours to elect; yours to have and to hold, or to love and lose, as the inner laws decree. Whether he be of your social or intellectual caste is a secondary matter; he must be of your soul's kin—or you must believe that he is till you learn better—and his quality to you is as individual as your taste in fruit or wines, in sunsets or marine painting.

Friendships with books are not exempt from such natural coercion, and their af-

finities are to be respected. My own inclinations (if they have any interest at all for the unknown friends, my readers of a lifetime) seem to have been rather wilful tendrils, reaching whithersoever they chose, and clinging obstinately, whether with or without apparent reason, little concerned with the canons, or with other persons' tastes in the literature of the day. For what these attractions are worth, and such as they are, I venture to recall them here.

IT must have been almost, or quite, forty years ago that there appeared in "The Atlantic Monthly" a story which took a grip upon something deeper than taste or imagination in me; but the interesting thing about it is that the controlling power lay in a single sentence. At this time I can recall nothing about the story except its closing words. The essential art of the work converged upon its last sentence; this has outlived the plot or action or style, and has survived within me for the large and active part of a life.

The tale was called "The Amber Gods," and the author was Harriet Prescott—now Mrs. Spofford—a writer of power and success in her youth, and still holding loyal readers in her age. Her hand has not lost its cunning—few trained hands do—and I never fail to read with pleasure anything that she publishes. But for me nothing of hers has ever taken the place filled by that first young story. What happened? What *were* the amber gods? Who was the hero? Who the heroine? What were their accidents and incidents, their woes and joys? It may be small credit to me that I cannot answer one of these elementary questions. And, as it is part of the plan of this paper not to "pony" on my subject, but to recall my impressions without refreshing them, I must omit to do so. To reread the text, and so equip one's self to write of it in the conventional form of the literary critic, would be to destroy all that has any value in these reminiscences—their unsupported persistence of energy in the mind.

As I say, I do not know who the amber gods were—although I think they were a necklace—nor why they were at all. But of this I am sure: the heroine, or she who told the story, had been very ill, and when it occurred to her one night to get up and go down-stairs, one wa of considerable surprise, as at a lapse in the tale. But, that s am quite sure, and that she pas —I think, a tall, hall clock. pointed to an hour which v overpast, and as she came steal the stairs, she observed the cir not without a certain shock.

The shock was extended to when, without blending or sha effect, suddenly, sharply, powe unexpected sentence smote the

"I must have died at ten m one."

With these words the sto There was no attempt to palli fect, or to prop the imaginatio had no imagination, it was fault, not the author's. To ha ten minutes past one, and yet say so, that was the important t have died at ten minutes past o be able to say so, and yet to sa more—not a sign, not a sigh; dumb as death and yet to live- mute as risen Lazarus, of whc records not that he ever revealec ment of his solemn experience- the wonder: and the wonder he

Since writing these paragraph from the phantasmagoria anotl ing sentence, also occurring at t the tale. As the escaping spirit the stairs, she said: "Out! Ou gale! Back to my elements!" fancy something pagan, somet theistic in this touch that smote Christian in the face of her fait ever that may be, there was an in it that makes me feel cold to

I cannot say, of course, that writer had ever used the invent pression after death, before Mis did; but only that her manner so—the distinction of it—had subtle influence upon me (after ognized) in the trend which my then taking toward the imagina ment of the after life. I do not think that this circumstance ha anything, to do with the incisi sion made at the time by the ar Amber Gods."

THE next story which I rec sense of personal indebtedness

peared in "The Atlantic Monthly." The "Atlantic" at that time was in the hands of James T. Fields, who was one of the great editors of this country. He was never so sensitive to the traditions as to neglect the human appeal. He was always at one with his times, alert for strong material, and responsive to living drama.

The story to which I refer bore the title of "Life in the Iron Mills." I am not indeed sure that this could strictly be called a short story. It may have run through several numbers, but the impression left upon me serves the purpose, and remains a poignant one. "Life in the Iron Mills" was written by Rebecca Harding, afterward Rebecca Harding Davis, mother of Richard Harding Davis. She was young, at that time unknown, intense, concentrated upon the passion of humanity, and governed thereby in every line that she wrote.

The story, as the title indicates, dealt with the iron world—its tragic action, its denied aspirations, and with a certain grim picturesqueness which partook of the nature of the metal. The men and women who moved through the pages of this tale were molded in the foundry of a life as foreign to the critical and delicate audience of New England as the East End of London. I am conscious of a definite impetus given by this author to my sympathies with the under-world. From the placid top of Andover Hill I glanced down into it fearfully and sorrowfully.

That story was a distinct crisis for one young writer at the point where the intellect and the moral nature meet. It was never possible after reading it to ignore. One could never say again that one did not understand. The claims of toil and suffering upon ease had assumed a new form. For me they assumed a force which perhaps it is not too much to say, has never let me go.

Rebecca Harding may have been too terribly in earnest. Her intensity was essentially feminine, but her grip was like that of a masculine hand. She may have had her faults in style, but those were minor matters. Her men and women breathed and suffered, loved and missed of love, won life or wasted it with an ardor that was human, and a power that was art. The promise of that early story was fulfilled in some of her later books; particularly, as I remember, one called "Waiting for the Verdict," a novel which dealt with the shattered national life that followed the war.

THE next story which I find myself unable to escape, is one of the classics of modern English literature. I may take some content in this fact, for it is by no means true of all the "lost, the unforgotten" creations that have become part of existence for me. Slowly, delicately, joyously there emerges from an opalescent mist "The Brushwood Boy." It does not in the least detract from Kipling's unmistakable genius that his work is not altogether what may be called temperamental to any one reader. Much of it is not quite akin to me—which is a matter of no consequence except to myself—and for this reason my admiration and honor are more vivid for those poems or tales of his to which it would be impossible for any one to deny either.

All the world has marked "The Brushwood Boy" as a great story. For me the young figure rises gently out of a cloud of unremembered details. I am sure it was Policeman Day who waked the boy and girl from their dreams, as Policeman Life forever wakes us from ours. I am sure that the boy and the girl sought before they found each other with the confidence and reverence which characterize the true love, and are lacking in the false.

I am as sure that they were created for each other as most of us are sure that there is created for our own souls—whether found or missed, whether this side of the grave or the other—the complement of our unfinished being. It is either one of the illusions or one of the glories of life that belief in ideal and permanent love persists. The great mission of this beautiful story has been to urge what we may call the practicability of the ideal. Because we can love, because we shall love, let us go on loving, and this with the assurance that leads rhyme to seek its replying rhyme.

The beautiful prose of "The Brushwood Boy" has almost the conviction of fine poetry. It is as inevitable as the "Skylark," or "Evelyn Hope"; as ethereal as the one, as definite and modern as the other. What if we go groping all our lives for the hand that never answers, or

that answering, loses clasp? "The Brushwood Boy" and the girl remain; more permanent than our mistakes, more sure than our illusions. What was theirs may be ours or another's. They found their ideal—yes—but why? Because they believed in it; because they were true to it; because they waited for it, and recognized it when it came. "The Brushwood Boy" is a song of youth and hope, but it is a prayer of the maturer spirit: Lord, forgive our sins; prevent our blunders; and preserve our dreams! This story, if I am right, was first published in THE CENTURY.[1]

BUT upon the fleeing shadow of Kipling's masterpiece, there follow me two figures, dark, lean, silent and savage. These are a man and a wolf. The scene is one of the great American deserts. Desolation and starvation stalk across it. The man is chasing a desperate hope of escape by way of the distant sea. The wolf is pursuing the man. Both are at the mortal point of exhaustion. The wolf is sick. Who else ever wrote about a sick wolf? How was it possible to excite our sympathies in the animal's behalf? Mine were distinctly aroused. Each of the starving pair is awaiting his chance to profit by the death of the other. It is plain that the man would eat the wolf if he had the chance, as surely as the wolf would eat the man. Yet, for some curious reason, the human sympathy steals out toward the sick wolf—half guiltily, perhaps, but it does go wolfward.

This is not in the least an ethical story, and there is no opportunity for the moral sense to argue,—it is a wolf, he has wolf nature; but the man lacks excuse for assuming the wolf attributes. On the contrary, we incline to the wolf because the author determines that we shall, and for no higher reason. And therein lies the art of the dreadful tale. I cannot supply the name of the magazine which made a dark place for it in the reader's mind and memory. This drama of Hunger, essential and ghastly, and unappeased, could have had, it seems to me, but one author. Jack London, I should have said, was "writ large" all over it. But, on inquiry, I do not find that this particular story can be attributed to him, although there was one not unlike it in which a c
But to the wolf, my memo
firmly attached.

THERE now arises and confou
literary traditions a group of
unforgetable stories, the writer
so far as I can tell, are unknov
by any definition of the word.
stance only can I even recall th
which sheltered them. This
per's Monthly." The title of t
lently stole away" years ago.
is so long past that it is as misty
but the story stands straight ou
outline of yesterday, sharp, s
grim—not ghastly, with Londo
ness, but only tender and tragi
commonplace of daily life and

I see—and I shall always s
woman sawing wood. She is
creature, frail and fair. She
handled ax or saw before. Th
piled at the rear of a hut or a co
is scarcely more, and at some
from it. In the house lies the
invalid brother, a "nervous ca
can neither sleep nor find eas
noise is torture to him. The
ordinary human life has become
able. The ordinary human ner
trayed him. Nobody else u
him, or was patient with him.
"I will save you." She took hi
remote and silent spot—there
much money—and cherished
limely. Women do such things
midwinter, and brutally cold.
were found to saw the wood,
have made a noise about it. So
the business of it, a few sticks
and sawing as softly as if she we
to spare the shattered creature.
Christina Rossetti who said: "T
friend like a sister?"

This story was told in the fi
narrative—simply, without en
without self-consciousness, but
power of a peremptory realism. I
I think, to be fact. Perhaps it

THE now pursuing shape is one
which London in his novel,
Eden," has called "horror stor
truth, this was so horrible, tha
mercifully make short work of it

[1] In the number for December, 1895.

a serpent story, East Indian, vivid, improbable, but possible. We call it in our family, "The Avenging Snake," [1] but the actual title blurs. So does the magazine —which, however, I am quite sure was English; and so does the author. Nothing is left but the snake, and an army officer, and his young wife. He thought he loved her; she knew she loved him; she left her English home for him, and for her fate. The poor girl was all woman, and the woman's fear of the serpent was in her. The man had a stupid man's determination to cure her of it. One day he brought home a dead python, and left it in the bungalow. She seems to me to have entered the room, and to have lost herself in hysteria of terror. I would not transcribe here the details of the brutal incident. I doubt if there is a month in the year that I do not shudder to recall it. Purposing to cure her of her feminine weakness, he let her alone. When her cries ceased, he went to her. The live mate of the slaughtered snake had followed, and concealed itself—and avenged itself. . . . A fellow officer, years after, said something to the man, crudely trying to comfort.

"Nothing will do any good," was the dull reply. "It is always before me."

A friend tries to convince me that it is the horror of this thing which has made it so permanent to me. But that I doubt. I think it is the scorching vividness of the situation between blundering man and victim woman.

I FIND it necessary to give what must seem a disproportionate emphasis to the force of one remarkable story, published in some American magazine, within a dozen years. Again, author and title have vanished from the mind which shook—and which trembles still—beneath the grasp of one of the most powerful modern tales that I have read in any language.

They were two—man and woman, guilty man and woman. She was a wife, and she had supposed that she loved her children. She left them for this lover. The elopers fled fast, and successfully. No one traced them, and, eluding the civilization which would reject them, they drifted across the continent, and came upon one of the deserted towns which mining or commercial chance sometimes leaves behind in the Western wilds. There they halted; excluded from the world, as much alone as if they had been swung through space upon some uninhabited planet. Paolo and Francesca whirled upon the winds, and could not help it, but these affixed themselves voluntarily to stagnant solitude. For a time they drew breath and leaned back upon the unhappy thing which they called their love. Who could say when it crumbled beneath them? The signals of their despair came first from the woman. The man held his stronger silence, as men can. Hers was the hand that began to close the barriers of their wretchedness between them. They had made their mock of a home in a deserted hotel. Here their lonely footsteps crept through resounding corridors. They began to glance at one another fearfully. The eyes of each fell before the gaze of the other.

The day of revelation came. He, returning from a desperate walk about the streets of the silent city, could not find her. I remember that he rushed frenziedly about the great building till he traced her by her half-crazed cries. In an unused room she had locked and barred the doors. He could hear her crooning mournfully, as mothers do over a sick or unhappy baby. His commands and entreaties brought no reply. He got a desperate footing upon a narrow cornice, crawled boldly, and dashed in the window of her barricaded room. She had wrapped a piece of wood in an old shawl, and with wild, dry eyes sat cuddling the semblance of a child.

Now I see them flying from the accursed town; it was not more empty than their joy. The wretched man, with some manly purpose of restoring her to her abandoned friends, hurried her across the plains. It was winter, and snow overtook them. They struggled till they fell. With his last resolute strength his numb hand wrote upon a board these words:—*"The wages of sin is death."* When the snow melted in the spring this was found beside them.

I am regretfully aware that in the few lines allotted to these recollections, I have

[1] A variant of this story (if it be not the original) will be found in "The Dukite Snake: an Australian Bushman's Story," a narrative in verse by John Boyle O'Reilly.

given a thin idea of the power of this story. It had the reserve of Greek tragedy, and the familiar appeal of American life. The old tremendous situation between man and woman—stronger than life, or death, or honor, more powerful than anything on earth or in heaven but itself—could not be, for one responding reader, more vigorously portrayed. I do not think it would be possible for any one who had ever read this story to yield to a moral emergency without a hard fight against that revelation of the mathematics of remorse. If vividness goes for anything, if strength or clarity, or the momentum of a plot, or the implied authority of spirit over the rebellion of sense—if these things, set forth in a way that life is not long enough to forget, constitute power, then this was a great story.

I FIND it difficult to draw the curtain on these impressions—wavering as ghosts, yet actual as the figures that one's eye selects from the foreground of a crowd—without reference to one tale which, by the accepted code, I should omit to mention, or apologize for mentioning. There appeared in THE CENTURY [1] many years ago a short story which has left so definite an influence upon other readers that perhaps I may be pardoned for including myself among the debtors to it. If "The White Crown" had not been written by Herbert D. Ward, if I had happened upon it in the most inattentive hour, and if it had been done by an unknown hand, I am confident that it would have left upon me much of the effect that it has. That it has been called by competent judges the greatest Peace story ever written, may possibly excuse for me my own conviction that it is so. It was written by a young man, and, in some respects with a young man's inexperience of literary form; but it has the quality that is independent of youth or age or rhetoric—pure inspiration. I may be revealing more than I should, if I say that the story was largely the texture of a dream. Lovers of memorable fiction, like lovers of peace, will not easily forget the scene where the great opposing armies of the civilized world melted to their knees before the will of the mystical stranger who hung the silver crown upon the hearts of soldiers pledged by their oath to himself and to their secret order, never to take a human life in war.

"As he stood with outstretched hands, the armies knelt. They tried to shout. They could not. Only the sounds of weeping fell upon the sunlight. As he saw a million men upon their knees, the stranger smiled. . . . The cloud swept over the man of mystery. It clothed him. . . . It enveloped him, and it passed on."

IF these films of the fiction of my day have any value at all—and I by no means insist that they have—there must be some optical or chemical laws for their election from the mass of short stories that a magazine reader of more or less trained attention is likely to absorb in a lifetime.

What are the elements of permanence? What the sources of power in the tale that one finds it impossible to escape? I think these will be found to be chiefly four: originality, humanity, force, and finish. In most of the passing stories that have selected me for their captive, there would, I think, be found some surprise or shock of novelty; some hell or heaven of human feeling; or some grip of absolute strength.

The literary quality, the ineffable touch which we call style, will sustain these other qualities; but, without them, it will not go on living; the reasons for remaining must be otherwise inevitable. The writer of a short story must know how to tell it; but it is more important that he should have something to tell.[2]

[1] In August, 1891.

[2] The staying quality of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's own short stories have had an ardent admirer in one of the most discriminating of American authors, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Since the foregoing paper was received, we accidentally came across the following references to her work in letters of Dr. Holmes, printed in Morse's "Life and Letters."

Writing on the 4th of May, 1888, the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table says to Miss Phelps:

"I have never got over your story of 'Jack.' It is a *great* story." On May 31, 1891, he says of "The Bell of St. Basil," "I remember well that I read it in a previous volume and that it produced a deep impression on me. But *how* deep it would be on this second reading I did not suspect. I may as well confess that the pathos of your story quite overcame me. I did not know I had so many tears in my emotional fountains. Either I have come to 'the streams of dotage' or that is one of the most touching stories that even your tear-compelling imagination ever gave birth to."—THE EDITOR.

LOVE AND THE CANAL

BY JULIA FRANCIS WOOD

Author of "Cupid and Jimmy Curtis"

TO do Cuthbert justice, it had been an unusually trying day in a position which, to say the least, was no sinecure at best. A hundred petty annoyances, dragging on to the insidious, unflagging heat of the tropics, had told upon his nerves, though Cuthbert himself would have denied indignantly the possession of any such article. As a rule he was wont to present to that feminine portion of the Isthmus with whom it was his misfortune chiefly to deal, an impassive and granite courtesy against which entreaties, denunciations, and tears launched themselves in vain. But when Miss Bevin appeared, the last of a line of peculiarly irritating petitioners, the iron rein of Cuthbert's self-control broke at last.

"Certainly, certainly," he answered with a dangerous suavity her modest request for dining-room furniture, chairs, lanterns, and mosquito-netting. "You shall have them immediately. Can't we oblige you also with a few other trifles—a pianola perhaps, or a sewing-machine?"

The girl had flushed hotly under his discourtesy. When she spoke, her voice, despite its soft modulations and unmistakable breeding, held subtly a rebuke which stung.

"I beg your pardon," she said quietly; "I understood that employees in the Canal Zone were entitled to a certain amount of furniture in proportion to their salaries. I was doubtless mistaken."

"Oh, no," Cuthbert assured her, goaded to still further rudeness by a disconcerting and hitherto inconceivable sense of being in the wrong which she had thrust upon him. "You are undeniably entitled to it, but as to what you will get, madam, allow me to assure you that is an entirely different affair. Kindly remember that you are not ordering furniture at a New York department store. This is Panama, and the Government deals differently with its customers."

A man in the dawn of his forties, with hair fast graying and a tired, pleasant face, came forward to the girl's rescue from this second savage onslaught. "It takes a little time to learn the eccentricities of our revered Uncle Sam," he assured her kindly. "He ties up all his packages so very securely with red tape it makes it hard sometimes for our department to undo them. Only last week," he explained to her humorously, "a large consignment of dressers, which had been due for some time, appeared. Our joy at receiving them, however, was somewhat dampened upon discovering that they were minus casters or drawers. Long years hence, I suppose, in another generation or two, the casters and drawers will arrive in the singularly jaunty and unattached manner in which furniture here makes its appearance."

The girl, her cheeks still burning from Cuthbert's last remarks, appealed to the older man with a direct ignoring of the black-looking official behind the desk. "I know of course the difficulties there must be," she said, with a charming response in voice and manner to Darrell's kindliness. "Will it be possible for us to have anything? We brought nothing with us, as I understood that was all attended to down here, and we left Baltimore in such a hurry."

"We are out of both married and bachelor furniture of the type Miss Bevin's brother is entitled to," growled Cuthbert. "Can't give her anything for several weeks."

Darrell tempered his refusal with a

few more pleasant words. "A rather unusual classification of furniture, is n't it?" he smiled. "But that 's the way it 's labeled down here, bachelor wardrobes, married chairs, and so forth."

"Don't you think you were a little hard on her," he suggested to Cuthbert in his easy way, as he watched the girl's graceful exit down the path. "I imagine she 's having a pretty fierce time of it. She 's a different sort from most of the women here."

"I did n't notice any difference," grunted Cuthbert. "She exhibited the same sweet reasonableness as the rest of her sex."

"Oh, come now," protested Darrell. "No one could have taken it better when I explained to her—and how was she to know anything about things down here? She 's a Baltimore belle—lived there with an aunt and uncle, old Senator Bevin—in no end of style and luxury, until her brother got mixed up in some college scandal. The aunt and uncle cast him off, and by Jove, if his plucky sister did n't take his side, break with her rich relatives, and choose poverty and Panama with young Bevin."

"Mighty silly performance," adjudged Cuthbert. "She would much better have stayed at home. What good can she do trailing around after him here?"

"I imagine she hopes to keep him straight," suggested Darrell mildly. "It was a woman who drove him down here, and it will take a woman to save him."

"There it is!" cried Cuthbert, in indignant exasperation. "If there 's one thing that makes me mad clear through it 's that bland, calm egotism of woman's attitude. *She 'll* keep him straight! *She 'll* make a success of him! The conceit—the colossal *nerve* of it! As for their thinking that any influence of theirs could make any difference in a tremendous work like this—" his intolerant gesture swept the jagged trail of the Canal at their feet—"it 's absolutely maddening!"

Darrell smiled a trifle bitterly at the younger man's vehemence.

"Why do you suppose men come down here?" he demanded. "You can't judge them by yourself. The Canal 's an obsession to you, but sheer love of the work itself actuates one man in a thousand. And then of course there 's money. But back of it all who 's the money—who 's the success—for? Some won time, my boy. I 'd be willing every cent I make that nine out down here carry a woman's pic them, in their watches, in their ets, a few perhaps only in their but it 's *there* and it 's the lever them, this Isthmus, the universe

"Rot," Cuthbert rewarded quence. He snapped a watcl umphantly in Darrell's face. us!" he demanded.

"Well, I am the exception, that proves the rule," Darrell rej a rather unpleasant laugh, "and —you at thirty can hardly begin

Cuthbert squared his splenc ders in contempt. "It is n't th like women," he rejoined, "bu proper time and place. It 's idea of theirs that they are a vit making a man's happiness or f makes me *sore,*" he added with vindictiveness that moved D laughter.

"It would be just as sensibl to shake your fist at the law o tion," he retorted. "And loc change it 's made on this Isthmu short time since women have be down here."

"Yes, *look* at the change! Cuthbert explosively. "Befc cared how rough the condition men slept anywhere, ate anythi that their wives are arriving, have decent houses to put then must have furniture, and if it on there! But if Mrs. Smith has or nail more than Mrs. Jones th is rocked to its foundations. T ing little sunbeam idea, that soul influence they flatter themselves fuse, exhibits itself delightfully i of work in having an excitab burst in upon me every five min the tearful announcement that just been calling on Mrs. Jones Jones has n't one cent more sa her husband, and yet Mrs. Jone two rockers to her one, and th written a letter to the Preside United States to tell him how I

"We 're turning Panama int resort," ended Cuthbert di "that 's what 's going to happe my words," he prophesied darkly

more truth than he knew, "the time will come when people will live here in comfort, even luxury; when they 'll be having pink teas and bridge in the very shadow of Culebra Cut. Stop all this civilizing, I say, this making conditions easier so men may have their wives with them. The French had the right idea. They did n't wait for sanitation or mission furniture —they made the dirt fly, and when the fever killed off a camp, a new one just moved into its place until it too went under. Let men come down here and fight and suffer and *die* if they have to—it 's a man's work at least—and let the women stay home and say their prayers!"

"And yet the French were beaten in the end," amended Darrell quietly. "And that 's just where we 're going to win, because we 're making this a place where men *can* bring their wives, and because it 's only women who can keep men in a place like this from becoming beasts."

"And make them babies instead," corrected Cuthbert. He stood glowering unconvinced at the scene below them, like some outraged deity of the Canal. Darrell had spoken truly—Cuthbert's work was an obsession. He lived, breathed, ate, and slept Canal with every fiber of an intensely virile nature.

They had left the office behind them and stood upon the highest crest of the steep hill at whose foot and on whose precipitous slope clung the little town of Empire. That was in the earliest days of the American occupation, when the Isthmus had reached a peculiarly unattractive and hobbledehoy period, the picturesqueness of the jungle stripped from her and unadorned as yet with any graces of civilization. The cold storage which provides her to-day with modern-hotel luxuries was then too fevered a dream for the wildest imagination.

The sun, which seemed to poise itself an instant on a crimsoned mountain, dropped its ruby fire suddenly from sight. The swift, soft, tropical darkness began to shut down upon them. Lights flickered feebly below, laughter and voices sounded from the open windows; from the bachelor quarters near by an asthmatic phonograph commenced wheezing drearily, "I can't tell why I love you, but I do--oo—oo!"

"The key-note of the universe," smiled Darrell as a final argument.

A sudden farewell roar of dynamite shattered the stillness, and a hoary boulder crumbled in its path. Cuthbert flung back in answer his handsome, imperious head.

"That last is my motto," he challenged superbly. "Love and domesticity, may do for some, but give *me* work and fighting—that spells a man's life."

In view of this conversation it was with renewed irritation that Cuthbert came face to face with Miss Bevin the next morning on the rough wooden platform euphoniously termed the Empire Station. She was with her brother, a masculine edition of herself, though of a more regular and weaker beauty and a languor of manner she entirely lacked. She herself gave more the impression of a charming boy, in the lift of her chin, the free alertness of her step, the fearless honesty of her gray eyes. She acknowledged the inevitable introduction with a well-bred iciness toward Cuthbert, which melted to delightful cordiality when Darrell appeared.

"With truly striking originality," the latter said to her, as the four waited for the incoming train, "I am going to ask you, 'How do you like Panama?' "

"I am bitterly disappointed," complained Miss Bevin. "A lifelong illusion is shattered. I expected to land in a dense jungle with brilliant birds and monkeys flitting about, and a few tigers and boa-constrictors thrown in to make it interesting. And all the men dressed in white lounging beneath palm trees sipping long, iced drinks—that 's the way they always are in stage tropics." She surveyed reproachfully the three khaki-clad forms before her.

"It sounds like Heaven," interpolated Darrell, mopping a perspiring brow.

"And I fully expected to be conveyed across the Isthmus in an elephant's howdah, or at least in a litter carried by natives." Miss Bevin continued her wrongs. "I am still embittered from my ignominious entrance by train. Arthur is rushing me off now to Panama City for local color. We understand they have a seawall and cathedral and plaza, on which I am pinning my last expiring hope."

"She 's a thoroughbred, all right," Darrell commented as they left Miss Bevin. "A delicately nurtured girl like

that, face to face with conditions like these, and with only that weak-looking sister of a brother to take care of her—and carrying it off in that plucky way. What a lovely face she has!"

"I don't think so," growled Cuthbert. He was still smarting under that incredible, maddening sense of unimportance which Miss Bevin had managed again subtly to convey to him. He did n't like girls who carried their heads like conquering princesses, and who looked you straight in the eyes when they talked. He approved the little soft, fluffy, ultra-feminine type—yellow-haired preferably, and unencumbered with brains—who hung breathless upon your words. Miss Bevin was certainly far from reaching that standard.

Considering this, it seemed an impish trick of fate that, in the forty-seven miles of Zone which bounded his escape, he could not avoid irritating reminders at every hand of Calvert Bevin. In a population which spent most of its waking hours riding back and forth across the Isthmus he was bound of course to encounter her at times, but at night, too, the first object which met his indignant eye at the station was that proud bronzed head of hers awaiting her brother's arrival. Oftenest he saw her on horseback climbing the narrow trails, a slim, boyish figure in khaki habit and wide sombrero. Even the darkness could not hide her from him. On his way to and from his office in the evening—for sunset marked no end to Cuthbert's labors—he could hear a girl's tender voice crooning songs of home.

Returning late one night Cuthbert noted on the steep trail above him a frolicsome lantern describing a suspiciously zigzag course. By the time he had caught up with it, it had collapsed entirely. Cuthbert dragged its prostrate owner to his feet, and with an exclamation of contemptuous disgust recognized Bevin, white, glassy-eyed, and murmuring incoherent babblings.

Cuthbert half dragged, half carried him to the ramshackle little dwelling which had been assigned to the Bevins. It was plunged in darkness. He called sharply for a light.

"Who is it?" Calvert demanded, a little tremor shaking the courage of her tone.

"It 's I—Jim Cuthbert—your brother with me," h gruffly. He was dreading t scene when she should see the ject in his arms. "Will you l tern quickly, please."

"I have none," the girl rep thur took the only one we hav

Cuthbert divined her presen the velvet, impenetrable dark tween them they managed t lantern his arduous ascent guished. It showed her white trembling, but bearing herself lant composure.

"He is not dead?". she den ploringly.

Cuthbert shook his head as limp figure upon its cot. Ever heart, to his own astonishmen at enlightening those trusting He found himself explaining l he was sure her brother would b when he woke up.

There was no need, howev words of his. He saw the pitif tion of the truth break upon her of scarlet shame which stained white brow and lowered for proud young head. As Cuthb sharply away from it in an am of angry pity the girl's low, tones stopped him.

"Take care," she warned, "t ugly hole there near the windov

The lantern showed it clearly erous, jagged circle where the boarding had given way. "It when we came," the girl return to Cuthbert's exclamation. "W a requisition the first day to hav but they have never done it."

Cuthbert held the lantern looked about him. The broken tle room was brave with pathe at adornment. A cot and a cha only articles of furniture, but pl lined the bare walls, a rug hid ured floor, and a costly toilet se ered an improvised shelf. An midst of it, like an exiled flow Calvert Bevin. She had thrown some blue, shimmering cloud o lace; her white throat and a bared; over each shoulder hun rope of bronze, which caught th all its gleaming braids. All th

boyishness which had marked her had vanished; she breathed the essence of helpless, appealing womanhood.

"Do you mean to say," Cuthbert demanded savagely, driven to speech by a bewildering tumult of rage and compassion, "that you stay here in total darkness alone at night?"

"Only a few times," Calvert defended quickly the shameful figure upon the bed, "when it 's been absolutely necessary for Arthur to go back to his office at night. I 'm not afraid at all," she lied gallantly. "I have a revolver and if I am the least bit frightened I am just to shoot and my good neighbors above will come at once. Nothing has ever happened—Arthur has never been—" the sweet voice broke at the revolting word and made a touching substitute—"ill before."

"You should have told us," Cuthbert upbraided her.

Calvert faced him superbly. All the hurt pride of the girl, her bleeding spirit, that subtle antagonism, too, which had been from the first between them, blazed out upon him in her quiet answer.

"You taught me very early to ask no favors, Mr. Cuthbert. I learned my lesson pretty thoroughly that first day. It was easier to bear anything than to come to you for help. I want to thank you, though, for your kindness to my brother to-night. I think there is no need to detain you longer."

And with that Cuthbert inexplicably found himself dismissed and outside, to stand in the darkness a solitary, wrathful sentinel till dawn. His imprecations upon the female sex in general, his repeated adjurations to Darrell that day, that the Isthmus was no place for it, found a deeper expression when he found Calvert Bevin's note and the lantern he had sent her early that morning, awaiting him on his return. She thanked him for his kindness in sending it, but desired nothing to which she was not entitled, and was his sincerely, Calvert Bevin.

It was three weeks after that before he saw her again. He had established in the meantime a stern and unrelenting guard upon weak, lovable Arthur Bevin, who, much to Cuthbert's disgust, proceeded to bestow upon him a boy's ardent admiration.

"I know you must think I 'm an awful cad," Arthur confessed shamefacedly, "for what I did the other night, but it never happened before and you can bet it never will again. I appreciate too much all that Calvert 's giving up for me. Not many sisters would do it, I can tell you. I could have killed myself for coming home to her that way, but I 'd gotten a letter that day that broke me all up—I just went all to pieces when She threw me over," ended Arthur in ingenuous wretchedness.

Whereupon Cuthbert expounded eloquently his theory, but to no purpose. Arthur, despite the dictum of his hero, remained doggedly unconvinced. "You just ought to know Calvert," he ended conclusively.

Cuthbert was quite sure he did not wish to know her any better. It was enough, he told himself savagely, to have been obliged to turn nurse and policeman. He resented unspeakably, too, a picture which kept obtruding itself at the most inconvenient times, of hurt gray eyes facing him proudly from under a mass of tumbled bronze. It added strangely to his discomfort to learn from Arthur that she had been in the hospital. Even his philosophy that that was what she got by coming to Panama could not seem to ease his mind.

He was galloping back one afternoon from a tour of inspection and trying to outride the cloud of rain behind him, when he caught sight of a horse scrambling up a side trail and a familiar gleam of brown and gold beneath a wide sombrero. Cuthbert wheeled round and pursued it wrathfully. There she was, he told himself, interfering with his work again. The threatening deluge behind, however, forced him to his disagreeable duty. A tropical wetting was not the best medicine in the world for a person just up from malaria.

He had piloted Miss Bevin to the workmen's rude shelter just as the driving sheet of gray behind overtook them and swept by with vindictive violence. It was raining with the passionate, ungovernable fury of the tropics. They stood surrounded by a dense wall of liquid lead, through which the land about them gave dim, sad vistas of ragged hills and valley. The whole earth seemed to be weeping itself away.

Calvert shivered forlornly as she looked upon the sinister landscape. Little rivulets began to trickle down from the rough boards above them, and Cuthbert whipped off his coat and despite the girl's almost passionate protestations, wrapped it about her.

She was a sad contrast to the buoyant figure which had faced him that first day, —pale and thin now, her gray eyes dark with suffering. The sight of her white face, the rush of bewildering emotion it brought, their utter isolation in a world of tears, broke down any barrier of convention and stung Cuthbert into fierce expostulation.

"You ought to go home," he stormed with an angry vehemence which amazed himself. "This is no place for women— they 're only in the way. They can't do any good—they just hurt themselves."

"Oh, I know your views," Miss Bevin assured him. "That 's the reason it seems so hard that I must always be accepting help from you," she explained rather unsteadily. "Arthur and Mr. Darrell have told me how you feel,—I read it for myself in your face the first time I saw you —how you resent women coming here— how you would keep them in their proper place—" her sweet lips curled scornfully —"prettily dressed dolls weaving laurel wreaths to crown your manly brows when you come home, but to be pushed aside when it comes to the real work of the world. Well," admitted the girl bravely, a heartbreak of suffering in her young eyes and voice, "I admit I seem to be proving the truth of your theories. I could bear the heat and the roughness and the loneliness, the long days and black nights, but I had not reckoned on sickness. Oh, this cruel land—" she broke off shudderingly, "with its terrible Canal—"

"Its wonderful Canal," corrected Cuthbert sternly, in quick defense of his idol.

Calvert looked for the first time at the stalwart figure beside her. "You and the Canal are always one in my mind," she said slowly. "The same relentlessness, the same steady, implacable going ahead at any cost. That yawning cut in its march to the oceans—" she threw out her hand in an impassioned little gesture toward the great open grave below them. "Some day, though, it will be different—" the girl spoke like a young seeress, her head flung back, her wide eyes a lovely earnestness. "You wil will be a land of comfort and something higher than mere di of real homes, with women and dren. And it will be so beca women you despise."

She changed suddenly from to a tired girl again. The ligh of her eyes, and spent by her quence she leaned her weary h her horse's rough neck. "Th we shall do collectively," Calv him, trying desperately to keep of her voice and to hide her we Jupiter's mane. "You will k know, however, that individua failed. The doctor says it will before I am strong, and of cou stay here to be a drag on Artl beaten," she confessed gallantl going home."

"You can't go," cried Cuthbe The words came forth of their tion, torn from him by an i primeval, as overmastering, as moved the Stone Man to dra to his cave. "I won't let you g you understand—I want you have you—you must be my wif

They faced each other in sil moment, gray eyes clashing aga measuring and defying eac strength.

"It is very kind of you, I am girl spoke at last with measure "Believe me, I appreciate c honor you would give me. Sc little nearer than a steam shov dearer than a traction-engin what your wife would be. It i nate that I cannot accept your mous offer, but I am going hom a man who has the weakness, nancy to think that his happ with me—who is so unworthy no higher ambition than to mak piness. When I came down I not think I loved him enough- who are teaching me differen ended passionately, "It is you, bert, who are sending me to hir

She wheeled suddenly, and v gle clean bound was in her sa fore Cuthbert could stop her she flying at a reckless gallop across swept mountain.

It was three days later that Calvert said good-by to the Isthmus. To-day one sails from picturesque Cristobal, with its horseshoe fringe of graceful palms standing sentinel against the sea, its line of comfortable wire-screened cottages terminating in the "stately palace" of De Lesseps and a bronzed statue of Columbus gazing ever hopefully seaward. In 1904, however, the solitary and ramshackle wharf lay in Colon, far-famed for dirt and wickedness, and presented a dismal farewell view to the thankfully departing traveler. Calvert's sad gaze searched it while she chatted brightly with the ring of admirers that her winsome charm had won in her brief stay,—Darrell, one or two ignorant, wholesome women, machinists' wives, whose kind hearts had mothered the delicate girl, her nurses in the hospital, a couple of doctors, and some of Arthur's acquaintances who had respectfully worshiped her from afar. In the midst of one of her gayest sallies the eager group about her inexplicably melted away as Jim Cuthbert strode to her side—mysteriously impelled thereto by the tremendous compelling force of the man and the strength of his desire. Calvert found herself as effectually alone with him as they had been three days ago on the mountain.

They had not been easy days for Cuthbert, it was plain to see. He looked worn and haggard, and the lines about his eyes betokened sleepless nights. He began speaking with a hoarse and broken abruptness.

"I did n't mean to come here, God knows! I fought against it to the very end, but it was too strong for me. Darrell was right when he said you might as well fight against the law of gravitation. I *had* to see your face again. I wanted to tell you, too, that you 're right—Darrell was right. I thought I could conquer anything, but I 've met my master. No wonder you hate me—mad fool that I was! I 've paid though, in these last three days of hell, and I 'll keep on paying, Calvert, every day of all the years ahead without you. I 'd fight for you now," he cried. "I would n't let you go back to that other man, if it were n't that that 's my punishment," said Cuthbert heavily, with the new humility born of his suffering—"I know he 'd make you happier than a primeval sort of savage like me. I 'd try, but I would n't always think, the way you said he would—but I 'd love you as much—do you believe that,—Calvert—look at me—you must believe it."

Heedless of the curious eyes about them, his dark, imperious gaze, adoring, beseeching, commanding, chained and held hers. They stood looking deep into each other's souls, trembling and terrified, before the giant power which had seized their lives in its ruthless grasp, and against which a man's ambition and a woman's pride were as nothing.

"I 've tried so hard to love him," confessed the girl brokenly. "Yes, he would make a woman happier. He would never forget her for a moment—nothing would weigh with him against her happiness—he would remember, too, all the little things that make the sum of a woman's life. With you," said the girl wistfully, "life itself is so big, so filled with tremendous interests and forces, that there is no room in it for little things—and that would always hurt a woman, try as she would. He is the kind of man a woman should marry," she repeated, "but oh, God help us," she cried piteously, against her will, "you are the kind of man that we love!"

The farewell gong sounded its warning summons, the inexorable gang-plank was raised, and amid laughter and tears the *Panama* started on her homeward way as a flying messenger, bearing in his hand an important telegram, which would end weeks of anxiety and toil, sped down the wharf.

"Important news from the Canal," he panted to Cuthbert, "to be answered at once."

Cuthbert, striking the yellow slip ruthlessly from his hand, muttered:

"Damn the Canal!"

The boy fell back breathless. Cuthbert, heedless alike of his companions' amazement at his heresy, of Darrell's sadly triumphant laughter, or of the telegram fluttering into the sea, saw only a pair of yearning gray eyes across a pitilessly widening strip of ocean, and felt himself helpless against that mighty lever which moves the world.

THE FIRST PICTURE PRINTED IN THE MAGAZINE, NOVEMBER, 1870

This picture is one of the drawings made for the descriptive humorous poem "Jeremy Train—His Drive," wh
index was ascribed to "An Old Fellow," the author being Dr. J. G. Holland, the first editor of the maga

FORTY YEARS OF THIS MAGAZI

A SURVEY OF "THE CENTURY'S" PROGRESS IN THE ARTS OF ILLUSTRATION

WHEN the first number of this magazine was issued in November, 1870, the field of periodical literature in America was occupied by only one pictorial monthly of prominence. That magazine, following long-established custom, drew its pictures to a considerable extent from illustrations made for publications on the other side of the Atlantic. For a short time this magazine in slighter degree pursued a similar policy, partly from necessity, since in that day American artists with the facile touch essential to illustration were few, and wood-engravers were fewer. As process plates were then unknown, even line drawings and etchings could not be printed with text on an ordinary power-press until they had been reproduced by wood-engraving.

The first picture in the initial of this magazine, reproduced at th the page, is a fair example of the l of sketch illustration then in v America. It possesses a certain vigor, but lacks the technical s artistic feeling which, to-day, is a common as the use of pictures sort of product of the America Supply follows demand, and i waits upon a determination to old-time methods. As this mag the outset sought better art and fined engraving, new aspirations a ulated faculties came into play, result that in the short space of f the whole character of the picto was changed. A most important tion was the use of photography

ferring a drawing to the wooden block. This expedient encouraged an artist to express his most subtle skill and delicate feeling, and these, in turn, made new demands upon the engravers, who in their medium found scope for the nicest skill inspired by artistic sense. Young men and women brought a new enthusiasm to the pictorial field, and the older artists, who mostly had been educated abroad, found in the wider horizon thus created for home effort an expanding impulse which in these forty years has achieved for American art a world-wide recognition. A file of this magazine from November, 1870, will show, without argument, that in its pages were first revealed the innovations and advances in engraving, illustration, and printing which have resulted in the preëminence of American illustrated periodicals. To-day we may still contend for leadership by the zealous pursuit of our old, widely accepted ideals in art and printing; but the race is no longer reserved to a few competitors, and THE CENTURY rejoices as much in the current emulation as in its past record.

By way of illustrating the rapidity with which pictures under the stimulus imparted by THE CENTURY grew in interest, sparkle, and technical excellence, seventeen full-page drawings have been selected for comparison, from the wealth of material made expressly for the magazine. These pictures, in one sense, are far from representative, since they make no account of the small sketches and character drawings which are the life of a pictorial magazine, and often the most significant work of a born illustrator. No attempt is here made to apportion credit for merit or influence, but merely to group a few pictures which serve the purpose of

From a photograph

DR. J. G. HOLLAND,
DIED OCTOBER 12, 1881

From an engraving by David Nichols

CHARLES SCRIBNER,
DIED AUGUST 26, 1871

From a crayon portrait by Wyatt Eaton

ROSWELL SMITH,
DIED APRIL 19, 1892

THE FOUNDERS OF THE MAGAZINE

conveying a harmonious impression, in little space, of forty years of THE CENTURY'S art.

As many noted, and even famous, names in drawing and engraving are omitted from this fragmentary roster, so also are excluded the names of workers who in contributory ways have helped to advance a movement which will become historic. Yet in this brief record some reference should be made to the progressive purpose and ambition to serve their time in ideal ways of THE CENTURY'S founders and leading workers who have died in harness.

Magazine"; Dr. J. G. Holla
widely remembered, perhaps, as
novelist than as editor, died in th
year of the magazine; and Roswe
who brough
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Richard Wat
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Dr. Holland
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and continue
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vember a ye
and Charles
chester, for
five years t

From an etching by Thomas Johnson

THEODORE L. DE VINNE, SINCE 1874 PRINTER OF THE MAGAZINE

From a photograph by George C. Cox

RICHARD WATSON GILDER, ASSOCIATE EDITOR UNDER DR. HOLLAND, AND EDITOR FROM 1881 UNTIL HIS DEATH, NOVEMBER 18, 1909

From a photograph by Hollinger & Co.

ALEXANDER W. DRAKE, FIRST AND PRESENT ART DIRECTOR

THREE MAKERS OF THE MAGAZINE

Of the former, Charles Scribner, senior, passed away in the first year of the new enterprise, while his name, at first the distinguishing title of this magazine as "Scribner's Monthly," continues on the cover of our contemporary, "Scribner's

and trustee, gave the benefit of hi
ledge and taste to the work of the
ing department until his death i

Men lay down their tasks at th
of Death, but purposes and ideals
tured by the records they leave bel

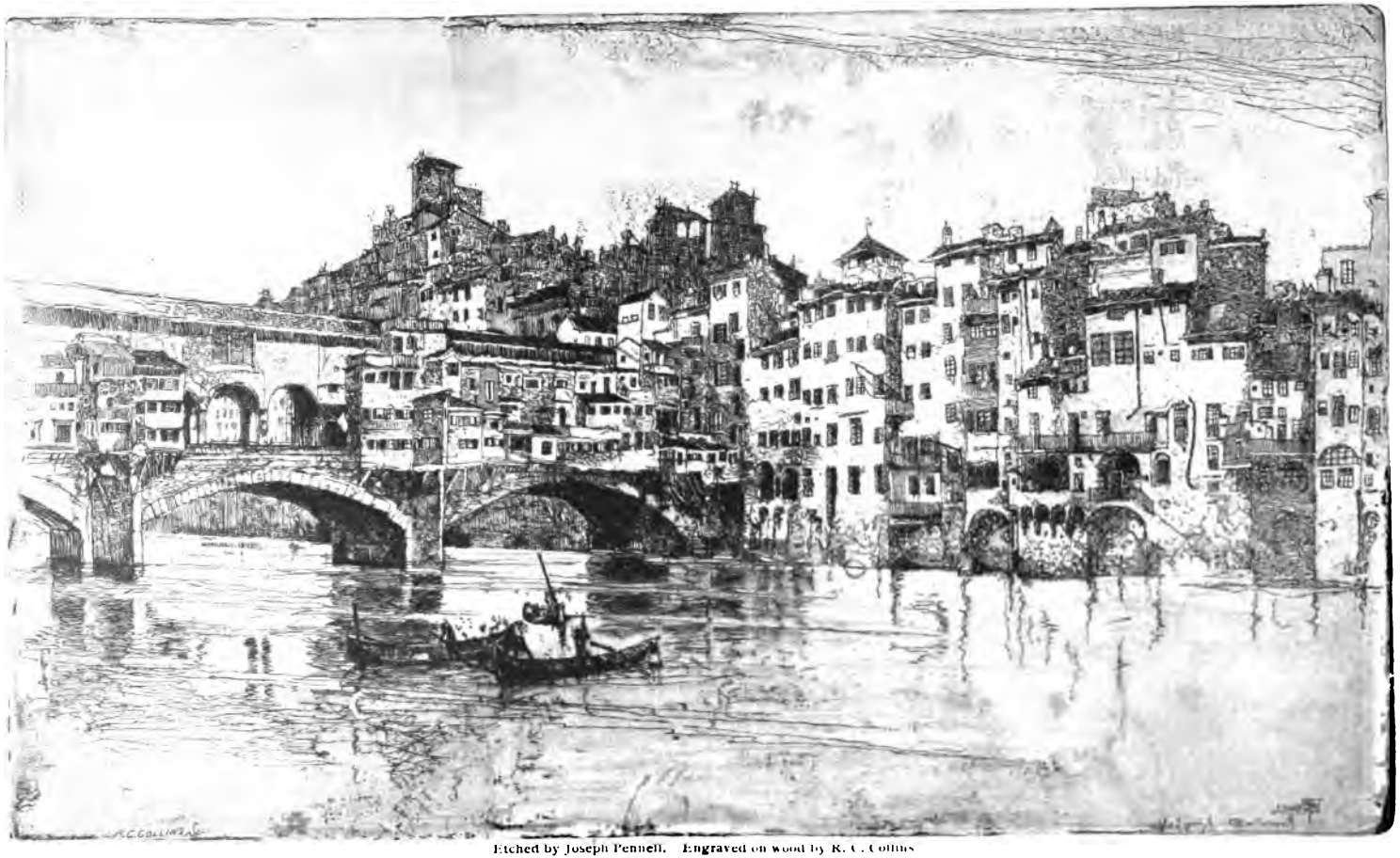
Drawn by Thomas Moran. Engraved by W. J. Linton

THE GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO

Published in this magazine, March, 1875.

Drawn by Robert Blum

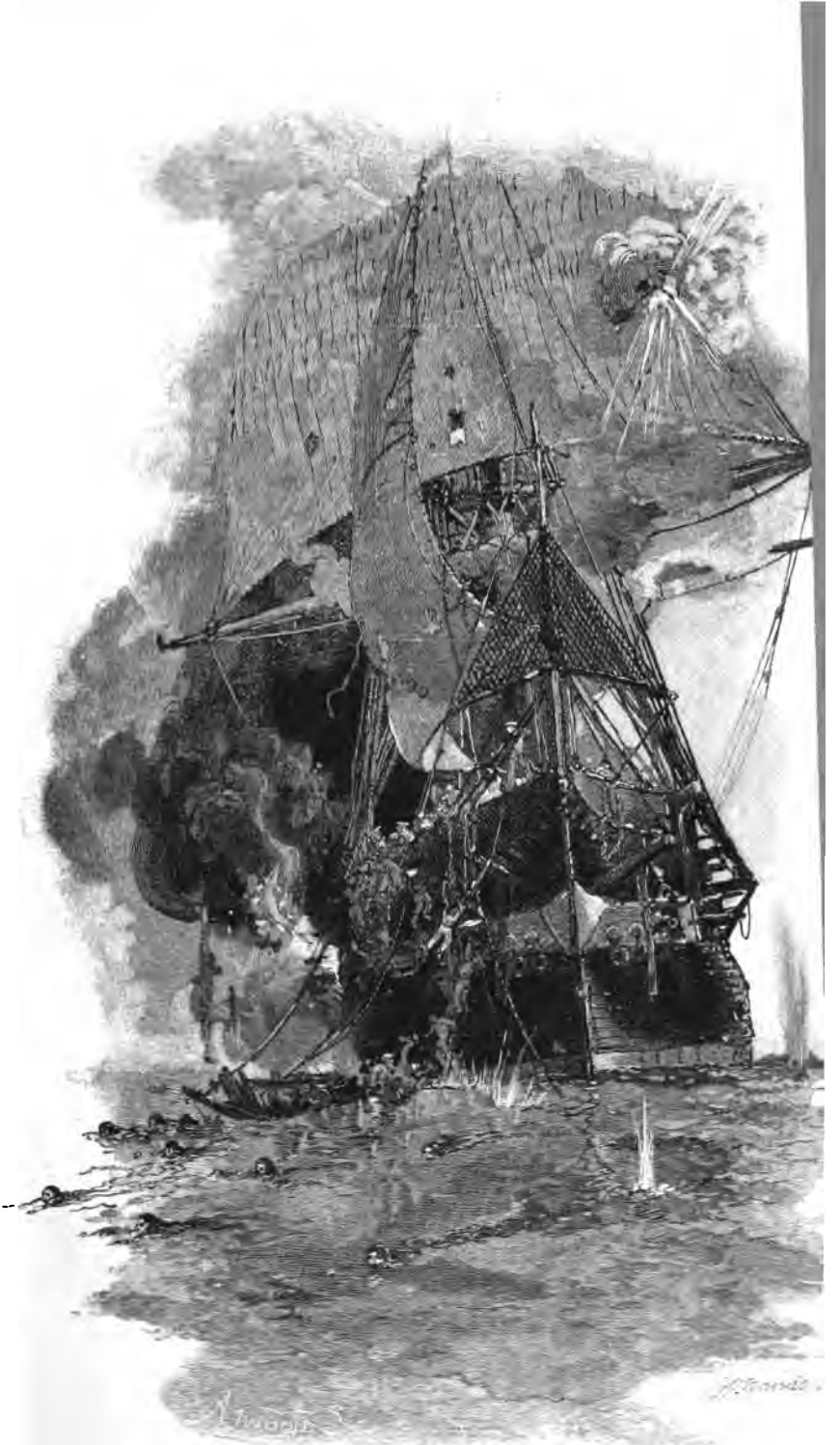
JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS "BOB ACRES"
Published in this magazine, December, 1880.



Etched by Joseph Pennell. Engraved on wood by R. C. Collins

PONTE VECCHIO, OVER THE ARNO AT FLORENCE

Published in this magazine, February, 1885.



Drawn by J. O. Davidson. Engraved on wood by K. C. Atwood

ESCAPE OF THE CREW OF THE FRIGATE "CONGRESS" (FROM THE ARTICLE IN CENTURY'S WAR SERIES ON THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE "MONITOR" AND "MERRIMAC")

Published in this magazine, March, 1885.

Drawn by E. W. Kemble

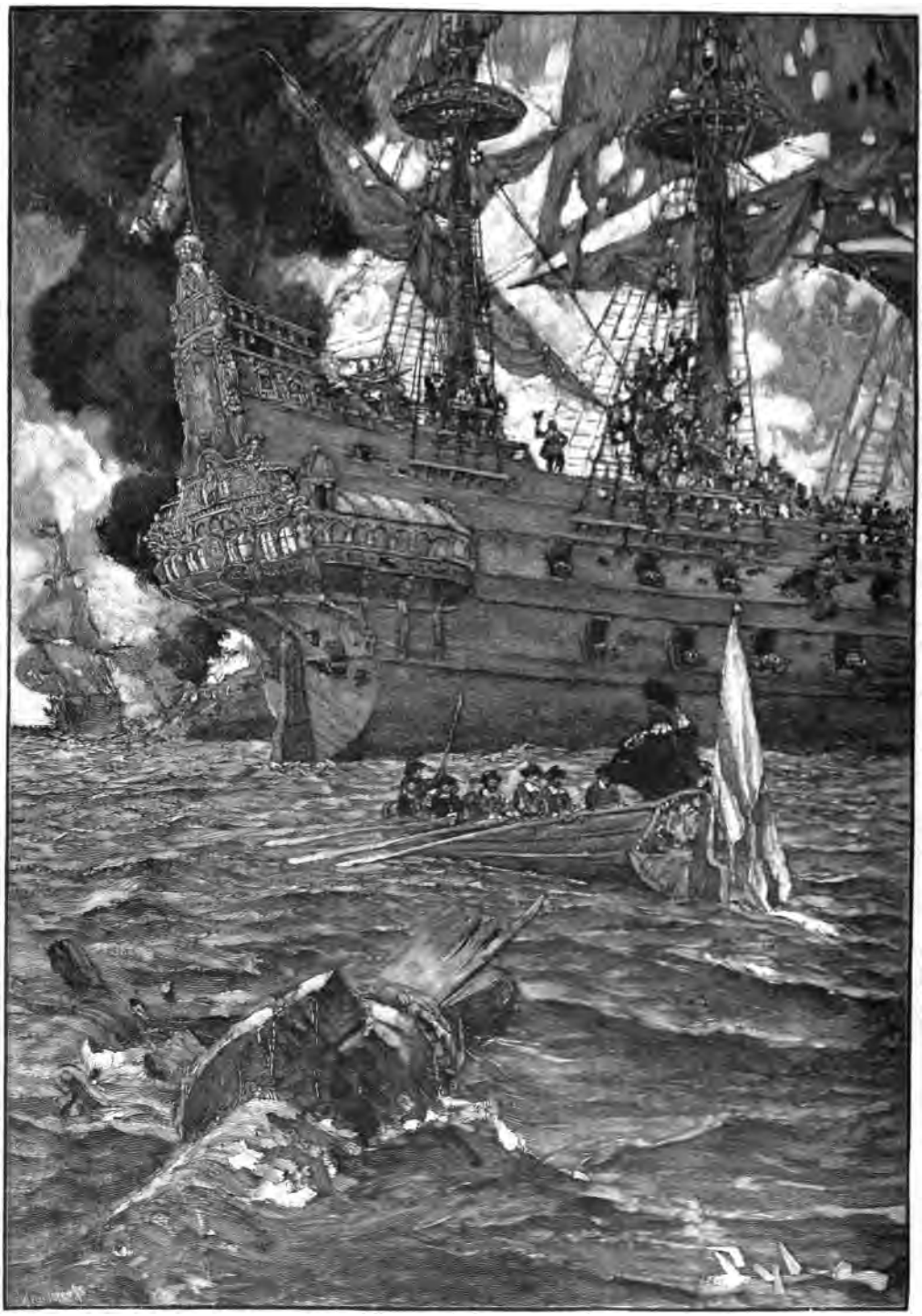
"SPERRITS!—MY GREAT GABRIEL!—LOOK AT DEM LEGS A-WAGGLIN'!"

Published in this magazine, April, 1886.

Drawn by Frederic Remington. Engraved on wood by Charles J. A. State

A FRIENDLY SCOUT SIGNALING THE MAIN COLUMN

Published in this magazine, March, 1891.



Drawn by Howard Pyle. Engraved on wood by F. H. Wellington

"THE ADMIRAL CAME IN HIS GIG OF STATE"

Published in this magazine, June, 1895.

Drawn by Louis Loeb. Half-tone plate engraved by Henry Davidson

LUCIA

Published in this magazine, July, 1900.

Drawn by Maxfield Parrish. Half-tone plate engraved by S. G. Putnam. Published in this magazine, January, 1901

STORM SONG OF THE NORSEMEN

Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

DON QUIXOTE RESOLVES TO TRAVERSE THE WORLD IN SEARCH OF ADVENTI

Published in this magazine, November, 1901.

Drawn by A. B. Frost. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill. Published in this magazine, August, 1902

BRER RABBIT: "AN', LADIES ALL, KIN YOU READ ME DIS RIDDLE"
(FOR "A WISHING SONG" BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS)

Drawn by Albert Sterner. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"THEIR FAVORITE POEM WAS 'THE LADY OF SHALOTT'"
(FOR "LITTLE DOG" BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS)

Published in this magazine, May, 1904.

Drawn by Sigismond de Ivanowski. Half-tone plate engraved by Henry Davidson

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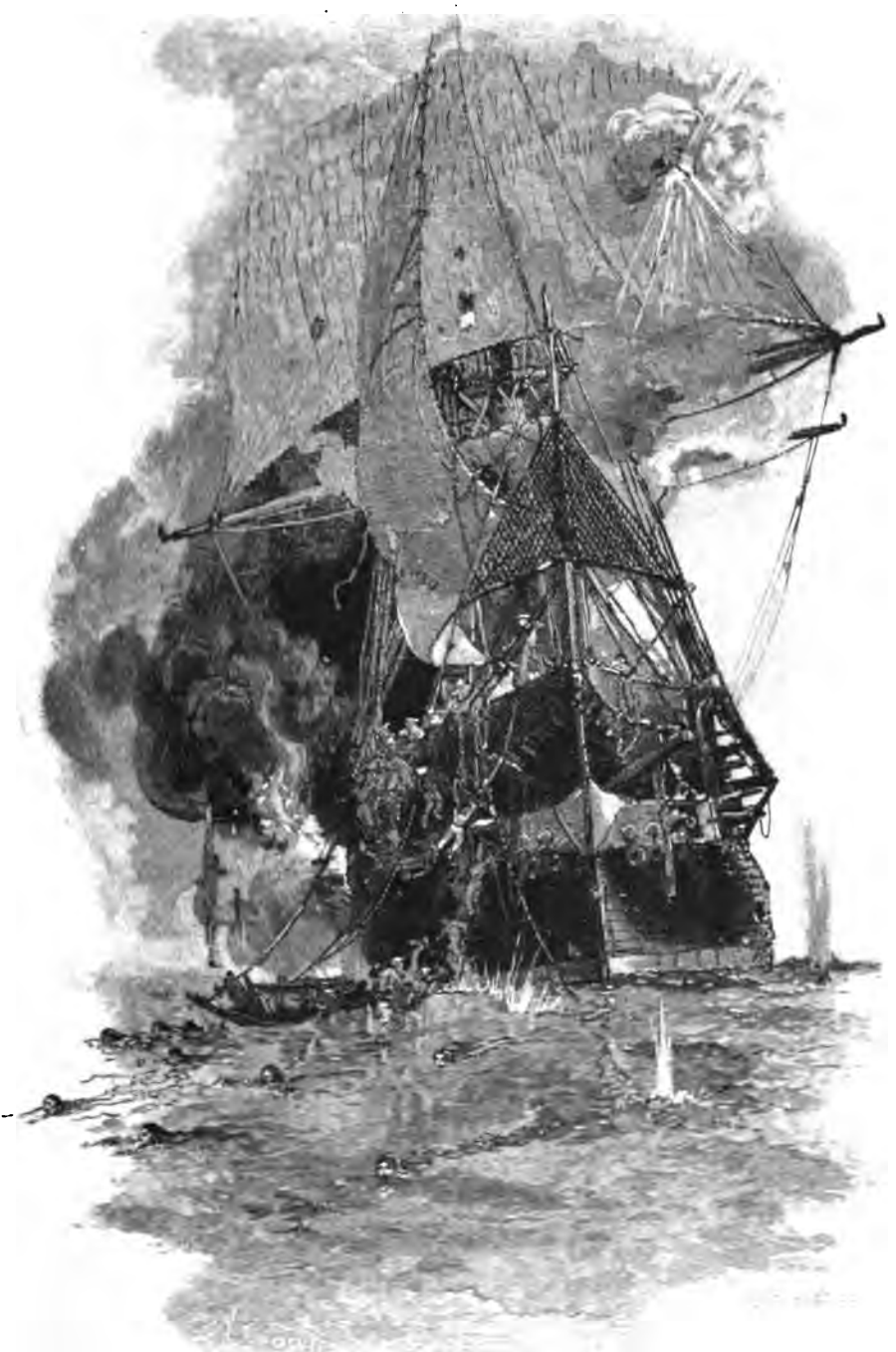

Drawn by J. O. Davidson. Engraved on wood by K. C. Atwood

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in the conduct and contents of the magazine.

And now, at the beginning of its fifth decade, THE CENTURY, in all its departments—editorial, publication, and illustration—sends a hearty greeting to its readers, hoping to be able to serve acceptably not only its present host of friends, but a large army of recruits, and to contribute to their happiness, usefulness, and prosperity.

MR. ROOSEVELT ON STRIKES

IT would be a captious critic of Mr. Roosevelt who could find any fault with his downright utterances at Columbus, Ohio, in denunciation of the violence which attended the strike of street-car employees in that city. This speech was a great, a timely, and a lasting public service. Addressing all classes of citizens, he told the strikers and their sympathizers that their use or toleration of lawlessness could not be endured, and showed them, moreover, that it was against their own best interests. He denounced the policemen who refused to obey the orders of the mayor in defense of life and property as lower than professional lawbreakers. He pointed out the folly of employers who discriminated against members of a labor-union as such, and gave counsel of order, moderation, and justice to all concerned. It was a large-minded, far-sighted view which may well be kept before every working-man and employer as a reminder of their rights and mutual duties.

It is easy to say that these are commonplaces of social order. The significance of the speech lies in the fact that Mr. Roosevelt has placed these principles correctly before the people as no other public man has dared or cared to since Grover Cleveland. In this respect he has felt the grave responsibility imposed upon him by his position and influence. The labor problem is in its present sorry condition because the leaders of public opinion in office and in the press, overawed by the working-man's boast of numbers, either have shrunk from the consideration of the labor question, or have treated it in so weak a manner as to confuse the public mind between alleged wrongs of working-men in a given contest and their tacitly asserted right to find a remedy for these wrongs in violence. But the chief responsibility is upon the leaders of the labor-unions, who, if at all, have not sufficiently discountenanced lawlessness among strikers. Men of intelligence like John Mitchell and Samuel Gompers ought to see that the interest of the working-men demands that they and their associates in leadership should systematically be preaching to their followers exactly what Mr. Roosevelt has so plainly preached in Ohio. If at the breaking out of every great strike they would visit the scene and throw their influence publicly on the side of law and order, they would obtain for their legitimate aspirations the support of thousands. The welfare of the working-men is the interest of the whole country and they have and will have all the sympathy to which they show themselves entitled.

TIMOTHY COLE IN AMERICA

IN this era of impatience with slow returns for effort, when the coefficient of speed in all things has been steadily raised with each decade—when, for example, a scant three years has given the wings of the storm to man, and already the wonder has almost ceased to astonish—it is remarkable to think of the quiet career of an artist who has devoted nearly thirty years to the serene study and the patient interpretation of the Masters of Painting. It is twenty-eight years since Mr. Cole left his country to begin the first series of these wood-engravings in presence of the great canvases and frescos. That first beautiful Italian series was followed by similar reproductions of Dutch and Flemish, English, Spanish, and French masterpieces—a few of the last remaining to be published. His mind has constantly gained in divination, his eye in subtlety of observation, and his graver in skill and resourcefulness of execution. His love of beauty and his power to express it have grown to a splendid maturity, and each new series has marked a distinguished achievement.

We count it fortunate not only for this magazine, but also for America that Mr. Cole has answered our summons to return to his country and engage in the artistic record of many of the masterpieces in American galleries. This will be, of itself, though incompletely, a revelation of the riches of painting in our private houses and art institutions. Here is such a large

Drawn by Louis Loeb. Half-tone plate engraved by Henry Davidson

LUCIA

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Drawn by Maxfield Parrish. Half tone plate engraved by S. G. Putnam. Published in this magazine, January, 1901

STORM SONG OF THE NORSEMEN

Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

DON QUIXOTE RESOLVES TO TRAVERSE THE WORLD IN SEARCH OF ADVENTURE

Published in this magazine, November, 1901.

tioned "Mr." A and blank B. "Esq." in the same sentence. The explanation was that although both were lawyers, A was not and B was "spoken of as such," an explanation from which the clearest impression I derived was that the explainer must be over fifty years of age.

The present increasing use of "Esq." is of course a piece of Anglomania. And you are to observe that the British use of the affix is by no means meaningless, but, contrariwise, of distinctly invidious meaning. Insomuch that Matthew Arnold, on visiting these shores twenty-five years ago, wrote, in one of those magazine articles which he did not see fit to collect and republish, in warm commendation of the then general American usage, as opposed to the British. In America, he said in effect, you are not compelled to decide, whenever you write a letter, whether or not you shall insult your correspondent. An Englishman, writing a letter, adjudicates the social position of the person to whom he writes it, extending or withholding "Esq." as he pleaseth, and thereby enraging those of his correspondents who are, as it were, upon the debatable verge of esquirehood. Doubtful cases must be continually arising. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker take their plain "Mr." and are thankful, if it accompany a check. A German does not, one supposes, address his tradesman as "high-well-born," and an Englishman will not make himself ridiculous and efface "the decorous distinctions of human society" by addressing his as "Esq." That suffix he reserves for those whom he adjudges worthy of it. On the other hand, when the Englishman addressed does not acquiesce in the adjudication, there are resentments and heartburnings. So has it been for at least three centuries. Open your "Merry Wives" at the beginning and read that "if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, Esquire . . . and a gentleman born, who writes himself *armigero*." It is the same thing. "Esquire," we find, is etymologically a "shield-bearer," and, as such, one of the "gentlemen entitled to bear arms" who come at the bottom of the British "Table of Precedency." Come down from the Elizabethan to the Victorian age, and read that delightful tale of the social climbers in "Barchester Towers," and how the husband and father was uplifted in spirit when his wife and daughters elbowed their way from the tenantry on the lawn to the swells in the drawing-room. "It was a great point gained by Mrs. Lookaloft, and it might be fairly expected that from this time forward the tradesmen of Barchester would, with undoubting pens, address her husband as T. Lookaloft, Esquire." And who forbears to chuckle when, in "The Rose and the Ring," he finds the forgetful but "correct" fairy godmother addressing his pair of jackboots to each of Prince Giglio's faithful friends, "Lieutenant Smith," "—— Jones, Esq."?

The obstinacy with which the Englishman "of condition" stickles for his suffix, and the scrupulosity with which he bestows it upon whomsoever he adjudges entitled to it, are illustrated by a preposterous tale in Allingham's diary, setting forth how, on one of his early visits to London, being in company with the two Rossettis and Woolner and Buchanan Read, he heard the title of an "Elegiac Poem; To N. P. Rogers, Esq., in Heaven."

"John Paul" (the late Charles Henry Webb) maintained that there was a real use for the suffix, inasmuch as a married woman might plausibly pretend to mistake her husband's letters for her own when they were superscribed "Mr." but could not decently assume that she was intended by "Esq."

To the Briton, British manners are cosmopolitan, and the British exile carries with him his insular susceptibilities, which it is well to respect. I myself have received a letter from a British exile whom I had inadvertently mistered, setting forth, almost tearfully, the particulars of his parentage and education as reasons why he should not be subjected to that indignity. Since which I always esquire an unacclimated Englishman or a stranger who gives me an "Esq."

Since I began this letter, a friend has told me that he once heard James Russell Lowell say, when asked how he addressed certain people: "I make it a rule to address a man by the highest title to which by the greatest stretch of courtesy he may be entitled." This friend, by the way, who has much correspondence, while he would address an American in this country as "Mr.," will place him on an equality with English gentlemen by giving him the "Esq." when writing to him in London.

In conclusion, let me repeat that the British usage we are importing in increased volume ceases to be meaningless, in its British use, only by becoming distinctive, which is to say invidious, and add that it is distinctly undemocratic, anti-democratic, and "un-American," as so many people say of so many things which are not so or less so. Plain "Mr." is good enough for me, and I hope for you. Whether it is or not, I let you have it, inside and out.

Always truly yours,

Mark Selby.

Mr. —— ——.

Drawn by Albert Sterner. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"THEIR FAVORITE POEM WAS 'THE LADY OF SHALOTT'"
(FOR "LITTLE DOG" BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS)
Published in this magazine, May, 1904.

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ANNA KARÉNINA

Published in this magazine, April, 1905

Drawn by Leon Gaspon. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick. Published in this magazine, January, 1906

"BUT DIS ISS ME FIRST GRAND" (FOR "BIG THURSDAY" BY ELSIE SINGMASTER)

Drawn by Jay Hambidge — Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

A WATER-VENDER AT PALERMO—"AGUA! AGUA!"

Published in this magazine, March, 1900

TOPICS OF THE TIME

A RETROSPECT OF "THE CENTURY"

IN the "Grammar of Dissent" it is said that "there is a time when egotism becomes modesty." We wonder if by any stretch of imagination that time could be thought to be the conclusion of the fortieth year of a popular magazine, and if one might indulge, in the friendly relation of editor and reader, in a bit, not of egotism, but of "we-gotism."

THE CENTURY came into existence five years after the Civil War, and it has had its share in nearly all of the important movements which have since marked the progress of the country. The magazine's policy has always been to promote national unity and to oppose sectionalism, caste pretensions, and class feeling. Its first great enterprise, in the early seventies, while the South was still bleeding from the wounds of war, was to set forth hopefully and sympathetically the records of the actual and the latent resources of that region in the illustrated series, "The Great South." Later groups of papers dealt with the Southwest and the Northwest and celebrated the prowess of "The Gold Hunters of California." In the extensive Civil War Series, the famous military and naval leaders of both sides met in historical discussion in a forum that was without prejudice. In the official Life of Lincoln, by his secretaries, Nicolay and Hay, which followed, was presented the most important biography of our era, virtually the great President's own views of the events of his time. Mr. Bates's familiar "Lincoln in the Telegraph Office" and Mr. Gilder's remarkable study of "Lincoln the Leader" added substantially to the writing on this interesting subject. The war with Spain was described by General Shafter, Admiral Sampson, and the captains of all the American ships engaged at Santiago, and in Lieutenant Hobson's admirable narrative of the *Merrimac* affair.

Moreover, the magazine has aimed at a national character by giving hospitality to the writings of men and women of all parts. From Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, and John Muir, to Mary Hallock Foote, Edwin Markham, and Jack London, many a Californian has been found in its pages. Here also were found Sidney Lanier, Joel Chandler Harris, Richard Malcolm Johnston, George W. Cable, Frances Hodgson Burnett, James Lane Allen, Thomas Nelson Page, F. Hopkinson Smith, Mrs. Burton Harrison, Irwin Russell, Charles Egbert Craddock, Harry Stilwell Edwards, John Fox, Jr., Grace King, Ruth McEnery Stuart, and other Southern writers. The West contributed to its pages Mark Twain, John Hay, Edward Eggleston, James Whitcomb Riley, Henry King, Ray Stannard Baker, Ellis Parker Butler, Finley P. Dunne, Hamlin Garland, Octave Thanet, Amelia Gere Mason, Edith M. Thomas, and a host of others, and found new interpreters in Theodore Roosevelt and Frederic Remington. The first account of the Yellowstone Park region, by Governor N. P. Langford, Major Powell's narrative of his perilous exploration by boat of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, and Cushing's Zuñi investigations, appeared in these pages. The well-known writers of the Northeast—Emerson, Bryant, Lowell, Whittier, Whitman, Saxe, Bayard Taylor, Stedman, Richard Grant White, Leland, Edward Bellamy, Stoddard, Gilder, Warner, Stillman, H. C. Bunner, Marion Crawford, O'Reilly, Donald G. Mitchell, Aldrich, Boyesen, John Bigelow, Higginson, Weir Mitchell, Andrew D. White, C. W. Eliot, Howells, W. C. Wilkinson, Schurz, Godkin, Lounsbury, Burroughs, Maurice Egan, Henry van Dyke, John Luther Long, W. H. Bishop, George E. Woodberry, W. C. Brownell, Charles de Kay, Brander Matthews, Robert Grant, Henry James, Owen Wister, and others —have broadened the note of nationality between these covers. Here have appeared

articles by well-known women like Helen Hunt, Mary Mapes Dodge, Kate Field, Constance Fenimore Woolson, Emma Lazarus, Celia Thaxter, Sarah Orne Jewett, Gail Hamilton, "Saxe Holm," Julia Ward Howe, Elizabeth Akers Allen, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Adeline Trafton, Rebecca Harding Davis, Mrs. James T. Fields, Sophia B. Herrick, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Ellen Mackay Hutchinson, Anna Bowman Dodd, Florence Earle Coates, Eliza R. Scidmore, Alice Williams Brotherton, Grace Denio Litchfield, Mrs. Piatt, Mrs. Pennell, Maud Wilder Goodwin, Bertha Runkle, Miss Robins, Kate Douglas Wiggin, and many others.

But the magazine, while representatively American, has not been narrowly so. Transatlantic and Canadian contributors have also been found in its pages. Kipling has sent some of his best work, and others who have been prominent are George MacDonald, Hans Christian Andersen, William Morris, Christina Rossetti, James Anthony Froude, Mrs. Oliphant, Philip Gilbert Hamerton, Turgenieff, Daudet, Björnson, Robert Louis Stevenson, Edmund Gosse, Andrew Lang, Austin Dobson, James Bryce, Stephen Phillips, William Watson, Richard Whiteing, A. E. W. Mason, Mrs. George Cornwallis West, Mrs. Humphry Ward (two novels), Madame Blanc ("Th. Bentzon"), Walter Besant, and innumerable others.

Time would fail to tell of the important special papers contributed to the magazine. President Cleveland here set forth the true history of the Venezuelan difficulty and of other events of his administration, to which Mr. Gilder's reminiscences made important supplement. President Taft, while Secretary of War, wrote for us on the Panama Canal. In the opinion of the enemies of the Louisiana Lottery, the *coup de grace* was given to that nefarious organization by Mr. Buel's paper in THE CENTURY for February, 1892. The papers on Great Composers by such masters as Grieg, Massenet, Gounod, Dvořák, and Saint-Saëns were succeeded by sketches and special portraits of great singers in opera. Nearly all of Frank R. Stockton's chief work appeared first in these pages and almost all of the novels by Dr. Weir Mitchell and the stories by Alice Hegan Rice. Dr. Washington Gladden here made advocacy of coöperation among churches, and Dr. W. C. Wilkinson of freedom of religious discussion. Dr. J. M. Buckley's series on "Faith-healing and Kindred Phenomena" will be remembered. In a large amount devoted to travel we mention only Mr. Rockhill's exploration of Tibet and Mr. Glave's on the Congo. Ernest Thompson-Seton's "Biography of a Grizzly" is one of the many books which have first appeared in THE CENTURY. In science Langley's articles on Astronomy, Lowell's on Mars, Tesla's paper on "The Problem of Increasing Human Energy," papers on biology by Henry Fairfield Osborn, and Madame Curie's on the discovery of Radium, are enough to suggest the aim at distinction. The great catastrophes at Martinique, Vesuvius, Messina, and San Francisco were notably treated.

Besides the Life of Lincoln, the bound volumes contain distinguished work in historical biography. Professor W. M. Sloane's "Napoleon" has taken its place as an authoritative work of great and permanent value. Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler's "Alexander the Great" was the latest fruit of scholarship in that field. Nearly half of General Grant's "Memoirs" appeared in THE CENTURY, besides General Horace Porter's "Campaigning with Grant." One may find here also John Morley's Life of Oliver Cromwell, Captain Mahan's series on Lord Nelson, Professor Winchester's papers on John Wesley, and lives of Peter the Great, Queen Anne, Franklin, Webster, and others. In the "eighties," a startling note of human sympathy was sounded across two continents by the publication of George Kennan's tragic and candid narrative of the Siberian Prison System, the influence of these papers far transcending the reaction of the present régime in Russia.

In the development of the arts in America, THE CENTURY may fairly claim more than a casual participation. A series of papers by Clarence Cook, "Beds, Tables, Stools, and Candlesticks," was the beginning of the movement of interior decoration, now a conspicuous artistic feature of the country. The magazine's leadership in the development of the American school of wood-engraving is too well-known to call for comment. It is impossible to name the many admirable illustrators it

has employed. In the encouragement of painters and sculptors and the recognition of new tendencies, it has been abreast of the time, so that its pages are a record of progress. Free art was one of its earliest articles of faith, second only to international copyright, and for both it fought in and out of season. Mr. Cole's five series of wood-engravings of the Old Masters constitute a unique, beautiful, permanently valuable contribution from America to the history of art of which THE CENTURY has a right to feel proud. Pennell's great series of drawings of English and French cathedrals, with text by Mrs. Van Rensselaer and Mrs. Pennell, combined the exactness of the architect with the charm of the artist. Maxfield Parrish's beautiful series of Italian Gardens, with Mrs. Wharton's text, made another substantial artistic contribution. More recently the two series on Egypt and the Holy Land by Mr. Hichens, with color-plates by Mr. Guérin, gave new treatment to old subjects.

The magazine has tried to promote and recognize at home and abroad the art that counts—the art that justifies its existence by power and charm. Hundreds of beautiful examples of painting and sculpture are shown in its pages, and the delightful memoirs of Millet and of Saint-Gaudens and papers by La Farge gave art-criticism of a commanding type. It has also been sympathetic to the best of the drama, and has sedulously cultivated the best exponents of the stage and the best writing concerning it—the memoirs of Salvini, Jefferson, and Madame Modjeska, the letters of Edwin Booth, and papers by Coquelin and others. It believes that we are some day to have a golden age of American drama, when the stage, newly inspired to lofty ideals, will take its place among the arts as a source of happiness and influence second only to literature.

In poetry the magazine's record is almost a complete roster of the poets of its time. In fiction it has had a catholic representation of all kinds. In this cursory backward look it is impossible, in these departments as in others, to make any adequate mention of those who have helped to give THE CENTURY its character and reputation.

Other causes that serve the people have commanded the sympathy of THE CENTURY. Its first great contest was for a larger freedom of religious thought and action. It conducted an editorial campaign of education in favor of the gold standard. A profound conviction that arbitration is a short cut to all that is gained by the savagery of war has made us constant advocates of the adoption of this machinery of peace. For twenty years we have advocated conservation of forests, being, among periodicals, long the pioneer of this movement. A deep conviction of the fundamental need of "the square deal" as between union and non-union labor has led us to oppose the violence of the boycott, the injustice of the sympathetic strike and class discrimination in favor of working-men. But we have not been silent concerning wrong uses of wealth, and we have done what we could to stimulate and applaud the awakening of capitalists to their responsibilities toward laboring men—one of the great and significant human movements of modern times—and we have described many schemes for the betterment of the poor. We have for years laid stress upon the fundamental need of a finer sense among us of law and order and of the civic duties of the individual. Believing that the measure of civilization is the status of woman, we have special interest in all that concerns her true advancement in education, in home influence, and in helpful participation in the work of the world.

This much THE CENTURY offers by way of *apologia pro vita sua.* If the accomplishment falls short of the intention, at least the intention makes a standard to which one may repair. The conductors of the magazine, with the experience and traditions of these forty years, and with constantly increasing facilities, may be pardoned for confidently expecting that the future record of THE CENTURY will not suffer by comparison with the standard already established. In order that it may be sustained, we wish, above all, to keep in close touch with our readers—that we may know what they are thinking of the magazine; what contributions they most care for—whether, for instance, they best like long novels or short stories, or whether the more serious side of the magazine most appeals to them; which of our projects they are chiefly interested in; or, for that matter, what they may not like

in the conduct and contents of the magazine.

And now, at the beginning of its fifth decade, THE CENTURY, in all its departments—editorial, publication, and illustration—sends a hearty greeting to its readers, hoping to be able to serve acceptably not only its present host of friends, but a large army of recruits, and to contribute to their happiness, usefulness, and prosperity.

MR. ROOSEVELT ON STRIKES

IT would be a captious critic of Mr. Roosevelt who could find any fault with his downright utterances at Columbus, Ohio, in denunciation of the violence which attended the strike of street-car employees in that city. This speech was a great, a timely, and a lasting public service. Addressing all classes of citizens, he told the strikers and their sympathizers that their use or toleration of lawlessness could not be endured, and showed them, moreover, that it was against their own best interests. He denounced the policemen who refused to obey the orders of the mayor in defense of life and property as lower than professional lawbreakers. He pointed out the folly of employers who discriminated against members of a labor-union as such, and gave counsel of order, moderation, and justice to all concerned. It was a large-minded, far-sighted view which may well be kept before every working-man and employer as a reminder of their rights and mutual duties.

It is easy to say that these are commonplaces of social order. The significance of the speech lies in the fact that Mr. Roosevelt has placed these principles correctly before the people as no other public man has dared or cared to since Grover Cleveland. In this respect he has felt the grave responsibility imposed upon him by his position and influence. The labor problem is in its present sorry condition because the leaders of public opinion in office and in the press, overawed by the working-man's boast of numbers, either have shrunk from the consideration of the labor question, or have treated it in so weak a manner as to confuse the public mind between alleged wrongs of working-men in a given contest and their tacitly asserted right to find a remedy for these wrongs in violence. But the chief responsibility is upon the leaders of the labor-unions, who, if at all, have not sufficiently discountenanced lawlessness among strikers. Men of intelligence like John Mitchell and Samuel Gompers ought to see that the interest of the working-men demands that they and their associates in leadership should systematically be preaching to their followers exactly what Mr. Roosevelt has so plainly preached in Ohio. If at the breaking out of every great strike they would visit the scene and throw their influence publicly on the side of law and order, they would obtain for their legitimate aspirations the support of thousands. The welfare of the working-men is the interest of the whole country and they have and will have all the sympathy to which they show themselves entitled.

TIMOTHY COLE IN AMERICA

IN this era of impatience with slow returns for effort, when the coefficient of speed in all things has been steadily raised with each decade—when, for example, a scant three years has given the wings of the storm to man, and already the wonder has almost ceased to astonish—it is remarkable to think of the quiet career of an artist who has devoted nearly thirty years to the serene study and the patient interpretation of the Masters of Painting. It is twenty-eight years since Mr. Cole left his country to begin the first series of these wood-engravings in presence of the great canvases and frescos. That first beautiful Italian series was followed by similar reproductions of Dutch and Flemish, English, Spanish, and French masterpieces—a few of the last remaining to be published. His mind has constantly gained in divination, his eye in subtlety of observation, and his graver in skill and resourcefulness of execution. His love of beauty and his power to express it have grown to a splendid maturity, and each new series has marked a distinguished achievement.

We count it fortunate not only for this magazine, but also for America that Mr. Cole has answered our summons to return to his country and engage in the artistic record of many of the masterpieces in American galleries. This will be, of itself, though incompletely, a revelation of the riches of painting in our private houses and art institutions. Here is such a large

Martin loved to repeat, was, "If the world smiles not on you and me the fault is ours." She was imaginative and sensitive, the prey of all sorts of conflicting emotions, and she lived in devout and fearsome bondage to much that her husband must have laughed at. Mansfeld, with its somber woods and cavernous hills, was a congenial haunt of gnomes and fairies. They were apt to be of the blacker sort. "In the mines," as Luther once said, "the devil teases and deceives people, makes a racket, and calls up specters before their eyes until they think they see a great heap of ore and pure silver where there is none at all. For if he can bewitch and fool men even above ground, by clear day, in the light of the sun, so that things look other than they are, he can do it still better in the mines."

Margarethe felt the spell of the evil spirits, and their terror long lingered with the boy Martin. On one occasion she thought herself and her children bewitched by an unfriendly neighbor, and there was much ado to escape the curse. Her oldest born was his mother's boy. When he reached maturity he looked remarkably like her in face and figure; and like her he was in temperament and disposition, with the stability and strength of his father's homely sense and obstinate will. In later years his mother used to say with pride that he was a dependable boy, the monitor of his brothers and sisters, to whom they all looked up, the inseparable companion and peculiar champion of James, his next younger brother.

Martin was not a pampered child. Hans and Margarethe took their parental responsibilities seriously and interpreted them rigorously. Both at home and in school discipline was harsh and sympathy scant for childish fun and frolic. The rule was that of the rod. Looking back upon his childhood, the grown man could see little of joy or cheer in it. Public opinion, when he was young, was much stricter, he tells us, than in later days in the matter of games, card-playing, dancing, theater-going, and sports of various kinds, and his parents were of the strictest. They believed in work, not play. On one occasion, for taking a trivial nut, he was beaten by his mother until the blood came. Reflecting upon it in later years, he was accustomed to assert with emphasis that discrimination and moderation ou be specially exercised in the gove of children. With them "the appl always to lie beside the rod." A serious effect upon the character over-strenuous discipline he depi the words, "Where such fear e man in childhood, it can hardly be out again as long as he lives. As trembled at every word of his fat mother, to the end of his life he i of a rustling leaf."

It is difficult to associate such quences with the great reformer, courage was his most conspicuou but he spoke out of his own exp and knew whereof he spoke. The recognized that his parents loved h meant well by him, their severity painful an impression on him that life he held them responsible for happy resolution to become a mo in his treatment of his own chil tried to make up to them for the sy he had lacked and the harshness suffered. And yet he is not the o by any means in that day, or this, been angered by a beating, and ha it hard to be reconciled again to his And if fifteen whippings in a singl ing at school are rather more tha are called upon to endure, in M case there may well have been exc provocation. A merry, high-spiri he doubtless was, mischievous, and fond of practical jokes, as years. Stupid and vicious he certai not, and kindlier handling, as h said, would as well have met th Without doubt he was treated as other boys of his class. That he become a great man nobody then and yet it is only because he was man that we know anything about hood trials and grievances, and, as self appreciated, there are worse after all, than rough treatment.

The public school, where he st young that he often had to be ca and fro by an older companion, w enough. In such a town it is ap The methods were crude and the tors inefficient, and, as was too o case, they tried to make up for th shortcomings by domineering treat the pupils under their care. The in his boyhood were "hell and purg

OPEN LETTERS

ON CLUB CANDIDACY

To a Young Man who, on Short Acquaintance, has asked me to Propose him for my Club

My dear Mr. ——

You have done me the compliment to ask me to propose you for the —— Club. I am happy to be able to say in all sincerity that, in our casual meetings, I have had only agreeable impressions of you and that I know nothing unfavorable to you, except, perhaps, the lack of *savoir-faire* in your request, which may be pardoned in view of your youth and your desire to be associated with this company of gentlemen. At your age, I might have made the same mistake.

I think you do not quite realize what a responsibility you are asking me to undertake: you do not reflect that I should have to vouch for your clubable qualities; your ability and willingness to pay your debts; your companionableness; your personal habits and character; your understanding of the scope and functions of a club; your capacity to add appreciably to the social resources of the organization; et cetera, et cetera. For all I know, you are in private life neither a chatterbox nor its negative equivalent, a dumb animal (one hardly knows which is the more out of place in a club). The fact that nearly every club contains shining examples of each species is not likely to cause a relaxation of vigilance on the part of the authorities. Very likely you would not cut extracts from the morning newspaper on the club files, or break the rule of silence in the library, or complain loudly of the service, or fail in your duty to your fellow-members to report to the committee any lack of respectful treatment by the employees. I have never heard of your whistling, and as I remember your voice it has not a depopulating penetration. You might not obtrude a discussion of your symptoms upon a group of elderly members who are enjoying the discussion of theirs. But how am I to be sure of all this? What could I say in response to a quiz by the committee on such points?

Possibly you ask my aid because you think that the fact that I was formerly one of the House Committee would be of assistance to your candidacy; but have you ever heard of a popular member of a House Committee, actual or emeritus?

Let me point out that in asking support from one who does not know you well you are taking just the wrong course, for, in club candidacy as elsewhere, weak support is worse than none. The words, "damning with faint praise," were very likely drawn from club practice during the Middle Ages. Bill Nye's convenient "duplicate letter of introduction" is nothing to the devices of club members to keep the promise to the ear and break it to the hope. They depend upon the skill and the traditions of the Committee on Membership to read between the lines of a commendation; for committees do not need as plain a hint as that of a certain man who thus kept his promise to an importunate acquaintance whom he had known (and disliked) at college:

"To the Committee on Admissions:

Gentlemen:

I have been asked by Mr. —— —— to write to you concerning his candidacy for this club. I cheerfully do so. So far as I know he has but one qualification for membership—his sex.

Respectfully yours,

—— ——."

I have heard of another that ran thus:

Gentlemen:

I have promised Mr. —— —— to write a letter to the Committee concerning his candidacy for the club. This is the letter.

Faithfully yours.

The following form has been agreed upon by committeemen of experience as the most efficacious and least resentable of letters:

"Mr. —— —— tel's me that he is a candidate for membership in the A B C Club and desires me to state to the committee my knowledge of him. In response to his request I beg to say that he is a very pleasant, good-na-

tured, well-meaning man whom I should not be at all surprised to meet in the D E F Club or the G H I."

You will sometime realize that these letters are not only excusable forms of self-defense, but an admirable species of what I may call club-patriotism. The fact is that your request to me, to which I should gladly reply favorably if it were possible, reveals that you are lacking in intimate friends among members of the club. This sort of support, unless there be other considerations of great force, is and ought to be the prerequisite of candidacy. If I am mistaken in my assumption, let me advise you to search out your most intimate friend in the club,—one who has known you as a brother; preferably one who has lent you money and received it back; if possible one who has quarreled with you,—for there is such a thing as quarreling like a gentleman,—and, having obtained his consent to champion your candidacy, consult with him as to your other friends in the club and then leave your cause in their hands.

I am old enough not to take offense easily, but let me say that to ask others, yourself, is bad policy as well as (pardon me) being considered a violation of one of the first rules of gentlemanliness, never to put another "in a hole." If these gentlemen are persons upon whom you have the claim of friendship, they will forward your case with tact; but be sure that if you have an enemy in the world, his hand is likely to be revealed in the outcome.

But, when all is done, remember that a club is not a court of justice determining your merits pro and con, but that it is a company of men among whom the minority rules, and who are under no sort of obligation to give a reason for their opposition to you, but who, as Emerson says, write over their doors the word "whim." Finally, if you are defeated or withdrawn, do not take it too seriously as a sort of social ostracism. Many an excellent fellow of admirable qualities and some very distinguished men have failed to pass the tests of this club, which tradition says are only less stringent than those of the Day of Judgment.

With personal good wishes, frankly, but I hope not unkindly, yours,

Sylvester Menlo.

ON THE USE OF "ESQ."

To a Correspondent who draws a Class Distinction

My dear ——

Your letter was very welcome. Everything about it has given me pleasure, with two exceptions, which, indeed, were not in it, but strictly "about" it, one being the address at the bottom and the other the superscription. In both places you append to my name the affix "Esq."

You will be astonished, I dare say, to have me even take notice of so purely perfunctory and conventional an addition. No doubt you used it either without a thought or else with a pleasant consciousness that, of the two forms of address, the suffixed "Esq." is a trifle more up-to-date and "smarter" than the prefixed "Mr.," and so more desirable. There is no question that "Esq." is gaining ground. Twice as many of my letters carry it now as did those of ten years ago, or even five. Curiously, your joining the procession having incited me to look up the word, I read in my Century Dictionary, first published about twenty years ago, that "the abbreviated Esq. or Esqr. is appended to any man's name as a mere mark of respect, though this practice is becoming less prevalent than formerly." A new edition, in this year of grace, would, in my opinion, have to substitute "more" for "less."

That it means nothing would be, perhaps, in spite of the scriptural admonition against "idle words," a relevant reason for not objecting to its use. Austere republicans have I known in my time, and not even Quakers, though "less prevalent than formerly," who withheld any "mark of respect" from their addresses, "Mr." or "Esq.," doubtless upon the ground that either was an idle word, and that they would not lend their countenance to meaningless flummery. In the days of the greater prevalence of these stern souls, nobody was tagged "Esq." but a lawyer. This old-fashioned use was purely American. How it came about nobody can now tell. One may conjecture that, since a clergyman was entitled to "Rev." before his name, and a physician to an M.D. after his, it was felt that some distinctive and honorific handle should attach to the name of a practitioner of the third of the "liberal professions." Only a few months ago, I was reading in a newspaper its explanation why it had men-

tioned "Mr." A and blank B. "Esq." in the same sentence. The explanation was that although both were lawyers, A was not and B was "spoken of as such," an explanation from which the clearest impression I derived was that the explainer must be over fifty years of age.

The present increasing use of "Esq." is of course a piece of Anglomania. And you are to observe that the British use of the affix is by no means meaningless, but, contrariwise, of distinctly invidious meaning. Insomuch that Matthew Arnold, on visiting these shores twenty-five years ago, wrote, in one of those magazine articles which he did not see fit to collect and republish, in warm commendation of the then general American usage, as opposed to the British. In America, he said in effect, you are not compelled to decide, whenever you write a letter, whether or not you shall insult your correspondent. An Englishman, writing a letter, adjudicates the social position of the person to whom he writes it, extending or withholding "Esq." as he pleaseth, and thereby enraging those of his correspondents who are, as it were, upon the debatable verge of esquirehood. Doubtful cases must be continually arising. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker take their plain "Mr." and are thankful, if it accompany a check. A German does not, one supposes, address his tradesman as "high-well-born," and an Englishman will not make himself ridiculous and efface "the decorous distinctions of human society" by addressing his as "Esq." That suffix he reserves for those whom he adjudges worthy of it. On the other hand, when the Englishman addressed does not acquiesce in the adjudication, there are resentments and heartburnings. So has it been for at least three centuries. Open your "Merry Wives" at the beginning and read that "if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, Esquire . . . and a gentleman born, who writes himself *armigero*." It is the same thing. "Esquire," we find, is etymologically a "shield-bearer," and, as such, one of the "gentlemen entitled to bear arms" who come at the bottom of the British "Table of Precedency." Come down from the Elizabethan to the Victorian age, and read that delightful tale of the social climbers in "Barchester Towers," and how the husband and father was uplifted in spirit when his wife and daughters elbowed their way from the tenantry on the lawn to the swells in the drawing-room. "It was a great point gained by Mrs. Lookaloft, and it might be fairly expected that from this time forward the tradesmen of Barchester would, with undoubting pens, address her husband as T. Lookaloft, Esquire." And who forbears to chuckle when, in "The Rose and the Ring," he finds the forgetful but "correct" fairy godmother addressing his pair of jackboots to each of Prince Giglio's faithful friends, "Lieutenant Smith," "—— Jones, Esq."?

The obstinacy with which the Englishman "of condition" stickles for his suffix, and the scrupulosity with which he bestows it upon whomsoever he adjudges entitled to it, are illustrated by a preposterous tale in Allingham's diary, setting forth how, on one of his early visits to London, being in company with the two Rossettis and Woolner and Buchanan Read, he heard the title of an "Elegiac Poem; To N. P. Rogers, Esq., in Heaven."

"John Paul" (the late Charles Henry Webb) maintained that there was a real use for the suffix, inasmuch as a married woman might plausibly pretend to mistake her husband's letters for her own when they were superscribed "Mr." but could not decently assume that she was intended by "Esq."

To the Briton, British manners are cosmopolitan, and the British exile carries with him his insular susceptibilities, which it is well to respect. I myself have received a letter from a British exile whom I had inadvertently mistered, setting forth, almost tearfully, the particulars of his parentage and education as reasons why he should not be subjected to that indignity. Since which I always esquire an unacclimated Englishman or a stranger who gives me an "Esq."

Since I began this letter, a friend has told me that he once heard James Russell Lowell say, when asked how he addressed certain people: "I make it a rule to address a man by the highest title to which by the greatest stretch of courtesy he may be entitled." This friend, by the way, who has much correspondence, while he would address an American in this country as "Mr.," will place him on an equality with English gentlemen by giving him the "Esq." when writing to him in London.

In conclusion, let me repeat that the British usage we are importing in increased volume ceases to be meaningless, in its British use, only by becoming distinctive, which is to say invidious, and add that it is distinctly undemocratic, anti-democratic, and "un-American," as so many people say of so many things which are not so or less so. Plain "Mr." is good enough for me, and I hope for you. Whether it is or not, I let you have it, inside and out.

Always truly yours,

Mark Selby.

Mr. —— ——.

she was "never able to finish a sentence." But these were both generalizations of the sort that, outside of an editorial page, one ought not to permit himself. In the critical discipline of home life nothing is so conducive to discord as generalization. You may say to your wife with little offense: "My dear, why did you drop the cat down the well this morning?" but it is fatal to harmony to say, "My dear, why do you *always* drop the cat down the well?"

Now, there are times when interruptions alone are exasperating enough; but interruptions with generalizations are simply maddening. Alas! I realize that it was one of these double errors on my part that was the occasion of my taking-off. It was at dinner and Mrs. McMortimer—think of it, my own wife!—was the one to deal the fatal—

But I have promised to spare the reader details. Suffice it to say, then, that despite my wife's great provocation and despite all the efforts of her lawyers, friends, and family to obtain her acquittal she was finally convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to the penitentiary at Sing Sing for a term of twelve years! How vividly I see every incident in the terrible train of events!

When she was once in prison, in the full light of publicity, a reaction in her favor set in. Public opinion that had not supported her during the trial was horrified that a woman who had lived above Fourteenth Street, of gentle nurture and habits, and with her name in all the social blue-books, should actually be incarcerated, and a movement was started by a newspaper of failing circulation to avail itself of the popular feeling. The women's clubs took up the cause. Petitions of uniform size were placed in all the shops and in other public places, praying the governor to issue a pardon on the ground of justifiable insanity. The principle of the sympathetic boycott was effectively used. On the streets and in the parks nursemaids in the families of those who signed the petition refused to speak to nursemaids of those who did not sign, and this social ostracism, cutting off the daily supply of backstairs gossip from household to household, compelled employers to join in the movement. By the employment of the endless chain and the tag system, these petitions were so generally signed as to increase the confidence of the municipal authorities that the next census would show New York to be the most largely populated city in the world. Many signatures were by proxy. As may be presumed, my opportunities for scrutinizing the lists were exceptional, and I was not at all surprised to see that the very first name on the petition was my own!

A delay of three months was necessary in order to build a special flat-boat large enough to carry to Albany the huge cylindrical petition. In due course of time it was presented to the Governor in Albany at a banquet at the Capitol, the side of the building being knocked out to admit of the presentation of one end of the roll. All sorts of pressure was brought to bear upon the State's executive. It was clearly impressed upon him that he would be socially ostracized if he did not comply and that his political future would be behind him. Man of iron will as he was, and a stanch defender of the courts, he was somewhat of an opportunist, and his human nature, some of which had survived the Spanish War, was deeply touched, and he finally announced that a pardon would be granted. Moreover, he saw that to appease popular clamor he not only would have to issue a pardon, but that the event would have to be carried off in the most graceful manner.

I can distinctly recall the scene at Sing Sing when the Governor came to dedicate—I mean to present the pardon. The yard of the prison was crowded, for it was a veritable occasion of festivity. It was Saturday afternoon of a mild March day. The Metropolitan Opera House had been deserted because the patrons had flocked to the prison, going by excursion boats and special trains. Flags were flying everywhere throughout the village and along the route of the Governor's approach. Prison rules were relaxed that the inmates might see the ceremony, which took place in the quadrangle, to which admittance was by visiting-card. At the appointed hour (preceded by his body-guard of Rough Riders, who, to do them justice, on this occasion rode very smoothly) the Governor, in full evening dress, appeared in a chariot of gold drawn by six white horses. The sternness of duty and the gentleness of mercy struggled in his face. His expression, sometimes one of suavity and sometimes one of savagery, was so mingled of the two as only properly to be described as *suavagery*. As he descended upon a superb Turkish rug and advanced to meet Mrs. McMortimer, she was seen to be clothed in white samite with a wreath of laurel on her brow, as was becoming in the guest of honor. The acclaim of the multitude was taken up by the decorated battleships in the river and it was many minutes before the Governor could venture to speak. He then advanced, smiling, and, gracefully falling upon one knee, extended a parchment with red seals which one of his staff, in white satin, had handed to him. He recited the situation briefly and closed by praying her to accept the pardon by way of

Drawn by Malcolm Fraser

THE LILIE INN AT ERFURT, WHICH LUTHER IS SAID TO HAVE FREQUENTED

his scholar's cap and insisted that his teachers should do the same, because of the mayors, chancellors, doctors, and rulers of the future who occupied the benches. The teaching was of the best, and was in sharp contrast to the sort that Martin had hitherto enjoyed, or suffered. He here came in contact with the new humanistic spirit and methods for the first time, and he distinguished himself among his fellow-pupils for his aptitude in language and literature. In the congenial atmosphere of home and school he developed rapidly and used his social advantages to so good effect and made such progress in his studies that at seventeen he entered the university of Erfurt, the greatest of the German universities of the day, attractive enough to win many friends, and well enough prepared to take his bachelor's degree at the end of a year.

Here he encountered new experiences. Erfurt was a rich and populous city, in the heyday of its prosperity, "plagued," as one of its preachers said, "with plenty, as other places with want," proud of its

Copied from the original portrait by E. A. Schmidt

MARTIN LUTHER'S MOTHER

FROM THE PAINTING BY LUCAS CRANACH IN THE WARTBURG, EISENACH

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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MARTIN LUTHER AND HIS WORK

FIRST PAPER: BOYHOOD AND YOUTH

BY ARTHUR C. McGIFFERT

Professor of Church History in Union Theological Seminary, New York

GREAT men need not that we praise them; the need is ours that we know them. They are our common heritage. Whether we be of their faith or of another, whether our fathers fought with them or with their enemies, whether we stand where they stood or have traveled far on ways they dreamed not of, we are the richer that they lived.

Martin Luther was very human and very lovable, strikingly like our own Lincoln in his quaint humor, his homeliness of speech, his human sympathies, his simplicity of character, his clearness of vision. He came, as so many of the world's great men come, of peasant stock. "I am a peasant's son; my father, my grandfather, and my great-grandfather were genuine peasants," he was accustomed to say, not without a touch of pride, and in spite of his opinion that "there is as little sense in boasting of one's ancestry as in the devil's priding himself on his angelic lineage." He was of the common people and was glad of it. It was one of the secrets of his power. "Rich people's children," he once remarked, "seldom turn out well. They are complacent, arrogant, and conceited, and think they need to learn nothing because they have enough to live on, anyway. On the contrary, poor men's sons must labor to lift themselves out of the dust and must endure greatly. And because they have nothing to boast about or pride themselves upon, they trust God, control themselves, and keep still. The poor fear God, therefore He gives them good heads that they may study, become educated and intelligent, and be able to assist princes, kings, and emperors with their wisdom."

Luther's family was not of the lowest class. For generations his ancestors had owned their house and farm in the village of Möhra on the western side of the Thuringian hills. There are still Luthers in the same tiny hamlet, changed perhaps as little as the place itself. Common custom, singularly careful of those who most needed care, made the youngest child heir of the ancestral home, and Hans Luther, an older son, after marrying Margarethe

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MARTIN LUTHER'S FATHER

FROM THE PAINTING BY LUCAS CRANACH IN THE WARTBURG, EISENACH

Martin loved to repeat, was, "If the world smiles not on you and me the fault is ours." She was imaginative and sensitive, the prey of all sorts of conflicting emotions, and she lived in devout and fearsome bondage to much that her husband must have laughed at. Mansfeld, with its somber woods and cavernous hills, was a congenial haunt of gnomes and fairies. They were apt to be of the blacker sort. "In the mines," as Luther once said, "the devil teases and deceives people, makes a racket, and calls up specters before their eyes until they think they see a great heap of ore and pure silver where there is none at all. For if he can bewitch and fool men even above ground, by clear day, in the light of the sun, so that things look other than they are, he can do it still better in the mines."

Margarethe felt the spell of the evil spirits, and their terror long lingered with the boy Martin. On one occasion she thought herself and her children bewitched by an unfriendly neighbor, and there was much ado to escape the curse. Her oldest born was his mother's boy. When he reached maturity he looked remarkably like her in face and figure; and like her he was in temperament and disposition, with the stability and strength of his father's homely sense and obstinate will. In later years his mother used to say with pride that he was a dependable boy, the monitor of his brothers and sisters, to whom they all looked up, the inseparable companion and peculiar champion of James, his next younger brother.

Martin was not a pampered child. Hans and Margarethe took their parental responsibilities seriously and interpreted them rigorously. Both at home and in school discipline was harsh and sympathy scant for childish fun and frolic. The rule was that of the rod. Looking back upon his childhood, the grown man could see little of joy or cheer in it. Public opinion, when he was young, was much stricter, he tells us, than in later days in the matter of games, card-playing, dancing, theater-going, and sports of various kinds, and his parents were of the strictest. They believed in work, not play. On one occasion, for taking a trivial nut, he was beaten by his mother until the blood came. Reflecting upon it in later years, he was accustomed to assert with emphasis that discrimination and moderation ou be specially exercised in the gove of children. With them "the apple always to lie beside the rod." A serious effect upon the character over-strenuous discipline he depic the words, "Where such fear er man in childhood, it can hardly be out again as long as he lives. As h trembled at every word of his fath mother, to the end of his life he is of a rustling leaf."

It is difficult to associate such quences with the great reformer, courage was his most conspicuous but he spoke out of his own expe and knew whereof he spoke. Tho recognized that his parents loved h meant well by him, their severity n painful an impression on him that i life he held them responsible for l happy resolution to become a mon in his treatment of his own child tried to make up to them for the sy he had lacked and the harshness suffered. And yet he is not the or by any means in that day, or this, w been angered by a beating, and has it hard to be reconciled again to his And if fifteen whippings in a single ing at school are rather more tha are called upon to endure, in M case there may well have been exce provocation. A merry, high-spirit he doubtless was, mischievous, p and fond of practical jokes, as i years. Stupid and vicious he certain not, and kindlier handling, as he said, would as well have met the Without doubt he was treated as other boys of his class. That he become a great man nobody then re and yet it is only because he was man that we know anything about h hood trials and grievances, and, as h self appreciated, there are worse after all, than rough treatment.

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MARTIN LUTHER'S FATHER

FROM THE PAINTING BY LUCAS CRANACH IN THE WARTBURG, EISENACH

Martin loved to repeat, was, "If the world smiles not on you and me the fault is ours." She was imaginative and sensitive, the prey of all sorts of conflicting emotions, and she lived in devout and fearsome bondage to much that her husband must have laughed at. Mansfeld, with its somber woods and cavernous hills, was a congenial haunt of gnomes and fairies. They were apt to be of the blacker sort. "In the mines," as Luther once said, "the devil teases and deceives people, makes a racket, and calls up specters before their eyes until they think they see a great heap of ore and pure silver where there is none at all. For if he can bewitch and fool men even above ground, by clear day, in the light of the sun, so that things look other than they are, he can do it still better in the mines."

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It is difficult to associate such consequences with the great reformer, whose courage was his most conspicuous trait, but he spoke out of his own experience, and knew whereof he spoke. Though he recognized that his parents loved him and meant well by him, their severity made so painful an impression on him that in later life he held them responsible for his unhappy resolution to become a monk, and in his treatment of his own children he tried to make up to them for the sympathy he had lacked and the harshness he had suffered. And yet he is not the only boy by any means in that day, or this, who has been angered by a beating, and has found it hard to be reconciled again to his father. And if fifteen whippings in a single morning at school are rather more than most are called upon to endure, in Martin's case there may well have been exceptional provocation. A merry, high-spirited boy he doubtless was, mischievous, perhaps, and fond of practical jokes, as in later years. Stupid and vicious he certainly was not, and kindlier handling, as he often said, would as well have met the need. Without doubt he was treated as well as other boys of his class. That he was to become a great man nobody then realized, and yet it is only because he was a great man that we know anything about his boyhood trials and grievances, and, as he himself appreciated, there are worse things, after all, than rough treatment.

The public school, where he started so young that he often had to be carried to and fro by an older companion, was poor enough. In such a town it is apt to be. The methods were crude and the instructors inefficient, and, as was too often the case, they tried to make up for their own shortcomings by domineering treatment of the pupils under their care. The schools in his boyhood were "hell and purgatory,"

BRONZE STATUE OF MARTIN LUTHER IN EISLEBEN

It is by Siemering, and was unveiled in 1883 on the four-hundredth anniversary of Luther's birth.

"Let 's have the mystery," he added, leaning his elbows on his just dried manuscript, and resting his sharp little chin on his doubled fists.

Yet Malling had hinted at no mystery, and had come without saying he was coming.

"You know a clergyman called Marcus Harding?" said Malling.

"Of St. Joseph's. To be sure, I do."

"Do you know also his senior curate, Henry Chichester?"

"No."

"Have you heard of him?"

"Oh dear, yes. And I fancy I 've seen him at a distance."

"You heard of him from Harding, I suppose."

"Exactly, and Harding's wife."

"Oh, from Lady Sophia!"

"Who hates him like prussic acid."

"Since when?" said Malling, emphatically.

"I could n't say. But I was only aware of the fact about a month ago."

"Have you any reason to suppose that Harding has been making any experiments?"

"In church music, biblical criticism, or what?"

"Say in psychical research?"

"No."

"Or that Chichester has?"

"No."

"Has n't Harding ever talked to you on the subject?"

"He has tried to," said the professor, rather grimly.

"And you did n't encourage him?"

"When do I encourage clergymen to talk about psychical research?"

Malling could not help smiling.

"I have some reason—at least I believe so—to suppose that Harding and his curate Chichester have been making some experiments in directions not entirely unknown to us," he observed. "And what is more" —he paused—"what is more," he continued, "I am inclined to think that those experiments may have been crowned with a success they little understand."

Down went the professor's fists, his head was poked forward in Malling's direction, and his small eyes glittered almost like those of a glutton who sees a feast spread before him.

"The experiments of two clergymen in psychical research crowned with success!" he barked out. "If so, I shall see what I can do in the pulpit—the Abbey pulpit!"

He got up, and walking slightly sidewise, with his hands hanging, and his fingers opening and shutting, went over to a chair close to Malling's.

"Get on!" he said.

"I 'm going to. I want your advice."

When Malling had finished what he had to say, the professor, who had interrupted him two or three times to ask pertinent questions, put his hands on his knees and thrust his head forward.

"You said you wanted advice," he said. "What about?"

"I wish you to advise me how I had better proceed."

"You really think the matter important?" asked the professor.

Malling looked slightly disconcerted.

"You don't?" he said.

"You are deducing a great deal from not very much. That 's certain," observed the professor.

"You never knew Chichester," retorted Malling. "I did—two years ago."

"Suppose you are right, suppose these two reverend gentlemen have done something such as you suppose, and that there has been a result, a curious result, what have we to do with it? Tell me that."

"You mean that I have no right to endeavor to make a secret investigation into the matter. But I 'm positive both the men want help from me. I don't say either of them will ask it. But I 'm certain both of them want it."

"Two clergymen!" said the professor. "Two clergymen! That 's the best of it—if there is an it, which there may not be."

"Harding spoke very warmly of you."

"Good-believing man! Now, I do wonder what he 's been up to. I do wonder. Perhaps he 'd have told me but for my confounded habit of sarcasm, my way of repelling the amateur—repelling!" His arms flew out. "There 's so much silliness beyond all bearing, credulity beyond all the patience of science. Table-turning women, feminine men! 'The spirits guide me, Professor, in every smallest action of my life!'—Wuff!—the charlatan battens and breeds. And the bile rises in one till Carlyle on his worst day might have hailed one as a brother bilious, and so denunciatory—Jeremiah nervously dyspeptic! And

when you opened your envelop and drew out a couple of clergymen, really, really! But perhaps I was in a hurry! Clergymen in a serious fix, too, because of unexpected and not understood success! And I talk of repelling the *amateur!"*

Suddenly he paused and, with his bushy eyebrows twitching, looked steadily at Malling.

"I leave it to you," he said. "Take your own line. But don't forget that, if there 's anything in it, development will take place in the link. The link will be a center of combat. The link will be an interesting field for study."

"The link?" said Malling, interrogatively.

"Goodness gracious me! Her ladyship! Her ladyship!" cried out the professor. "What are you about, Malling?"

And he refused to say another word on the matter till Malling, after much more conversation on other topics, got up to go. Then, accompanying him to the front door, the professor said:

"You know *I* think it 's probably all great nonsense."

"What?"

"Your two black-coated friends. You bustle along at such a pace. Remember, I have made more experiments than you have, and I have never come upon an exactly similar case. I don't know whether such a thing can be. No more do you—you 've guessed. Now, guessing is not at all scientific. At the same time you 've proved you can be patient. If there is anything in this it 's profoundly interesting, of course."

"Then you advise me—?"

"If in doubt, study Lady Sophia. Good night."

As Malling went away into the darkness he heard the professor snapping out to himself, as he stood before his house bareheaded:

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings! *Très bien!* But—reverend gentlemen of St. Joseph's! I shall have to look for telergic power in my acquaintance Randall Cantuar, when I want it! By Jove!"

"If in doubt, study Lady Sophia." As Malling thought over these parting words, he realized their wisdom and wondered at his own short-sightedness.

He had sent his cards to Onslow Gardens after the luncheon with the Hardings. He wished now he had called and asked for Lady Sophia. But doubtless he have an opportunity of being wi again. If she did not offer him c would make one for himself.

He longed to see her with Henr chester.

During the days that elapsed "Hornton Street, Wednesday" he ered a certain matter with sedulou His interview with Stepton had nc fruitless. Stepton always made an on his mind. Casual and jerky thou manner was, obstinate as were his s at certain moments, fragmentary i his speech, he had a way of darting essential that set him apart from men. Malling remembered a h thing he had once seen in the Sal running gazelle killed by a falcon. falcon, rising high in the blue air, h lowed the gazelle, had circled, poise shot down and, with miraculous struck into the gazelle's eye. Une from above it had chosen out of tl desert the home for its cruel beak. what in similar fashion, so M thought, Stepton rose above thing cled, poised, sank, and struck in heart of the truth unerringly.

Perhaps he was able to do this b he was able to mount, falconwise!

Malling would have given a goo to have Stepton with him in this despite the professor's repellent a toward the amateur. Well, if there was anything in it, if strangeness rc of the orthodox bosom of St. Josep he—Malling—found himself walk thick darkness, he meant to bring S into the matter, whether at Steptoi sire or against it. Meanwhile he see if there was enlightenment in H Street.

On the Wednesday the spell of fin ther which had made London look str vivacious broke up, and in the e rain fell with a gentle persistence. grayness took the town. A breath deep autumn was in the air. Ar strange sadness of cities, which is l other sadness, held the spirit of I Malling as he walked under an un in the direction of Kensington Street. He walked, to shake off c sion. But in his effort he did not su All that he saw deepened his melar the soldiers starting out vaguely fro

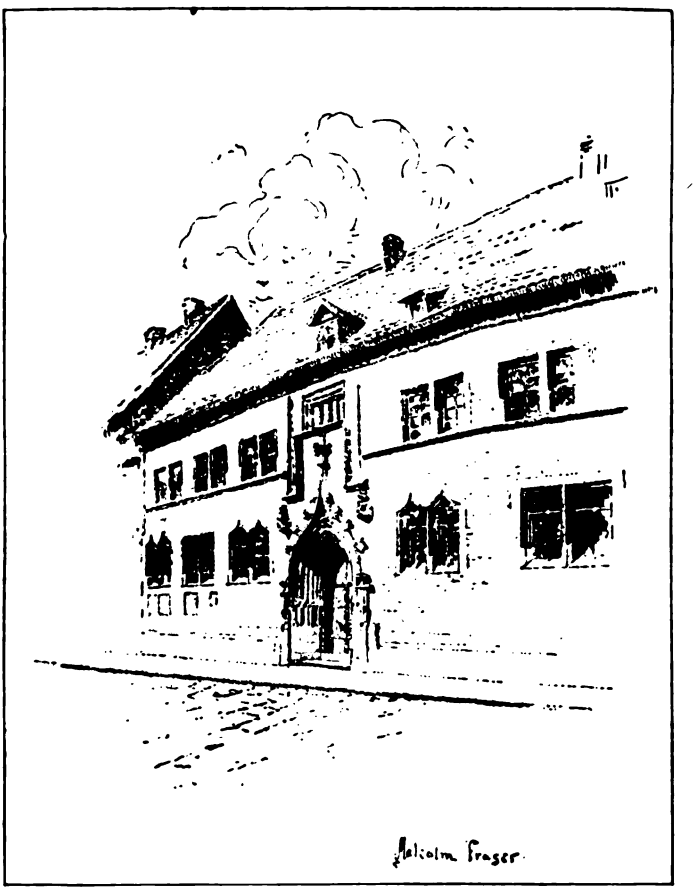
Drawn by Malcolm Fraser

THE LILIE INN AT ERFURT, WHICH LUTHER IS SAID TO HAVE FREQUENTED

his scholar's cap and insisted that his teachers should do the same, because of the mayors, chancellors, doctors, and rulers of the future who occupied the benches. The teaching was of the best, and was in sharp contrast to the sort that Martin had hitherto enjoyed, or suffered. He here came in contact with the new humanistic spirit and methods for the first time, and he distinguished himself among his fellow-pupils for his aptitude in language and literature. In the congenial atmosphere of home and school he developed rapidly and used his social advantages to so good effect and made such progress in his studies that at seventeen he entered the university of Erfurt, the greatest of the German universities of the day, attractive enough to win many friends, and well enough prepared to take his bachelor's degree at the end of a year.

Here he encountered new experiences. Erfurt was a rich and populous city, in the heyday of its prosperity, "plagued," as one of its preachers said, "with plenty, as other places with want," proud of its

wealth, its fame, its stately buildings, prouder still of its university whose occasions were gala-days for the whole town. Erfurt boasted the presence of some of the greatest representatives of both. Here one could study philosophy with



Drawn by Malcolm Fraser

THE UNIVERSITY AT ERFURT, WHERE LUTHER WAS A STUDENT

Nothing else brings such joy in life, Luther thought, as comes to the new graduate when, examinations successfully passed, he is escorted through the streets in triumph by his fellow-students, with banners, torches, and music, and is hailed *Magister* by the citizens that line the route. Splendid days those, when the scholar was held in honor by all the world—stirring days they were, too, in university life. The new humanism, with its devotion to classical learning, was making rapid headway and was disputing the supremacy with the dominant scholasticism of the age. It was not a time of stagnation. Champions of the one and the other system were battling in friendly, sometimes hostile, rivalry. Trutvetter, and the classics with Maternus, and hither, to study with one or both, or with others scarcely less famous, young men came from all parts of the country and even from abroad. It was a current saying, "Who would study rightly must go to Erfurt," and Luther himself, whose pride at being one of its graduates was lifelong, declared with pardonable exaggeration that the other universities were no more than primary schools beside it. Into its stimulating atmosphere he brought an eagerness and thirst for knowledge which set him rapidly forward. At the same time he threw himself with enthusiasm into the life of the place. He carried a sword according

"I asked you here because I wanted to renew a pleasant acquaintanceship, but also—you won't think me discourteous, I know—because—well, I had a purpose in begging you to come."

"Won't you tell me what it is?"

The curate shifted in his arm-chair, clasped and unclasped his hands. A mental struggle was evidently going on within him. Indeed, during the whole evening Malling had received from him a strong impression of combat, of confusion.

"I wanted to continue the discussion we began at Mr. Harding's the other day. You remember, I asked you not to tell him you were coming?"

"Yes."

"I think it 's best to keep certain matters private. People so easily misunderstand one. And the rector has rather a jealous nature."

Malling looked at his companion without speaking. At this moment he was so strongly interested that he simply forgot to speak. Never, even at a successful sitting when, the possibility of trickery having been eliminated, a hitherto hidden truth seemed about to lift a torch in the darkness and to illumine an unknown world, had he been more absorbed by the matter in hand. Chichester did not seem to be struck by his silence, and continued:

"And then not every one is fitted to comprehend properly certain matters, to see things in their true light. Now the other day you said a thing that greatly impressed me, that I have never been able to get out of my mind since. You said, 'Harm can never come from truth.' I have been thinking about those words of yours, night and day, night and day. Tell me—did you mean them?"

The question came from Chichester's lips with such force that Malling was almost startled.

"Certainly I meant them," he answered.

"And if truth slays?"

"And is death the worst thing that can happen to a man, or to an idea—some wretched fallacy, perhaps, that has governed the minds of men, some gross superstition, some lie that darkens counsel?"

"You think if a man lives by a lie he is better dead?"

"Don't you think so?"

"But don't we all need a crutch to help us along on the path of life?"

"What! You, a clergyman, think that it is good to bolster up truth with lies?" said Malling, with genuine scorn.

"I did n't say that."

"You implied it, I think."

"Perhaps if you had worked among men and women as much as I have you would know how much they need. If you went abroad, say to Italy, and saw how the poor, ignorant people live happily oftentimes by their blind belief in the efficacy of the saints, would you wish to tear it from them?"

"I think we should live by the truth, and I would gladly strike away a lie from any human being who was using it as a crutch."

"*I* thought that once," said Chichester.

The words were ordinary enough, but there was something either in the way they were said, or in Chichester's face as he said them, that made Malling turn cold.

To cover his unusual emotion, which he was ashamed of, and which he greatly desired to hide from his companion, he blew out a puff of cigar smoke, lifted his cup, and drank the rest of his coffee.

"May I have another cup?" he said. "It 's excellent."

The coffee-pot was on the table. Chichester poured out some more.

"I will have another cup, too," he said. "How it wakes up the mind."

He glanced at Malling and added:

"Almost terribly sometimes."

"Yes. But—going back to our subject—don't you still think that men should live by the truth?"

"I think," began Chichester—"I think—"

It seemed as if something physical prevented him from continuing. He swallowed, as if forcing something down his throat.

"I think," he got out at last, "that few men know how terrible the face of truth can be."

His own countenance was contorted as he spoke, as if he were regarding something frightful.

"I think"—he turned right round in his chair to confront Malling squarely—"that *you* do not know."

For the first time he completely dominated Malling, Chichester the gentle, cherubic clergyman, whom Malling had thought of as good, but weak, and certainly as a negligible quantity. He domi-

nated, because at that moment he made Malling feel as if he had some great possession of knowledge which Malling lacked.

"And you?" said Malling. "Do you know?"

The curate's lips worked, but he made no answer.

Malling was aware of a great struggle in his mind, as of a combat in which two forces were engaged. He got up, walked to the window, and stood as if listening to the rain.

"If only Stepton were here!" thought Malling.

There was a truth hidden from him, perhaps partly divined, obscurely half seen, but not thoroughly understood, as a whole invisible. Stepton would be the man to elucidate it, Malling thought. It lured him on, and baffled him.

"How it rains!" said the curate at last, without turning.

He bent down and opened the small window. The uneasy, almost sinister noise of rain in darkness entered the room, with the soft smell of moisture.

"Do you mind if we have a little air?" he added.

"I should like it," said Malling.

Chichester came back and sat down again opposite Malling. His expression had now quite changed. He looked calmer, gentler, weaker, and much more uninteresting. Crossing his legs, and folding his thin hands on his knees, he began to talk in his light tenor voice. And he kept the conversation going on church music, sacred art in Italy, and other eminently safe and respectable topics till it was time for Malling to go.

Only when he was letting his guest out into the night did he seem troubled once more. He clasped Malling's hand in his, as if almost unaware that he was doing so, and said with some hesitation:

"Are you—are you going to see the rector again?"

"Not that I know of," said Malling, speaking the strict truth, and virtually telling a lie at the same time.

For he was determined, if possible, to see Mr. Harding, and that before very long.

"If I may say so," Chichester said, shifting from one foot to another and looking down at the rain-sodden pavement, "I would n't see him."

"May I ask you why?"

"You may get a wrong impre
Two years ago he was another
Strangers, of course, may not know i
realize it. But we who have lived
him do know it. Mr. Harding is
down the hill."

There was a note of deep sadness i
voice. Had he been speaking of hi
of his own decadence, his tone
scarcely have been more melancholy.

And for long Malling remembere
look in his eyes as he drew back to
his door.

In the rain Malling walked home
had come. But now it was deep i
night and his depression had deep
He was a self-reliant man, and not e
felt himself small, though he was not
ceited. To-night he felt diminished.
worm-sensation overcame him. That
a man as Chichester should have been
to convey to him such a sensation
strange, yet it was from Chichester
this mental chastisement had come.
a moment Chichester had towered, an
that moment Malling surely had d
dled, shrunk together, like a sheet of p
exposed to the heat of a flame.

But that Chichester should have
such an effect on him—Malling!

If Mr. Harding was going down
hill, Chichester surely was not. He
changed drastically since Malling
known him two years ago. In powe
force, he had gained. He now conv
the impression of a man capable, i
chose, of imposing himself on others.
merly he had been the wax that rec
the impress. But whereas formerl
had been a contented man, obviousl
peace with himself and with the w
now he was haunted by some great a
ety, by some strange grief, or perhaps
by some fear.

"Few men know how terrible the
of the truth can be."

Chichester had said that.

Was he one of the few men?

And was that why now, as Mal
walked home in the darkness and rai
felt himself humbled, diminished?

For Malling loved knowledge
thought men should live by it. Had tr
Medusa face, still would he have de
to look into it once, would have been r
to endure a subsequent turning to sto

That Chichester should perhaps

they carry significance in the light of their fulfilment, as they did to Luther himself, who remembered and repeated them long after. He did not particularly distinguish himself in his work for the bachelor's degree. When he took it in the summer of 1502, he was only thirtieth in a class of fifty-seven. But two and a half years later, when he got his M.A., he stood second in a class of seventeen. The pride of the father over his son's success was almost pathetic. He habitually addressed the young magister, home for a recess after the degree was won, with the ceremonious "you" of formal intercourse instead of the familiar "thou" of ordinary conversation.

His general education finished, Martin, in accordance with his father's long-cherished project, took up at once the study of law. But he had little liking for it. In later years he could not say enough in dispraise of the law and in contempt of the legal profession. The toilsome gathering of precedents particularly irked him, and he seemed to think it the lawyer's chief end to devise means of defeating justice. "Jurists," he declared, "commonly dispute and discuss about words. They alter the facts and fail to go to the bottom of them that the truth may be discovered. They say a great deal and use many words, but without understanding." "They take the money of the poor, and with the tongue thresh out both their pocket and their purse." They made bad Christians, he thought, and few of them would be saved. But in this he put them in no worse case than the speculative theologians. He once remarked boastingly that if he had studied law two years he would have known more about it than a certain famous lawyer of the day. Without doubt he would have distinguished himself, had he kept at it; but the whole thing was little to his liking, and he soon turned his back upon it. He did it in no ordinary way.

Luther's life was full of startling and unexpected crises, and the first and most startling of them all came in the summer of 1505, after he had been a law-student for less than six months. He had just been home for a brief visit. His progress in his work had been all that could be desired, and his parents' pride and hope were higher than ever, when suddenly, to the consternation of everybody and to the wrath of his father, who was already thinking of an honorable marriage for him which should still further improve his prospects, he threw it all up and went into a monastery. The immediate occasion of this extraordinary step was a terrific thunder-storm which overtook him just outside the town when he was returning from his visit home. In mortal dread of death, he threw himself on the ground, crying to the patron saint of the miners, to whom he had often turned in seasons of distress: "Help, dear Saint Anna! I will become a monk."

The vow so rashly made he hastened to put into execution. Fearing lest he might repent, he made his preparations as rapidly as he could, sold his books, including the costly "Corpus Juris" with which he had been equipped for professional study by his proud father, gave a farewell dinner to his friends, and, in spite of their pleas and protestations, entered the Augustinian monastery in Erfurt, on the morning of the seventeenth of July, when he was only twenty-one years old.

This was the most momentous event in Luther's career. Upon it hinged all that followed. It cut his life in twain. Nothing could be more extreme than the contrast between university and convent; nothing more unexpected than such a dénouement for the brilliant young law-student. And yet his conduct was natural enough. One of the commonest and most normal facts in human history is the experience we call conversion, a profound crisis which overturns everything and brings to the surface what has hitherto lain dormant or unnoticed; which changes the direction of one's life, and reshapes one's career. In all ages and in all religions the experience has been familiar. Some forms of faith make more of it than others, and sometimes it occurs quite apart from all religious interest and motive. But it is essentially the same even though its outward fashion varies widely.

To such an experience the young Luther was peculiarly susceptible. He was a serious-minded boy. He had been piously trained, and religion was a very real thing to him. His imagination was peopled with angels and demons, and his life was lived in constant dependence upon the aid and protection of the saints. He was emo-

clay. What can it be? Do you think Marcus is losing his mind?"

"Oh, I should hope not," returned Malling, vaguely. "Has it been going on long?"

"Oh, for quite a time. But it all seemed to come on gradually—as things *do,* you know! Poor Sophy has always adored him, and given way to him in everything. In her eyes all that he does is right. She never says a word, I believe, but she must be suffering the tortures of —*you* know! There 's Winnie Rufford coming in! How astonishingly young she looks. Were you at the Huntingham's ball? Well—".

Lady Mansford twittered no more about the Harding ménage. But Malling felt that his visit had not been fruitless.

After the opera he went to a party in Grosvenor Street where again he managed to produce talk of the Hardings. It seemed that Lady Mansford had not exaggerated very much. Among those who knew the Hardings a change in the rector of St. Joseph's had evidently been generally noticed. Malling took in to supper a Mrs. Armitage, a great friend of Lady Sophia's, and she made no secret of the fact that Lady Sophia was greatly distressed.

"I thought she would have been here to-night," Mrs. Armitage said. "But she is n't. I suppose she felt she could n't face it. So many of his congregation are here, or so many who were in his congregation."

"The church was crammed to the doors last Sunday week when he preached," observed Malling.

"Was it? Curiosity, I suppose. It certainly can't have been the intellectual merit of the sermon. I heard it was quite deplorable. But last Sunday's, I was told, was worse still. No continuity at all, and the church not full. People say the curate, Mr. Chichester, who often preaches in the evening, is making a great effect, completely cutting out his rector. And he used to be almost unbearably dull."

"Will you have a quail?"

"Please. You might give me two. My doctor says if I sit up late—thank you!"

"I 've never heard Mr. Chichester preach," said Malling.

"He seems to have come on marvelously, to be quite another man."

"Quite another man, does he?"

"Yes. It 's very trying for the Hardings naturally. If it continues I think there will have to be a change. think things can go on as they ar friend Sophia won't be able to sta

"You mean—the contrast?"

"Between her husband and M chester. She 's very highly stru quite worships her husband; thou tween you and me, *I* think rather slave spirit. But some women a that. They can't admire a man u beats them. Not that Mr. Hardi dreamed of doing such a thing to of course. But his will had to be everything. You know the type o It 's scarcely my idea of what a cle should be. I think a man who p to direct the souls of others sh more gentle and unselfish, especiall wife. Another quail? Well, r think perhaps I will. They are so a small this season, are n't they? T scarcely anything on them."

So that minute fraction of the that knew of the existence of th dings began to utter itself con them, and Malling was fortified original belief which he had expr Professor Stepton.

Among his many experiments r connection with psychical researc which had interested him the m been those in which the mystery human will had seemed to be de volved. Malling was essentially chologist. And man was to him t mystery, because man contained something that belonged to, that w to, man, as it were, by another, t beyond, the anima mundi. When I drew mentally, or spiritually, ve to any man, however rude, howev ble, he always had the feeling that approaching holy ground. Hidden his generally imperturbable exteric beneath the surface incredulity mind, there was the deep sense of truths waiting the appointed day lamation. Surely, he often tho there is God in anything, in the l of the sunset, in the silence of nig the sea, in the waking of spring the forests and the gardens, in the the nightingale which knows not lo listening, there is God in the will

And when he made investigatic the action of will upon will, or o as it seemed—upon matter, he w

Augustinian bore the highest reputation for theological learning and for public service. Its rules were not as severe as some, and the young convert evidently did not choose it from mere blind zeal for his soul's salvation. Its inmates were the principal preachers of the town, and they were noted for charity and good works. In it he believed he could put his talents to the best use, and the event proved that he was right.

Fired with enthusiasm, Luther passed within the convent doors and was forever buried to the world, as he believed. His friends were stupefied. The happy, light-hearted companion, with his frank good-fellowship and his contagious merriment, how unfitted he seemed for the monastic career! But he was made for religion, little as they suspected it, and thenceforth, to the end of his days, his life was professionally and in reality a religious life. That which hitherto had been not lacking, but secondary, now became primary and controlling and dominated all his thought and activity.

The surprising thing about Luther's entrance into the monastery was not the fact itself, but the lateness of the conversion which led to it. The experience through which he passed is apt to come earlier in life, if it comes at all. But Luther was later than most men in some of the other experiences of his life as well as this, and it was a happy thing for him that it was so. That the coming reformer spent his most impressionable years not within the walls of a cloister, but in the bracing and expanding atmosphere of a great university, mingling intimately with some of the brightest and most eager minds of his age, sharing in their ambitions, their labors, and their pleasures, was of incalculable benefit to him and to the Protestant Church, whose founder he became. Not in the monastery merely did he get his training, and not out of its retired sanctity alone did the great movement come. The larger world had a hand in making it and him. Though set apart by his monastic vow for more than fifteen years, he never lost his touch with human interests. Devout and zealous monk as he was, he was always more a man than a monk.

(To be continued)

"IF LOVE WERE ALWAYS LAUGHTER"

BY ANNIE JOHNSTON CRIM

IF love were always laughter
And grief were always tears,
With nothing to come after
To mark the waiting years,
I 'd pray a life of love to you,
Sent down from heaven above to you,
And never grief come near to you
To spread its shadow, dear, to you--
If love were always laughter
And grief were always tears.

But grief brings often laughter,
And love, ah, love brings tears!
And both leave ever after
Their blessings on the years;
So I, dear heart, would sue for you
A mingling of the two for you,
That grief may lend its calm to you,
And love may send its balm to you—
For grief brings often laughter
And love brings often tears.

From the painting in the Musée des Arts Décoratifs (Collection Moreau), Paris

"INTIMITÉ" (ALSO KNOWN AS "THE KISS AND THE SISTER"). BY EUGÈNE CARRIÈRE

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS—XIX)

character. She was one of those women who must be proud of their men, who love to be ruled, but only by a conqueror, who delight to sink themselves, but in power, not in impotence. And now she was confronted by the shipwreck not merely of her hopes, but also of her belief. She saw a hulk drifting at the mercy of the waves that, perhaps, would soon engulf it. But she was not only despairing, she was raging too. For she was a woman with nervous force in her, and it is force that rages in the moments of despair, seeking, perhaps unconsciously, some means of action and finding none.

"Why should there not be some hope?" asked Malling, quietly.

"To-morrow is Sunday. If you g morning church at St. Joseph's, and to evening church, you will see if the any hope."

"To evening church?"

"Yes, yes."

She got up.

"You are going?"

"I must. Forgive me!"

She held out her hand.

"But—"

"No, don't come with me, please."

"If I go to St. Joseph's to-mor afterward may I see you again?"

"If you think it 's worth while."

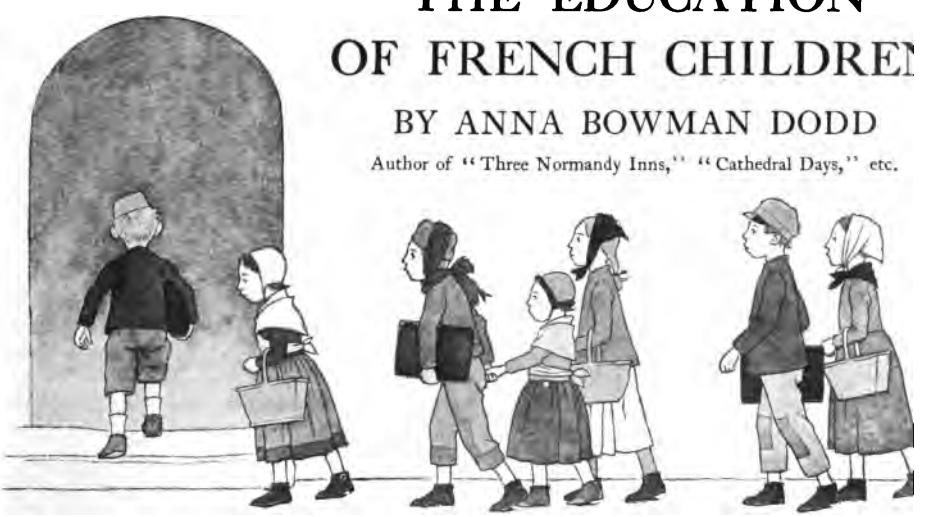
Her face twisted. Hastily she pu down her veil, turned away, and left

(To be continued)

THE EDUCATION OF FRENCH CHILDRE

BY ANNA BOWMAN DODD

Author of "Three Normandy Inns," "Cathedral Days," etc.



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WITH PICTURES BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL

THAT familiar French circle one may see in any one of the public gardens in Paris—in the Tuileries, in the Luxembourg, or under the attenuated foliage of the Bois de Boulogne—a circle composed of a mother, a grandmother, a married daughter, *la jeune fille à marier,* and, as often as not, a father or grandfather, with a couple of children or a single grandchild as the center of such a group, the focal point of interest,—such a scene may be said to be typical of the attitude taken in France toward children. This concentration of tender solicitude, this inclosing of the child by the li wall of family pride and delight, as as the protection afforded by the pa tal presence are characteristic Fr traits.

There is still surviving in Franc spirit of conservatism, an innate wari for perpetuating the tribal passion of clusiveness, in all family relations, l understood by foreigners; and to this cial instinct for the preservation of fa solidarity may be traced, in part, the sionate absorption of the French paren offspring. There are other interes

"Let 's have the mystery," he added, leaning his elbows on his just dried manuscript, and resting his sharp little chin on his doubled fists.

Yet Malling had hinted at no mystery, and had come without saying he was coming.

"You know a clergyman called Marcus Harding?" said Malling.

"Of St. Joseph's. To be sure, I do."

"Do you know also his senior curate, Henry Chichester?"

"No."

"Have you heard of him?"

"Oh dear, yes. And I fancy I 've seen him at a distance."

"You heard of him from Harding, I suppose."

"Exactly, and Harding's wife."

"Oh, from Lady Sophia!"

"Who hates him like prussic acid."

"Since when?" said Malling, emphatically.

"I could n't say. But I was only aware of the fact about a month ago."

"Have you any reason to suppose that Harding has been making any experiments?"

"In church music, biblical criticism, or what?"

"Say in psychical research?"

"No."

"Or that Chichester has?"

"No."

"Has n't Harding ever talked to you on the subject?"

"He has tried to," said the professor, rather grimly.

"And you did n't encourage him?"

"When do I encourage clergymen to talk about psychical research?"

Malling could not help smiling.

"I have some reason—at least I believe so—to suppose that Harding and his curate Chichester have been making some experiments in directions not entirely unknown to us," he observed. "And what is more" —he paused—"what is more," he continued, "I am inclined to think that those experiments may have been crowned with a success they little understand."

Down went the professor's fists, his head was poked forward in Malling's direction, and his small eyes glittered almost like those of a glutton who sees a feast spread before him.

"The experiments of two clergymen in psychical research crowned with success!" he barked out. "If so, I shall see what I can do in the pulpit—the Abbey pulpit!"

He got up, and walking slightly sidewise, with his hands hanging, and his fingers opening and shutting, went over to a chair close to Malling's.

"Get on!" he said.

"I 'm going to. I want your advice."

When Malling had finished what he had to say, the professor, who had interrupted him two or three times to ask pertinent questions, put his hands on his knees and thrust his head forward.

"You said you wanted advice," he said. "What about?"

"I wish you to advise me how I had better proceed."

"You really think the matter important?" asked the professor.

Malling looked slightly disconcerted.

"You don't?" he said.

"You are deducing a great deal from not very much. That 's certain," observed the professor.

"You never knew Chichester," retorted Malling. "I did—two years ago."

"Suppose you are right, suppose these two reverend gentlemen have done something such as you suppose, and that there has been a result, a curious result, what have we to do with it? Tell me that."

"You mean that I have no right to endeavor to make a secret investigation into the matter. But I 'm positive both the men want help from me. I don't say either of them will ask it. But I 'm certain both of them want it."

"Two clergymen!" said the professor. "Two clergymen! That 's the best of it—if there is an it, which there may not be."

"Harding spoke very warmly of you."

"Good-believing man! Now, I do wonder what he 's been up to. I do wonder. Perhaps he 'd have told me but for my confounded habit of sarcasm, my way of repelling the amateur—repelling!" His arms flew out. "There 's so much silliness beyond all bearing, credulity beyond all the patience of science. Table-turning women, feminine men! 'The spirits guide me, Professor, in every smallest action of my life!'—Wuff!—the charlatan battens and breeds. And the bile rises in one till Carlyle on his worst day might have hailed one as a brother bilious, and so denunciatory—Jeremiah nervously dyspeptic! And

Drawn by Maurice Boutet de Monvel

A FRENCH FATHER IN THE NURSERY

lar tastes, of the most delightful camaraderie.

How charming are some of the relationships one sees between fathers and sons in France! "I hardly ever think of my son as a son," said a busy doctor to me, lately. "He is my dearest friend, the only intimate I have among men. When he is away, we write each other every day, and on every subject. When we are together, life has a new edge."

Almost any fine day in the Luxembourg Gardens, you may see a couple of gentlemen walking arm in arm. The elder man has a slight stoop; his face is such a type as Moroni would have delighted to paint —a face full of power, of fully developed capacity and faculties; the eyes and lips reflecting delicate shades of thought and feeling. The younger man resembles his father as a sketch resembles a portrait. The two walk slowly, by preference—there is so much to say! Both are painters; both are famous, and the best hour of the day is the one when they can steal away to talk over the topics dear to artists.

"Training, dear lady?" the *maître* said to me when I suggested that something, at least, of the charm and delicacy c son's nature must have come from education. "I never could disciplin love for Henri to the point of tea him anything. What training he has his mother gave him. I was too i gent; I loved him too much. But i all worked out well. He committed follies when he first grew up; that his real training. It made him a As I had always been his friend, he fided in me, and so, nothing serious pened, and now he is foolish enou prefer me to most of his comrades."

Every one must concede that the Fr man still reigns unrivaled in the art o versation. Think of the advantage child of hearing a delicate and bea language, responding to every shade tellectual finesse, spoken by fathers as professors, artists, men of letters, ticians, or critics, do not confine the technics of their eloquence to club c or to the printed page. For the Fr man, an expansive creature, is perha his best in the family circle, where has less play than the finer human tion to impress by force of logic or r

racks, not knowing what to do, but free for a time, and hoping, a little heavily, for some adventure to break the military monotony of their lives; the shop-girls, also in hope of something to "take them out of themselves"—pathetic desire of escape from the little prison, where the soul sits, picking its oakum sometimes, in its cell of flesh!—young men making for the parks, workmen for the public houses, an old woman, in a cap, peering out of an upper window in Prince's Gate; Italians with an organ, and a monkey that looked as if it were dying of nostalgia; women hurrying—whither?—with anxious faces, and bodies whose very shapes, and whose every movement, suggested, rather proclaimed, worry.

Malling knew it was the rain, the possessive grayness, which troubled his body to-night, and through his body troubled his spirit. His nostrils inhaled the damp, and it seemed to go straight into his essence, into the mystery that was he. His eyes saw no more blue, and it was as if they drew a black shutter over all the blue in his heart, blotting it out. People became doomed phantoms, because the weather had changed and because London knows how to play Cassandra to the spirit of many a man. To Malling, as he presently turned to the right, Hornton Street looked like an alley leading straight to the pit of despair, and when he tapped on the blistered green door of the small house where the curate lived, it was as if he tapped seeking admittance to all the sorrowful things that had been brought into being to beset his life with blackness.

A neat servant-girl opened the door. There was a smell of roast mutton in the passage. So far well. Malling took off his hat and coat, hung them up on a hook indicated by the plump red hand of the maid, and then followed her up-stairs. The curate was in possession of the first floor.

Malling knew that it would be a case of folding-doors and perhaps of curtains of imitation lace. It was a case of folding-doors. But there was a dull green hue on the walls that surely bespoke Henry Chichester's personal taste. There were bookcases, there were mezzotints, there were engravings of well-known pictures, and there were arm-chairs not covered with horsehair. There was also a cottage piano, severely nude. In the center of the room stood a small square table covered with a cloth and laid for two persons.

"I 'll tell Mr. Chichester, sir."

The maid went out. From behind the folding-doors came to Malling's ears the sound of splashing water, then a voice saying, certainly to the maid, "Thank you, Ellen, I will come." And in three minutes Chichester was in the room, apologizing.

"I was kept late in the parish. There 's a good deal to do."

"You 're not overworked?" asked Malling.

"Do I look so?" said Chichester, quickly.

He turned round and gazed at himself in an oval Venetian mirror which was fixed to the wall just behind him. His manner for a moment was oddly absorbed as he examined his face.

"London life tells on one, I suppose," he said, again turning. "We change, of course, in appearance as we go on."

His blue eyes seemed to be seeking something in Malling's impenetrable face.

"Do you think," he said, "I am much altered since we used to meet two years ago? It would of course be natural enough if I were."

Malling looked at him for a minute steadily.

"In appearance, you mean?"

"Of course."

"To-night it seems to me that you have altered a good deal."

"To-night?" said the curate, as if with anxiety.

"If there is any change,—and I think there is,—it seems to me more apparent to-night than it was when I saw you the other day."

Ellen, the maid, entered the room bearing a tray on which was a soup-tureen.

"Oh, dinner!" said Chichester. "Let us sit down. You won't mind simple fare, I hope. We are having soup, mutton,—I am not sure what else."

"Stewed fruit, sir," interpolated Ellen.

"To be sure! Stewed fruit and custard. Open the claret, Ellen, please."

"Have you been in these rooms long?" asked Malling, as they unfolded their napkins.

"Two years. All the time I have been at St. Joseph's. The rector told me of them. The curate who preceded me had occupied them."

"What became of him?"

centuries to fine observation, to delicate perception, to that knowledge of men and the world possessed, not only by the *grande dame,* —by the society woman, but in a more rudimentary sense by the peasant as well,—these are the more personal gifts in the mother which help to make the Frenchman what he is. It has been said that Frenchmen have been educated by priests and women. One proof of the truth of this verdict is to be seen in a refinement of manner possessed by the nation as a whole, a manner which has become traditional. There is a suppleness, a readiness, an ease in the bearing of French children which prove close intimacy with their mothers.

It is not alone the rich, the well-to-do, or the idle, who have time to give to their children. The busiest, the most executive, perhaps one of the best types of womanhood is the shopkeeping woman of France. The mere fact that she runs the shop, or helps to run that of her husband's, is proof that there is a reason for it. That reason is usually the child, or the children—their dot—in a word, their future. See her hard at work, the whole of the livelong day, and often far into the night. She is a dozen women filling a dozen different occupations with the rare French gift of capacity and with ease of manner. She has time to serve a customer, to act as cashier, to gossip on the door-sill, to keep an eye on her child in the

Drawn by Maurice Boutet de Monvel
Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

ADORATION OF THE FRENCH CHIL

"I asked you here because I wanted to renew a pleasant acquaintanceship, but also—you won't think me discourteous, I know—because—well, I had a purpose in begging you to come."

"Won't you tell me what it is?"

The curate shifted in his arm-chair, clasped and unclasped his hands. A mental struggle was evidently going on within him. Indeed, during the whole evening Malling had received from him a strong impression of combat, of confusion.

"I wanted to continue the discussion we began at Mr. Harding's the other day. You remember, I asked you not to tell him you were coming?"

"Yes."

"I think it 's best to keep certain matters private. People so easily misunderstand one. And the rector has rather a jealous nature."

Malling looked at his companion without speaking. At this moment he was so strongly interested that he simply forgot to speak. Never, even at a successful sitting when, the possibility of trickery having been eliminated, a hitherto hidden truth seemed about to lift a torch in the darkness and to illumine an unknown world, had he been more absorbed by the matter in hand. Chichester did not seem to be struck by his silence, and continued:

"And then not every one is fitted to comprehend properly certain matters, to see things in their true light. Now the other day you said a thing that greatly impressed me, that I have never been able to get out of my mind since. You said, 'Harm can never come from truth.' I have been thinking about those words of yours, night and day, night and day. Tell me—did you mean them?"

The question came from Chichester's lips with such force that Malling was almost startled.

"Certainly I meant them," he answered.

"And if truth slays?"

"And is death the worst thing that can happen to a man, or to an idea—some wretched fallacy, perhaps, that has governed the minds of men, some gross superstition, some lie that darkens counsel?"

"You think if a man lives by a lie he is better dead?"

"Don't you think so?"

"But don't we all need a crutch to help us along on the path of life?"

"What! You, a clergyman, think that it is good to bolster up truth with lies?" said Malling, with genuine scorn.

"I did n't say that."

"You implied it, I think."

"Perhaps if you had worked among men and women as much as I have you would know how much they need. If you went abroad, say to Italy, and saw how the poor, ignorant people live happily oftentimes by their blind belief in the efficacy of the saints, would you wish to tear it from them?"

"I think we should live by the truth, and I would gladly strike away a lie from any human being who was using it as a crutch."

"*I* thought that once," said Chichester.

The words were ordinary enough, but there was something either in the way they were said, or in Chichester's face as he said them, that made Malling turn cold.

To cover his unusual emotion, which he was ashamed of, and which he greatly desired to hide from his companion, he blew out a puff of cigar smoke, lifted his cup, and drank the rest of his coffee.

"May I have another cup?" he said. "It 's excellent."

The coffee-pot was on the table. Chichester poured out some more.

"I will have another cup, too," he said. "How it wakes up the mind."

He glanced at Malling and added:

"Almost terribly sometimes."

"Yes. But—going back to our subject—don't you still think that men should live by the truth?"

"I think," began Chichester—"I think—"

It seemed as if something physical prevented him from continuing. He swallowed, as if forcing something down his throat.

"I think," he got out at last, "that few men know how terrible the face of truth can be."

His own countenance was contorted as he spoke, as if he were regarding something frightful.

"I think"—he turned right round in his chair to confront Malling squarely—"that *you* do not know."

For the first time he completely dominated Malling, Chichester the gentle, cherubic clergyman, whom Malling had thought of as good, but weak, and certainly as a negligible quantity. He domi-

nated, because at that moment he made Malling feel as if he had some great possession of knowledge which Malling lacked.

"And you?" said Malling. "Do you know?"

The curate's lips worked, but he made no answer.

Malling was aware of a great struggle in his mind, as of a combat in which two forces were engaged. He got up, walked to the window, and stood as if listening to the rain.

"If only Stepton were here!" thought Malling.

There was a truth hidden from him, perhaps partly divined, obscurely half seen, but not thoroughly understood, as a whole invisible. Stepton would be the man to elucidate it, Malling thought. It lured him on, and baffled him.

"How it rains!" said the curate at last, without turning.

He bent down and opened the small window. The uneasy, almost sinister noise of rain in darkness entered the room, with the soft smell of moisture.

"Do you mind if we have a little air?" he added.

"I should like it," said Malling.

Chichester came back and sat down again opposite Malling. His expression had now quite changed. He looked calmer, gentler, weaker, and much more uninteresting. Crossing his legs, and folding his thin hands on his knees, he began to talk in his light tenor voice. And he kept the conversation going on church music, sacred art in Italy, and other eminently safe and respectable topics till it was time for Malling to go.

Only when he was letting his guest out into the night did he seem troubled once more. He clasped Malling's hand in his, as if almost unaware that he was doing so, and said with some hesitation:

"Are you—are you going to see the rector again?"

"Not that I know of," said Malling, speaking the strict truth, and virtually telling a lie at the same time.

For he was determined, if possible, to see Mr. Harding, and that before very long.

"If I may say so," Chichester said, shifting from one foot to another and looking down at the rain-sodden pavement, "I would n't see him."

"May I ask you why?"

"You may get a wrong impression. Two years ago he was another man. Strangers, of course, may not know it, not realize it. But we who have lived with him do know it. Mr. Harding is going down the hill."

There was a note of deep sadness in his voice. Had he been speaking of himself, of his own decadence, his tone could scarcely have been more melancholy.

And for long Malling remembered the look in his eyes as he drew back to shut his door.

In the rain Malling walked home as he had come. But now it was deep in the night and his depression had deepened. He was a self-reliant man, and not easily felt himself small, though he was not conceited. To-night he felt diminished. The worm-sensation overcame him. That such a man as Chichester should have been able to convey to him such a sensation was strange, yet it was from Chichester that this mental chastisement had come. For a moment Chichester had towered, and at that moment Malling surely had dwindled, shrunk together, like a sheet of paper exposed to the heat of a flame.

But that Chichester should have had such an effect on him—Malling!

If Mr. Harding was going down the hill, Chichester surely was not. He had changed drastically since Malling had known him two years ago. In power, in force, he had gained. He now conveyed the impression of a man capable, if he chose, of imposing himself on others. Formerly he had been the wax that receives the impress. But whereas formerly he had been a contented man, obviously at peace with himself and with the world, now he was haunted by some great anxiety, by some strange grief, or perhaps even by some fear.

"Few men know how terrible the face of the truth can be."

Chichester had said that.

Was he one of the few men?

And was that why now, as Malling walked home in the darkness and rain, he felt himself humbled, diminished?

For Malling loved knowledge and thought men should live by it. Had truth a Medusa face, still would he have desired to look into it once, would have been ready to endure a subsequent turning to stone.

That Chichester should perhaps have

seen what he had not seen—that troubled him, even humbled him.

Some words of Professor Stepton came back to his mind: "If there 's anything in it, development will take place in the link." And those last words: "If in doubt, study Lady Sophia."

Malling was in doubt. Why not follow Stepton's advice? Why not study Lady Sophia?

He resolved to do it. And with the resolve came to him a sense of greater well-being. The worm-sensation departed from him. He lifted his head and walked more briskly.

V

On the night following the dinner in Hornton Street Malling went to the Covent Garden Opera House to hear "La Traviata." The well-worn work did not grasp the attention of a man who was genuinely fond of the music of Richard Strauss, with its almost miraculous intricacies, and who was willingly captive to Debussy. He looked about the house from his stall, and very soon caught sight of Lady Mansford, Lady Sophia's sister-in-law, in a box on the Grand Tier. Malling knew Lady Mansford. He resolved to pay her a visit, and as soon as the curtain was down, and Tetrazzini had tripped before it, smiling not unlike a good-natured child, he made his way up-stairs, and asked the attendant to tap at a door on which was printed, "The Earl of Mansford." The man did so, and opened the door, showing a domestic scene highly creditable to the much maligned British aristocracy—Lord Mansford seated alone with his wife, in evidently amicable conversation.

After a few polite words he made Malling sit down beside her, and, saying he would have a cigarette in the foyer, he left them together.

Lady Mansford was a pretty, dark woman, of the slightly irresponsible and little-bird type. She willingly turned her charmingly dressed head and chirped when noticed, and she was generally noticed because of her beauty. Now she chirped of the Malay, where Malling had been, and then, more vivaciously, of Parisian milliners, where she had been. From these allied subjects Malling led her on to a slightly different topic—religion.

"I went to St. Joseph's last Sunday week," he presently said.

"St. who—what?" said Lady Mansford, who was busy with her opera-glasses, and had just noticed that Lady Sindon, a bird-like rival of hers, had changed the color of her hair, fortunately to her—Lady Sindon's—disadvantage.

"To St. Joseph's, to hear your brother-in-law preach."

"It does n't do at all," murmured Lady Mansford. "It makes her look Chinese."

"You said—?"

"Mollie Sindon. But what were you talking about? Do tell me." She laid down her glasses.

"I was saying that I went to church last Sunday week."

"Why?"

"To hear your brother-in-law preach at St. Joseph's."

"Marcus!" exclaimed Lady Mansford. She pursed her lips.

"I don't go to St. Joseph's. Poor Sophy! I 'm sorry for her."

"I lunched with Lady Sophia after the service."

"Did you? Is n't it sad?"

"Sad! I don't quite understand?" said Malling, interrogatively.

"The change in him. Of course people say it 's drink. Such nonsense! But they must say something, must n't they?"

"Is Mr. Harding so very much changed?"

"Do you mean to say you did n't notice it?"

"I never met him till within the last fortnight."

"He 's transformed—simply. He might have risen to anything, with his energy, his ambition, and his connections. And now! But the worst of it is no one can make out why it is. Even Sophia and Isinglass—my husband, you know!—have n't an idea. And it gets worse every day. Last Sunday I hear his sermon was too awful, a mere muddle of adjectives, such as one hears in Hyde Park, I believe. I never liked Marcus particularly. I always thought him too autocratic, too determined to dominate. He had that poor little Mr. Chichester—his curate—completely under his thumb. Mr. Chichester could n't call his soul his own. He worshiped Marcus. But now they say even he is beginning to think that his god is of

their cours in Paris for the four winter months," a Frenchman told me. "After our return to the château, they pursue their studies, with my wife and their governess at home, sending their résumés for correction and criticism to their school in the Faubourg St. Honoré."

For parents who devote themselves to their children, and have their future and career seriously at heart, such training is perhaps an ideal one.

There are other fathers and mothers who prefer older, more conservative methods. Innumerable are the French parents who make the willing sacrifice of long months of separation to place their daughters under the secure religious training of the good Sisters. In the exodus of the religious orders from France several of the more famous convents—those whose reputation brought them pupils from all over the world—established themselves in Belgium, by preference, as being close to France, while others have gone to Spain and to England.

In all of these convents, at Liège, at Bruges—that northern Venice—in the more distant Spanish provinces where such well-known orders as Les Dames Anglaises, Les Dames de l'Assomption, and many others in their enforced expatriation have sought the greater freedom to be enjoyed on foreign soil—in all such religious schools, the old, time-honored methods of instruction are rigidly adhered to. Indeed, the Faubourg St. Germain scarcely considers its daughters correctly trained or properly educated unless under the familiar guidance and, perhaps, the none too arduous mental tuition of the teaching Sisters. In such convents French mothers know exactly how their girls will be brought up; generations of their family have passed through the same gentle hands. In this training, as in the prospectus of the convents, the first, the one most important matter is to "inspire young people with a respect and love for religion." This conscientious endeavor among the veiled ladies of these famous convents to turn out religiously trained young girls, with simple tastes, with a desire for usefulness in the family and in society, this training, one must admit, has its weight in producing the Frenchwoman as she is at home—not the Frenchwoman of the dramatic-loving novelists and the playwrights.

Near the old medieval town of Liè in Belgium, the Ladies of the Sacré-Cœ have been fortunate enough to discov and purchase a really ideal collection houses. The ancient Abbaye of Flone, picturesque assemblage of buildings, is a mirably adapted to a Pensionnat—wi chapel, halls, dormitories, recreati grounds all complete—since in form days the Abbaye was built for a broth hood of monks. Many of these vario buildings have been most cleverly and h gienically remodeled to suit the modern quirements of a girls' school. No site cou be more conducive to health. The Abba has vast grounds of its own, and the pa skirts the shores of the winding riv Meuse, whose clear waters reflect t brightness of color in the fields and me dows that follow the sinuosities of t stream.

A charming memory of the open-air l in the Abbaye remains with me, a sce framed in vivid greens of elms a beeches. The white-capped Sisters, ere and rigid, were overlooking an excitin game of basket-ball, played with spirit zest by a dozen or more pupils in the ho of recreation. The rosy-cheeked girls, their blue gowns and long aprons, we darting, flying, with hands and arn stretched high. These merry-voice sparkling-eyed maidens were in startlin contrast to the stately figures of the nu whose somber habits and snowy coifs we the more effective for their sun-flecke tree-shadowed background.

The rather remarkable pains taken provide the best gymnastic and hygier conditions, in many of these Catholic co vents, are a very modern innovation. Liège, at one of the convents, at great e pense, a vast swimming-pool has be made, where the pupils are taught nat tion. In still another—and this in t very heart of the old town—in a lar garden, tennis-courts, croquet-sets, baske ball nets are plentifully supplied; whi for rainy weather there are covered gla courts for athletic exercises.

The war among the radicals, the socia ists, and the Catholic element in Franc brought about by the separation of chur and state, is still raging. The battle no being fought on the one hand for the com plete emancipation of all schools fro either clerical or religious control or i

as he was not held by the appearance of so-called spirit faces and spirit forms, even when he could not connect these with trickery which he knew how to expose. Perhaps, however, his incredulity in regard to these latter phenomena was incurable, though he did not know it. For he knew nearly all the devices of the charlatans. And when the so-called spirits came, the medium was always entranced, that is, apparently will-less, and so to Malling not interesting.

Now, from what Harding and Chichester had said to him, and from what he had observed for himself, Malling believed that the two clergymen must have had sittings together, probably with the usual tremendous object of the ignorant amateur, that merely of communicating with the other world. Considering who the two men were, Malling believed that in all probability they had sat alone and in secret. He also felt little doubt that from Mr. Harding's brain had come the suggestion of these practices, that his will had led Chichester on to them. Although he had not known the rector two years ago, he had gathered sufficient testimony to the fact that he had been a man of powerful, even perhaps of tyrannical, temperament, formed rather to rule than to be ruled. He knew that Chichester, on the contrary, had been gentle, kindly, yielding, and of somewhat weak, though of very amiable, nature. The physique of the two men accorded with these former temperaments. Harding's commanding height, large frame, big, powerful face and head, rather hard gray eyes, even his large white teeth, his bony, determined hands, his firmly treading feet, suggested force, a dominating will, the capacity, and the intention, to rule. Henry Chichester's fleshly envelop, on the other hand, cherubic, fair, and delicate, his blue eyes, small bones, the shape of forehead and chin, the line of the lips, hinted at—surely more than that, surely stated mildly—the existence within it of a nature retiring, meek, and ready to be ruled by others. No wonder if Chichester had been, as Lady Mansford had said, completely under the rector's thumb, no wonder if he had been unable to "call his soul his own" and had "worshiped Marcus."

Yes, if there had been these secret sittings by these two men, it was Harding who had persuaded Chichester to take part in them. And what had these sittings led to, what had been their result?

The ignorant outsider, the hastily skeptical, of course would say that there could have been no result. Malling, knowing more, knew better. He had seen strange cases of temporary confusion of a man's will brought about by sittings, of what had seemed temporary change even of a man's nature. When a hitherto sane man goes mad he often becomes the opposite of what he was. Those whom he formerly loved he specially singles out for hatred. That which he delighted to do he shrinks from with horror. Once good-natured, he is now of an evil temper, once gentle, he is fiercely obstinate, once gay, he cowers and weeps. So Malling had known a man, while retaining his sanity, to be transformed by the apparently trivial fact of sitting at a table with a friend, and placing his hands upon it with the hands of another man. He himself had sat with an Oxford friend,—who in later sittings became entranced,—and at the very first experiment this man had said to him, "It 's so strange, now that I am sitting with you like this I feel filled with hatred toward you." This hatred, which had come upon this man at every successive sitting, had always faded away when the sitting was over. But was it certain that the feelings generated in sittings never persisted after they were broken up? Was it certain that in every case the waters that had been mysteriously troubled settled into their former stillness?

Harding and Chichester, for instance. Had the strong man troubled the waters of the weaker man's soul, and were those waters still agitated? That was perhaps possible. But Malling thought it was possible also, and he had suggested this to Professor Stepton, that the weaker man had infused some of his weakness, his self doubtings, his readiness to be affected by the opinion of others, into his dominating companion. Malling believed it possible that the wills of the two clergymen, in some mysterious and inexplicable way, had mingled during their sittings, and that they had never become completely disentangled. If this were so, the result was a different Harding from the former Harding, and a different Henry Chichester from the former Henry Chichester.

notes, go in for examinations, from time to time, remain in school three or four hours, and are given comparatively light tasks for home study.

A young pupil of one of the more frequented of the Parisian lycées—a lad of fourteen—gave me the following résumé of the methods of instruction:

"The professors, having prepared their lectures at home, bring their notes to the class. They give us the lecture sometimes without looking at their notes; those are the most interesting! We in our turn take our notes, and at the end of the lecture, the professor dictates to us a résumé. He then tells us the lessons we must learn at home; but they are not many. For each separate study we have a separate professor; each class lasts an hour. For our instruction in morality we are given the philosophy of the stoics. God is not mentioned. For those who wish to practise their religion (for resident pupils), there is in the lycée a chapel and a chaplain for Catholics; for Protestants and Jews there are a pastor and a rabbi. For our cours in geography luminous projections are given in order to present to our minds the more graphically the countries we are studying. Almost all our professors are *agrégés*. Their lectures are similar to those at the Sorbonne."

The father of this young student told me that whereas, at the former schools which his son had attended, the lad had shown little or no disposition for study, in this lycée, and under this new system of instruction, the young Pierre had not only been keenly interested, but looked forward to the hours in school with eagerness.

The more arduous cramming course comes later, when a youth begins his preparatory studies for his degree. This period is one of severe discipline, and work involved to secure a degree w appal an Oxonian or a graduate of H vard.

But as a baccalaureate is absolutely essary to every Frenchman who int entering the navy, the army, or the di matic corps, or purposes to strive f civil appointment, the tyranny of the cess is submitted to.

As in American colleges, there is ginning to be practised the elective sy of studies. The classics are being n and more abandoned; time alone prove the results of the loss or gai French scholarship of a putting asid those "humanists" so dear to Ana France—those pagan writers to w French scholarship owes perhaps not the birth of its more modern style did not Madame de Sévigné know "dear pagans" by heart?) but to w also may be attributed the continua of that difficult simplicity, that purit form and the distinction that have give French letters an all but unrivaled l ership.

And thus we see that in the little den of a French child's mind a procession of toilers have worked, for how many a long century! M and priests, nuns and mothers; the manists and their modern sons—the fessors and the school-teachers. To mighty company must be added the g painters, sculptors, and writers—t magical workers with brush and ch with pen and burin, whose masterpi fill the libraries and the art-galleries, whose achievements have made the n of France synonymous with art, with finement of taste, and the higher criti of life.

Drawn by Maurice Boutet de Monvel

A FRENCH SCHOOL BENCH

She looked haggard, and was obviously on the edge of her nerves.

"Marcus might have come in," she added. "But, of course, he would n't—or could n't."

"Does n't he care for pictures?"

She slightly shrugged her shoulders.

"He used to. But I don't know that he does now."

"I suppose he has a tremendous amount to do."

"He used to do much more at Liverpool. If a man wishes to come to the front he must n't sit in an arm-chair with folded hands."

There was a sharp sound of criticism in her voice which astonished Malling. At the luncheon, only about a fortnight ago, she had shown herself plainly as the adoring wife, anxious for her husband's success, nervously hostile to any one who interfered with it, who stood between him and the homage of his world. Now Malling noted, or thought he noted, a change in her mental attitude. He was instantly on the alert.

"I 'm sure that 's the last thing Mr. Harding would do," he said.

She shot a glance at him out of her discontented dark eyes.

"Are you?" she said.

And sarcasm crept in the words. She gave to Malling at this moment the impression of a woman so strung up as to be not her natural self, so tormented by some feeling, perhaps long repressed, that her temperament was almost furiously seeking an outlet, knowing instinctively, perhaps, that only there lay its salvation.

"His record proves it," said Malling, with serenely smiling assurance.

Lady Sophia twisted her lips. The Academy tea was very strong. Perhaps it had been standing. She drank a little, pulled at her long gloves restlessly, and looked at Malling. He knew she was longing to confide in somebody. If only he could induce her to confide in him!

"Oh, my husband 's been a very active man," she said. "Everybody knows that. But in this modern world of ours one must not walk, or even run along, one must keep on rushing along if one intends to reach the goal."

"And by that you mean—?"

"Mean! The topmost height of your profession, or business, of whatever career you are in."

"You are ambitious," he said.

"Not for myself," she answered quickly. "I have no ambition for myself."

"But perhaps the ambition to spur on another successfully? That seems to me the truest, the most legitimate ambition of the woman all men worship in their hearts."

Suddenly tears started into her eyes. She was sitting opposite Malling. The tea-table was between them. Now she leaned forward across it. By nature she was a very sensitive, but she was not a self-conscious, woman. She was not self-conscious now.

"It is much better to be selfish," she said earnestly. "That is where we women make such a fatal mistake. Instead of trusting to ourselves, of relying on ourselves, and of having a personal ambition, we seek always another in whom we may trust; we are unhappy till we rely on another; it is for another we cherish, we hug, ambition. And then, when all founders, we realize too late what I dare say every man knows."

"What is that?"

"That we women are fools—fools!"

"For being unselfish?"

"For thinking we have power when we are impotent."

She made a gesture that was surely one of despair.

"No one—at any rate, no woman—has power for another," she added, with almost terrible conviction. "That is all a legend, made up to please us, I suppose. We draw a sword against darkness and think we are fighting. Is n't it too absurd?"

With the last words she changed her tone, trying to make it light, and she smiled.

"We take everything too seriously. That 's the trouble!" she said. "And men pretend we take nothing seriously."

"Very often they don't understand."

"Oh, please say never!" she exclaimed. "They never understand."

Suddenly Malling resolved on a very bold stroke.

"But I 'm a man," he said, as if that obvious fact shattered her contention.

"What has that got to do with it?" she said, in obvious surprise.

"Because I do understand."

For a moment she was silent. He thought he read what was passing through her mind, as he knew he had read her

character. She was one of those women who must be proud of their men, who love to be ruled, but only by a conqueror, who delight to sink themselves, but in power, not in impotence. And now she was confronted by the shipwreck not merely of her hopes, but also of her belief. She saw a hulk drifting at the mercy of the waves that, perhaps, would soon engulf it. But she was not only despairing, she was raging too. For she was a woman with nervous force in her, and it is force that rages in the moments of despair, seeking, perhaps unconsciously, some means of action and finding none.

"Why should there not be some hope?" asked Malling, quietly.

"To-morrow is Sunday. If you go to morning church at St. Joseph's, and then to evening church, you will see if there is any hope."

"To evening church?"

"Yes, yes."

She got up.

"You are going?"

"I must. Forgive me!"

She held out her hand.

"But—"

"No, don't come with me, please."

"If I go to St. Joseph's to-morrow, afterward may I see you again?"

"If you think it 's worth while."

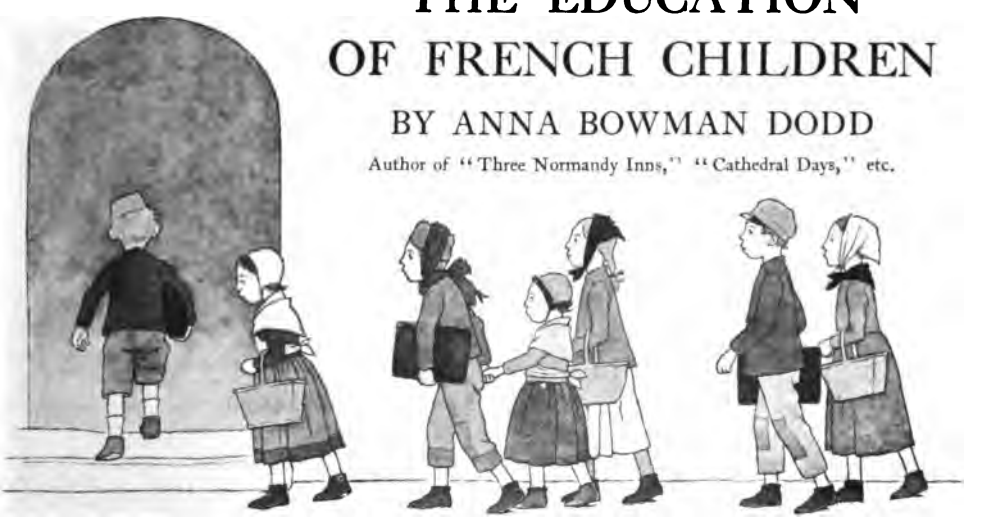
Her face twisted. Hastily she pulled down her veil, turned away, and left him.

(To be continued)

THE EDUCATION OF FRENCH CHILDREN

BY ANNA BOWMAN DODD

Author of "Three Normandy Inns," "Cathedral Days," etc.



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WITH PICTURES BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL

THAT familiar French circle one may see in any one of the public gardens in Paris—in the Tuileries, in the Luxembourg, or under the attenuated foliage of the Bois de Boulogne—a circle composed of a mother, a grandmother, a married daughter, *la jeune fille à marier,* and, as often as not, a father or grandfather, with a couple of children or a single grandchild as the center of such a group, the focal point of interest,—such a scene may be said to be typical of the attitude taken in France toward children. This concentration of tender solicitude, this inclosing of the child by the living wall of family pride and delight, as well as the protection afforded by the parental presence are characteristic French traits.

There is still surviving in France a spirit of conservatism, an innate wariness for perpetuating the tribal passion of exclusiveness, in all family relations, little understood by foreigners; and to this racial instinct for the preservation of family solidarity may be traced, in part, the passionate absorption of the French parent in offspring. There are other interesting

reasons, peculiar to the French race, that make the advent of a child in the house the chief event in the family history.

With the birth of offspring there comes to the French father and mother not only a rapture ascribed by colder races to the emotional temperament of the Gaul, but an immediate sense of responsibility almost unknown in America, where the doors of opportunity for youth and manhood, as well as womanhood, are still open, with almost assured security beyond of a livelihood.

Although the coming of a child can be said, without fear of exaggeration, to be commonly accounted as the greatest blessing that can descend upon a French household, it is, nevertheless, a blessing that must not be too often repeated. The Malthusian doctrine has become the utilitarian practice of the race. To France alone must we look to find the education of an entire nation—one limiting offspring to the gage of income. The joy in the possession of a child is unquestionably, immeasurably enhanced by this process of selection, in point of numbers.

In a small family, every member becomes of special importance. The French child, in nine cases out of ten, is the pivotal center about which the family life revolves. From the time a child is able to toddle, or to sit upright in a high chair, he or she is not only the object of the most devoted attention, but already its education may be said to have begun. The rare charm, the grace of manner, the ease and polish that we so admire in the French people, as a whole,—these accomplishments and attractions are not the result of accident, nor are they to be wholly accounted for by theories of inheritance or *milieu*. The French child is trained to be polite, to enter a room with grace, to bow with ease, to kiss a lady's hand, and to remain silent in the presence of its elders, as actors are coached to play a difficult rôle.

Not only are the correct tones of voice, speech, gesture, and carriage taught, as though each were as essential to a complete education as are the rudiments of spelling and arithmetic, but the French child, whether of poor parents or rich, is trained to obedience. That there are "enfants terribles" in France as elsewhere, Gyp's immortal "Petit Bob" is convincing proof But French children, as a rule, are severely punished for disobedience, and they have a father's rule to dread as well as a mother's.

All the world knows that the French father is a father in the true sense of the word. The feeling of a new and wholly unsuspected passion is born with the child. Nature and the natural passions will not be cheated. The current of love and devotion, stemmed in one direction, invariably finds another outlet. Marriages in France being based on the purely practical and material basis of a "dot,"—in other words, being so rarely marriages of love, or "of inclination," as they are called in France—the passion of love, thus cheated at the altar, expends itself on the child. It is in their love of the child and in their mutual interests for its welfare that a French married couple find, as a rule, their first, deep, common interest. The love of a French father for his child may, I think, be said to be unique in parenthood. All the best elements of the French character are evoked by this new passion. Self-interest dies out before the purer flame of self-sacrifice; this first rapture of a perfectly innocent love completely overwhelms the emotional French nature, and the Frenchman abandons himself to what may so often be called—and truthfully—his real first love.

The father, in France, is the recognized head of the family. In him is vested the clan tradition of authority. The law is his right arm, as custom has also handed to him the scepter of rulership. In many cases French law is tyrannical; how stringent, how oftentimes rigorously unjust are the workings of marriage laws in France! A French son or daughter, though grown to the mature age of five and twenty, forfeits all rights to the continuance of maintenance by marrying without the parents' consent.

The prevalent custom of indulging in a certain amount of leisure every day, and the innumerable festival days throughout France which give even to the working classes repeated holidays, permit a degree of closeness of companionship, of intimacy between a father and his children almost unknown in America. A French father has an opportunity of watching the development of his child's character from earliest infancy; frequent, daily companionship permits the growth, often, of simi-

THE WIDOW'S CHAPERON[1]

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

Author of "The Call of the Sea," "Under Rocking Skies," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLES J. POST

IT was hot in Pasaquimento that afternoon, and as I came to that corner of the Calle de los Buenos Hombres where it turns sharply to the east and gives its first full view of the cathedral rising like an orange cliff above its sun-baked plaza, I saw the Señor Passos, with a white umbrella open above his uncovered head, stepping mincingly toward me across the deserted square. His Panama hat was in his hand, and his smile was the smile of one whose thoughts were pleasant. I could see his head wag as he talked to himself.

He did not observe me until he fairly ran into me as I stood awaiting his coming, and then for the first time in my acquaintance with him I missed the elaborately courteous salutation with which he always greeted his friends, no matter how casual the meeting. The absence was the measure of his absorbed interest.

"Maria Pascala she have procure' a duenna," he said, and broke into the throaty rumble that passed with him for a laugh.

"A duenna!" I repeated in surprise, and echoed his laugh. "What need has she of a duenna—a widow who rules us all like a queen?"

"What need?" he said. "Señor, I will tell you: because she is Maria Pascala. More than that only the good God knows. Ah, Señor, there is a woman!"

I replied that he was undoubtedly right. Certainly, Pasaquimento would never again be quite the same after she had sailed away with her captain. "We forsaken ones will have nothing to do," I added, "but try to forget that such a thing as love ever existed." I thought it generous of me to ally myself to the sad company of her bereft suitors.

"As to that, Señor," gravely respon Passos, "a woman, it is no difference l charming, is only a woman; but love it not always love? Shall the heart wither' up because one woman shall appreciate? *Caramba,* no! That is great waste. But a duenna for M Pascala!" He laughed again, and me, but turned to call over his shoul "You should behol' her, Señor."

I had no such desire. I was sufficie acquainted with the South American of a chaperon to know the species, sh eyed, elderly, and grim, with no rede ing grace. I felt that a blight had falle the Fonda Pascala in its sad closing ho

I went there to supper as usual, h ever, though with little of my old-t eagerness. The fonda had been close a place of entertainment for the gen public, and the great outer room was l and deserted, with one smoky lamp guide me to the inner room which had come to consider our own. The d was open, and light streamed forth, v the pleasant clatter of supper and the fl of the Señora's speech, high and ra and joyously excited.

Unobserved, I stood for a moment looked in. At the head of the table, v Captain Miranda at her right, sat Señora, her chin resting on her cla hands, her elbows on the table, her restlessly roving from face to face. T were all there, the four suitors; but t there was a difference: with one except at that moment, they had eyes and ears the duenna alone.

I must confess that I followed t example, for seated at the Señora's le faint smile on her lips, her eyes do

[1] See "The Lady and the Earthquake" and "The Heart that was Agitated" in THE CENTURY for February July, 1910, respectively, which deal with the same group of characters as the present story.

One of the greatest of living French authors paid this tribute to his home training:

"Yes, now that I think of it, my first ideas of the beauty of life, of art, and of nature did not come to me from books or school. It was hearing my mother and father talk in my walks with them in the country, the heated discussions that arose about a book or a picture with cousins or friends, that made me a writer."

Lamartine also ascribed his earliest love for beauty of style to the readings, by his bedside, in childhood, of his mother. She chose those classics whose use of language would most interest and instruct a boy's youthful mind.

In older countries, the future of children, their career, the opportunities open for their advancement, the necessary, often arduous efforts that must be made to procure them an opening, and in France, the ever over-shadowing imperative obligation of saving for the child's "dot," impose upon both parents unceasing and untiring effort. The education of the child must be made, as far as possible, to conform to the child's future career. Such weighty matters become a constant theme of family discussion, since, if possible, no false step must be made.

While upon the father devolves, as a rule, the more important decisions concerning the higher education, the true education of the child may be said to begin in its mother's arms.

The average French mother is a type apart. No sacrifice of time, or ambition, or vanity, or personal gratification is too great to ask of the normal French woman. One does not go to a stony pasture to find a rare fruit—and one must not seek in the giddy, frivolous world of the few thousands in Paris whose passion for dress, whose inordinate love of display, or whose amorous longings furnish writers and playwrights with their models, for that noble and generous-bosomed mother whose divine sacrifices have given a religion even to the most scoffing Frenchman.

On the plastic, impressionable surface of her child's mind and nature, a French mother works with the passion, precision, and surety of touch of a genuine artist. Without going through the elaborate, hygienic, philosophic, or educational training which so many American mothers conscientiously pursue, the French mother works rather by instinct. Tradition and custom hold the first place, as law, in the training of a child. The innate French cleverness, the critical faculty, trained by

Drawn by Maurice Boutet de Monvel

THE "PERFECT MANNERS" OF A FRENCH YOUTH

centuries to fine observation, to delicate perception, to that knowledge of men and the world possessed, not only by the *grande dame*, —by the society woman, but in a more rudimentary sense by the peasant as well,—these are the more personal gifts in the mother which help to make the Frenchman what he is. It has been said that Frenchmen have been educated by priests and women. One proof of the truth of this verdict is to be seen in a refinement of manner possessed by the nation as a whole, a manner which has become traditional. There is a suppleness, a readiness, an ease in the bearing of French children which prove close intimacy with their mothers.

It is not alone the rich, the well-to-do, or the idle, who have time to give to their children. The busiest, the most executive, perhaps one of the best types of womanhood is the shopkeeping woman of France. The mere fact that she runs the shop, or helps to run that of her husband's, is proof that there is a reason for it. That reason is usually the child, or the children—their dot—in a word, their future. See her hard at work, the whole of the livelong day, and often far into the night. She is a dozen women filling a dozen different occupations with the rare French gift of capacity and with ease of manner. She has time to serve a customer, to act as cashier, to gossip on the door-sill, to keep an eye on her child in the

Drawn by Maurice Boutet de Monvel
Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

ADORATION OF THE FRENCH CHILD

Drawn by Maurice Boutet de Monvel

SPEEDING THE CHILD TO SCHOOL

street; or, if the shop be in the country or in the provinces, she will plant it, for a long hour of play among the flowers, in a tiny garden at the back of the house.

If the child is old enough to go to school, it is bathed, washed, provisioned, and sent off, singing and happy. At nightfall, behold the hard-worked parent beside her child, working far harder than the little Henri or Marie over the lessons that must be recited on the morrow.

In attempting to analyze the various systems pursued in France in the education of French children, this may be said, I think, at the outset. Whatever the defects in the French system of education, the whole world will concede that education in France does educate, in a certain large sense of the word—and that is, I take it, the highest tribute that can be awarded to any process by which a human being is fitted to meet his world, and, when the hour comes, to prove his fitness.

What are the chief factors to be considered in the education of French children? First of all, I should place the influence of the home circle, and the influence of parental authority. Next I should place a training in deportment. The development of the mental faculties must be conceded to take first rank in France, rather than an attempt at developing either the heroic or the moral qualities. Next after these, I should say the teaching, both in school and family, is concentrated in the effort to impress upon the youthful mind the dual advantage to be derived from such knowledge as can be of practical use and of ornamental applicability. In the schools, and I am here referring particularly to such schools as continue the accepted traditions of training in France among the better classes, the system employed is such as to keep on with the training received at home. But even with very young children, every effort is made to quicken and awaken mental activity. In many schools, the system of instruction would be one much better suited to children of ten and twelve years of age than to those of seven or eight.

"Yes, I know," said a clever French lady, "our children are over-stimulated, we give them far too much to do—and the cramming system begins too early. But did I not pursue this system, I should lose my pupils. Their parents wish them to be prodigies—to be able to recite well, to cipher, to read fluently, to write pretty letters, even to act well, and how are chil-

their cours in Paris for the four winter months," a Frenchman told me. "After our return to the château, they pursue their studies, with my wife and their governess at home, sending their résumés for correction and criticism to their school in the Faubourg St. Honoré."

For parents who devote themselves to their children, and have their future and career seriously at heart, such training is perhaps an ideal one.

There are other fathers and mothers who prefer older, more conservative methods. Innumerable are the French parents who make the willing sacrifice of long months of separation to place their daughters under the secure religious training of the good Sisters. In the exodus of the religious orders from France several of the more famous convents—those whose reputation brought them pupils from all over the world—established themselves in Belgium, by preference, as being close to France, while others have gone to Spain and to England.

In all of these convents, at Liège, at Bruges—that northern Venice—in the more distant Spanish provinces where such well-known orders as Les Dames Anglaises, Les Dames de l'Assomption, and many others in their enforced expatriation have sought the greater freedom to be enjoyed on foreign soil—in all such religious schools, the old, time-honored methods of instruction are rigidly adhered to. Indeed, the Faubourg St. Germain scarcely considers its daughters correctly trained or properly educated unless under the familiar guidance and, perhaps, the none too arduous mental tuition of the teaching Sisters. In such convents French mothers know exactly how their girls will be brought up; generations of their family have passed through the same gentle hands. In this training, as in the prospectus of the convents, the first, the one most important matter is to "inspire young people with a respect and love for religion." This conscientious endeavor among the veiled ladies of these famous convents to turn out religiously trained young girls, with simple tastes, with a desire for usefulness in the family and in society, this training, one must admit, has its weight in producing the Frenchwoman as she is at home—not the Frenchwoman of the dramatic-loving novelists and the playwrights.

Near the old medieval town of L in Belgium, the Ladies of the Sacré-C have been fortunate enough to disc and purchase a really ideal collectio houses. The ancient Abbaye of Flor picturesque assemblage of buildings, is mirably adapted to a Pensionnat—chapel, halls, dormitories, recrea grounds all complete—since in fo days the Abbaye was built for a bro hood of monks. Many of these va buildings have been most cleverly and gienically remodeled to suit the moder quirements of a girls' school. No site c be more conducive to health. The Ab has vast grounds of its own, and the skirts the shores of the winding Meuse, whose clear waters reflect brightness of color in the fields and dows that follow the sinuosities of stream.

A charming memory of the open-air in the Abbaye remains with me, a s framed in vivid greens of elms beeches. The white-capped Sisters, and rigid, were overlooking an exci game of basket-ball, played with spi zest by a dozen or more pupils in the of recreation. The rosy-cheeked girl their blue gowns and long aprons, darting, flying, with hands and stretched high. These merry-vo sparkling-eyed maidens were in star contrast to the stately figures of the whose somber habits and snowy coifs the more effective for their sun-flec tree-shadowed background.

The rather remarkable pains take provide the best gymnastic and hyg conditions, in many of these Catholic vents, are a very modern innovation. Liège, at one of the convents, at grea pense, a vast swimming-pool has made, where the pupils are taught tion. In still another—and this in very heart of the old town—in a garden, tennis-courts, croquet-sets, ba ball nets are plentifully supplied; for rainy weather there are covered courts for athletic exercises.

The war among the radicals, the so ists, and the Catholic element in Fr brought about by the separation of ch and state, is still raging. The battle being fought on the one hand for the plete emancipation of all schools either clerical or religious control o

the evolution of the scholar, of the writer, in France. At this tender age, children are taught precision and the value of clear definition, and are subjected to severe tests of memory.

The system of educating children, both the young and those of more mature age, by cours, or test-recitations, is, I think, a method used solely in France. Since the abolition of convents in that country, this system has seen a tremendous development. Lessons during the week are taught and learned at home. In many cases, the children come to school to recite in class twice or three times a week, and then only for a comparatively short period. As scholars advance in their education, the necessity for following several cours involves arduous efforts on the part of the mother, should the family income be such as to preclude the possibility of a governess being employed, for, of course, every child attending a Parisian school must be personally accompanied, this surveillance extending, in the case of young girls, to the very end of their educational training. Not only is this onerous duty enjoined upon the mother, but, where no governess is employed, the necessity of coaching a child in its various lessons becomes imperative. No mother can have the courage, two or three times a week, to confront the criticism and condemnation of those other mothers who form, as it were, a court of judgment. Her child must present, in training and deportment, the proofs of careful home influence and tuition.

Drawn by Maurice Boutet de Monvel

A SISTER'S REPROOF: "OH, THAT NAUGHTY BOY!"

What the French mother endures and sacrifices for her children is surely an example to the whole world of mothers. With the growing needs of children, the social life, the entire milieu, often, undergo a complete transformation. A certain charming countess whom I knew, whose little hôtel on the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne had been a rendezvous for an élite circle, found herself forced, by reason of economy, to change her residence. I found her on the fourth story, in one of the new, garish apartment-houses whose insolent brightness seems a double affront, neighboring as it did the Couvent des Carmes, the former shrine of Madame Récamier.

"What can one do?" said this charming woman, with that pathetic smile of accepted resignation to conditions so common among women in France. "My children must now follow the cours, and some of the best are over here in this quarter. Henri, you know, is already beginning his cramming for his degree, and Germaine goes to the cours at Mlle. de C——'s around the corner. Rents in the fashionable quarters of the Bois have become impossible—since the inundations they are doubled—and, with three children to educate, and later to marry, one must do something, you know." And so my lovely friend will be more or less lost to the world for a few years, will be taking her Germaine to her cours, and will be helping all of the children with their various lessons. Besides such tasks there will be preparations for the first communion; there will be also, the dancing-class, for the "Boston" must be taken almost as seriously as the genealogies of the Hebrew families in the courses of Bible history.

This system of education by cours has the advantage—one esteemed as incomparably the best of all methods by such parents as desire to keep their children under home influences—of being continued by correspondence. "My children follow

notes, go in for examinations, from time to time, remain in school three or four hours, and are given comparatively light tasks for home study.

A young pupil of one of the more frequented of the Parisian lycées—a lad of fourteen—gave me the following résumé of the methods of instruction:

"The professors, having prepared their lectures at home, bring their notes to the class. They give us the lecture sometimes without looking at their notes; those are the most interesting! We in our turn take our notes, and at the end of the lecture, the professor dictates to us a résumé. He then tells us the lessons we must learn at home; but they are not many. For each separate study we have a separate professor; each class lasts an hour. For our instruction in morality we are given the philosophy of the stoics. God is not mentioned. For those who wish to practise their religion (for resident pupils), there is in the lycée a chapel and a chaplain for Catholics; for Protestants and Jews there are a pastor and a rabbi. For our cours in geography luminous projections are given in order to present to our minds the more graphically the countries we are studying. Almost all our professors are *agrégés*. Their lectures are similar to those at the Sorbonne."

The father of this young student told me that whereas, at the former schools which his son had attended, the lad had shown little or no disposition for study, in this lycée, and under this new system of instruction, the young Pierre had not only been keenly interested, but looked forward to the hours in school with eagerness.

The more arduous cramming course comes later, when a youth begins his preparatory studies for his degree. This period is one of severe discipline, a work involved to secure a degree appal an Oxonian or a graduate o vard.

But as a baccalaureate is absolute essary to every Frenchman who i entering the navy, the army, or the matic corps, or purposes to strive civil appointment, the tyranny of th cess is submitted to.

As in American colleges, there ginning to be practised the elective s of studies. The classics are being and more abandoned; time alone prove the results of the loss or ga French scholarship of a putting asi those "humanists" so dear to Ar France—those pagan writers to v French scholarship owes perhaps not the birth of its more modern style did not Madame de Sévigné know "dear pagans" by heart?) but to w also may be attributed the continu of that difficult simplicity, that puri form and the distinction that have giv French letters an all but unrivaled ership.

And thus we see that in the little den of a French child's mind a procession of toilers have worked, for how many a long century! M and priests, nuns and mothers; the manists and their modern sons—the fessors and the school-teachers. To mighty company must be added the g painters, sculptors, and writers—t magical workers with brush and ch with pen and burin, whose masterpi fill the libraries and the art-galleries, whose achievements have made the n of France synonymous with art, with finement of taste, and the higher critic of life.

Drawn by Maurice Boutet de Monvel

A FRENCH SCHOOL BENCH

struction, and on the part of practising Catholics for freedom to educate their children according to the teachings of their church—this conflict is being carried on with the heat of passion ever aroused by religion or politics. As we all know, fanaticism is not merely a matter of religious conviction or of intellectual opinion; it is in the nature of certain men; and the present attempt in France, of the free-thinking element in power to impose their conceptions of education upon a whole nation is but a continuation of that older tyranny of the church.

The radicals, with the government enforcing their principles, have not only emancipated public schools from all vestige of religious control, but the laws forbid any religious teaching whatever. The very name of deity is forbidden. Prayer, with which every school in France has been opened for centuries, is strictly banished from the order of exercises.

Even the most advanced radical-socialists, however, have preserved a shadow of the sense of humor. It was gravely voted the other day in the Chambre des Deputés that the attempt to instil metaphysical doctrines into the infant brain was perhaps a waste of time: "That God was unknowable," it was solemnly agreed, was a philosophic proposition which a child of seven, even a French child, might possibly be unable to grasp!

On the part of the Catholic element in France, the right to educate children according to accepted Catholic training is being as rigorously fought and enforced as though the war on socialistic doctrines had only just been declared. Leagues and societies are everywhere being formed to protect Catholic interests. We find such distinguished Academicians as the Comte d'Haussonville, on the one side, heading an association for maintaining certain religious rights in the training of children. "Education Saine," another league is headed by no less a distinguished name than that of Anatole France. And in every parish and province throughout France the warfare for personal rights over the training of offspring continues.

Since the Anglo-Franco alliance, all things English are the rage in France. One of the latest educational fads among aristocrats is to send their boys to English schools. An amusing scene, I remember, was a conversation held between a young Etonian, just returned to the bosom of his family, after the expiration of the "term" at school, and two ladies *en visite* and Monsieur l'abbé. The ladies had questioned the lad as to what course of studies was pursued "in the English college." "It is not a college, it is a school," severely replied the boy.

"And you learn—" again inquired the caller.

"Oh, we have the usual things." Then he added with brightening eyes, "And the sports—they are splendid! We play foot-ball and cricket and—"

Monsieur l'abbé had been moving uneasily in his arm-chair. He now burst forth, "But, sport is not a lesson! Ces Anglais! That is all they know! Sport!"

To this the young Etonian replied indignantly, "They teach us everything! There are many lessons—arithmetic, geography, history—"

"English history! La belle affaire! There is no truth in history written by Englishmen!" cried the abbé, doubly irritated at the lad's enthusiasm and at the ladies' amusement.

The boy here turned to his mother, leaning against her, his eyes sparkling with indignation. "Oh maman! It is not so! In England they are very severe for the truth! Why, at Eton it is very *chic* to tell the truth all the time!"

Even Monsieur l'abbé's sense of humor was too strong to withhold his laughter from joining the chorus that rang up at the lad's naïve, discriminating remark.

Throughout France, within the past few years, there has been a genuine cult of sport in boys' schools. At Liancourt, that French Eton, the boys are encouraged to practise the sports common in English schools, such as cricket, foot-ball, etc. In fact, gymnastics are making converts all over France, teams competing with spirit and that passionate zest aroused by physical contests.

In the Parisian schools for boys, under the new system in the lycées, the pupils pass so little time in school there is little or no time for athletics. The oral system of teaching has of late become the preferred method of instruction. Lessons are taught by lecturing on the topic or subject; certain studies are even given the aid of luminous projections. The pupils take

on the real human qualities of each personage, and sometimes these estimates are surprisingly accurate, just as they are often sadly out of focus.

Joseph Jefferson had a place in the public esteem quite apart from that demanded by his skill as an actor. Players and readers of newspapers came to know in time that he was a kind and cheery old gentleman of blameless life, charitable in his estimates of professional associates, a modest devotee of the fine arts, an outdoor sportsman with the enthusiasm of a boy, and the chosen associate of a good many eminent citizens. When they spoke of "Joe" Jefferson in warmth and kindness, it was not because he played "Rip Van Winkle" so beautifully, but because the light of his private goodness had filtered through the mystery surrounding every popular actor. William H. Crane is another veteran of the stage who holds the regard of the public. It knows him as a comedian, and also it knows him as the kind of man we should like to invite up to our house to meet the "folks." The sororities throb with a feeling of sisterhood for Miss Maude Adams because the girls feel sure that she is gracious and charming and altogether "nice."

Mark Twain would have stood very well with the assorted grades making up what is generally known as the "great public" even if he had done his work in a box and passed it out through a knot-hole. Any one who knew our homely neighbors as he knew them and could tell about them in loving candor, so that we laughed at them and warmed up to them at the same time, simply had to be "all right." Being prejudiced in his favor, we knew that if he wanted to wear his hair in a mop and adopt white clothing and talk with a drawl, no one would dare to suggest that he was affecting the picturesque. He was big enough to be different. Any special privilege was his without the asking. Having earned 100 per cent. of our homage he did n't have to strain for new effects.

His devotion to the members of his family and the heroic performance in connection with the debts of the publishing house undoubtedly helped to strengthen the general regard for him. Also, the older generation, having heard him lecture, could say that they had "met" him. Every one who sat within the soothing presence of the drawl, waiting t chirked up on every second sentence a half-concealed stroke of drollery, for all time a witness to the inim charm of the man and the story-telle

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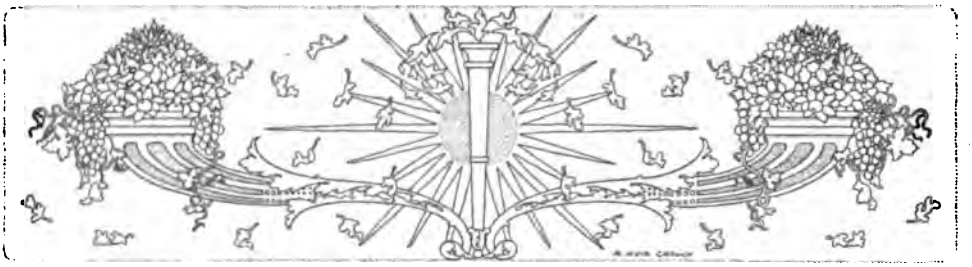

MARK TWAIN AS OUR EMISSARY

BY GEORGE ADE

Author of "Fables in Slang," "The College Widow," etc.

MARK TWAIN had a large following of admirers who came to regard themselves as his personal friends. Many of them he never met. Most of them never saw him. All of them felt a certain relationship and were flattered by it. Men and women in all parts of our outspread domain, the men especially, cherished a private affection for him. They called him by his first name, which is the surest proof of abiding fondness. Andrew Jackson was known as "Andy"; Abraham Lincoln was simply "Abe" to every soldier boy; and, as a later instance, we have "Teddy." Some men settle down to a kinship with the shirt-sleeve contingent, even when they seem indifferent to the favor of the plain multitude.

Mark Twain never practised any of the wiles of the politician in order to be cheered at railway stations and have Chautauquas send for him. He did not seem over-anxious to meet the reporters, and he had a fine contempt for most of the orthodox traditions cherished by the people who loved him. Probably no other American could have lived abroad for so many years without being editorially branded as an expatriate. In some sections of our country it is safer to be an accomplice in homicide, or a stand-patter in politics, than it is to be an "expatriate." When Mr. Clemens chose to take up his residence in Vienna he incurred none of the criticism visited upon Mr. William Waldorf Astor. Every one hoped he would have a good time and learn the German language. Then when the word came back that he made his loafing headquarters in a place up an alley known as a *stube,* or a *rathskeller,* or something like that, all the women of the literary clubs, who kept his picture on the high pedestal with the candles burning in front of it, decided that *stube* meant "shrine." You may be sure that if they can find the place they will sink a bronze memorial tablet immediately above the main faucet.

Of course, the early books, such as "Innocents Abroad," "Roughing It," and "The Gilded Age" gave him an enormous vogue in every remote community visited by book-agents. The fact that people enjoyed reading these cheering volumes and preserved them in the bookcase and moved out some of the classics by E. P. Roe and Mrs. Southworth in order to make room for "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," does not fully account for the evident and accepted popularity of Mark Twain. Other men wrote books that went into the bookcase but what one of them ever earned the special privilege of being hailed by his first name?

When a man has done his work for many years more or less under the supervising eye of the public, the public learns a good many facts about him that are in no way associated with his set and regular duties as a servant of the public. Out of the thousand-and-one newspaper mentions and private bits of gossip and whispered words of inside information, even the busy man in the street comes to put an estimate

on the real human qualities of each personage, and sometimes these estimates are surprisingly accurate, just as they are often sadly out of focus.

Joseph Jefferson had a place in the public esteem quite apart from that demanded by his skill as an actor. Players and readers of newspapers came to know in time that he was a kind and cheery old gentleman of blameless life, charitable in his estimates of professional associates, a modest devotee of the fine arts, an outdoor sportsman with the enthusiasm of a boy, and the chosen associate of a good many eminent citizens. When they spoke of "Joe" Jefferson in warmth and kindness, it was not because he played "Rip Van Winkle" so beautifully, but because the light of his private goodness had filtered through the mystery surrounding every popular actor. William H. Crane is another veteran of the stage who holds the regard of the public. It knows him as a comedian, and also it knows him as the kind of man we should like to invite up to our house to meet the "folks." The sororities throb with a feeling of sisterhood for Miss Maude Adams because the girls feel sure that she is gracious and charming and altogether "nice."

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on the Burlington. The lady, whose voice comes from a point directly between the eyes, seeks to correct all erroneous impressions by going to the table d'hote with fewer clothes and more jewels than any one had reason to expect. These two are not as frequently to be seen as they were twenty years ago but they are still gleefully held up by our critics as being "typical."

Probably they are outnumbered nowadays by the apologetic kind,—those who approach the English accent with trembling determination and who, after ordering in French, put a finger on the printed line so that the waiter may be in on the secret.

There are Americans who live abroad and speak of their native land in shameful whispers. Another kind is an explainer. He becomes fretful and involved in the attempt to make it clear to some Englishman with a cold and fish-like eye that, as a matter of fact, the lynchings are scattered over a large territory, and Tammany has nothing whatever to do with the United States Senate, and the millionaire does not crawl into the presence of his wife and daughters, and Morgan never can be King, and citizens of St. Louis are not in danger of being hooked by moose. After he gets through the Englishman says "Really?" and the painful incident is closed.

Every man is handicapped and hobbled when he gets out of his own bailiwick. The American is at a special disadvantage in Europe. If he cannot adapt himself to strange customs and social regulations, he thinks that he will be set down as an ignoramus. If he tries to nullify or override them he may be regarded as a boor or a barbarian. Once in a while an American, finding himself beset by unfamiliar conditions, follows the simple policy of not trying to assimilate new rules or oppose them, and merely goes ahead in his own way, conducting himself as a human being possessed of the usual number of faculties. This odd performance may be counted upon to excite wonder and admiration. Benjamin Franklin tried it out long ago and became the sensation of Europe. General Grant and Colonel Roosevelt got along comfortably in all sorts of foreign complications merely by refusing to put on disguises and to be play-actors. But Mark Twain was probably the best of our emissaries. He never waved the starry banner and at the same time he never went around begging forgiveness. He knew the faults of his home people and he understood intimately and with a family knowledge all of their good qualities and groping intentions and half-formed plans for big things in the future; but apparently he did not think it necessary to justify all of his private beliefs to men who lived five thousand miles away from Hannibal, Missouri. He had been in all parts of the world and had made a calm and unbiased estimate of the relative values of men and institutions. Probably he came to know that all had been cut from one piece and then trimmed variously. He carried with him the same placid habits of life that sufficed him in Connecticut and because he was what he pretended to be, the hypercritical foreigners doted upon him and the Americans at home, glad to flatter themselves, said, "Why, certainly, he 's one of us."

THE WIDOW'S CHAPERON[1]

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

Author of "The Call of the Sea," "Under Rocking Skies," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLES J. POST

IT was hot in Pasaquimento that afternoon, and as I came to that corner of the Calle de los Buenos Hombres where it turns sharply to the east and gives its first full view of the cathedral rising like an orange cliff above its sun-baked plaza, I saw the Señor Passos, with a white umbrella open above his uncovered head, stepping mincingly toward me across the deserted square. His Panama hat was in his hand, and his smile was the smile of one whose thoughts were pleasant. I could see his head wag as he talked to himself.

He did not observe me until he fairly ran into me as I stood awaiting his coming, and then for the first time in my acquaintance with him I missed the elaborately courteous salutation with which he always greeted his friends, no matter how casual the meeting. The absence was the measure of his absorbed interest.

"Maria Pascala she have procure' a duenna," he said, and broke into the throaty rumble that passed with him for a laugh.

"A duenna!" I repeated in surprise, and echoed his laugh. "What need has she of a duenna—a widow who rules us all like a queen?"

"What need?" he said. "Señor, I will tell you: because she is Maria Pascala. More than that only the good God knows. Ah, Señor, there is a woman!"

I replied that he was undoubtedly right. Certainly, Pasaquimento would never again be quite the same after she had sailed away with her captain. "We forsaken ones will have nothing to do," I added, "but try to forget that such a thing as love ever existed." I thought it generous of me to ally myself to the sad company of her bereft suitors.

"As to that, Señor," gravely responded Passos, "a woman, it is no difference how charming, is only a woman; but love—is it not always love? Shall the heart be wither' up because one woman shall not appreciate? *Caramba,* no! That is ver' great waste. But a duenna for Maria Pascala!" He laughed again, and left me, but turned to call over his shoulder, "You should behol' her, Señor."

I had no such desire. I was sufficiently acquainted with the South American idea of a chaperon to know the species, sharp-eyed, elderly, and grim, with no redeeming grace. I felt that a blight had fallen on the Fonda Pascala in its sad closing hours.

I went there to supper as usual, however, though with little of my old-time eagerness. The fonda had been closed as a place of entertainment for the general public, and the great outer room was bare and deserted, with one smoky lamp to guide me to the inner room which we had come to consider our own. The door was open, and light streamed forth, with the pleasant clatter of supper and the flood of the Señora's speech, high and rapid, and joyously excited.

Unobserved, I stood for a moment and looked in. At the head of the table, with Captain Miranda at her right, sat the Señora, her chin resting on her clasped hands, her elbows on the table, her eyes restlessly roving from face to face. They were all there, the four suitors; but now there was a difference: with one exception, at that moment, they had eyes and ears for the duenna alone.

I must confess that I followed their example, for seated at the Señora's left, a faint smile on her lips, her eyes down-

[1] See "The Lady and the Earthquake" and "The Heart that was Agitated" in THE CENTURY for February and July, 1910, respectively, which deal with the same group of characters as the present story.

Drawn by Charles J. Post

"SEATED AT THE SEÑORA'S LEFT . . . WAS THE HANDSOMEST GIRL I HAD EVER SEEN!"

cast, was the handsomest girl I had ever seen!

Then the Señora saw me.

"Ah, la! the Capitan Jarvees!" she cried, and, rising, made ready a place for me at her left, by the side of the duenna. She was dignity itself as she presented me.

"Capitan Jarvees," she said, "the Señorita Alvarez—'t is ver' great happiness to make the pre*sent* to you both together. She is duenna to me. She knows not those English langwitch ver' nice like me, but sufficient to the understanding, yas."

"If I am to talk to the Señorita Alvarez, a very little of her language will suffice," I replied gaily. "What is the Spanish for 'I love—at first sight,' Señora?"

The Señora Pascala laughed and glanced down the table, where her duenna, in manifest bewilderment, was blushingly striving to catch the meaning of the English of four eager gentlemen. The Señora giggled.

"Caramba!" she whispered, "me, I think that ver' much unnec'sary to learn: she going un'stand those word' in the English off somebuddy ver' quick." Then she leaned toward me to whisper, "But, Señor, how you *like* my duenna?"

"Like!" I exclaimed. "I adore her. She is beautiful."

"Ah," she murmured, "that is reason to procure her in such manner—to fix the broke' hearts to my dear friends. Always they regard me with the looks so unpleasant, shaking the head mournful, because it is not pos*sib*le to get marry with each. So I become ver' sad. It is ver' great unpleasantness to be sad, yas; so I consider how I shall mend those broke' hearts. And now behol'!" She glanced down the board and giggled behind her hand. For the first time in my acquaintance with that love-lorn company a giggle of the Señora Pascala stirred no emotion. It was not even heard. They had eyes and ears for the duenna alone.

Passos was leaning across the table, his eager gaze fixed on the intent but puzzled face of the Señorita Alvarez. With the unquestioning courtesy of his race, he had tacitly accepted the situation as it came from the hands of the Señora Pascala: the Señorita Alvarez was her duenna, and necessarily, therefore, the arbiter of all

social engagements. He was trying to get her to promise to go to the ball of the Club Republicano.

"One, two, three, four, five"—he counted his fingers impressively, to make sure of being understood—"five days—that is *dias,* you know—"

"Señor Passos," broke in the Señora Pascala, "you un'stand the Señorita Alvarez desire' to learn that English langwitch? No Spanish is to be spick."

"Pardon, Señora," said Passos, humbly, and turned to the Señorita again. "Five days—that is nights, you know—it shall be when that ball shall arrive. It is of the most exalted peop'. Shall not the Presidente himself be inclusive? *Hola,* yas! That is very high honor; but listen. He shall be *moon* only to that ball; but you, Señorita, shall be sun. *Caramba!* both shall shine together at once. That is equally like some miracle, you un'stand? I invite ever'buddy to my expenses"—he waved his hand comprehensively about the room—"Certainly, you shall go, is it not truthfully I declare?"

Smilingly Barzilla thumped the table, crying:

"Listen additionally, Señorita, before the answer. It is similarly the night to the ball of the Alliança Nationalista. In his deepest heart, but not for publicash', the Señor Passos shall confess *that* the ball of the best—the flower, to the city, yas. But lacking *one* perfect flower, Señorita, I declare that ball shall become failure; otherwise, success of highest degree. 'T is to you to make the difference by the absence; contrary, by the presence. You un'stand the meaning, Señorita? You will attend, then? Likewise all present?"

The girl looked laughingly up and down the table. Her eyes were beautiful, and none the less so because at this moment they were wholly bewildered.

"It is to do what, Señores?" she asked hesitatingly.

"To dance," explained Passos. He sprang to his feet, and in a stately fashion whirled thrice around, holding his arms above his head, then sank into his chair again. "The fandango, the valse, and similarly others of the same likeness. You un'stand, and will go?"

"With me?" interposed Barzilla. "Is it not the intention?"

The Señorita laughed delightedly.

"Si, Señores," she replied—"of co'ze; yas."

"But with which?" cried Passos. "With me, is it not so?"

"To the Alliança Nationalista, of course," retorted Barzilla. "Remember, Señorita, it is the best."

"To bote," calmly replied the Señorita Alvarez.

"Caramba!" exclaimed Captain Miranda, admiringly. "'T is of the very great wisdom, like Solomon. You go to one, do you know that other is not more better? Sure-lee not. But to both? Then, Señores, you un'stand without doubt you procure the best."

"And the worse," protested Passos.

"Sure-lee," agreed Captain Miranda. "Otherwise, how is it pos*sib*le to make the compare? But the best likewise; therefore the highest satisfaction."

"As the Señorita wishes," Passos gallantly replied. "Asking first, with me first, of course; secondly, with the Señor Barzilla." So it was agreed.

More than once in the days that followed I noticed a growing tendency to preoccupation in the Señora's demeanor. Once I spoke of her approaching marriage to Captain Miranda.

"It is going to be a very sad place you 'll leave behind you," I declared.

She sighed.

"Some off that sadness going depart along with me likewise," she replied. "Is it not similar to that dying, Señor? Of course I un'stand that heaven is ver' happy place; but does one become ver' sad because he does not die quick and procure it? *Hola!* no! That shall be ver' impolite to nice friends to leave them so rapidly with pleasure. *Caramba!* that is so."

I wondered if the binding ties of home and old associations were not weakening the hold of the captain's love. He on his part seemed wholly and happily unaware of any such change. Then a new thought came to me. While the Señora still insisted that only English should be spoken and she was always persistently at the side of her duenna when Passos, Barzilla, or Schwartz was near, it was undeniable that Captain Miranda had more liberty. Unreproved, he frequently spoke in Portuguese to the girl, and it was clearly apparent that they had become great friends.

Did the Señora wish it? Was she deliberately throwing all that beauty at the captain's head with the hope of breaking the bonds that homesickness had lessened? Knowing the subtilty of the Señora's mind, I was prepared for anything, and watched it all with the interest of a staged melodrama. I even jokingly spoke indirectly of the matter to Barzilla and Passos, but of course to each separately.

"If you do not go to Passos's ball," I said to Barzilla, "as you say you will not, and he stays away from yours, I 'm inclined to think that some of us who will go to both will have the best of it —Captain Miranda, for instance. A good deal of mischief might be done in that time; the Señorita Alvarez is very beautiful, and the captain, you know—" I laughed in his face.

He shrugged his shoulders and said slyly:

"Does the Señor un-'stand that if Captain Miranda shall change and get married with the Señorita Alvarez, he cannot marry with Maria Pascala? The Señorita is very beautiful, yas; but Maria Pascala? *Zut!* 't is to leave more than to procure. That shall be wholly satisfy to all; I myself shall not make the complaint."

"I see," I replied. "Only I thought that of late the Señorita Alvarez was becoming rather interesting to you."

"Como no?" he asked. "And why not? If not one, why not the other, you un'stand?"

Passos also had a plan, I learned, when I questioned him in like manner.

"Listen, Señor," he said gaily. "It is firstly to go to the ball with me, is it not so? Very well; I shall fill the Señorita's dance-card to the limit, with the Presidente himself next to last. Knowing the honor, shall she go away before the close? *Caramba!* would any woman?"

"What, will the President dance with her himself?" I asked with surprise. Passos grinned.

"If his name is down for that purpose, why not?" he asked slyly. "And when he shall behol' her, shall he not be delight'? Naturally, Señor. Is he not also a man? The Señorita is very beautiful."

Drawn by Charles J. Post

"'TO DANCE,' EXPLAINED PASSOS"

"But Barzilla will come for her at midnight," I cautioned him. He smiled.

"So I shall relate to ever'buddy *befo'* midnight," he replied with a grin. "Our young men are very jealous of beauty, Señor. *Caramba!* I think there shall be some revolution."

It was after dinner, and we were sitting under the arcade of the patio, looking off at the sea as it lay like a wrinkled shield of silver under the full moon, riding high above the Andes. A little apart from us the Señorita Alvarez, Barzilla, and Schwartz sat listening breathlessly to some tale of Captain Miranda. We could catch the rumble of his voice, but not the words, and we began to speak again as the Señora entered and seated herself at my side. She did not even look toward the other group, but toward the sea, and said that the night was beautiful.

"Too beautiful—like your duenna, Señora," Passos replied. "Like her, it makes the heart sad with some longings."

She turned toward him sharply.

"You find yourself in love another time, Señor?" she asked a little maliciously, I thought.

"*Como no?* Why not?" he demanded.

"Because of the uselessness," she replied. "My duenna is marry already."

"Marry?" he repeated incredulously.

"'T is of the sameness," she said; "she is very much too young."

"Ah, that shall remedy itself," he said lightly. "One can wait."

She shook her head at that, and turned to him resolutely.

"Señor," she declared, "now I shall tell all. You wish to know why I desire her to learn those English? 'T is because she shall get marry with Capitan Jarvees. Yas; tha' 's how 't is."

Now, I had a wife and two children at home, but at that moment it seemed unnecessary to acknowledge that fact. Who was I to block the inscrutable workings of the Señora's mind?

I must say that the courtesy of Passos was perfect. He knew that the Señora's reason was sheer ribaldry, but he turned to me and said:

"Señor, you are to be highly congratulate'."

We walked home together when I started for my vessel that night, and I thought it no more than fair to state that I was already married. He stopped me with a gesture.

"I un'stand, Señor," he said gaily; "she wishes the Captain Miranda to marry the Señorita. She is very much fatigue to that bargain."

I confessed that the same thought had occurred to me, and while I liked Miranda, I was still sorry that he should always stand in the light of so good a friend as Passos himself.

He laughed, and said much as Barzilla had:

"Is it poss*ib*le to stand in the light of sun and moon both together, Señor? Assuredly no. If it shall be that the Captain Miranda shall change and marry the Señorita Alvarez, *'Vaga con Dios'*—'Go with God,' I shall say to him; but it will not be with Maria Pascala."

It was on the second night before the double ball that Passos and Barzilla came in with news that threw all their plans awry and set the Señora Pascala and her duenna into a pleasurable flutter of excitement: the balls were to be masked.

"We shall proceed to them then altogether with each other, dear friends," the Señora Pascala sweetly declared. "Me, could I arrive to them perfect stranger to all? *Caramba,* no! I should be much frightened, like the cat. But with you, Señores—" She looked around on the assorted sizes of our little company and laughed; and we laughed with her. Indeed, it was clear that no disguises could hide our identity from her sharp eyes, and then and there we frankly gave over all thought of any such intention.

Two nights later we came together at the fonda at an early hour. With a lamentable lack of initiative, Schwartz, Barzilla, and I had elected to appear as gray friars; Passos had arrayed himself as a knight, and with his height and attenuation brought to mind a pleasantly laughable image of him of La Mancha; Miranda in purple doublet and hose, buckled shoes, huge earrings, cutlass and pistols in a flaming red sash, and a knitted red cap pulled low over one eye, with the peaked end dropping over his shoulder, was a fierce figure of a pirate of the Spanish Main. With a true masculine consciousness of playing the fool, we were rather cumbrously trying to live up to our costumes when a tinkling of tambourines came in from the patio, and through the open door two dancing girls came whirling into the room, circling slowly about us in a stately dance. I confess that I stood and gazed with the dropped lower jaw of stupefied amazement: the pair were as alike as two peas. In height, slender grace, and action, each was the looking-glass image of the other. Their short yellow skirts laced over black underskirts; their yellow stockings and high-heeled black slippers; the black hair dressed ornately on their small heads; the long, black lace gloves reaching above their elbows; the dark sparkle of their laughing eyes showing through the openings of their obscuring masks—all these gave me an uncanny impression of seeing two figures where in reality I saw but one. There was one difference: above the left ear of one a red rose had been carelessly placed in the hair; in the other the rose was yellow.

They danced down the room with downcast eyes and tinkling tambourines, and heeding us no more than if we had

Drawn by Charles J. Post

"IN HEIGHT, SLENDER GRACE, AND ACTION, EACH WAS THE LOOKING-GLASS IMAGE OF THE OTHER"

been the blocks of wood we must have appeared; then whirling, together they advanced toward us, only to separate as they drew near. But leaping forward, Captain Miranda caught a hand of each.

"*Madre de Dios,* point out the prize belonging to me," he exclaimed; "for I cannot tell."

With a backward leap, the one with the red rose covered her face with her tambourine.

"You look so fierce!" she murmured, and shrank back, giggling behind her tambourine.

I laughed. Once before, in the earthquake, I had heard something like that.

"Not fierce to you, Maria Pascala," tenderly replied the captain, and dropped the hand of the one with the yellow rose. But the other laughed, and struggled to free her hand.

"La, la!" she exclaimed, "I am the Señorita Alvarez. The Señor Captain knows not much. *Caramba,* no!"

"Tell no falsehoods in presence of these holy brothers, Maria Pascala," retorted the captain, waving his hand toward us in the friars' robes. "Would I not know your voice in heaven—disguised as angel? *Zut,* yas."

"You going arrive to that place—pirate?" she asked, giggling. "Behol' some great faiths!"

"Surely, yas, if you shall arrive also," replied the captain, stoutly. "I shall not ever be separate', Maria Pascala."

At that the one with the yellow rose laughed, and said:

"Behol' some proofs you shall not arrive at that heaven, then, Señor; I am Maria Pascala." She turned to her fellow-dancer. "Shall *we* not go to those ball firstly, duenna mia?" she asked. "Those pirate desire some other places much more better—naturally."

Passos had been standing, gazing at the two with bewildered eyes. Now he drew himself together.

"Surely; 't is time to go," he said. Then he looked at the two again and said aloud, but as if to himself: "If Maria Pascala declare she is Maria Pascala, then it must be that she is the Señorita Alvarez. But only the good God knows

truly." And with that he led the way to the carriage that he had in waiting.

The ladies elected to speak mostly in Spanish as we rattled over the rough-paved streets to the ball, and that only of the briefest; for the most part they sat laughing and whispering together, holding hands. But as we slowly approached the brightly lighted entrance to the assembly-room, Passos leaned forward and addressed the one who had called herself the Señora Pascala.

"Dear lady," he said, "the first dance is to me, is it not so?"

She answered sweetly:

"But with which you desire to dance, Señor? *Which* lady?"

He waved his hand hopelessly as he replied:

"When the good God Himself is not able to show some diff'rence, who am I to choose? 'T is not poss*ib*le to make mistake."

The other turned to Captain Miranda.

"Is it not poss*ib*le to make mistake, Señor?" she asked mischievously.

"Not for love," he replied firmly. "I dance with you first of all, Maria Pascala."

"Como no?" she replied, and laughed.

He danced with her, indeed, and later with the one of the yellow rose, but after that rarely with either. For the most part they danced together, wheeling about each other in a dance of their own, as they threaded their way among the other dancers, whose eyes rarely left them. It was impossible to believe all that grace and lightness of form was not accompanied, under those concealing masks, with beauty of face as well. And two! The mystery created curiosity, and curiosity wonder. When in the pauses of the dance we tried to approach them, they were always surrounded, and so, in a way, kept us at a distance. But over the heads and shoulders of the throng their flashing eyes were always seeking ours in laughing challenge. For my part, I was hopelessly puzzled. Watch as closely as I might, I could catch no clue from which I could assure myself that this was the señora, that her duenna.

It was close on to one o'clock when, standing near the entrance, I felt a hand on my shoulder, and looking over the head of the man who had touched me, I saw Barzilla outside frantically gesticulating. I went out to him.

"Behol' the hour!" he exclaimed, holding up his watch to my face. *"Hola!* here have I stood a lifetime, Señor!"

"Wait," I said, and hurried in to find Passos. He received my word gloomily.

"Ver' well," he said hopelessly. "Here or there, what diff'rence, Señor? Can a man make love to two, not knowing which is which, and that in the end he shall be obliged to eat his words to both?"

"Then you 'll not try to keep them?" I said, with a laugh.

"To become deeper in the mire than now in the mud, Señor? *Caramba,* no! *Vaga con Dios*—Go with God, I declare to them. The devil is in the two, Señor, as in all women."

So we departed in peace, marching behind the proud Barzilla across the plaza to the hall where, in his word, the flower of the city danced. From time to time I saw him cast a furtive glance over his shoulder at the two ladies demurely following him. It was clear that he was trying to distinguish the perfect flower whose presence or absence was to make the ball a success or a failure. It was equally clear that he could not. In the end he was diplomatic.

"The first dance I claim, Señorita Alvarez," he called over his shoulder, but not looking back. "Is it not just?"

There was a murmur of presumable assent; but from which? Barzilla shrugged his shoulders and threw himself frankly on the mercy of the two.

" 'T is to you, Señorita, to refuse or accept. I leave the disclosure to you. God knows I cannot make it, being no prophet, but a plain man who knows a face when he sees it, and no more."

"I shall make that disclosure, Señor," declared Captain Miranda. "I dance with Maria Pascala firstly, according to right." And he stepped to the side of the one who had called herself the Señorita Alvarez.

"You are ver' wise, Señor, or only like other men," Barzilla declared. "Only God knows which."

The lights, the music, the brilliantly moving picture, the exhilaration of the dance, went to our heads as the night wore on, and we became wildly gay. The hour for unmasking was drawing near as our

little company came together in a palm-hidden alcove and paused a moment to rest. Barzilla was standing and looking quizzically down upon the ladies, who were seated.

"*Hola!*" he exclaimed. "Soon shall we know all. Well, have I not made love to each?"

"And you, Señor?" It was the one who wore the red rose who spoke, looking laughingly up at Captain Miranda, standing by her side.

"Always have I known, as now," he replied gaily, and lightly stooped and kissed her hair.

" 'T is some liberty you take," she cried, and laughingly drew back.

" 'T is proper to character of those pirate to take without the asking," he retorted, and kissed her hair again.

Even as he laughingly stepped back, the trumpet sounded for unmasking, and, rising, with a little courtesy, the dancing girl with the red rose lifted her mask. It was the Señorita Alvarez.

The captain's face showed no change, but he bowed to the laughing girl.

"Only the good God makes no mistakes, Señorita," he gravely declared. He turned to the Señora Pascala, who was slowly removing her mask. "Señora," he said, "I am ver' human. 'T is confess."

"Alas! 'T is how I thought," she said, and laughed. "But, Señor, did we not *tell* you the names to each? *Caramba,* yas!"

"Surely," he replied; "but we—"

"Ah," she broke in, "that is how to deceive mens: relate the truth. 'T is thing they un'stand not."

Drawn by Charles J. Post

"MARCHING BEHIND THE PROUD BARZILLA ACROSS THE PLAZA TO THE HALL"

THE sky above the Andes was red with the coming dawn as we rode slowly back to the Fonda Pascala. The Señorita Alvarez was very gay, but Maria Pascala looked worn. She said little, but smiled in her weariness. Then as we reached the fonda she led us out to the patio, where it was now broad day. She waved her hand toward the familiar table under the arcade.

"Please to be seat' all," she said. "We shall have some coffee together with each other."

She went out, but returned shortly, and, taking her stand by the side of the Señorita Alvarez, faced us.

"You see some diff'rence *now,* Señores?" she asked smilingly.

We acknowledged, in our several ways, that now we could at least distinguish the two apart. But the Señora was not satisfied. She turned to Captain Miranda.

"*You* behol' some diff'rence, Señor?" she asked again.

He rose to his feet and bowed low.

"Yas, Maria Pascala; surely," he replied.

"What you behol'?" she demanded.

"Beauty of the face to one; likewise beauty of the face to the second, with some additionals," he said gravely. "Those additionals are thus: those beauty that blossom because of ver' much kindness to all; also, those beauty that arrive from the suffering, and make the heart holy; likewise, those beauty that blossom from love, and make the eyes ver' tender. 'T is beauty of the soul. The young have no soul, which is much to be regret'; 't is to be acquire' more later." He turned to the Señorita Alvarez and bowed. "Pardon, Señorita," he said gently. "You shall acquire all later, poss*ib*ly; but not yet is it possess'."

I saw the Señora's face soften for an instant, then grow grave with resolution.

"Listen, Señor," she cried. "No, 't is some *years* you behol', because I going get old woman ver' soon, yas. *Hola!* 't is so with us; but those men they like not that old age, ugly like that, and behol' it not when it arrive. Therefore for them it shall arrive not at all, and they shall forget that beauty of soul, and desire only that beauty to the face. Yas, tha' 's how 't is. No, now I shall not get marry with anybuddy, me, old like that."

"Not with *anybuddy,* Maria Pascala, but with me alone," he corrected.

She went on, unnoticing:

"So when I think I going get marry with you, Señor, and rec'lect I must make some confession, I get ver' much scart because that confession make me ver' old. Yas, tha' 's mistake for *old* womens to get marry. 'T is true. So, Señor—because when you mistake my duenna for me, you—"

Captain Miranda stepped forward and raised his hand.

"Wait, Maria Pascala!" he commanded. "Wait! You un'stand why I mistake that duenna for you? 'T is because you are like that to me—young like that always." Then he smiled and took the Señorita Alvarez by the hand, as he added: "Maria Pascala, you think because I get ver' much pleased to obtain nice wife like you, I going become ver' angry to obtain nice little daughter like this duenna? *Caramba!* That shall be two blessing when one is expect'."

The Señora sank into a chair.

"You un'stand, Señor—you un'stand all time that duenna is my daughter; and how I get so scart to relate it in that manner?"

"Since the day she arrive, Señora," said the captain, smilingly. "We been make some confession together. Yours is ver' much too late, Maria Pascala."

She sighed happily.

"Señor," she said, "I think you ver' nicest gentleman—next to God."

"Ver' far next to God, Maria Pascala," replied the captain modestly—"excepting that great happiness, of course."

A BEAUTIFUL CLUB FOR WOMEN

The Colony Club of New York

BY ANNE O'HAGAN

WITH PICTURES BY VERNON HOWE BAILEY

THE tale is told of a certain American woman that she listened with patronizing patience to the murmurous admiration of a party of her fellow-citizens awaiting with her a papal audience in an anteroom of the Vatican, wonderful with frescos and paintings; finally her own opinion was asked, and she said: "Oh, yes, the chamber is beautiful, but, to my mind, it lacks the touch of a woman's hand."

The story is related here not because any critic would be likely to advance that particular objection to the Colony Club, but merely to remind us that there are critics of all achievements, and that if Michelangelo does not escape, no one is likely to go unscathed. But since the exterior dignity and the interior charm and commodiousness of the Colony Club's house, on Madison Avenue near Thirtieth Street, are unassailable, it has been toward the "object" of the organization that queries have been directed. Earnest persons, disdainful of the merely agreeable, demand to know for what the club "stands." The tradition that "organized womanhood" must have some ethical excuse for organization requires the assurance that something more vital than good taste, the social instinct, and a desire for homelike comfort are at the root of the club. For what high purpose, ask the holders of this tradition, does the beautiful house, with its manifold refinements, exist?

Now, the Colony Club is not, in the ordinary sense of the adjective, a purposeful organization, although among its members are counted some of the most altruistically busy and earnest women of New York. It is not the outgrowth of the women's club movement as that has been developed in this country in the last twenty-five or thirty years: it is much more truly an outgrowth of the men's club movement. Its object is primarily convenience and beauty rather than either beneficence or self-improvement.

THE RECEPTION-ROOM FOR GUESTS

That it has come about that the club is something of a forum in which any member may air her pet dogma is

rather in the nature of an added convenience than a change of its scope. Modern woman demands a platform as well as a gymnasium, and trustworthy information concerning her neighbor's creed as well as an accessible hair-dresser. The New York woman demands them all in

FAÇADE OF THE COLONY CLUB (MESSRS McKIM, MEAD, AND WHITE, ARCHITECTS)

a setting of taste and the utmost convenience. Providing this setting, the Colony Club, in the three years in which it has passed from a subject of prophecy to an historical topic, has presented a kaleidoscopic view of the varied activities and interests of New York women of social prominence. There is in the club, to be sure, a sprinkling of women more or less distinguished by their achievem in the arts and professions, but thi numerically almost negligible in the call of seven hundred and fifty resi and two hundred and fifty non-resi members.

What are the things which the club done since that night, three years when the twenty governors, sitting d to dinner with twenty guests, decl their preliminary work done and th selves ready to pass over to the gen membership the $500,000 house? A club, very little; as an influence, a g deal.

For one thing it has constituted i

a forum for free and tolerant discussion. Tuesday is "club-day," and during the winter weeks it is impartially apportioned among literary, artistic, and civic topics. As the result of one of these Tuesday afternoon talks, many of the members became interested in welfare work for working-women. An organization was effected for an object not unlike that of the Consumers' League, but acting on quite dissimilar lines. And, to the credit of the club, the work began with the establishment of rest-rooms for the men and women employed in the club-house, two large, light, airy rooms attractively furnished and provided with plenty of games, magazines, and lounges. Although probably the majority of the members are not themselves advocates of woman-suffrage, the subject has been included among the topics of chief interest to the sex. One day it is the future of the drama which is discussed; another the lot of the poor whites in the South; again, woman's invasion of modern industry.

Somewhat over a year ago the club held an exhibition of eighteenth-century furniture and decoration such as would have done credit to a well-equipped museum. The collections of club-members were drawn upon for the charming pieces, the old silver and china, the chairs and tables of the period when, to a greater degree than at any time since, wood and brocade seemed to flower into graceful line and color; when Adam, Chippendale, Sheraton, and the other artist cabinet-makers of England seemed to impart something of British reserve and austerity to the more efflorescent styles that in France made that century a true golden age in furnishing.

Another time an architectural exhibit of real merit and interest was held in the club-rooms; and again there was a notable loan exhibition of mezzotints, copies from Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, and Horner by MacArdell, Valentine Green, the Watsons, J. Raphael Smith, and the other engravers whose fame is second only to the artists whose work they reproduced. Here also it was the collections of club-members which were drawn upon for a really distinguished showing.

THE MAIN HALL, FOR MEMBERS

More prosaic services also the house renders its members. As the season for country life grows longer and longer, and town houses spend a proportionately greater length of time with boarded doors and windows, the convenience of such a club to its

THE READING-ROOM

members is increasingly manifest. The blaring publicity and the noisy loneliness of a hotel are avoided by the woman who has a club at which to put up when she runs into town during that lengthening summer period. At the Colony Club there are ten bedrooms which the members may occupy for two weeks, or longer if there are no new applicants for them. They may also hire these rooms for brief portions of a day.

One of the chief services the club-house renders a membership inclined to the exercise of hospitality is the use of rooms for private entertainment. Beautiful and commodious apartments may be hired by members for any purpose which does not conflict with the governing board's standard of what is suitable. That this is a tolerant standard is shown by the great variety of purposes for which the rooms have been let. Sympathizers with the striking shirt-waist makers engaged them for an exposition of their grievances. Some mother, rejoicing in the thought that she does not need to introduce temporary chaos into her own house for the purpose, may give a dance for her débutante

Drawn by Vernon Howe Bailey

THE ASSEMBLY ROOM IN SUMMER GARB

In this room are held receptions, lectures, concerts, and exhibitions.

quiry or a distrust which would forbid it. If you showed pity to an out-of-work, he would ask you for money (since he would know your little ways), for which, if you gave it, you would be thought a fool, or, if not, would be reviled. If you were to meet a laborer as a man, he would think you no gentleman, which would hurt you; if as a superior, which he probably was, he would suppose you to be mad. See where you now are by your abrogation of your rights and your purchase of his.

Myself. I admit it, Senhouse. I admit it.

Senhouse. Oh, get back your lost faculties, my dear; get 'em back, and in the very act you help him to his. You have lost yours only because you have bought his up. Drop them, and you must get your own again. Then, by one stroke, you are both made men suddenly.

[*Sanchia, at this point, withdrew her hand and rose, saying that supper must be got. Senhouse sprang up to help her; but I sat on where I was, looking at the deepening shadows of the valley, and waiting for the evening star. By and by we supped in the veranda of the house upon bread and milk, cheese, honey, and hot cakes. Sanchia brought us coffee afterward, and we smoked. We were quiet for some time, but my host's recent thunderings were echoing within me, and it was I who began what was to come.*]

Myself. Here I am, then, back in the country; and examining Broad Chalke by the light you have lent me, I confess things are no better. I find one neighbor with forty thousand acres of our small island and ten thousand a year, and hundreds of others with an average of twelve shillings a week in money and a lug of ground in the allotments, for which they must pay rent. I find the gentry fenced off from the poor men by the latter's own suspicion or subservience. I find two men side by side, looking at the same thing through totally different eyes, each speaking of it in language which the other cannot understand. I find my servants, cheerful, wholesome young women, laughing and talking together while I am outside the door, and frozen to silent circumspection the moment I enter it. I find it impossible to speak to them of my concerns, impossible to question them of theirs. I find my relation to them wholly one of money. So with my gardeners, who are paid to do for me what I should be extremely benefited by doing for myself—what, in fact, I take a great interest in and a keen delight. I find that I cannot go out or come in except as a marked man, cannot say my prayers in church without impeding the other people who, I suppose, go there for their own. I find, in consequence, that if I do go to church, I get no good out of it, and that if I do not, my absence is remarked upon. I find presently that the clergyman expects me to go as an example to the village, that, in other words, the spectacle of my perfunctory performance of certain forms will persuade other persons to do the like. I find that I cannot help one man without bestirring the envy of several others, that I cannot give advice without suspicion of furthering some secret end of my own, and cannot withhold it without giving myself airs! My mere existence, it seems to me, is either offensive to my fellows or a trap to tempt them to dishonor. I am a stumbling-block; and, again, I am in a cage out of which, if I attempt to escape, I am taken for a madman or a dangerous rascal.

I sit on the bench and get a poor, bemused wretch before me who has fuddled himself into crime, or a reverend-looking man who has degraded his abilities into dextrous lock-picking or his intelligence into low cunning. I look upon him with extreme pity, he upon me like a trapped rabbit who waits wide-eyed for violent death. If I sentence him to jail, he goes without a plea; if I discharge him, he returns lightly to his vices. If I offer myself as a candidate for a seat in Parliament or county council, matters go worse with me. I find that the electors think to oblige me, and do it in the hopes of some return in kind. If I tell them plainly that I, on the contrary, am obliging them,—that I am willing to give over my time, my thought, my pains to getting for them what they are entitled to have,—they think me a poor sort of gentleman, and vote for my opponent. If I say that an intelligent man ought to take trouble about his voice for a parliamentary election,—that he ought to seek out the candidate rather than the candidate him, and walk the requisite mileage to record his vote rather than be carted to the poll as a steer to the butcher's yard,—he agrees with me verb-

bright green, severely cropped laurel or box. The proportions of the room are as satisfying as the tone of its furnishings. The walls are French gray, the upholsteries a clear, yet faded rose. At each end of the room is a fireplace, the marble mantel of which is supported by a pair of graceful marble caryatids. Above one hangs a portrait by John W. Alexander of Mrs. Borden Harriman, the president of the club and the prime mover in its establishment. Midway along the inner wall is a musicians' gallery in the mezzanine.

In addition to this room, there are three other features which are particular boasts of the Colony Club. One is the bath department, with the swimming-pool as its chief feature. It is in the basement, and is so arranged that, by the exercise of imagination, the swimmer may have the fancy of breasting the waves in some sylvan pond of the nymphs. The plunge is set in a sort of arbor, from the roof of which hang clusters of vine leaves and grapes. The electric-lighting apparatus is not allowed to obtrude itself to the glaring destruction of the charm of the place, but is set in grape-like bulbs so disposed that the upward-glancing bather may have the illusion of watching the sky through a tangle of leaves. The pool measures sixty-two by twenty feet, and varies in depth from a safe four to a daring twelve feet. On three sides are mirrors, giving the effect of distance, and on the fourth, by which entrance to the pool is gained, there is a pleasingly classic effect produced with great, white marble columns and long marble benches.

Although the pool is the chief pride of the bath department, it is only one feature of it. There are hot rooms and hotter rooms, steam rooms, needle, spray, and electric bath-rooms—all the equipment of a Turkish bath establishment of the most comprehensive sort. There are the customary lounging- and resting-rooms connected with this department, and it is possible for a languid member of the club to be served with lunch or dinner in one of these. Manicures, hair-dressers, and masseuses are attendants in this department.

THE SWIMMING-POOL

Another feature of the house which is unique is the trellis-room. It opens out of the library, and is as attractive a smoking-room as is possible to imagine. The wall spaces between the long glass doors are covered with a trellis-work, up which natural vines grow as spontaneously as over a country porch. At the farther end is a fountain, flanked by big garden vases. The floor is laid of large, square, red tiles that are beautiful at all times, but that after an oiling fairly glow with color.

his picturesque impersonations? Were he here, it would be possible to mount some of the best Russian operas, unknown in this country, including those which have recently aroused admiration in Paris. As most of these include ballets, the sensationally successful Russian dancers might participate, and we might have Russian opera in the real national spirit, in the same way that we have Italian, German, and French opera. That it pays to perform operas in this spirit was demonstrated by Oscar Hammerstein when he produced, with brilliant success, previously neglected operas by Massenet, Charpentier, Offenbach, and Debussy.

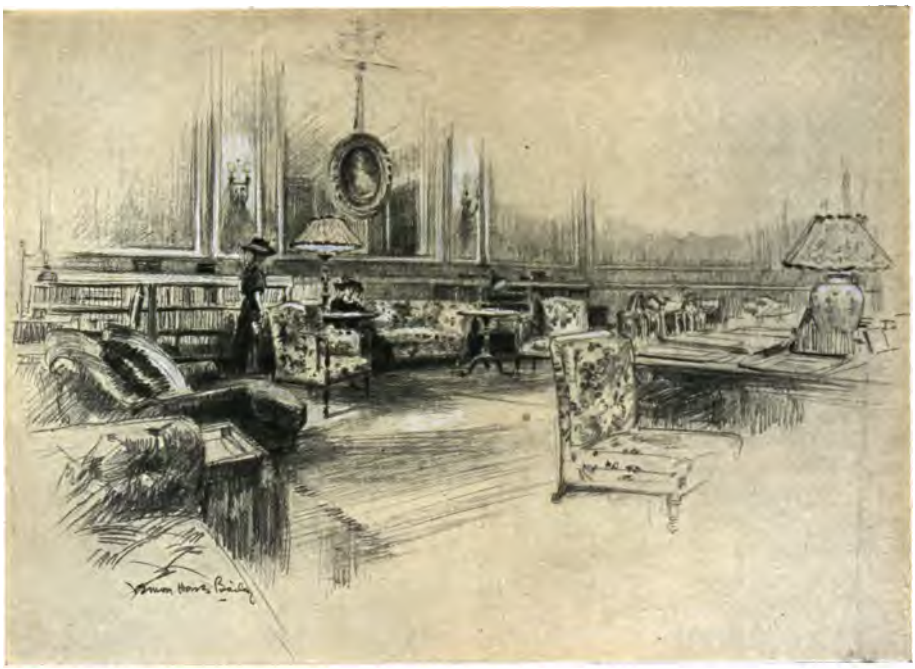
Fedor Ivanovich Chaliapine's latest success abroad has been in a French opera — Massenet's latest work, "Don Quichotte." I have a letter from Massenet himself in which he speaks of the creator of the title part as "l'admirable Chaliapine," the "admirable" being underscored. Both at Monte Carlo, where this opera had its first hearing, on the nineteenth of February, 1910, and a few weeks later at Brussels (with the same company), the critics had the most cordial praise for the great Russian's conception of his part. It is probable that, had the Manhattan Opera House survived another season, this opera would have been its most prominent feature, with Maurice Renaud as the fantastic Spanish knight. It is likely to be performed at the Metropolitan next season, with either Renaud or Chaliapine—why not both? Nothing, surely, could be more fascinating, sensational—and profitable—than to engage these two consummate artists in such a rivalry.

CARICATURE BY CHALIAPINE OF HIMSELF AS *MEPHISTOPHELES*

Massenet's latest opera is not based directly on the immortal romance of Cervantes, but on a play by Jacques Le Lorraine, who borrowed from the Spanish author the characters of *Don Quixote* and *Sancho Panza* and the episode of the windmills, but otherwise gave his fancy free rein. In this version, *Dulcinea* is a siren with many admirers, who, after listening to *Don Quixote's* serenade and offer of marriage, asks him to prove his valor by recovering the precious necklace of thirty pearls stolen from her by the bandit *Ténébrun.* Mounted on his Rosinante, he eagerly starts in quest of the highwaymen. Mistaking a group of windmills for giants threatening him with their huge arms, he has his tilt at the nearest, and is carried into the air on one of its wings, but escapes unharmed, only to fall into the hands of the bandits in the dense woods. They prepare to torment and hang him, but are finally so overcome by his serene bearing and noble language that they ask his blessing and restore the necklace, which he joyously carries back to *Dulcinea,* renewing his offer of marriage. Moved with gratitude, admiration, and pity, she tells him frankly what sort of a woman she is, and he, broken-hearted, retires with the faithful *Sancho* into the depths of the forest, where he dies.

The striking portrait of his *Don Quichotte* illustrates Chaliapine's realistic art of make-up. Not having been among those who witnessed the performances of the opera in Monte Carlo or Brussels, I must content myself with citing what Louis Schneider, Massenet's official biographer, wrote about Chaliapine in "Le Théâtre."

With his barber's tin that serves for a head-dress, with his lance in hand, with his cuirass blackened and rusty, his emaciated figure, his scrawny calves, his long beard, Chaliapine succeeded in bringing to life a silhouette of *Don Quichotte* which combined the depth and geniality of a Goya, the epic grandeur of a Gustave Doré, the subtle



THE SITTING-ROOM

initiation fees and dues of members. The entrance fees are a hundred and fifty dollars, the annual dues of resident members one hundred dollars, and of non-resident members fifty dollars. At the present rate of increase, it will be fifteen years before the waiting-list of two hundred and seventy-five women is admitted.

If the Colony Club lives and grows, not in membership, for that is limited, but in influence, in interest, in vitality, it will be because of the principles of growth at its core. The members of the club are not afraid to listen to talks upon any subject of human interest. A tolerant spirit toward differing tastes, a lively and fearless interest in all the manifestations of our complex modern life—these will be the sources of the Colony Club's influence equally with its commodious and beautiful house.

WHAT DIM ARCADIAN PASTURES

BY ALICE CORBIN

WHAT dim Arcadian pastures
Have I known,
That suddenly, out of nothing,
A wind is blown,
Lifting a veil and a darkness,
Showing a purple sea—
And under your hair, the faun's eyes
Look out on me?

TOWN AND COUNTRY: A CONVERSATION

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

Author of "The Forest Lovers," "Halfway House," "Rest Harrow," etc.

I HAD been to London to pay a visit, and on the evening of my return to Broad Chalke walked into the valley to see Senhouse. It was near sunset, a mellow end of a good April day. All nature seemed in tune, her multicolored affairs in the harmony they always make when man has little to do with them. The sheep were on the slopes, hunched together, led by the shepherd and his dog; plovers wheeled restlessly about the tillage in the hollows, screaming their false notes, dipping as if struck, and shying up again at the last moment; hares sat up to watch my coming, then ambled down the furrows unalarmed. These were signs of rain to him who was learned in such things. I knew that I should get weather-lore from the man I sought and found, as I had hoped, at his Sanchia's feet, reading to her while she worked. The pair of them, oddly dissociated from the world to which I belonged, and exactly in accord with that in which I walked an alien, were in the dress they always used at home—he in his white *jelab,* bare-legged, sandaled, bareheaded, of course; she in white also, short-kirtled and belted like Artemis, sandaled as he was, with her hair in a Greek knot. They hailed me in their fashion—he with a quick jerk upward of his head and a queer look of mock dismay at my way of life, she with a steady beam of welcome in her eyes, and that smile she has which makes you think the sun has just come out from a cloud. Senhouse, when I was near enough, asked me questions.

"You return to the fields? Well pleased?" he inquired.

Myself. I return, O Senhouse, indifferently pleased, sore from my travel, and doubtful of a healing here.

Senhouse. Queen Mab, what shall we do with him? Shall we call him an ass?

Sanchia. Why should we call him an ass? For going away or for coming back?

Senhouse. For both, my dear. For being in the condition to go without hope, to stay without zest, and to return without contentment. I tell you, he 's in a bad way.

Myself. It so happens that I am. London—I give it to you. I make you a present of it. It 's a foul colluvies of men without hearts and women without consciences.

Senhouse. You are cribbing. That technic is mine. I recognize it.

Myself. I can give you lots more of it; but I admit that you can do it better.

Senhouse. Certainly I can. My dear man, I 'll tell you exactly what you saw. You saw millions of people in all respects made like men, who had lungs and filled them with foul air, eyes which never saw the sky, noses which smelt fried fish, ears which they dulled with the scream of ill-wearing machines; who had hands and could not keep them clean, feet which they dared not show; who worked because they must, slept and rose up tired; who watched others play games, and play them about as cheerfully as their hirers had worked; who climbed to wealth over one another's falling bodies; who lived on lies from Sunday to Saturday; who profaned love every hour, and killed hope every day; who knew nothing of their past and cared nothing for their future beyond the point of money and idleness. And why they did these things, why they wanted to

do them, why they remained there, why they did not take a short road to their base desires and, sordid wretches as they were, murder the few rich and wallow until they choked of a surfeit, you wondered, and you wondered, and you wondered. But you could learn nothing of them, because you could neither ask nor they answer. So you returned to the country, sadder and no wiser than you left it.

[*Sanchia said nothing, but put her hand down and touched his face. He looked up at her, laughing his thanks.*]

Myself. Don't stop him, Sanchia. He is in the vein. Go on, my friend. I see that you divine me.

Senhouse. Bless you, I could get it all out of you if I chose. But she won't let me.

Myself. [*To Sanchia.*] Don't impede the oracle, Sanchia. I like him. Let him play Socrates. I 'll be Gorgias or the Rhapsodist. He shall turn me inside out if he pleases.

Sanchia. Very well. Go on, dearest. I 'll be good.

Senhouse. [*Feeling for her hand and finding it.*] You always are. All right. But you must let me nose out my way. I gather that you complain of waste. So do I. But now, let 's see. You went to London four days ago?

Myself. I did.

Senhouse. To stay with the Chelsfields?

Myself. Yes. I told you that before I went.

Senhouse. You went by train, no doubt. To save what? Money? Time? Muscle?

Myself. Money, my dear friend, and time.

Senhouse. Yet you are healthy, strong, and a good walker.

Myself. I know what you are aiming at. Your road is a long one—as long as that from Sarum to London.

Senhouse. I 'm Socrates, I understand. Be quiet. In another part of the train was a great portmanteau of yours, full to the brim.

Myself. True.

Senhouse. It contained several suits of clothes, shirts, oil for your hair, brushes, perhaps a book.

Myself. There were two books. I wrote one of them.

Senhouse. Of course you went by train. I should like to have seen you in it; but that I can do. You read the newspaper, an absurd habit; but when you got near London, you put it aside, because the sky had disappeared, and the sun become blurred into a flat disk of tarnished silver.

Myself. You leave the track.

Senhouse. Wait. At Waterloo you become active. You collect property from all parts of the carriage: an overcoat to keep the dust from your undercoat, or a chill from your overclothed skin, a hat to cover your head, an umbrella to cover your hat, gloves to cover your hands, letters to cover your conduct, and envelops which once covered them.

Sanchia. Really, you are absurd.

Senhouse. No, no; I 'm literally upon the heels of the truth. [*To me.*] All these things you hand over to a waiting fellow-creature of yours, who is paid to take them, and will have been paid again by yourself.

Myself. I gave him sixpence; but there was the portmanteau.

Senhouse. I remember the portmanteau. He had to look for that, and, when found, heap it with your other things upon a truck. These he wheeled to another man, who was prepared to devote his time, brain, and muscular energy—his senses, in a word, his every faculty—to the task of conveying you and your traps about London in return for money. You trusted yourself to him, I suppose?

Myself. You are perfectly right, Senhouse.

Senhouse. Am I not also right in saying that, according to your standard of values, it must have been an important occasion which led you to such expenditure of money, time, and courage? What! You trusted yourself and your valuables to an unknown man and an explosive machine? And you able to walk! Is this possible?

Myself. My dear Senhouse--

Senhouse. I have n't near done with you. This man drove you to an enormous house--

Myself. It 's a good-sized house. Chesterfield Gardens, you know.

Senhouse. Oh, I know. Now, arrived there, what immediately and exactly occurred?

Myself. Thinking over it in detail, I remember that the chauffeur rang the bell.

Senhouse. He rang the bell! Why did he do that?

Myself. Cupidity.

Senhouse. Or servility, or naïve admiration? The point is interesting, but we 'll leave it. I 'll undertake now to say that he did n't suffer you to emerge from his box of machinery until three more of your fellow-men had opened two folding-doors.

Myself. He did not, indeed.

Senhouse. There were three of them, then? I thought so. Now, one was a venerable person in black of, say, fifty summers; the others were fine, tall, young men, taller, broader, much handsomer than you are; brighter in the eye, bolder than you. Their heads were whitened, their stockings were white, their shoes were very thin, with buckles. Plush breeches—quite comic-opera, in fact. Between them, we may assume, your baggages were collected, though actually you yourself knew nothing of it; for you walked directly out of your cage, entered the house, and followed the venerable person up-stairs. You did not see your things again until you went to your room before dinner.

Myself. Inscrutable Senhouse, you know all!

Senhouse. This is easy. You are announced at another great door by the venerable man. He does not say to the person within it, "Cage-bird, I bring you safely an enlarged prisoner. Amuse you each other until I come for him again." He says, on the contrary, "Mr. Maurice Hewlett, my Lady."

Myself. Exactly that, and no more.

Senhouse. The groom of the chambers. There you are, then, with Lady Chelsfield. It 's hardly discreet, perhaps, to follow you, but in the circumstances—

Sanchia. Under the circumstances—

Senhouse. No, my dear one. Forgive me. You don't get *under* circumstances; you get into the middle of them and look about you.

[*He looked up over his head and got his reward from her gray eyes.*]

May I say that she gave you a cup of tea, that you pretended to eat a bun?

Myself. These things occurred.

Senhouse. You talked, laughing at nearly everything you said. You made efforts to say things which meant very little, but sounded as if they meant much.

Myself. You are severe, Senhouse; but—

Senhouse. I withdraw. Let us pu that, being really interested in someth you talked of that, and might have some good out of it but for the arriva other persons, male and female, in de ence to whom you left off your conve tion, and began another or others. each case there was the same effor laugh or make laugh, to emphasize effect of interest. All this conti through a fine spring afternoon and d until it is time to prepare for dinner. I right?

Myself. You are horribly right. I now whither you are leading me.

Senhouse. Oh, do you so? A man shows you the way to your room, w you find all your baggage unpacked, all your lumber spread about you a you were at home. They have needed services, you observe, of six men and machines at least to bring them there der your hand. I pass over now the sc of effort by which you prepare you for dinner, and track you down-st again into the presence of your host. earl, by profession, if I am right?

Myself. You are perfectly right. is an earl, a viscount, a baron, an knight. He is interested in politics, tography, and Italian art, and has t houses filled with beautiful things.

Senhouse. Has he three?

Myself. Three houses, all imme One is a castle in Scotland. He live it for five weeks in the year. Anothe in Norfolk. There are 25,000 acre his about it. He is there rather lon I should say nearly three months. I forgotten a villa on the French Rivier

Senhouse. His family?

Myself. A son, two daughters, a c tess.

Senhouse. May one ask how many sons wait upon these people?

Myself. It so happens that I can you. He was examining the list he ha send to the insurance company. T were two hundred and seventy name it.

Senhouse. It seems excessive.

Myself. Three houses.

Senhouse. That seems excessive, to

Myself. To you, to me, no doubt; —an Earl of Chelsfield.

Senhouse. One asks what he gets ou it all.

Myself. Leisure, you know, to begin with.

Senhouse. Leisure for what? For photography?

Myself. Ah, my dear man. Let us not be indiscreet.

Senhouse. Oh, but it would not be possible, I should say, for any man to be as indiscreet with his questionings as this one is with his cumber of houses and slaves. Surely I have gone far enough with my researches. Here are you ladled out and handed about like so much soup; here is he carrying on your way of life a thousand times further. Is it reasonable to stuff four great houses full of furniture and pictures and to stay in each a few weeks in the year, perhaps a year in his lifetime? And what of these others, these two hundred and seventy people who carry him about and open doors and put on his clothes for him? Is it reasonable for them, too? What 's to be the end of all this gear? Look at the beginning of the end of it. Why, to begin with, his life is held up as admirable, exalted into a standard. The two hundred and seventy respect him for it, would live it if they could, and in fact live as near it as they can. They respect rottenness, therefore, since they respect what only appears to be, and cannot really be, respectable; and meantime they minister to it. They work at what cannot delight them; they produce nothing, and cannot respect either themselves or their labor. All are slaves, then, he because he can't do anything for himself, they because they must do what is unworthy of them; he because he hires, they because they are hired. Here 's a strange state of things, due, you would suppose, to pure misfortune.

But, no; it is otherwise. You sell *yourselves* into slavery, on your parts, you and your noble friend, when you surrender the prerogatives of erect mammals for the dandled status of chrysalids. All these machines—trains, porters, taxicabs, and footmen—exist but for you and the likes of you. For every effort you excuse yourself they must be paid. So that you hire them and their faculties into slavery of one sort in order—for no better end than that you may secure yourself in slavery of another. Miserable man, can you so hardly be enslaved that you must pay men to enslave you? And in what essential do you differ from the sot who spends his wages that he may get drunk? In none, in none.

[*Sanchia stroked his cheek. He caught and kissed her hand, then looked twinkling at me.*]

Myself. I enjoy your rhetoric, my dear man, but find it difficult to reason with you. I even agree with you in the main, though I may point out that extreme positions are difficult of defense. But why should I attack you? I grant you the waste of my time—I grant you that; but I say that you yourself, if you had gone into the midst of things with your unscaled and uncompromising eyes, and looked upon what I have looked upon, could have done no better than I did. I am ready to admit, to my reproach, that during the time I was in London I did nothing for myself except eat, sleep, and talk. I admit—

Senhouse. Let me ask you to admit this. Your talk was entirely with people of your own degree?

Myself. Yes; I was going to say that.

Senhouse. It was with people, then, who knew already the few things that you know, and knew nothing of all the other things known by all the other people in the city?

Myself. Naturally, I can't tell you of the employed or the unemployed, of the overworked or the underpaid, because with none of these people was I capable of exchanging a clear question and answer. That 's a more real reproach to me than yours was; I make you a present of it.

Senhouse. I was coming to it. I was leading you there. But surely you see that if you deliberately buy that—service, machinery, and what not—which makes you less than a man, you cannot be treated as a man. And, again, if you with your money enslave men until they have ceased to be men at all, you cannot approach them in a manly way. You have unmanned them in order that they may unman you. If you can't exchange ideas with a locomotive, how should you do it with the stoker whom you have hired to be in all respects a part of it? You have chosen to maroon yourself, and you have marooned the workman—on another island. If you were to speak to one of them,—you, my washed and starchen friend,—he would answer you with a humility which would deprecate your in-

quiry or a distrust which would forbid it. If you showed pity to an out-of-work, he would ask you for money (since he would know your little ways), for which, if you gave it, you would be thought a fool, or, if not, would be reviled. If you were to meet a laborer as a man, he would think you no gentleman, which would hurt you; if as a superior, which he probably was, he would suppose you to be mad. See where you now are by your abrogation of your rights and your purchase of his.

Myself. I admit it, Senhouse. I admit it.

Senhouse. Oh, get back your lost faculties, my dear; get 'em back, and in the very act you help him to his. You have lost yours only because you have bought his up. Drop them, and you must get your own again. Then, by one stroke, you are both made men suddenly.

[*Sanchia, at this point, withdrew her hand and rose, saying that supper must be got. Senhouse sprang up to help her; but I sat on where I was, looking at the deepening shadows of the valley, and waiting for the evening star. By and by we supped in the veranda of the house upon bread and milk, cheese, honey, and hot cakes. Sanchia brought us coffee afterward, and we smoked. We were quiet for some time, but my host's recent thunderings were echoing within me, and it was I who began what was to come.*]

Myself. Here I am, then, back in the country; and examining Broad Chalke by the light you have lent me, I confess things are no better. I find one neighbor with forty thousand acres of our small island and ten thousand a year, and hundreds of others with an average of twelve shillings a week in money and a lug of ground in the allotments, for which they must pay rent. I find the gentry fenced off from the poor men by the latter's own suspicion or subservience. I find two men side by side, looking at the same thing through totally different eyes, each speaking of it in language which the other cannot understand. I find my servants, cheerful, wholesome young women, laughing and talking together while I am outside the door, and frozen to silent circumspection the moment I enter it. I find it impossible to speak to them of my concerns, impossible to question them of theirs. I find my relation to them wholly one of money. So with my gardeners, who are paid to do for me what I should be extremely benefited by doing for myself—what, in fact, I take a great interest in and a keen delight. I find that I cannot go out or come in except as a marked man, cannot say my prayers in church without impeding the other people who, I suppose, go there for their own. I find, in consequence, that if I do go to church, I get no good out of it, and that if I do not, my absence is remarked upon. I find presently that the clergyman expects me to go as an example to the village, that, in other words, the spectacle of my perfunctory performance of certain forms will persuade other persons to do the like. I find that I cannot help one man without bestirring the envy of several others, that I cannot give advice without suspicion of furthering some secret end of my own, and cannot withhold it without giving myself airs! My mere existence, it seems to me, is either offensive to my fellows or a trap to tempt them to dishonor. I am a stumbling-block; and, again, I am in a cage out of which, if I attempt to escape, I am taken for a madman or a dangerous rascal.

I sit on the bench and get a poor, bemused wretch before me who has fuddled himself into crime, or a reverend-looking man who has degraded his abilities into dextrous lock-picking or his intelligence into low cunning. I look upon him with extreme pity, he upon me like a trapped rabbit who waits wide-eyed for violent death. If I sentence him to jail, he goes without a plea; if I discharge him, he returns lightly to his vices. If I offer myself as a candidate for a seat in Parliament or county council, matters go worse with me. I find that the electors think to oblige me, and do it in the hopes of some return in kind. If I tell them plainly that I, on the contrary, am obliging them,—that I am willing to give over my time, my thought, my pains to getting for them what they are entitled to have,—they think me a poor sort of gentleman, and vote for my opponent. If I say that an intelligent man ought to take trouble about his voice for a parliamentary election,—that he ought to seek out the candidate rather than the candidate him, and walk the requisite mileage to record his vote rather than be carted to the poll as a steer to the butcher's yard,—he agrees with me verb-

ally, sits at home, and receives my rival's wife when she calls canvassing, rides in his motor-car to the polling-booth, and votes for the gentleman he so plainly is. What a country! What a world! And you say that it 's my fault. God help me, I hope not.

Senhouse. [*Gravely.*] All these people are men in every respect like yourself. They have the same members, the same pleasures, the same griefs. They desire their women, love their children, honor their parents, mourn their dead. They are susceptible to the passions, instincts, aspirations, joys which affect you also. For half an hour perhaps of every day every one of them stands up as you stand, mother-naked, saluted by the sun, kissed by the wind; but that brief space of time is passed in secrecy, and before any soul of us can look his neighbor in the face he must cover himself in clothes, every one of which is a badge of the degree in which we must hold him, and ourselves be held. So life goes on in England from the cradle to the grave, every man in his cage, every cage in its place. Then comes a change. A peer dies, a plowboy dies, and directly the soul is enlarged from the body, the body also is released from its cage and degree. The pair are brothers in adversity. Death they call the leveler; and he is: but there must be something radically wrong with a world where men are equal only when they are dead.

[*Here we paused for some moments.*]

Myself. There 's another world, I understand.

Senhouse. I wish you would understand that there 's this one, and a very good one at that.

Myself. [*Rising and laughing.*] I thought we were being serious, my dear Senhouse. Am I to go with your quirk in my ears?

Senhouse. I have said the most serious thing of all. I believe from my soul that this is a good world. If there 's anything in the doctrine of original sin, and it 's true that we are innately depraved, let me die suddenly. No, no, we are fools, not vicious. Good night, my friend.

CHALIAPINE, THE RUSSIAN "MEPHISTOPHELES"

BY HENRY T. FINCK

A RUSSIAN musical specialty is the bass voice; for centuries it has been the glory of Muscovite choirs, in church and out. With the human timbre, these basses unite the depth and sonority of organ pipes, the effect being overwhelming. It seems, therefore, quite a matter of course that the greatest Russian singer of our time should be a bass. Chaliapine is, however, not only a singer; as an operatic actor he ranks with Renaud, Ternina, and Farrar. During the season of 1907–08, the American public had an opportunity to admire him in some of his best parts. He became a great favorite, but unfortunately took umbrage at the comments of some of the critics, who accused him of excessive realism in certain scenes; and when he boarded the steamer he shook the dust off his feet, vowing he would never return.

He has kept his word so far, but it is devoutly to be wished that pressure may be brought to bear on him to make him change his mind and come back before long. The Metropolitan Opera House can ill afford to dispense with his services; the bass parts of some of the most important operas have been impersonated unsatisfactorily since Edouard de Reszke and Plançon retired from the stage. The Russian comes high,—as high as any prima donna,—but what matters that so long as he fills the house with throngs eager to witness

his picturesque impersonations? Were he here, it would be possible to mount some of the best Russian operas, unknown in this country, including those which have recently aroused admiration in Paris. As most of these include ballets, the sensationally successful Russian dancers might participate, and we might have Russian opera in the real national spirit, in the same way that we have Italian, German, and French opera. That it pays to perform operas in this spirit was demonstrated by Oscar Hammerstein when he produced, with brilliant success, previously neglected operas by Massenet, Charpentier, Offenbach, and Debussy.

Fedor Ivanovich Chaliapine's latest success abroad has been in a French opera — Massenet's latest work, "Don Quichotte." I have a letter from Massenet himself in which he speaks of the creator of the title part as "l'admirable Chaliapine," the "admirable" being underscored. Both at Monte Carlo, where this opera had its first hearing, on the nineteenth of February, 1910, and a few weeks later at Brussels (with the same company), the critics had the most cordial praise for the great Russian's conception of his part. It is probable that, had the Manhattan Opera House survived another season, this opera would have been its most prominent feature, with Maurice Renaud as the fantastic Spanish knight. It is likely to be performed at the Metropolitan next season, with either Renaud or Chaliapine—why not both? Nothing, surely, could be more fascinating, sensational—and profitable—than to engage these two consummate artists in such a rivalry.

CARICATURE BY CHALIAPINE OF HIMSELF AS *MEPHISTOPHELES*

Massenet's latest opera is not based directly on the immortal romance of Cervantes, but on a play by Jacques Le Lorraine, who borrowed from the Spanish author the characters of *Don Quixote* and *Sancho Panza* and the episode of the w mills, but otherwise gave his fancy rein. In this version, *Dulcinea* is a s with many admirers, who, after lister to *Don Quixote's* serenade and offer marriage, asks him to prove his valor recovering the precious necklace of th pearls stolen from her by the bandit *T brun.* Mounted on his Rosinante, eagerly starts in quest of the highwayn Mistaking a group of windmills for gi threatening him with their huge arms has his tilt at the nearest, and is car into the air on one of its wings, escapes unharmed, only to fall into hands of the ban in the dense wo They prepare to ment and hang h but are finally overcome by his rene bearing noble language t they ask his bles and restore the n lace, which he ously carries bac *Dulcinea,* renew his offer of marri Moved with gr tude, admirat and pity, she tells l frankly what sor a woman she is, he, broken-hear retires with the fa ful *Sancho* into depths of the for where he dies.

The striking portrait of his *Don C chotte* illustrates Chaliapine's realistic of make-up. Not having been am those who witnessed the performance the opera in Monte Carlo or Brus I must content myself with citing w Louis Schneider, Massenet's official ographer, wrote about Chaliapine in ' Théâtre."

With his barber's tin that serves fo head-dress, with his lance in hand, with cuirass blackened and rusty, his emaci figure, his scrawny calves, his long be Chaliapine succeeded in bringing to lif silhouette of *Don Quichotte* which combi the depth and geniality of a Goya, the grandeur of a Gustave Doré, the su

esprit of a Léandre. No less astonishing is his acting: Chaliapine moves to tears, he makes us laugh, he overcomes the spectator by his authority, and his beautiful voice has a musical quality wonderful for its expressiveness and warmth. *Don Quichotte* is one of this great artist's creations which will rank with his admirable *Boris Godounov, Don Basilio,* or *Ivan the Terrible.*

Two of these great parts—*Boris* and *Ivan*—Parisians had opportunity to hear in a series of ten performances in May and June, 1909, thanks to Chaliapine, who headed a company which for the first time introduced genuine Russian opera to France, the principals and chorus being bodily transferred from St. Petersburg and Moscow, together with some extraordinarily fine scenery. The crowded and brilliant audiences attested the gratitude and delight of the Parisians for this rare treat.

CARICATURE BY CHALIAPINE OF HIMSELF

The "Boris Godounov" of Moussorgski, who has been called a "musical nihilist," is the one historical opera of Russia in which the populace move, their moods being interpreted by the music. In the *Czar Boris,* Chaliapine had the part of a man seizing the reins of government by the murder of the young *Dimitri.* He becomes a great ruler, but is constantly pursued by the specter of conscience (*à la Macbeth*). Finally, after years, a pretender appears in the provinces claiming to be *Dimitri.* The *Czar* regards this as a punishment from Heaven, and as the army of the false *Dimitri* sweeps toward the capitol his superstitious, haunted mind gradually gives way until the price of the crime is paid in his death from fright.

Chaliapine's acting of this part was greeted enthusiastically by audiences including the greatest actors and actresses of Paris. "His art lay in the gradual and cumulative depiction of the crumbling of his spirit before the blows of his conscience," writes a gentleman to whom I am indebted for this account of the performance of Moussorgski's opera:

> On his first appearance he was barbaric, titanic, already furtively weary, restlessly impelled by ambition. A great piece of acting was when, after a scene with his children, he learns first of the pretender. Left alone, the superstitious brooding of years manifests itself in a vision of *Dimitri.* In the last act comes the wreck of his reason through barbaric fear and superstition, and while his death is so probable that the bells are tolling and black-robed priests come in in procession, he rises to his full height and confronts them with "I am still Czar!" and then falls as though crumbling, sustaining himself on one arm till that suddenly gives way. This climax is accentuated by a tender scene with one of his young children just before, in which he seems to dwindle from his superb height. Throughout it there is in his composition a mixture of child and brute.

While Chaliapine as a tragedian meets the most exalted ideals, in humorous rôles he leans toward low-comedy conceptions. In New York he impersonated for the first time in his career *Leporello* in Mozart's "Don Giovanni," exciting the audience to laughter by his droll antics. It is not easy to make an operatic audience laugh. He got much applause, also, as a fun-maker in Rossini's "Barber of Seville," although there were not a few

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CHALIAPINE AS *BORIS GODOUNOV*

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As one who travels three thousand miles across the continent remembers only a few of the things seen from the car-window, so a critic of thirty years' experience recalls vividly only a limited number of operatic impressions; but this is one of those which linger indelibly in the writer's memory. The same is true of some of the scenes in Boïto's "Mefistofele," with these same artists. For the first time in New York was this opera a big success and its true greatness made apparent. In it Chaliapine made his American début, on November 20, 1907. His nervousness, natural on such an occasion, was increased by a slight indisposition which made his voice somewhat husky, and Miss Farrar and her mother had to use all their persuasiveness to prevent him from declining to appear; but he did appear, and the audience expressed its approval of him most emphatically.

His is "a huge voice, an athletic voice, a voice like his body, which is of Herculean stature and build," I wrote the next day. "His facial make-up is thoroughly satanic; so are his poses and gestures," and his appearance, especially in the Brocken scene, in which he was almost nude, was "a splendid demonstration of masculinity." It was in this scene, particularly, among the will-o'-the-wisps, and the witches who hail him as king, that he was uniquely picturesque. Over his tights he wore a strange, gaudy, multicolored, parrot-feathered cloak which he put on and off with much theatric effect; and when he held the world in his hand and ended by smashing the frail globe, it seemed an easy feat for such a colossus.

Chaliapine is one of those operatic artists—they are increasing in number—who owe their great success quite as much to their acting as to their singing. He has, indeed, expressed the opinion that in his sphere the histrionic art is even more important than the vocal. George Henry Payne, who records this opinion, remarks that "this will cause a shriek from the vocal fiends, but Chaliapine has a calm and diabolic indifference as to what is thought about his opinions." He has been accustomed to thinking for himself since the beginning of his career.

Born at Kazan in 1873, of parents too poor to give him an education, he was for a time a shoemaker in his native town. On the other side of the street there was a young baker's apprentice who subsequently became a famous revolutionist—Maxime Gorky. Chaliapine used to buy his bread there—in the same cellar that Gorky subsequently described in his story, "Twenty-Six and One." The two did not become acquainted at this time, but both applied for places in the chorus of a local theater, and, while Gorky was accepted, Chaliapine, whose voice was not yet developed, was not. At the age of seventeen, however, he joined a provincial operetta company, which had its ups and downs. Nothing discouraged him. "When the company was in distress," he once said to Herman Bernstein: "I used to go over to the railroad station and carry baggage to the hotels. When I had no baggage to carry, I worked as a street-cleaner." He often went without food for two or three days, and had "almost come to the belief that eating had gone out of fashion." For a time he worked, as his countryman and friend Jacob Altschuler informs me, as a "human horse," that is, as one of the *burlaks* who pull the boats on the Volga, which correspond to our old-time canal-

boats; and these burlaks were often not so well treated as the horses are in this country.

On freight-trains he stole his way to Tiflis, where, for a time, as Platon Brunoff tells me, he often sang for his supper in cheap places of amusement. "The tramp singer with the wonderful voice" attracted the attention of some kind-hearted persons, who saw to it that he got regular lessons; and before long he made his début in Tiflis in Glinka's "A Life for the Czar." Then he sang in St. Petersburg, but it was not till 1896, when he joined a company in Moscow, "financed" by a wealthy lawyer, which made a specialty of national opera, that he had a chance to show what he could do. His fame grew rapidly; in 1899 he was engaged by the Imperial Opera in Moscow at 60,000 rubles a year. In New York he received $1600 for every appearance. He is now a rich man, owning a fine estate near Moscow. For some years he had a mansion near Milan. There he married an Italian woman, and there, in 1901, he first appeared in Boïto's opera as *Mefistofele,* which is perhaps his most picturesque part. When Boïto heard him, he exclaimed joyously: "At last I see my own conception of the rôle! At last I have found my devil!"

When one of my friends said to Chaliapine, after seeing this tremendous impersonation, that it was to him the very Lucifer of Milton, he replied that he was intimately familiar with "Paradise Lost." Goethe, also, he has studied thoroughly, as a matter of course; and when Mr. Payne asked him concerning his own particular devil he replied: "It is a composite, I believe, of all the devils of literature, with this addition, that there must be, for operatic purposes, certain exaggerations" —a wise remark which some commentators would do well to ponder. He further remarked that the jovial, polite devil is a medieval idea and suggests nothing to the modern mind. "When we to-day think of Satan, we think of him as a symbol representing opposition to the existing order of things. . . . It is this idea of defiance that makes Milton's 'Paradise Lost' the most modern of contributions to the devil idea, and it is this idea of defiance that is at the basis of my *Mefistofele* in Boïto's opera."

Though he speaks Italian and French

CHALIAPINE AS *IVAN THE TERRIBLE*

fluently, Chaliapine is less of a poly than some other Russian artists. N having sung for the Germans, he has no occasion to acquire their language. knowledge of our language (three y ago) is illustrated by an amusing incid On leaving the house of a friend in N York one evening, the great basso n an attempt to address a few words negro, who broke out into a loud la and said: "He may be talking Eng but I don't understand a word he s He must be an Englishman."

Modest Altschuler, who is condu of the Russian Symphony Orches wanted Chaliapine to sing at one of concerts some of the Russian folk mu but could not get Mr. Conried's cons What the public lost thereby may be ferred from Jacob Altschuler's remark he has more than once seen "a roomfu people crying like babies as Chalia was singing for them the songs of people."

That he can make people laugh as as weep is attested by his pen as well a acting. "He makes excellent sketch says Mr. Altschuler; "and his caricat are quite as original as those of Caru

Another of Chaliapine's friends, I man Bernstein, writes that he is

From a photograph by J. Enrietti

CHALIAPINE AS *DON QUICHOTTE*

as typically Russian as Tolstoi, or Gorky, or Andreyev. He is idolized by the Russians,—by revolutionists somewhat more than by reactionaries,—but not for his singing alone. He has a striking, powerful, broadly sympathetic and intensely interesting personality, with the simplicity of an unspoiled child. He is kind-hearted, outspoken, vigorous, and original.

The story of his leanings toward the revolutionary movement in Russia has been confirmed on numerous occasions. He gave a number of concerts for the benefit of the revolutionists and his singing of revolutionary songs at the time of the general strike in 1905 stirred the people and inspired them with courage.

When questioned regarding the story that he had insulted the Emperor by refusing to sing in the opera "A Life for the Czar," in 1906, after the retraction of liberties granted to the people, Chaliapine said:

That is somewhat exaggerated. A revolutionist is a man who is willing to risk his life for his people, who comes out openly against the government; but is there anything heroic in expressing one's sympathy with the revolutionary movement by merely refusing to sing this opera or that? It was only an accident.

Of the revolution itself he said to Mr. Bernstein:

The Russian revolution has failed for a very simple reason. Imagine a grand opera, with a great cast, given for the first time, without a rehearsal. Can you picture to yourself the chaos that would result? This is exactly what has happened in Russia. The revolutionists had a great cast, but they had no rehearsals,—that is why there was such chaos and failure.

To turn from rehearsal revolutionary to operatic. When Chaliapine for the first time essayed *Leporello* in New York, a number of persons volunteered their advice and suggestions as to how his part was to be interpreted. He listened attentively, thanked them all, and said: "Gentlemen, every one of you is right; nevertheless I think I shall interpret the part in my own way."

It was about this time that Chaliapine was approached with a proposition to sing in London, at Covent Garden. When the terms offered were rejected by him, the man who made the proposition began to describe to Chaliapine the prestige that an engagement at Covent Garden would give to a singer. Chaliapine listened attentively, and then said:

"I can't accept your offer, although I know that I shall feel sorry. When I shall be on my death-bed, I shall recall all my performances, and my conscience will torment me because I did not sing at Covent Garden. I shall not be able to die in peace."

Perhaps the most interesting concert given by Chaliapine in this country, Mr. Bernstein further relates, has never been recorded. It was an informal affair, on the occasion of the Russian New Year, on the steamship *Moskva,* then in New York harbor. There were only half a dozen invited guests, the rest of the audience being composed of the crew. After supper Chaliapine was asked to sing. He promptly went over to the piano and accompanying himself, started to sing a Russian folk-song. The sailors and officers crowded the doorway, and looked at him with open-mouthed admiration. Suddenly he left off singing and turning to the crowd, said:

"You must join me, boys, or I will not sing at all."

He sang with them a number of plaintive Russian songs, and after midnight closed with the song of the "Dubinushka" ("The Oaken Cudgel"). Then he went over to the sailors, spoke to each of them, and related some of the hardships of his early years, the tears streaming down his cheeks as he spoke. Finally he brightened up and distributed among the sailors all the money he had with him, while they embraced and kissed him.

Last year, while visiting Leonid Andreyev, the great Russian writer, in his home in Finland, Mr. Bernstein heard a familiar voice one night. Andreyev was sitting in his large, half-dark study, listening to one of Chaliapine's records on the graphophone. Andreyev's face quivered and tears gathered in his eyes.

"This is 'The Song of the Hungry,' as sung by Chaliapine," he said. "When I hear him sing it, I cannot restrain my tears. No one has expressed the sighs and tears of suffering Russia as he has done. I wonder whether any other people can appreciate our Chaliapine as we do."

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Chaliapine is one of those operatic artists—they are increasing in number—who owe their great success quite as much to their acting as to their singing. He has, indeed, expressed the opinion that in his sphere the histrionic art is even more important than the vocal. George Henry Payne, who records this opinion, remarks that "this will cause a shriek from the vocal fiends, but Chaliapine has a calm and diabolic indifference as to what is thought about his opinions." He has been accustomed to thinking for himself since the beginning of his career.

Born at Kazan in 1873, of parents too poor to give him an education, he was for a time a shoemaker in his native town. On the other side of the street there was a young baker's apprentice who subsequently became a famous revolutionist—Maxime Gorky. Chaliapine used to buy his bread there—in the same cellar that Gorky subsequently described in his story, "Twenty-Six and One." The two did not become acquainted at this time, but both applied for places in the chorus of a local theater, and, while Gorky was accepted, Chaliapine, whose voice was not yet developed, was not. At the age of seventeen, however, he joined a provincial operetta company, which had its ups and downs. Nothing discouraged him. "When the company was in distress," he once said to Herman Bernstein: "I used to go over to the railroad station and carry baggage to the hotels. When I had no baggage to carry, I worked as a street-cleaner." He often went without food for two or three days, and had "almost come to the belief that eating had gone out of fashion." For a time he worked, as his countryman and friend Jacob Altschuler informs me, as a "human horse," that is, as one of the *burlaks* who pull the boats on the Volga, which correspond to our old-time canal-

was your own, and drew his wage in terms of parental protection only.

This was in the spring before the arrival of the leettle feeddle, when the feed was so rank they need never go a flock's length out of sight of the house; though by the time the bunch-grass had seeded, they ranged as far as Lone Tree, crossed the railroad by Tank 214, came up by Coyote Creek, in a wide circle back of Jerktown, to the corner of the homestead where Ole the elder was putting in a crop. Every third day one of the boys reported at the house or was visited by Oleson, who, whenever the work of the ranch allowed, sent Ole to his mother for a few days while he himself took the flock a wider sweep to new pastures; on which occasions Juan Maria shifted for himself among the 'dobe huts of Jerktown's Mexican Quarter until he was required again. It was privately believed by Oleson that the Gonzales boy lived on what he got by herding, and when that was gone, subsisted, like a lizard, entirely on air. He derived this chiefly from the quantity Juan Maria could eat when he came back to flock-tending. Certainly the two boys appeared perfectly happy when they came together over the pot of lentils, the sour-dough bread, and the garlic, the dogs lolling comfortably at their feet, amid the muzzy smell of the sheep. There was, in fact, no sort of harm that could come to them in the well-sunned, open mesas unless, as Ole's mother fretted, and the boys scorned to consider, they were bitten by tarantulas or stepped on a rattlesnake. As for tarantulas, they caught them in empty tomato-tins and made pets of them, and Juan Maria had three fourths of his hat-band covered with snakes' rattles of his own killing, and hoped with industry to complete it by the end of the season. Also, Juan Maria had a mouth-organ with only three reeds missing upon which he could play tunes as they lay nooning, and especially at dusk, when they saw the lights of Jerktown's dance-hall and sometime, far through the stillness, caught the swing of the music to which, on the smooth adobe floor, the dance was swaying. With his heels in the air, Juan Maria would lie playing, and "Dance!" he would say to Ole, and Ole, with his tow hair flying and his blue eyes glittering, would solemnly flap his arms and whirl until Juan Maria would catch the excitemen and jump up to help him, with one han still at his harmonica; and the dogs woul sit and wag their tails along the ground i appreciative entertainment. Oh, it was good life, herding; and yet somehow i did not bring them any nearer the guita and the leettle feeddle.

It was along in September, with th rabbit-brush making all the mesa gold before there occurred to Ole Oleson th idea of enlisting the supernatural power in their behalf.

Several things led up to it. One o them was the very reason why the boy were left so much more to themselves an the sheep than agreed with the native cau tion of Ole the elder, and that was tha he was less troubled in his mind to hav it so than to leave his wife alone at th homestead. Mrs. Oleson had never like the desert, and now she was afraid of it She was in the grip of the Terror o Lonely Places, which is about the mos disintegrating fear known to humans; an though Ole did not know how to accoun for it, his sense of something oppressively threateningly wrong about his home drev from him, whenever he found himsel alone under the tight tent of the sky, th vague desire of propitiation. By the sam means that made him sure, without havin handled one, that he could play on a fid dle, he got to know that there was some thing to be done for his mother tha neither he nor his father was good for and when he thought it over, the onl supernatural being that he had heard of a being amenable to persuasion was th Christ Child.

His mother had told him of this las Christmas, and it was fixed in his mind b the discovery that Juan Maria also ha some acquaintance with this benevolen infant under the name of Niño Dios. On night when the four wind rivers blev about the rim of the earth great ships an sails of cloud, he spoke to Juan Maria and because what he felt on behalf of hi mother was too formless for expression and because the music of the far-off rain was aching in him, he approached it b way of a suggestion that the Christ Chil might be persuaded in the matter of th leettle feeddle. Juan Maria refused t answer him. That had been Juan Maria' way ever since one summer night whe

From a photograph by [illegible]

CHALIAPINE AS *DON QUICHOTTE*

as typically Russian as Tolstoi, or Gorky, or Andreyev. He is idolized by the Russians,—by revolutionists somewhat more than by reactionaries,—but not for his singing alone. He has a striking, powerful, broadly sympathetic and intensely interesting personality, with the simplicity of an unspoiled child. He is kind-hearted, outspoken, vigorous, and original.

The story of his leanings toward the revolutionary movement in Russia has been confirmed on numerous occasions. He gave a number of concerts for the benefit of the revolutionists and his singing of revolutionary songs at the time of the general strike in 1905 stirred the people and inspired them with courage.

When questioned regarding the story that he had insulted the Emperor by refusing to sing in the opera "A Life for the Czar," in 1906, after the retraction of liberties granted to the people, Chaliapine said:

That is somewhat exaggerated. A revolutionist is a man who is willing to risk his life for his people, who comes out openly against the government; but is there anything heroic in expressing one's sympathy with the revolutionary movement by merely refusing to sing this opera or that? It was only an accident.

Of the revolution itself he said to Mr. Bernstein:

The Russian revolution has failed for a very simple reason. Imagine a grand opera, with a great cast, given for the first time, without a rehearsal. Can you picture to yourself the chaos that would result? This is exactly what has happened in Russia. The revolutionists had a great cast, but they had no rehearsals,—that is why there was such chaos and failure.

To turn from rehearsal revolutionary to operatic. When Chaliapine for the first time essayed *Leporello* in New York, a number of persons volunteered their advice and suggestions as to how his part was to be interpreted. He listened attentively, thanked them all, and said: "Gentlemen, every one of you is right; nevertheless I think I shall interpret the part in my own way."

It was about this time that Chaliapine was approached with a proposition to sing in London, at Covent Garden. When the terms offered were rejected by him, the man who made the proposition began to describe to Chaliapine the prestige that an engagement at Covent Garden would give to a singer. Chaliapine listened attentively, and then said:

"I can't accept your offer, although I know that I shall feel sorry. When I shall be on my death-bed, I shall recall all my performances, and my conscience will torment me because I did not sing at Covent Garden. I shall not be able to die in peace."

Perhaps the most interesting concert given by Chaliapine in this country, Mr. Bernstein further relates, has never been recorded. It was an informal affair, on the occasion of the Russian New Year, on the steamship *Moskva,* then in New York harbor. There were only half a dozen invited guests, the rest of the audience being composed of the crew. After supper Chaliapine was asked to sing. He promptly went over to the piano and accompanying himself, started to sing a Russian folk-song. The sailors and officers crowded the doorway, and looked at him with open-mouthed admiration. Suddenly he left off singing and turning to the crowd, said:

"You must join me, boys, or I will not sing at all."

He sang with them a number of plaintive Russian songs, and after midnight closed with the song of the "Dubinushka" ("The Oaken Cudgel"). Then he went over to the sailors, spoke to each of them, and related some of the hardships of his early years, the tears streaming down his cheeks as he spoke. Finally he brightened up and distributed among the sailors all the money he had with him, while they embraced and kissed him.

Last year, while visiting Leonid Andreyev, the great Russian writer, in his home in Finland, Mr. Bernstein heard a familiar voice one night. Andreyev was sitting in his large, half-dark study, listening to one of Chaliapine's records on the graphophone. Andreyev's face quivered and tears gathered in his eyes.

"This is 'The Song of the Hungry,' as sung by Chaliapine," he said. "When I hear him sing it, I cannot restrain my tears. No one has expressed the sighs and tears of suffering Russia as he has done. I wonder whether any other people can appreciate our Chaliapine as we do."

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THE CHRISTMAS STRATAGEM: UNDER THE MISTLETOE

FROM THE PAINTING BY F. D. MILLET

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

came toward them. With a shriek Juan Maria tore himself from the arms of Ole and disappeared like a streak of terror through the dark. He did not propose to be captured by any Niño Dios, not while he had his legs under him.

The strength with which Juan had separated himself from the approaching horror sent Ole staggering blindly through the sage, where he pitched on with no consciousness of anything but that *it* was after him, until he tripped at last and rolled to the bottom of a small gully, and lay there, with his eyes shut fast even in the dark. He thought he could feel the Christ Child clutch him between the shoulders, and it was the most terrible sickness he had known. Being presently aware, however, that nothing really had happened to him, Ole crept up to the edge of the gully and looked toward his camp. He saw that the Christ Child had returned to it. There was no doubt whatever about the identity; there was the white gown falling straight to his feet, the circle of curling fair hair. He sat down by the dropping fire, and began to pick thorns out of his small feet. Even Ole Oleson was not proof against this human behavior. When he crept nearer through the brush he saw that the feet bled and that the child was crying. Ole thought it might be because they had run away from it. Then the dogs came up and put their noses to the child in a friendly way. He put an arm about old Pinto and began to sob.

"Don't do that," begged Ole; he had not realized that he had drawn near enough to be heard. The child looked up and began to dry his eyes on his gown.

"Why did you run away?" he asked.

"Because," Ole admitted, "I was afraid."

"So was I." Ole was singularly comforted.

"I will take care of you," he declared, his heart swelling.

"What is your name?"

"Ole." He was sitting on his knees on the other side of the fire; he dared not come nearer.

"I want my mother," said the child.

Ole worked toward him on his knees.

"And I want"—he hardly dared breathe it—"one leettle feeddle."

"If you take me to my father and my mother," said the child, "they will g you anything you want."

Oh, blessed assurance! It was just his mother had told him! There was father, and a mother, and they heard wh the child said.

The child tucked his bare legs unc his gown, and looked plaintively at l bleeding feet.

"They hurt," he said quite human and yet with a kind of grieved astonis ment that such a thing could be. C hurried and brought rags and water fr the canteen; he knew how very pain the prick of a cactus thorn could be. he bathed and wrapped, he was startl by the child's soft body huddling agai him in sleep. He contrived to get him Juan Maria's bed, and drew up the blan ets; the child slept. He saw the soft ha of curls shining in the last spark of t candles, and the waxen profile, grown pa with crying, and he thought of what Ju Maria had said. Softly he stooped to k the child and whispered the wish of l heart.

It was early in the morning, and the nig operator of Jerktown had wished for t thousandth time that, since there had be a Christmas dance, it need not ha been where he could neither attend it, n get it quite out of his mind. He had tri shutting the station doors to keep out t swinging sound of Ruy Garcia's guita and he had tried waltzing up and dov the station platform to a whistled acco paniment, and now he had come quite o to the end of the board walk to see there were any signs of its breaking up.

He could see the drooping line of co ponies at the racks and the window ligh paling in the dawn, and presently he ma out a small figure skulking about amo the loosely piled bales and boxes of t shipping platform.

"Come out of that!" said the night op rator, shying a stone at the blamed thi of a Greaser which he made sure it mu be. As the intruder, instead of making a as one discovered in mischievous inter came sidling up to him, "What the dic ens!" he cried. "Juan Maria!" He had move back then to keep well within t sound of the inconsequential chatter of t instruments, and the boy came crowdi to his heels like a whipped spaniel.

Drawn by Jessie Gillespie. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'I WANT A GUITAR.' 'ME,' SAID OLE, BEHIND HIM, . . . 'I WANT ONE LEETTLE FEEDDLE'"

vision superintendent's son, so that he could not manage to make a ride back to town on his back equal in attraction to the morning amble of a pack burro, in the midst of a blethering flock, with two dogs and Ole and Juan Maria. Whatever other schemes he may have meditated for getting possession of small Archibald, the operator was reduced for his share, on the arrival of Oleson with the week's supplies, to going back to telegraph to Mrs. Harrington that her son was safe and in what hands. He was also able to make one of a procession, which included the whole of the unattached population of Jerktown, that escorted Mrs. Harrington out to the Oleson homestead when she arrived the next morning in a special. She rode out in the doctor's buggy, which gave her an excellent opportunity to explain how Archibald had been put to sleep by his nurse, and had probably walked off the rear end of their private car when they stopped at Tank 214, and also to learn something about the Olesons which made her quite equal to the occasion when, after Archibald had been hugged and wept over to such an extent that he really began to think perhaps something terrible had happened to him, she turned at last to Ole Oleson. She was looking very lovely in a soft and rustly gown as she bent above him, and the excitement of it, and of having so many folk about, had almost made up to Ole for the disappointment of the day before; for though of course he understood all that Juan Maria explained to him of who she was and how the child came close on to midnight to their camp and the Christmas candles, there was st the leettle feeddle which had not arrive and there was his mother, and sudden quite cruelly, she reminded him of it.

"And is n't there anything, Ole,—it Christmas, you know,—anything that y really wanted for yourself?"

Was n't there? Ole looked up at h so tearfully smiling and satisfied, and his mother, quite, quite different,—he d not know by what differences, only th since there was to be no fiddle, he cou never help her,—and back at Archie, w was only a child, after all, and at Archi mother, who was just a woman, and l disappointment overflowed in him. I was hanging bashfully on the back of l mother's chair just then, and quite shan fully for a boy of his age he put his he down on her shoulder and cried. But fact the Christ Child could not have ne lected matters so badly as Ole had i agined, for all at once it seemed as if ever body understood. He felt his mothe arms tighten around him, and Mrs. Ha rington's voice saying still more tearfull

"Of course, Ole, I understand you wa something for your mother. That is arranged,—your father understands,—b I want you to have something quite, *qu* your own."

And then Archibald Mayhew manag to make himself heard:

"I know what he wants, Mama; told me by the fire. He wants a lit fiddle."

Then Ole's face came up smiling, b still shyly, with the rest of the petition:

"And a guitar for Juan Maria."

Drawn by C. F. Peters

"'I HA' BEEN OFFERED A VERRA FINE PARTNERSHIP IF I GIT THE MONEY'"

MacBURNIE GETS ENGAGED

BY J. R. STAFFORD

Author of "MacBurnie and the Cheese"

WITH PICTURES BY C. F. PETERS

IN the office of the Copperville laundry about a dozen customers were waiting for their bundles. On seeing MacBurnie come in, Miss Hummit, manager, began to make change with livelier haste. She knew that he had come to see her and she wished to give him ladylike audience.

But MacBurnie, being a modest man, thought that her sudden pitching in, as it were, might be by way of keeping him at arm's-length. He looked at his watch and sighed heavily.

Now the situation was more serious than it appeared. From the laundry down to the depot it was a full half-mile, and within twenty minutes the last day train would be leaving for Dope Flats. He was obliged to catch that train.

This necessity, however unfortunate, was quite logical. Of late he had been neglecting his duty as station-agent at Dope Flats. Many were the afternoons that he had come up to Copperville on the 4:45,—as he had on this afternoon, —and missed catching the 5:20 home; and many were the evenings he had spent with Miss Hummit on the front steps of her boarding-house, where, in the shine of the moon, he explained the action of the magnetic telegraph, air-brakes, the course of way freight, or such other unfrivolous matters as pleased her curiosity. And while he was doing that sort

of thing, the depot at Dope Flats was taking care of itself. As a consequence, headquarters had warned him that another night's absence would cost him his job.

In view of this, it was no more than human that he should sigh, no more than human, either, that he should look at his watch.

Having counted five full cycles of the second-hand, he began uneasily to pace the floor. He could not tear himself away without so much as catching her eye,—she might think he had ceased to care,—at the same time he must not miss the 5:20.

But in this trying moment, Miss Hummit, who was large and capable and quite aware, removed her steel-bowed spectacles and announced: "Nothin' doing for the rest of you. You should have brought your stuff a day sooner if you wanted it this evening."

Even those patrons who had deciphered their names on the top bundles took leave. Miss Hummit's manner was always that of a sober person on the witness-stand, as though she meant exactly what she said.

MacBurnie, who would have cut off his right hand sooner than believe she had been guilty of any deceit for him, mopped his brow in a species of desperation, which, to him, was new and terrible.

Having realized in the last sixty seconds that his present relations with her must end,—some afternoon he would miss the 5:20,—he saw with equal perspicuity that to end them, he must propose. That was his duty to her. Never could he do less.

Of course she would not have him. What woman who was half-owner of a steam laundry would want a man who always got his washing on credit the next week after pay? But that made no difference. That was her privilege, and he must offer it to her. But how? How without letting her see how long she had been courted by a fool?

After a minute of deep suspense he plunged: "Miss Hummit, ye wu' be knawin' that a mon like me does na' come so often to see a wumman, as I ha' you o' late, wi'out he means somethin'. The fact is, I had thought o' marryin' ye." But thinking that he spoke more like a brigand than a man offering voluntary sacrifice, he hastened to amend by adding, "That is, if 't was agreeable to ye."

Miss Hummit had been expecting it furthermore, it was agreeable. Since a day months past, when he had come into the office demanding and finally getting full price for an old shirt which had been shrunk to boy's size in her laundry and then sent back to him in the Dope Flats basket, he had seemed her ideal of a man —one who would stand up for himself And now she would have accepted him without hesitation, only there were difficulties in the way. However, she was ready to discuss these.

Putting her elbows on the arch of the office gate, she calmly averred: "Well Mac, I like you. But here 's the rub: I could n't leave my business to live with you in Dope Flats. On the other hand the railroad company won't transfer you to this station. I never inquired, but it come to me just the same. Married life on the instalment plan—we would n't be able to have more than two Sundays a month together—would never suit me. I could n't stand to marry and then set my husband up in business the next day either. Every one would laugh at us Do you see how the land lays?"

He thought so. In fact, he had anticipated all except the detail of her feeling toward him. "Aweel," he answered sadly, "I 'm ower sorry that ye like me at a'; I did na wish to leave ye regrettin' An' syn I might disgrace ye even, by becomin' a hobo, I had best be gangin'."

"Wait a minute." Miss Hummit dismissed the inference that some persons might have ascribed to his haste for getting away; she could forgive his density. "I 've thought that if you could borrow fifteen hundred dollars and take up an option I 've got on the bank's half interest in this establishment, nobody would know but that you had had the money Then they could n't make fun of us. You could get the loan, could n't you?"

"Miss Hummit, 't is no an easy thing to borrow." He could not be less than honest with her. "I ha' tried often. I ha' askit for money to put into things that wad ha' made me rich ower-night; I never got nothin'—nothin' but juist snickers."

After all, was he quite so dense? Miss Hummit was not so sure now.. Maybe he did not wish to get the money. Could

tained surreptitiously from Ole's home. Considering that it was so much to the good of the family, Ole thought he might venture so much, and contrived to secrete about a pint in an empty flask when next he went up to the ranch for bread. Then they worked the flock about as close as they dared to the deadly springs, and Ole held them while Juan Maria brought up about seven times as many cattails as they could use. And at the last moment the whole plan came near falling through because of Ole, who felt he could never bear putting it to the test when it might possibly happen that the candles would all be burned up and there would be no leettle feeddle; for Ole was not of the stripe of Juan Maria, who, if the wish did not arrive promptly on the occasion, could say, "To-morrow, to-morrow," with believing countenance.

"Anyway," insisted Juan, who would have been delighted to try the hazard at any moment, "we gotta have it Thursday. Thas 's Chris'mas; thas 's the day they have a big dance in Jerktown. We gotta do it Chris'mas."

"Well, Thursday," consented Ole, "when we come by Three Wells."

Three Wells lay at the apex of a triangle of which the railroad made the base, with Jerktown and Tank 214 to point the other angles. Two flock journeys out of sight on the other side of the rails that ran between the soldierly poles from one unbroken horizon to the other lay the homestead. From where the flock bedded they could see the tank, lifted on its skeleton trestles, the only relief to the general flatness; and when the dusk closed in, as clear and pure as volcanic glass, they saw the lights flower in Jerktown and the dance-hall bursting out latest, like some strange, obnoxious sport on the Christmas rose. Then they set up the reeking cattails in the sand, where they burned with a flare that might well have caught the attention of any strolling supernatural with a taste for candles, and without undressing they lay down on their sheepskin pallets to see what would happen.

It was so still that they could hear above the murmur of the flock the whine of the small flame and the dry crackle of the reeds, and suddenly Ole Oleson was overtaken with the despair of the desert, the interminable, trackless levels in which there is no place from which anything conceivably can come. Even a little fiddle has to come from *somewhere*.

Juan Maria, who did not have it so much on his mind, was willing to believe that it might arrive by some natural process, like the harmonica in his father's pocket.

"Maybe," he suggested hopefully as the Overland Express blazed past them miles away, "it will come on the terrain."

Its retarded thunder came to them tremulously along the ground. Ole thought this not likely, because the express did not stop at Jerktown; the winking of its hundred eyes on their horizon was merely that it might "tank up" at 214. After all, it did not matter, said Juan Maria, a little thing like that—not with blessed personages; they could drop on you from anywhere, like that owl, and walk on your blanket. This suggestion produced a long and rather shivery interval in which the candles sang and wavered; and it occurred to Juan Maria that it might be more respectful just to go to sleep and not stay spying on the performance of the powers. Perhaps they had both been asleep a little later, for the cattails had burned quite to their stalks, and they found themselves sitting up in the blankets under the impression that they had heard something.

"Coyotes," suggested Juan Maria, but not convincingly.

"One new lamb," said Ole. But he knew better; and as Juan Maria gave signs of dropping off again, he added: "You be 'fraid like you was with that owl. You want to go to sleep so you not see heem."

"Ho!" cried Juan Maria, feeling bound to speak in character, for he was at least half a year the older, and had really been to church, "what 'll I be 'fraid of? He can jus' come along ass soon ass he likes. I 'll call him." He made his voice as big as possible under the circumstances: "Niño Dios! Niño Di—os!" Suddenly out of the thick blackness far to flockward the cry came back to them.

The boys did not quite know how they came to be out of their beds, clutching each other in the space between the candles, but they were aware of the cries increasing on them, and terribly; of the vague, white figure that spread out its arms and ran, stumbled, and rose, and

forbidden this; but Miss Hummit would never know. And how, unless he did offer this one indubitable guaranty, could he truthfully say that he had left no stone unturned? Of course he knew that there was no likelihood at all of his getting the money even on this, for Keener was a chronic speculator and probably would not have fifteen dollars; but still Keener was the one and only hope.

Accordingly, when, next afternoon, he entered the attorney's office and found the man with nose buried in a law-book, he struck suddenly and with the vehemence of forlorn hope: "I 'm no sayin' that yer bound to let me ha' it. If yer ain conscience is no' enou', let it go. But, Keener, I ha' the most desperate need o' fifteen hundred dollars. 'T wu' be paid back. The fact is, I 'm about to git—" He got no further.

Just then the lawyer, who had looked up the last reference on an important principle that was to be the backbone of a brief, threw down his book, shouting: "Come on, Miss Gordon. I 'm ready to give you some dictation."

In response to this, a young lady with a note-book in one hand and a paper-backed novel in the other—her hair was stuck full of lead-pencils—appeared from behind the revolving bookcase.

Like a man who by the merest accident has just escaped a pitfall, MacBurnie shied from his chair toward the door. Another five words and he would have ruined everything. This frivolous, novel-reading person would now be slipping out the back way if she had heard that speech, which he would have intended only for Keener's ears. Like a wild horse his affrighted imagination simply carried him to Copperville. Instead of the dignified farewell because of his failure to get the fifteen hundred dollars, he found a sign on the laundry door warning him to keep away! He wanted to be alone. He would be alone. Later he would return.

The lawyer, on seeing him start to leave, raised a detaining hand. To him MacBurnie was always refreshing. He would have dropped anything for a few minutes of the Scotchman's conversation. So since it seemed necessary to let the references go, he asked, "Well, Mac, have you come up to make me sue that laundry concern you wrote about last spring—the one that ruined your pink-and-white shirt?"

Drawn by C. F. Peters

"'IF THIS IS A' YE HA' TO SAY, I WU' BE GANGIN'"

MacBurnie stopped short. In the presence of the stenographer that was a dangerously close question. That led directly, of course, to the beginning of his affair with Miss Hummit. If he could have gone out without answering, he would have done so. But how could he come back after acting that rudely? Somehow he must state his case. Stenographer or no, he must state it now. " 'T is nothin' o' the sort." He tried manfully to improve the situation. " 'T is a somewhat private matter, an' I wu' tell ye aboot it, if ye wu' send the young wumman out o' doors."

Evidently Mr. Keener thought that the spectacle of MacBurnie trying to discuss a private matter in public would be funny. For he laughed immoderately, anticipatingly, as he declared that the stenographer was too busy to leave her work.

"I want fifteen hundred dollars." MacBurnie spoke with caution. "I ha' been offered a verra fine partnership if I git the money."

"Oh, that 's it." Keener, whose thirst for amusement was no whit more eager than his hunger for what he termed "good things" in speculation, grew slightly interested. Sometimes, he was sure of it, sim-

"Señor, Señor," he whimpered, "I do not steal—not to-night, Señor, nor more. Never do I steal after this night." They crossed the fan of light that fell through the station door, and the boy showed white and shaken.

"Thought you was keepin' herd on Oleson's sheep," said the operator.

"Never no more, Señor—after what I have seen!"

"What?"

"Señor, I do not know—all in white—a ghost—how do I know—a devil."

The night operator held up his hand. Coherence seemed suddenly to have seized on the foolish instrument; it called and lifted up its voice in a rattle of dots and dashes as sharp as hail.

"Great Scott!" said the operator; for the instrument was calling:

harrington division—superintendent's family—boy five—last seen trecadero—sleep-walker—turn out all hands—five thousand reward.

The machine caught its breath.

"Go over to the dance-hall,—nonsense! there 's no such thing as ghosts,"—said the operator. "Tell Stockton to come, all the boys. Tell 'em to come *pronto;* tell them there 's a child lost; tell them there 's money in it. *Vamos.*"

The machine went on:

Notify all agents—stopped at Madeira tank 214—boy small light curly hair blue eyes bare feet night-dress—five thousand reward—wire mother at Needles.

The night operator had had time to transmit the message and assure the agent at Needles that everything would be done before Juan Maria got back with the half-believing crowd of Christmas dancers, suspecting a practical joke, all their senses whirling yet to the measure of Ruy Garcia's guitar. It was worth something to reflect that, though the day operator was one of them, he had missed the excitement of having it happen in his turn, and as he would go on duty in a few hours, he would also miss an opportunity to join the search-parties that set out in both directions from Jerktown. It was too late, also, for the night operator by the time he had handed over his office to the other man; and finding himself the only unoccupied male left in Jerktown, began to think about breakfast and Juan Maria. Though he would have scorned the implication, the thought of that other child lost in the night of the desert, and the more unfriendly desert day, inclined him to deal jovially with Juan Maria.

"And now," he questioned as they went toward his boarding place together, "how about this ghost business?"

"In truth, Señor,"—Juan Maria spoke in Spanish, which the operator understood very well, though he did not use it,—"it was a very ghost. It came on us while we were asleep; it stretched out its arms and cried."

"And was all in white," suggested the operator, "and as tall as a telegraph-pole."

"No, Señor,"—Juan was quite positive, —"it was a very little ghost. It was a child ghost."

"Eh, what?" cried the operator. "By Jove! I say, where were you camped last night?"

It was about nine o'clock when the night operator and Juan Maria met Ole and the flock turned toward the homestead, with the child sitting on top of the camp-kit on the burro, with his night-dress buttoned inside Ole's coat, and with his stomach full of camp bread and goat's milk, very well satisfied with himself.

"If your name is Archibald Mayhew Harrington," said the operator, "you must go and help me telegraph to your mother that I have found you."

The child surveyed him with wide, grave eyes.

"But you did n't," he said. "Ole found me."

"It is quite true, Señor." Juan Maria had heard all about the five thousand dollars, and he was a bright boy for his years. "Ole found him, and I ran to tell you." He knew he could make that go down with Ole, if he could not with the operator. "I ran every step to the station, and my feet are hurt."

"Mine, too," announced Archibald Mayhew Harrington, sticking a dirty, bandaged foot out of the saddle-bags, and gravely waggling his toes. "I can't walk for ever so long, and I shall stay with Ole."

It was a great pity that every horse in Jerktown had been taken out before the operator left, to join in the search for the lost and possibly mangled body of the di-

vision superintendent's son, so that he could not manage to make a ride back to town on his back equal in attraction to the morning amble of a pack burro, in the midst of a blethering flock, with two dogs and Ole and Juan Maria. Whatever other schemes he may have meditated for getting possession of small Archibald, the operator was reduced for his share, on the arrival of Oleson with the week's supplies, to going back to telegraph to Mrs. Harrington that her son was safe and in what hands. He was also able to make one of a procession, which included the whole of the unattached population of Jerktown, that escorted Mrs. Harrington out to the Oleson homestead when she arrived the next morning in a special. She rode out in the doctor's buggy, which gave her an excellent opportunity to explain how Archibald had been put to sleep by his nurse, and had probably walked off the rear end of their private car when they stopped at Tank 214, and also to learn something about the Olesons which made her quite equal to the occasion when, after Archibald had been hugged and wept over to such an extent that he really began to think perhaps something terrible had happened to him, she turned at last to Ole Oleson. She was looking very lovely in a soft and rustly gown as she bent above him, and the excitement of it, and of having so many folk about, had almost made up to Ole for the disappointment of the day before; for though of course he understood all that Juan Maria explained to him of who she was and how the child came close on to midnight to their camp and the Christmas candles, there was still the leettle feeddle which had not arrived, and there was his mother, and suddenly, quite cruelly, she reminded him of it.

"And is n't there anything, Ole,—it is Christmas, you know,—anything that you really wanted for yourself?"

Was n't there? Ole looked up at her, so tearfully smiling and satisfied, and at his mother, quite, quite different,—he did not know by what differences, only that since there was to be no fiddle, he could never help her,—and back at Archie, who was only a child, after all, and at Archie's mother, who was just a woman, and his disappointment overflowed in him. He was hanging bashfully on the back of his mother's chair just then, and quite shamefully for a boy of his age he put his head down on her shoulder and cried. But in fact the Christ Child could not have neglected matters so badly as Ole had imagined, for all at once it seemed as if everybody understood. He felt his mother's arms tighten around him, and Mrs. Harrington's voice saying still more tearfully:

"Of course, Ole, I understand you want something for your mother. That is all arranged,—your father understands,—but I want you to have something quite, *quite* your own."

And then Archibald Mayhew managed to make himself heard:

"I know what he wants, Mama; he told me by the fire. He wants a little fiddle."

Then Ole's face came up smiling, but still shyly, with the rest of the petition:

"And a guitar for Juan Maria."

Drawn by C. F. Peters

"'I HA' BEEN OFFERED A VERRA FINE PARTNERSHIP IF I GIT THE MONEY'"

MacBURNIE GETS ENGAGED

BY J. R. STAFFORD

Author of "MacBurnie and the Cheese"

WITH PICTURES BY C. F. PETERS

IN the office of the Copperville laundry about a dozen customers were waiting for their bundles. On seeing MacBurnie come in, Miss Hummit, manager, began to make change with livelier haste. She knew that he had come to see her and she wished to give him ladylike audience.

But MacBurnie, being a modest man, thought that her sudden pitching in, as it were, might be by way of keeping him at arm's-length. He looked at his watch and sighed heavily.

Now the situation was more serious than it appeared. From the laundry down to the depot it was a full half-mile, and within twenty minutes the last day train would be leaving for Dope Flats. He was obliged to catch that train.

This necessity, however unfortunate, was quite logical. Of late he had been neglecting his duty as station-agent at Dope Flats. Many were the afternoons that he had come up to Copperville on the 4:45,—as he had on this afternoon,—and missed catching the 5:20 home; and many were the evenings he had spent with Miss Hummit on the front steps of her boarding-house, where, in the shine of the moon, he explained the action of the magnetic telegraph, air-brakes, the course of way freight, or such other unfrivolous matters as pleased her curiosity. And while he was doing that sort

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it be that he had proposed because he was tired of coming to see her? In view of such a possibility, she could say nothing, of course; but she could not help looking the pain she felt.

MacBurnie saw. Clearly she was heart-broken. Just like a child when the cherished empty bag that once contained candy is snatched away! He made haste to add: "It might be that I could go to Craigie an' say that if he wad gie me sic a sum, ye 'd ha' me. An' syn he is a pryin' creature to know a'ways what chance he wu' ha' o' gittin' back the money, I could say that syn 't is a' yer ain doin's, an' ye are a wumman o' property, ye wu' be in duty bound to see him paid."

"No, sir! No you don't!" Miss Hummit was sure now that he had been fooling all along. And sharp conviction like cold water revives the sleeping faculties. She could talk to the point again. "Mortgage your matrimonial prospects! Not much! I would n't have a man that would put up my wedding as collateral for a loan."

"Aweel, I 'm at my wits' end." And his despair was beyond doubt.

"Wait just one minute." Miss Hummit had resigned that sharp conviction. Not having anything but doubt to take the place of it, she could not let him go until she was sure. In order to make sure, she would let him see how far she had gone in this matter. Turning to her desk, she produced a long sheet of paper covered with figures. "This," she explained, with the outward coolness of a woman who feels that she is going through the floor, "will make it dead-easy. It shows what the laundry costs and what it earns. All you 've got to do is to let a moneyed man see it, and he 'll pawn his shirt but what he 'll raise the loan for you."

MacBurnie, having once traveled four hundred miles to show Craigie, the Albuquerque banker, a much more impressive document,—the prospectus of the Highbinder Gold Mining & Milling Co. —folded the paper without looking at it and put it into his pocket. What could this mere hand-written credential accomplish, when that engraved one had only got him laughed at? But since it was his purpose merely to save her from precipitate disappointment,—to restore to her the empty paper-bag, as it were, seeing that her heart was like that of a child,—he determined to make a good show of hope. "Aweel," he said with the very faintest sigh, "it wu' no' be any trouble to see, Miss Hummit—no' at a' much trouble."

Then because he dare not miss his train and must run hard for it, he put on his hat, tipped it, and without replacing it, bolted into the street. He reached the station just in time to catch the last step of the departing 5:20.

On reaching Dope Flats, he wrote a letter to Craigie. He did this as a duty. But so barren of hope was he that he forgot to say a word of why he wanted the money. He set his alarm-clock for two in the morning, and then went to bed. And of course when the mail came along at ten minutes after two he was shivering on the platform waiting to post his letter.

Two days later he received the perfunctory answer which he had expected. He would have mailed it to Miss Hummit, only he felt that since she wished to cherish her vain delusion, she might think he had not done his best. Knowing that she would have a right to feel saddened if he gave up without a great struggle,—though he was sure all struggling was hopeless,—he determined that he would make an effort which would be and appear supreme.

After several days of profound deliberation he wired the general freight-agent for thirty-six hours' leave, and got it. Then he boarded a train for headquarters.

He was going to see Keener, the railroad company's attorney. If any one on earth was under deep obligation to him, it was this lawyer. It was morally certain that Keener owed his position to MacBurnie. MacBurnie was sure of it. Once he had brought a suit against the company which, had it come to trial, would inevitably have lost the railroad counselor his job, because MacBurnie would have won. At Keener's pleading instance, the Scotchman had withdrawn the petition before it went to trial. Besides owing for this obligation, Keener was not only discreet, but he was unmarried, and therefore to be trusted with a secret. It was MacBurnie's intention to explain that he was going to marry a wealthy woman who would surely help him pay the debt which she had asked him to incur. Of course Miss Hummit had

THE TRADE OF THE WORLD

FIRST PAPER: THE COMMERCE OF SPAIN

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Don Fulano was right. Spain desperately needed workers at every loom and bench and machine, but the returned soldier had passed the age for practical apprenticeship. He had learned only to use the bayonet and the cartridge, the guitar and the wine-cup. So Spain's tragedy became the oversupply of farm-laborers, the lack of artisans and mechanics.

LOOKING down upon Spain to-day as from a balloon sufficiently high to render visible the entire Peninsula, one sees surrounding the barrens of the great central basin a fair expanse of agricultural country in which lie five or six great smudges, the manufacturing and exporting centers, where the country's breath is tainted with the smoke of furnace and steamship, distillery and mill. Most of these blots are far apart—Barcelona, Bilbao, Jerez de la Frontera, Huelva, and Seville.

One thing specially is vital in Spain: *"Costumbre,"* they say ("It is the custom"). It explains commercial honor tersely for the Spanish business man to keep his word and pay his bills; exactly as it is equally customary for him to lack what we call "honor" in some other departments of life. It is customary to do or not to do, to like or not to like, a thousand things. Why? "Costumbre," is the only reply. It is customary, moreover, not to yield readily to an improvement or a luxury, even as it is again equally customary, once the Spaniard has yielded to a given thing, to hold to it like adamant.

Until a few years ago no Spaniard had on his dining-table any other receptacle for salt than the old-style open cellar. An enterprising Briton saw this, noted that the salt was always dirty and gummy, and determined to introduce a certain famous salt-shaker, from which clean salt would run freely in the dampest weather. Bravely he started to tour Spain for the company.

"No, Señor; no es costumbre usar más que esto" ("No, sir; it 's not customary to use more than that"—the old cellar), was the answer of every dealer to whom he presented the novelty. Again and again he was rebuffed. He began to despair when, standing one day gazing into a jeweler's window, a brilliant idea struck him. He entered. Realizing the childlike curiosity and impressionable character of his quarry, he persuaded the jeweler to display a shaker in his window, and coached him about selling it. A Spaniard came along, looked in the window, saw the curious object, investigated.

"It is very pretty for the toilet-table," he remarked, after prolonged scrutiny; "perhaps useful for the children. What goes in it—perfume?"

Indifferently the jeweler glanced up from some scribbling. "No, sir; only salt."

"Man, salt!"

"Yes. Possibly I could get you a little—the kind that does n't get sticky—to try. But I don't know."

The simple gentleman was amazed, angry, affronted by the novelty, but he

ple fellows like MacBurnie stumbled upon bonanzas. If they did not, then there were no bonanzas. "Got any figures on the proposition?" he asked.

MacBurnie bethought himself of the paper which Miss Hummit had pressed upon him. Until this moment he had forgotten it, as a man forgets circulars that come to him in the mail. But now, just as if he had so intended all along, he thrust it into the attorney's hands.

It was plain that Keener was interested. It was equally plain that Miss Hummit's prophecy was somewhere nearly accurate. For after five minutes' perusal the lawyer jumped up, excitedly proposing: "Say, I 'll get you the money if I have to pawn my socks. I mean I 'll get it for you if you 'll let me have a half-interest in what you get."

MacBurnie, who had instinctively known there would be some string to the speculator's first statement, balked instantly. "Na; I ha' reasons for suspectin' that no muir partners than me are wanted. I ha' to borrow the money. 'T is that or nothin' wi' me."

Keener reflected. To him MacBurnie's record as station-agent at Dope Flats for the last fifteen years was like an open book with only two pages in it: also, the statement he had just examined was the most tempting he had ever seen. If he could only get an interest in that laundry! At length he said:

"All right, I 'll let you have the money as a loan. I won't be known in the deal at all. But before you put a cent into the business, you are to have it incorporated, and stock to the amount of fifteen hundred dollars issued in your name. Then if you get sick of running the laundry or don't pay off the note when it 's due,"—he was counting on the Scotchman's well-known proclivities,—"every share is to belong to me. But, mind you, the thing has got to be incorporated. I would n't risk being a partner in the deal after you got out of it."

"In that case,"—MacBurnie had no patience for such obvious quibbling,—" 't is no' at a' a favor ye are proposin' wi' me. The partner that askit me in, juist told me not long ago that a' corporations ought to be hung. One o' them has put up the price o' starch until it takes the profit o' one shirt in every dozen to pay the differ'. 'T is a fulesie thing ye are talkin' about, an' nothin' wu' come o' it. If this is a' ye ha' to say, I wu' be gangin'. Syn' noo that I ha' done my best I can go."

"And pass up the deal?"

"O' course I wu' pass it up. I ha' no money."

"Come, come, MacBurnie, go ahead and try it a whirl! Do it for me, because I want you to. Say, I 'll let you have the money without a cent of interest, no matter how it turns out."

"Syn' it is no' a long stop at Copperville between trains,"—MacBurnie was thinking of Miss Hummit and of her wearing anxiety,—"an' syn' I wad ha' to go back to Dope Flats direct fro' here on account o' not havin' leave, I wu' stop off an' do what ye want, on one condeetion, if ye wu' guarantee that I wu' no lose my job for it. If ye wu' see the general freight-agent, an' say that I ha' to stop in the mornin' at Copperville. But I warn ye that I 'm no doin' it to urge yer fulesie stock-brokerin' business; I wu' no press it till I git the treatment o' a book-agent."

"You just wait a minute," Keener cried gaily as clapping on his hat, he took leave.

His minute lengthened into three quarters of an hour; but at the end of that interval he returned perspiring and triumphant. "I 'd have been here sooner," he apologized, "but, you see, I had to borrow it in odd lots. There was a lot of silver and checks, so I had to go to the bank to get a draft. Whew!" he ejaculated as he ran his eye over a slip of memoranda, "the average rate this money is costing is right at twelve per cent., and I had to soak everything I had. MacBurnie, you 'll have to make the deal go or I 'm ruined."

The Scotchman took the draft from the lawyer's fingers and buttoned it inside his breast pocket. Not until he had signed the note and contract for turning over the stock did he vouchsafe a word of comment on the other man's sacrifice. Then he observed: "Young mon, ye ha' no conception o' what ruin is. Ye never wu', unless ye forgit to speak to the general freight-agent an' see me afterward."

And with that he strode out grandly, like a man who, having done his best, expects to die uncomplainingly because he can do no more.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE BANK OF SPAIN, MADRID

are unreliable at best, and in all probability err on the side of exaggeration. The Spanish customs-officials estimate their exports and imports by weight, not by quantity, as so many tons or feet of coal or automobiles, candy, or cloth. And employees who receive a stipend of from about twenty to thirty-five dollars a month are not prone to labor too hard in making their figures accurate. However, the fluctuations tell the story of the fall and the slow recovery.

Some of the items, which cannot be cited in a condensed table, are of interest to the American farmer, since they fall within his province. For example, Spain's chief exports to the Philippines to a considerable degree compete directly with our goods. Spain sends knitted fabrics, cotton goods, canned fish, wines, shoes, and manufactures of leather. To Cuba she exports chiefly chick-peas (*garbanzos*), a staple article of diet in Spanish-speaking countries, olive-oil, vegetables both fresh and canned, and wines. Porto Rico is a heavy consumer of Spanish vegetables, cottons, linens, olive-oil, and still wines. The shoes and manufactures of leather are lines in which no American would think of competing with the Spaniard, for the cost of the American article averages rather more than twice as much to the consumer. The chick-peas would be very hard to oust —"costumbre" again. But in all the still

THE PUERTA DEL SOL (GATE OF THE SUN), MADRID, CALLED THE CENTER OF SPAIN

that ye sh'd juist want to make a messenger-boy o' me. I wu' return Keener's money wi'out botherin' ye."

Miss Hummit felt as though a friendly door had been slammed in her face, and she looked it.

The sight of her disappointment compelled him to go on more kindly, though no less firmly: "I wu' no specify my reasons. But it had to be this money or no money. Syn' that is true, then it had to be incorporation or no marriage. The money was a' yer ain doin's; but ye wad no incorporate."

"No, I would n't." She could not help saying that. Nor could she go on and tell him that she would marry him without the money.

"Then I wu' bid ye good-by, Miss Hummit," he said with deep feeling. " 'T is no use to keep bogglin' ower a sad matter that can no be fixed." And tipping his hat, he started to leave.

"Mac," she called barely in time,—he had reached the sidewalk,—"you come back here. I 've something else to say."

He put his head in at the door, thinking that she was going to ask that he return her photograph. Because he dearly wished to keep it, he thought to divert her purpose by a gay pretense: "Miss Hummit, if ye wish to change yer mind ye must hurry. I ha' to be gangin' for the depot, an' I 'm too old to run."

She just could n't help putting up her handkerchief, nor could she prevent her voice catching as she asked, "Mac, do you want to break my heart?"

Now, it was more than he could do, even for the picture, to allow her tears. But when he came to rack his wits for sympathy, there was only the plain truth to be offered: "Miss Hummit, I ha' no sic a wish. I ha' wanted but the one thing, a matter o' necessity—that ye wad incorporate."

"Mac,"—she was pressed by a thousand doubts and fears, and her voice trembled under them,—"please don't go. Give me an hour to think. It 's been a hard battle I 've had to get my little property. Come back in an hour."

What did headquarters or the wrath of headquarters amount to against such pleading? He felt the heroic thrill of sacrifice as he promised: "Verra weel, I wu' come back. 'T is no' in a mon that 's a mon to refuse a wumman when she comes out flat-footed askin' for a thing."

Then he trudged slowly down the street —slowly because he was weary of everything in the world. Coming out at the end of the street on the edge of the desert he gazed for a long time, thinking how empty his heart was. But when he saw a coyote chasing a jack-rabbit in the distance, he recalled the fact that he too had a need of breakfast. And turning, he went back until he came to a restaurant.

Of course it was a shameless thing to be eating ham and eggs and to be enjoying them. But he had eaten little for three days, and somehow it seemed he could not get enough. Before he was half satisfied he was devouring his second order. Then happening to look at the clock on the wall he saw that he was five minutes overdue at the laundry. He snatched up his hat and ran, forgetting even to hurl down the price of his breakfast as he passed the cashier.

Because of this neglect—the proprietor was a suspicious man and had been a sprinter—MacBurnie came to his tryst a full quarter of an hour late.

Miss Hummit, who had given up hope of ever seeing him again, was in tears. When she saw him really standing in her presence, his eyes shining as sympathetically as ever, she managed somehow to let him know that he could incorporate or he could marry her without the money, whichever suited him best. It made no difference to her; all she wished to know was whether he was going to take her or leave her alone.

Theoretically he should have bounded to her side and taken her in his arms. But MacBurnie was apt not to follow theories. He was practical and strong and cautious and above all thoughtful of her. A kindliness like the sun of a winter afternoon filled his mild eyes, and his voice was very gentle as he said: "Miss Hummit, if 't was no that some one might come by the window I 'd gie ye a smack right noo. But if I did, an' we were seen, 't wad be told, an' they wad laugh at us. I wu' no ha' ye made fun o'." And then rising to the occasion in his own peculiar way he announced: "Still, it wu' be an' easy thing to make sure. I wu' step outside an' look. If no one is wi'in a block, I wu' return an' kiss ye."

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The simple gentleman was amazed, angry, affronted by the novelty, but he

took it and an ounce or two of the special salt home with him. The jeweler ordered another shaker and more samples of salt. By and by the gentleman had used all his salt and wanted more of the same kind. The business of that company today is worth many figures in Spain every year, and, more than that, as it is "costumbre" now to use that particular sort of shaker and brand of salt, there is virtually no competition.

The American merchant who heeds the experience of the British experimenter and introduces something of value not to Americans, but to the Spaniards, something they can appreciate and want more of when once they recognize it, has a market before him limited only by the capacity of the population to absorb his goods. One of the most energetic of our consuls said to me recently: "The word 'American' sells goods here. It is synonymous with 'quality.' When the Spaniards finally get it through their heads that a thing is good, 'costumbre' comes in again, and they stick to it. Trade here would increase greatly if American exporters would realize this, and if they would also realize that it is now a case of the American catalogue, printed in English, and therefor unintelligible, against a hustling German salesman who speaks the language. In other words, a dead thing against a live one!"

There is no feeling in Spain against America; rather a respect born of acquaintance with our military methods and familiarity with our ways of constructing agricultural machinery, which forms a large part of the imports into southern Spain. As the consul said, "American" spells "quality," and the farmer and *haciendero* have recognized this. The tariff, too, is not a general drawback, for Spain has been on our minimum tariff schedule since January last.[1] Her tariffs toward us are in the same proportion, so that there is reciprocity on the score of customs-duties.

But that word customs calls up a host of amusing and unpleasant memories to any one thoroughly familiar with Spain. It spells red tape, "graft," petty annoyance, delay. The greater part of American exporters whose goods are sold in Spain have nothing to do with it, for the reason that, except for a few great and powerful corporations, they sell to Spain through their Continental agencies. Consequently, so far as controlling the Spanish trade goes, they know nothing about it other than that this one's branch in Paris orders so many two-horse binders, that one's agency in Berlin cables for fifty disk-harrows, the other one's London representative inquires the best price for cash against bill of lading for two steam-propelled limousine automobiles. Where the goods eventually go the manufacturer does not know or care. But with a central agency in Madrid or Barcelona or Seville, one definite port of entry for all his goods, and traveling salesmen covering definite districts, as at home, he could control and make a fortune of the trade, for the present is the beginning of the flood-tide which will carry Spain upward to a crest of prosperity such as she has never seen.

The competition Spain wages with us in the Argentine Republic and Brazil, in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, affords an illuminating commentary on the readjustment brought about by the war and our own subsequent development as a trading nation. From 1896 to 1908 Spain's exports to the Argentine increased about three hundred per cent.—from almost $3,000,000 to more than $8,000,000. Ours grew from nearly $11,000,000 to $25,000,000. In Brazil neither nation was able to double its trade. The Philippine figures tell a different story, with a Spanish decrease, from $6,000,000 in 1896, to less than $2,000,000 barely ten years later, while our trade, from "No returns" in 1896, has grown steadily to nearly $4,500,000. Spain has been more fortunate in Cuban markets, for while our trade rose from almost nothing in 1898 to $41,576,000 in 1908, the Castilian merchants, after severe ups and downs, are holding their own with $8,584,000. Porto Rico, like the Philippines, shows a tremendous increase for us and a corresponding decrease for Spain, whose exports to the little island have fallen off until to-day they are less than ten per cent. of what they were in 1896, while the competing Americans have increased their sales more than tenfold. (See table on page 270.)

The figures cited for Spain's exports

[1] Proclamation of President Taft, January 18, 1910.

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"REFLECTION"

FROM THE PAINTING BY SERGEANT KENDALL

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

GENERAL VIEW OF CADIZ

wines except sherry, in olive-oil, vegetables, and canned fish, linens and cotton goods, the markets, once Spanish, seem in a fair way to become entirely Americanized. One great advantage the American merchants have is their ability to deliver goods promptly. Spain is not quick to act, and if a piece of machinery is wanted in a hurry, and the buyer is willing to pay for a first-class article, the order usually comes to America, and the goods can be delivered in half the time it would take the most expeditious of the Spanish firms to ship them. Another reason, applying to Porto Rico, is the presence of two energetic young American business men in the island, selling goods all the time, working with the activity which to the Spaniard seems "absolutely vertiginous." They have met the people half-way, learned their wants, speak their language, give them what they want, whether it be fish-hooks or windmills, and prosper accordingly. Against competition of this sort, with its consequent advertising and personal aggressiveness in selling, the Spaniard not only cannot, but will not, move a finger. It is still very bad form in many large commercial houses in the Peninsula to indite a business letter on a type-writer; nevertheless, only a short time ago a merchant in one of the large southern cities ordered twenty-five first-grade machines from a firm that showed him easily that in six months he could save their cost in clerk-hire, besides having his letters and documents always legible and permanent. It must not be forgotten, either, that a regular hundred-dollar machine sells in the Spanish cities for from nine hundred to one thousand pesetas, or, roughly, from $180 to $200.

The recent revision of the American tariff had no perceptible effect upon Spain's trade with us, except perhaps in the case of Jerez de la Frontera, where, as we shall shortly see, the sherry trade has been materially affected. Also, there has been no retaliatory effect upon importation of American tobacco, as might have been expected. Spain is a country without a single tobacco-plant of its own, though the Spaniards are perhaps the steadiest, heaviest consumers of tobacco in the world. But though they smoke continually, they never chew. Quantities of Kentucky and some Virginia leaf, valued at about a million dollars, are annually imported by the chief Spanish monopoly, the Compañía Arrendataria de Tabacos, which has extensive interests in Cuba and Porto Rico. From its immense Philippine plantations, the other monopoly, the Compañía General de Tabacos de Filipinas, imports vast quantities of leaf and cigars. These two trusts divide the trade, and have throttled every attempt to raise domestic plants. Considering that the Spaniard's demands are supplied entirely by what the trusts choose to give him, regardless of his possible desires, it is remarkable that pressure was not exerted long ago to compel the government to change the system. Every ounce of tobacco that enters Spain comes into the hands of one or other of these companies, except when some suffering Englishman or Yankee orders a pound of London tobacco by mail, and pays fines amounting to six dollars or more for the privilege.

In matters of financial responsibility and honor, the Spaniard is fully the equal of the American. Unlike some Japanese, who order a quantity of goods to please the salesman, and cancel it when the shipment arrives, the Spaniard often orders generously, and invariably accepts not only the goods, but the draft attached to the bill of lading, which is the most satisfactory method of payment for all concerned, though it is not always employed throughout Andalusia. In the first place, all Spain is still a family. Every member of the group in a given city knows exactly

what every one else knows. The jewelers of Madrid meet in the Café de Madrid for luncheon every week, to discuss their customers and the houses from which they buy, and to sell one another stones. The custom is very old, and what applies here, applies in a measure to all business. For example, a dealer in agricultural machinery in Seville or Malaga places an order with an American house. His competitors all know it—know when the goods will arrive, know that he must meet the draft attached to the bill of lading. Let us say he fails to do so. There is much shaking of heads, torrents of words, and though he may be perfectly solvent at the moment, that one unmet draft is as surely his ruin as if he were a rascal. There is, then, almost complete security in money matters, for, honor apart, it is more to his interest to pay promptly than to delay or default. Naturally, in a country the different provinces of which differ as widely as the bits of glass in a kaleidoscope, the business men and traders of different provinces show strong contrasts. The manufacturer or merchant who is an Andalusian is shrewd in a way, mercurial, light-hearted, gay if he has an order on the books, ecstatic if a big order comes in, and almost ready for suicide if a clerk steals a postage-stamp. He is slow, indolent in many instances, disinclined to break through costumbre, even if convinced, and of a decidedly avaricious tendency; but withal he is honest, and willing to learn if forced.

His opposites are the Catalan and the Basque in the North. A German salesman of electrical milling machinery which is fast replacing the picturesque old windmills against which Don Quixote tilted valiantly, came back to Seville after a trip through Catalonia, and said to me with a sigh: "Do you know why the Jews have never lived in Barcelona? It is because they cannot make money where the Catalans are in business." Shrewd, progressive, active even during the siesta hour, the Catalan gets to work in the morning before the Andalusian has dreamily considered whether he shall howl for Juan to bring his chocolate in to bed or wait another hour or so. The Barcelona merchant and manufacturer, too, is as readily adaptable as the Dutch. He has his own way of doing a thing, but if a customer wishes it done in the German or French or American way, and will pay for it, the Catalan agrees instantly and eagerly: it gives him an opportunity to add a few pesetas to the price. The Basque is not altogether so pleasant or cheery, but he has more sturdy qualities, and in cities like Bilbao and Santander he is distinctly progressive, and willing to meet all comers at least half-way. In Madrid, however, the manufacturing is all in a very small

THE TWO-DECKED TRESTLE-WHARF, HUELVA

took it and an ounce or two of the special salt home with him. The jeweler ordered another shaker and more samples of salt. By and by the gentleman had used all his salt and wanted more of the same kind. The business of that company to-day is worth many figures in Spain every year, and, more than that, as it is "costumbre" now to use that particular sort of shaker and brand of salt, there is virtually no competition.

The American merchant who heeds the experience of the British experimenter and introduces something of value not to Americans, but to the Spaniards, something they can appreciate and want more of when once they recognize it, has a market before him limited only by the capacity of the population to absorb his goods. One of the most energetic of our consuls said to me recently: "The word 'American' sells goods here. It is synonymous with 'quality.' When the Spaniards finally get it through their heads that a thing is good, 'costumbre' comes in again, and they stick to it. Trade here would increase greatly if American exporters would realize this, and if they would also realize that it is now a case of the American catalogue, printed in English, and therefor unintelligible, against a hustling German salesman who speaks the language. In other words, a dead thing against a live one!"

There is no feeling in Spain against America; rather a respect born of acquaintance with our military methods and familiarity with our ways of constructing agricultural machinery, which forms a large part of the imports into southern Spain. As the consul said, "American" spells "quality," and the farmer and *haciendero* have recognized this. The tariff, too, is not a general drawback, for Spain has been on our minimum tariff schedule since January last.[1] Her tariffs toward us are in the same proportion, so that there is reciprocity on the score of customs-duties.

But that word customs calls up a host of amusing and unpleasant memories to any one thoroughly familiar with Spain. It spells red tape, "graft," petty annoyance, delay. The greater part of American exporters whose goods are sold in Spain have nothing to do with it, for the reason that, except for a few great and powerful corporations, they sell to Spain through their Continental agencies. Consequently, so far as controlling the Spanish trade goes, they know nothing about it other than that this one's branch in Paris orders so many two-horse binders, that one's agency in Berlin cables for fifty disk-harrows, the other one's London representative inquires the best price for cash against bill of lading for two steam-propelled limousine automobiles. Where the goods eventually go the manufacturer does not know or care. But with a central agency in Madrid or Barcelona or Seville, one definite port of entry for all his goods, and traveling salesmen covering definite districts, as at home, he could control and make a fortune of the trade, for the present is the beginning of the flood-tide which will carry Spain upward to a crest of prosperity such as she has never seen.

The competition Spain wages with us in the Argentine Republic and Brazil, in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, affords an illuminating commentary on the readjustment brought about by the war and our own subsequent development as a trading nation. From 1896 to 1908 Spain's exports to the Argentine increased about three hundred per cent.—from almost $3,000,000 to more than $8,000,000. Ours grew from nearly $11,000,000 to $25,000,000. In Brazil neither nation was able to double its trade. The Philippine figures tell a different story, with a Spanish decrease, from $6,000,000 in 1896, to less than $2,000,000 barely ten years later, while our trade, from "No returns" in 1896, has grown steadily to nearly $4,500,000. Spain has been more fortunate in Cuban markets, for while our trade rose from almost nothing in 1898 to $41,576,000 in 1908, the Castilian merchants, after severe ups and downs, are holding their own with $8,584,000. Porto Rico, like the Philippines, shows a tremendous increase for us and a corresponding decrease for Spain, whose exports to the little island have fallen off until to-day they are less than ten per cent. of what they were in 1896, while the competing Americans have increased their sales more than tenfold. (See table on page 270.)

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HEADQUARTERS OF THE BANK OF SPAIN, MADRID

are unreliable at best, and in all probability err on the side of exaggeration. The Spanish customs-officials estimate their exports and imports by weight, not by quantity, as so many tons or feet of coal or automobiles, candy, or cloth. And employees who receive a stipend of from about twenty to thirty-five dollars a month are not prone to labor too hard in making their figures accurate. However, the fluctuations tell the story of the fall and the slow recovery.

Some of the items, which cannot be cited in a condensed table, are of interest to the American farmer, since they fall within his province. For example, Spain's chief exports to the Philippines to a considerable degree compete directly with ou goods. Spain sends knitted fabrics, cot ton goods, canned fish, wines, shoes, an manufactures of leather. To Cuba sh exports chiefly chick-peas (*garbanzos*), staple article of diet in Spanish-speakin countries, olive-oil, vegetables both fres and canned, and wines. Porto Rico is heavy consumer of Spanish vegetables cottons, linens, olive-oil, and still wines The shoes and manufactures of leather ar lines in which no American would think of competing with the Spaniard, for th cost of the American article averages rathe more than twice as much to the consumer The chick-peas would be very hard to ous —"costumbre" again. But in all the stil

THE PUERTA DEL SOL (GATE OF THE SUN), MADRID, CALLED THE CENTER OF SPAIN

THE GUADALQUIVIR, THE GREAT RIVER THAT MAKES SEVILLE A SEAPORT

bounties was suspended because those members of the Mútua who did no export trade considered their assessments a sacrifice too great to be met, and a petition has been presented to the government asking an annual subsidy of one million pesetas as "a reimbursement," the manufacturers pointing out that if the subsidy be not granted, the government will probably lose more than that in taxes, duties, on raw materials, etc. In the meantime many factories are working on reduced schedules, cotton is high, and the cotton exporters declare generally that virtually no cotton goods are being shipped abroad, while the new preferential American tariff with the Philippines will certainly kill off that market. The fact, too, that Spanish silver is steadily appreciating in value deprives exporters for the time being of an advantage long enjoyed: exchange has fallen from 32 per cent. of depreciation in 1905 to 7.5 per cent. at the end of 1909.

So far as general commerce is concerned, however, Barcelona is in a healthy condition, chiefly because of the fact that much of the capital is foreign and many of the enterprises are in foreign hands. The Crédit Lyonnais finds so much business that one branch cannot handle it unaided, and another is equally busy at the other end of town. German banks and tramways, French lighting companies, a Belgian cable, English thread works, and a Swiss-Spanish automobile factory, are some of the more important of the manufacturing enterprises which have largely increased the city's importance since the exposition of 1888. Not far distant, too, in San Feliu de Guixols, is the center of the greatest cork industry in Spain, with an annual exportation of about ten million dollars' worth of finished bottle-corks, stoppers, shavings, blocks, blanks, and wood.

Seville is in the center of a marvelously rich and productive region, veined with the tawny line of the Guadalquivir, and presenting all the contrasts imaginable, from the eternal snows of the Sierras about Granada to the Egyptian desert between Bonanza and Cadiz, where huge salt piles mock the distant snows with their deceptive appearances of cold on the flat plain and the great fertile grain and fruit belt between Córdoba and Jerez. This year of 1910 has been one of increased prosperity for Andalusia and Seville because of the enormous cereal crops. Throughout all the rest of the Peninsula wheat, maize, barley, millet, beans, oats, and so on have yielded thin crops and low prices. Virtually all the provinces but Andalusia have been compelled to import large quantities of cereals to supply actual necessities. But Andalusia, waving with grain, has stored such quantities, or sold them at such prices, that a boom has taken place in the very latest and most improved type of imported agricultural machinery, to replace the plow that must be an heritage from the Celtiberians, and the flail-and-pitchfork method of threshing the gathered harvest. According to the figures, England supplies the greater part of the machinery, then comes Germany, and the United States makes the third in point of importance. But the figures are exceedingly deceptive. I mentioned elsewhere that the Spanish customs-rules differ from ours. One difference is that goods imported from abroad are credited to the flag of the vessel that brings them. Thus American or English machinery in a German vessel appears on the records as German goods. With their low costs of production, the Germans have been able to imitate cheaply most of our cultivators, reapers, binders, and threshers. But the

what every one else knows. The jewelers of Madrid meet in the Café de Madrid for luncheon every week, to discuss their customers and the houses from which they buy, and to sell one another stones. The custom is very old, and what applies here, applies in a measure to all business. For example, a dealer in agricultural machinery in Seville or Malaga places an order with an American house. His competitors all know it—know when the goods will arrive, know that he must meet the draft attached to the bill of lading. Let us say he fails to do so. There is much shaking of heads, torrents of words, and though he may be perfectly solvent at the moment, that one unmet draft is as surely his ruin as if he were a rascal. There is, then, almost complete security in money matters, for, honor apart, it is more to his interest to pay promptly than to delay or default. Naturally, in a country the different provinces of which differ as widely as the bits of glass in a kaleidoscope, the business men and traders of different provinces show strong contrasts. The manufacturer or merchant who is an Andalusian is shrewd in a way, mercurial, light-hearted, gay if he has an order on the books, ecstatic if a big order comes in, and almost ready for suicide if a clerk steals a postage-stamp. He is slow, indolent in many instances, disinclined to break through costumbre, even if convinced, and of a decidedly avaricious tendency; but withal he is honest, and willing to learn if forced.

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THE TWO-DECKED TRESTLE-WHARF, HUELVA

MALAGA—VIEW OF THE HARBOR, THE BULL-RING, AND THE MALAGUETA QUARTER

way, the merchants are backward, closing their best stores for two hours or more in the middle of the day, and often suggesting that it is impossible to make or provide a thing to which they are not accustomed. There are of course notable exceptions to all rules, and one of my most pleasant recollections of Seville is of "Señor Son-of-Pérez-Romero," as he styled himself on his business-cards. I needed fresh films of a size not to be had in Seville, and instantly Señor Romero telegraphed to Paris for them. Later, when I was leaving, he requested permission to supply me with them in other cities. He recognized his opportunity and took it, and for the Spanish or American who uses similar intelligence, Spain is now a golden land of opportunity and profit.

In considering Spain by districts, which is perhaps the fairest way to arrive at an estimate of what she has actually accomplished and what her plans have been since 1898, Seville and Barcelona naturally occupy the greater part of most records. They are the largest, their foreign exports and imports are much the greatest in money value, and they are centers easy of access. Barcelona is the nerve-center of Spain. Called not unjustly the City of Protest, it is foremost as the city of great manufacturing enterprises, great exports and imports, unflagging industry even in the face of disaster, and a courage remarkable, considering the knockdown blows which have often been dealt to it. In the sixteenth century, Cervantes found it a delightful town and "the haven of strangers." Its maritime code ruled the sea for years, and into its commodious harbor sailed many a rich argosy from far-off spicy lands, making it a rival to Venice and Genoa. Then that trade fell away, and later a new one sprang up with the Philippines and the East. That, too, is gone, but until within the last few months the looms and spindles of Barcelona have never faltered.

A LOAD OF EMPTY WINE JARS IN SOUTHERN SPAIN

At present Barcelona faces the most serious crisis in its industrial history. Its fame as a cotton, fabric, and linen center has given it international reputation and commerce. Its looms, 19,925 in number, support more than 46,500 operatives; its chimneys dot the rolling landscape between the outskirts of the city and the hills by Tibidado and Sarria, as the prickles stand up from a sea-urchin's back; its atmosphere is as smoky and hazy as that of Manchester or Leeds. But the cotton industries have fallen upon evil days. If no aid is forthcoming from the government in the form of that general panacea for all ills, a subsidy, the Catalan spinners declare that they must close down many of their looms, render more than 12,000 turbulent spirits idle, jeopardize the work of about ten thousand others, and lose what trade is left to the once prosperous industry.

La Mútua de Fabricantes de Tejidos de Algodon, or Cotton Weavers' Mutual Association, was formed in July, 1907, to consider means adapted to rehabilitating the cotton industry. To restrict production would be to throw into idleness thousands of workers. To go on producing stocks which could not be marketed was ruin for the manufacturers. So, after much discussion, the Mútua was formed, and a complicated system of export bounties was adopted, to enable Spanish exporters to undersell foreign competitors in any market. In other words, the exporter, buying of the manufacturers in the Mútua, was paid a carefully calculated bounty or rebate on his purchase, thus allowing him to sell his cottons cheaper than competing German, English, or American exporters anywhere in the world. But the Mútua could not indefinitely continue the bounty, though it increased exports by sending Spanish cottons "into one hundred and ninety-seven markets, most of which received no Spanish cotton goods whatever prior to 1906."

In August, 1909, payment of the

clears from Huelva for United States ports than from any other Spanish city, though of course Barcelona clears a greater total tonnage for the world, with Bilbao ranking next in importance.

From America, Huelva receives timber, in the form of Pensacola logs used for structural purposes, barrel-staves for Jerez de la Frontera, and an occasional package of mineral oils. The tariff on oils of this class is so heavy that refined benzine, to cite a single instance only, costs from thirty to forty cents a pint at retail. Mineral oils pay, in bulk, the regular import tax of forty-three pesetas per hundred kilograms of weight, plus the local or town tax called the *consumo*—which corresponds exactly to the French *octroi* duties—of twenty-three pesetas per hundred kilos, making a total import duty of sixty-six pesetas, or, roughly, $12.87, for every 220 pounds. In a few cities, so burdensome did the consumo become that the people rebelled, and in two at least it has been abolished. Tarragona now has no consumo, and in Cáceres it has been abolished and the deficit supplied by taxing all incomes from $260 a year and upward.

Except for the logs, staves, and oils, very little else comes into Huelva direct from America, as much of the American machinery, soaps, ironmongery, shoe-polish, etc., is sent by way of Barcelona, and hence by the returns are all—Spanish goods! A large amount of agricultural machinery is being imported in this indirect way by the citizens. Though the town does no manufacturing, it is awake, and its harbor and river are being dredged of some 8,000,000 cubic meters of silt, to make a twenty-six-foot channel at low water. To-day at ebb-tide there are barely twenty feet. This port work, which has been in progress since July, 1909, will be completed in about six years, with a handsome bonus to the contractors if they do it more quickly. The city authorities are working with their own dredge right beside the larger machines of the contractors, independently removing three or four million cubic meters more, to make the results absolutely certain, and thus give a generous margin of safety for large vessels. Twenty years ago a 2000-ton ship was a sight in Huelva, but now the American trade has so expanded that 6000-ton craft load every week without exciting even passing notice.

Spain's shipping problem, as it stands at present, is one which is giving other nations some concern, for in the Law of Communications and Fisheries of 1909 the attempt is made to monopolize Spanish trade for Spanish shipping companies. The law is extremely ingenious, and well worth the attention and study of American lawmakers, since our shipping problem is very like Spain's. Briefly, the law provides that every foreign vessel taking either cargo or passengers on the high seas to or from Spanish ports must pay a tax of fifteen cents per net registered ton in excess of the usual navigation and port dues; "unless the said steamship takes on board one half or less its capacity, when the tax shall be one half a peseta [ten cents] per net registered ton." For example, a 2000-ton British steamship from Liverpool for Cape Town stops at Vigo and takes on board nine hundred tons of freight, paying the ten-cent tax. But a cable is received, ordering the vessel to stop at Huelva and take on three hundred tons more. Then the steamer has to pay the full tax of fifteen cents per ton.

This law will strike a numbing blow at foreign vessels, chiefly British, which touch at Spanish ports while en route on the high seas; that is, liners, for the most part, which heretofore have handled the bulk of Spain's foreign trade. Correspondingly, it should boom Spanish shipping, and the authorities expect prompt results from its operation in the reconstruction of a Spanish merchant fleet. The only exception allowed by the law is in behalf of the fruit-growers of Valencia and Andalusia, whose grapes, oranges, lemons, and other fruits would rot on their hands but for the British and German steamers plying to American ports.

Though the figures for the wine industry of Jerez de la Frontera show an increase since the war, they are deceptive, and the trade to-day is scarcely more than a third of what it was in 1873, when the sales amounted to more than twelve million dollars. In that year Jerez shipped abroad 68,840 butts of 132 gallons each, valued at a minimum of at least $175 the butt. The exports for 1909 totaled 31,945 butts, valued at $4,377,805, or only thirty-six per cent. of the record. For-

merly shippers had to be pleaded with for every butt, but now every sherry house employs the best salesmen it can find to pick up what orders they can, and because the California wines, especially the so-called "sherries," have competed so strongly with the genuine sherry that the price has been reduced, wages have fallen, discontent has arisen, and the population has diminished from 63,473 in 1900 to 51,741 in 1910. That is, no less than fifteen per cent. of the total population of Jerez has emigrated.

Bitterly the little local newspaper, "El Guadalete," complains:

> And the Jerezano, laborer, artisan, middle-class, who sees the enemy within [1] and the few-hours-distant Atlantic without, knows it will bear him in a few days to the Argentine, where he may work and perhaps create a modest fortune. He does not hesitate, does not struggle. From Gibraltar, from Cadiz, from any port he flees his ungrateful country and goes, leaving even the old, the ill, the children; goes, not looking for better luck, not looking for fortune or adventures, as did the *adelantados* [pioneers] of yore. No; to-day he goes to seek life, because here he cannot live.

The warm Andalusian temperament tinctures the mordant ecstasy of the writer, but the fact remains that conditions are bad and appear to be growing worse, rather than better locally, because of Californian competition, because the London sherry market virtually ceased to exist when the late King Edward VII sold his sherry-cellars and the fashionable English world immediately proclaimed its distaste for the old wine, and because, in a measure, of the new American tariff. Under the former tariff, sherry was dutiable at a minimum of forty-five cents a gallon; under the new, the minimum is sixty cents. The new tariff went into effect in August of the current year, and for months before the Jerez wine-merchants were shipping every available drop of their best to America, to enter it under the old rates. The natural consequence is that so much sherry has been sent for American consumption that the figures for the second half of 1910, when issued, will show a "dead market," as experts agree that it will probably take the overstocked American market at least a year to absorb the supply on hand, and perhaps more.

Other experts throughout Spain estimate the condition of Jerez in very different lights. One thinks the new tariff will make the situation so much worse that California will do the rest; another holds that Jerez has passed the crisis and now is on the road to recovery; a third informed me that the attempts of the Jerez vintners to make a sherry-champagne were proving so successful that in a few years at most the markets of the world would be supplied with a champagne made of sherry which would prove so far superior to the French champagnes in flavor and body, keeping qualities and price, that the French wines would be driven from the market, and Jerez would rise to its old position as one of the most important cities of Spain. Whichever one be right in his judgment, my own observation indicates that the town is in desperate need of some revivifying influence.

American interest in Malaga centers about its export trade of raisins, almonds, and fresh grapes. The story of the raisin trade might have been taken as a leaf from Jerez's book, for in the period from 1819—the American Consular records at Malaga go back to the latter part of the eighteenth century—to 1870, the raisin trade grew by leaps to the enormous total of 1,298,798 boxes in the latter year. But then, as in the case of Jerez, California began competing in the world's markets, with the result that statistics show the exports in 1880 to have fallen to 171,369; in 1890, to 84,602; in 1900, to 43,357; in 1908, to 43,283; while in 1909, they rose to 72,836 boxes. The increase of last year was due entirely to general world prosperity and increased demand for everything rather than to any falling off of Californian competition or an increase in the preference for the Spanish raisin.

California's competition is formidable chiefly because it is governed by the system that has made American business methods famous the world over. The California Fruit Growers' Association pools interests, divides costs, avoids domestic competition, and is able to offer a first-grade article in Spain's once unchallenged markets at unheard-of prices. Spain sees and

[1] A complaint against the government and the taxes.

marvels, considers and talks—and does nothing. "*Mañana* [to-morrow] we shall do something," is the conclusion.

What occurred with regard to the raisin trade is equally true of the almond industry in a smaller way, though the almond-growers have progressed to such an extent that they now have a coöperative association and to some degree pool their interests. But the members are suspicious of one another, and their time is devoted chiefly to heated sessions in which they declare what ought to be done; thus little is accomplished, and California goes calmly on making inroads at a rate that terrifies the sober Spaniard who consults the figures. Malaga's American imports, however, are steadily increasing with every year, and while figures are not available to prove the imports of agricultural machinery, hardware, and leather goods, leather in hides, etc., I am credibly informed that the percentage of increase is most gratifying.

Yet the Malagueño, like his brother in Jerez, finds far greater opportunity and fortune in the lands overseas. The average worker earns something like from forty to fifty cents a day in good times, and supports a family. Is it any wonder, then, that eighteen thousand of the Malagueños have emigrated to South America, where prices are about the same, and wages nearly double?

Financially, Spain is enviably sound, and credit being the inevitable basis of commerce, she has the foundation for a lofty structure. Her loans are promptly oversubscribed, her principal industrial securities are quoted to-day at prices far above the figures of twelve years ago, and her people are storing away "dead" pesetas by hundreds of thousands in the check-accounts of her banks.

The lethargy of the centuries is passing. Non-commercial conservatism is giving place to ambitious enterprise, and when Spain's awakening fully comes, we had better look to our markets, into which she will pour in an increasing flood "*esas otras cosas más provechosas*"—"those other more profitable things."

SPANISH EXPORTS INTO FOREIGN COUNTRIES AND AMERICAN COMPETITION

SPAIN EXPORTED TO		COUNTRY	UNITED STATES EXPORTED TO	
AMOUNT	YEAR		AMOUNT	YEAR
$2,902,000	1896	Argentine Republic	$10,818,000	1896
3,563,000	1900	" "	12,969,000	1900
7,110,000	1906	" "	38,093,000	1906
8,316,000	1908	" "	34,351,000	1908
892,000	1902	United States of Brazil	13,840,000	1902
1,753,000	1907	" "	25,105,000	1907
1,583,000	1908	" "	20,862,000	1908
6,128,000	1896	Philippine Islands	.....	1896
3,488,000	1898	" "	.....	1898
1,804,000	1899	" "	1,352,000	1899
3,334,000	1900	" "	2,153,000	1900
1,820,000	1906	" "	4,478,000	1906
8,288,000	1898	Republic of Cuba	.....	1898
11,433,000	1899	" "	.....	1899
8,229,000	1900	" "	30,087,000	1900
10,545,000	1905	" "	37,686,000	1905
8,584,000	1908	" "	41,576,000	1908
4,455,000	1896	Porto Rico	2,646,000	1896
2,256,000	1898	" "	1,404,000	1898
1,511,000	1899	" "	3,954,369	1899
481,000	1900	" "	3,286,168	1900
678,000	1905	" "	13,974,070	1905
402,000	1908	" "	22,677,376	1908

POE'S COSMOPOLITAN FAME

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

AMID the chorus of eulogy which arose around Poe when the centenary of his birth was celebrated, here and elsewhere, we cannot help recalling the echo of many a harsh and bitter judgment. Half a century ago the honored chief of the New England group of authors contemptuously dismissed Poe as "the jingleman." A quarter of a century ago one of the subtlest of American critics casually referred to Poe's "very valueless verses." And only a few months ago a master of acute literary analysis called Poe a conjurer in literature, only a charlatan.

Over against the adverse opinions of these American writers we may set the estimate of not a few foreigners. Tennyson, for one, held Poe highest among American poets, waving aside certain others more popular with us as mere pygmies compared with him, and declaring him "not unworthy to stand beside Catullus, the most melodious of the Latins, and Heine, the most tuneful of the Germans." And the general opinion of the French is not lower than that of the British poet-laureate, if we may judge by the fact that in a recent list of the hundred foremost figures in literature, Poe is the only American. There is wisdom in the assertion made three centuries ago by an earlier poet-laureate, Ben Jonson, when he said that "Men, and almost all sorts of creatures, have their reputation by distance; rivers, the farther they run and the more from their spring, the broader they are, and greater."

Notwithstanding the natural desire of a young nation to make the most of all its native authors, Poe has his reputation by distance. And this raises a series of interesting questions. Why is it that Poe's position as a poet and as a writer of fiction is still in dispute in his own country? Why is it that American critics have been far less cordial than foreign critics? Why is it that Poe's cosmopolitan fame is more wide-spread and more solidly established than his repute here in the land of his birth? Why is it that we Americans seem to hold Poe inferior to Longfellow as a poet and inferior to Hawthorne as a teller of tales, in spite of the fact that he has won acceptance among the French and the Italians and the Spaniards who have never cared to make acquaintance with Longfellow and with Hawthorne? These are questions easier to put than to answer; and yet, if satisfactory responses can be found, they will help to explain Poe's true position in American literature.

If the significance of an author is to be measured by the extent of the attention he has aroused in other writers, there is no denying the high importance of Poe, since no American man of letters has been the subject of so many biographies and the object of so many critical essays, both at home and abroad. This is not a final test of his value, of course, since much of this unusual interest is due to his ill-starred career and to his enigmatic character. He is the only representative here in America of the type to which Villon and Musset belong,—the poets of curious quality who make shipwreck of their lives from weakness of will,—who hear opportunity knock at the portal and who hold the door ajar for a moment only to shut it at last in the face of the gift-bearing visitor. Poe's personality was not engaging and he was a friendless man, although in his need many men befriended him. Unfortunate disaster followed fast and followed faster this child of grief, the disinherited heir of many a weakness, born out of time and out of place. His life began in somber gloom and it flickered out in ultimate tragedy. To his contemporaries of threescore years ago, in the thick of the struggles political and economic which were to culminate in the Civil War, Poe must have seemed almost a disembodied spirit,

living apart in lonely pride. An exotic with no roots in the soil of his nativity, he belonged to another clime than ours in those distant days when the delicacies of pure art could hope for little recognition here. He had to breathe an alien atmosphere; and in all our literary annals, otherwise so prosperous, his is the saddest figure, as it is the strangest.

His fate extorted pity, but it could not compel liking; and this lack of the warmer regard that went out freely to others of our writers may have been due in part to the disquieting reports of his occasional lapses from the social standards which a provincial community feels called upon to support severely. One thing, at least, is admitted by his sharpest censors,—that whatever Poe's failings as a man, he was not lazy or shirking as an artist; he toiled unceasingly and he did his work in manful fashion, never relaxing into sloth. With the energy of our race, he had also its abundant productivity; and in the scant seventeen years of his literary labors, he brought forth the ample prose and verse which is now collected in ten solid tomes. This we can count to his credit now, even if his immediate associates were excusable for not perceiving it before his scattered writings had been set in order.

As we turn the pages of these volumes we can spy out another reason why he failed to win the cordial liking of his contemporaries. He was no hypocrite; and if he fell from grace now and again, he did not extenuate this by lip-service to the social laws he had broken. He never preached; and there is no moral purpose, explicit or implicit, to be discovered in his poetry or in his fiction. Indeed, he did not hide a haughty and scornful disdain for the overt didacticism which then dominated American letters. He eschewed ethics and strove to remain outside all morals. He was never immoral, for he was no more sensual than he was sensuous. Questions of conduct did not tempt him to deal with them; and he stood aloof when they were discussed. He was as solitary in literature as he was in life. The men of his own time in his own country had troubles of their own and struggles of their own; but Poe took his place afar off as though he had no interest in these issues. In his lilting lyrics there is no call to arms; and his prose does not nerve a man for the battle of life. Poe is not a large genius; and his appeal, intense as it may be to those who respond to it, is indisputably narrow. His lyre was all his own, but it had only a few chords.

His endowment is as rare as it is restricted; and his individuality is pitiably isolated. Perhaps this is one reason why he has been so contemptuously brushed aside by not a few American critics, otherwise broad-minded. His genius, unquestionable as it may be, does not touch mankind at many points. What he has to say to us, he can utter with direct mastery; but he has very little to communicate. Not only is he without the deeper conception of truth and of duty which has sustained and inspired the greater poets in their greatest works, but he has absolutely nothing to offer to all those who look to literature for a rich expression of the realities of life. His spirit dwelt apart, as though it inhabited an ivory tower, hung with purple curtains and topped with banners, yellow, glorious, golden. His soul was remote; and it was alien to this workaday world, peopled with hurrying citizens, athirst for the actual. He had no message for mankind, but only melody for youthful melancholy. His poems and his brief tales lack not only moral purpose, but also spiritual meaning. He was the least myriad-minded of literary artists. He had no sweep of intellectual outlook, no interest in the world of ideas, as he had no interest in the world of affairs. He had no relish for the every-day aspects of life, the very stuff out of which vital literature is made. He turned away from the sturdy creators of character, caring little for Shakspere and less for Molière; indeed, he even boasted that he would give fifty Molières for one De La Mothe Fouqué.

Mr. Andrew Lang has suggested one reason why Poe failed to be taken to the hearts of the American people, when he declared that Poe lacked as a man what his poetry also lacked,—humanity. His poetry is not a criticism of life; indeed, it is often a criticism of death, as the same critic has suggested. Death and disease of the body and of the mind, these were the themes he chose. He did not find his material in mankind in its normal moods. Rather did he seek out the abnormal, the morbid, the singular, the unprecedented. He is not fairly to be termed inhuman,

but he was not quite human in the limitation of his sympathies. It is not the ordinary he enjoyed, but the extraordinary. He did not tell men about themselves; he brought from afar reports of startling happenings and of marvelous mysteries in haunted mansions long ago. Moreover he was devoid of humor, that searching interpreter of humanity; he had no mirth, no laughter to mingle with his tears.

These are Poe's limitations, frankly stated; and they are sufficient to account fully for his failure to impress widely and deeply the American public, which is healthy-minded and enamoured of the realities of life. Yet Poe is what he is, in spite of these limitations—and perhaps in part because of them, since they compelled him to concentrate his energy on what was within his reach. No author is without his limitations, even if Poe's are stricter than those of any other writer of equal rank. Within his contracted range he reigns by divine right, a monarch whose rule there is none to dispute. His domain may be only an island; but it is all his own, and what he has therein accomplished is unique. If art means a mastery of form and proportion, of harmony and color, of design and execution, then Poe is assuredly a true artist with few rivals in dexterity of achievement. If an artist is one who knows what he wants to do and who knows also how to do it with unfailing certainty, then Poe's position is undeniable. He stands forward as one of the most skilful artists of his language and of his century.

Moreover, his art was not accidental or intuitive, as Hawthorne's seems to have been; it was deliberate and conscious. He had a body of literary doctrine, due largely, of course, to his own idiosyncrasies; and these principles he applied continuously. He held that poetry was its own excuse for being, and that it was the rhythmical creation of beauty. He looked on literature as an art only, as an art and little more, demanding a form as perfect as possible even if its content lacked universality. He had ideas about literary art, even if he had few about anything else; and he delighted in his skilful application of these ideas. Art for art's sake is a principle that is likely at times to relax into artifice for the sake of artifice; and this is a defect from which Poe is not wholly free. But when he is at his best he hides his tools; and he works his magic by intricate spells of which he alone has the secret.

Even those who are deaf to the witchery of his rimes and to the sorcery of his rhythms, who find no fascination in the pallid glances and in the ashen draperies of his spectral muse, ought to be able to admire the architecture of his larger lyrics, the solidity of the framework, and the assured ease with which the manifold effects are controlled and coördinated. By complicated devices he is sometimes able to attain a final simplicity. Lowell said of one of Poe's poems, that "it seems simple, like a Greek column, because of its perfection." He had at his command all the resources of metrical technic, pause and cadence, assonance and alliteration, refrain and repetend; and these he weaved at will, subtly varying them to bring us strains of ethereal melody, ravishing our ears even if rarely nourishing our minds.

The finest of his lyrics throb with a single and sustained emotion voicing itself in song. His poetry may not be of the highest order; it is not fairly to be compared with that of Spenser or of Hugo, still less with that of mightier masters like Dante and Milton; it has none of their austere inevitability; but it is true poetry of its kind nevertheless. Even if it is not so broad in its appeal, so deep and so poignant, it is to be classed with the poetry of Coleridge and of Heine and of Musset. It may have been but a scanty plot that Poe was able to cultivate along the steep slopes of twin-peaked Parnassus, but he grew in this little garden flowers of his own, unknown before and soon transplanted into many a distant soil,—*fleurs du mal,* some of them, no doubt, sensitive plants, and marvelous orchids. All can grow the flower now, for all have got the seed. The note of liquid melody that he had caught from Coleridge and also in some measure from Shelley, he transmitted in his turn to others. Rossetti acknowledged his influence; and Swinburne has felt it even more avowedly. Baudelaire was his disciple, and Mallarmé also. He is one link of a long chain, and not the least significant.

His prose-tales may display the lesser invention rather than the larger imagination; and he may not be happy always in his choice of theme, sometimes attaining

only to horror, without achieving terror, and racking our nerves when he had hoped to grip our hearts. But even when his subject is not really worthy of his effort, he reveals the same mastery of method, the same power of bathing his narrative in its appropriate atmosphere. He is able always to bestow on a short-story the severity of form and the harmony of color, the unity of effect, the totality, as he termed it himself, which Hawthorne and Gautier conquered only occasionally and almost accidentally. With resourceful ingenuity Poe centers the reader's attention on a single overpowering situation; and thus he is compelled to simplify character and to present it in monochrome outline, subdued to the chosen tone of this special tale. What Lowell called the "serene and somber beauty" of the "Fall of the House of Usher" must be ascribed largely to its logical construction, to its irresistible march along the dusky path the author has prescribed. It is due also not a little to the adroit exclusion of every suggestion, and even of every word, not in keeping with the end to be attained at last.

There is in the best of his brief tales a constructive skill, a command of design, and a gift of decoration, rare in any literature and almost unknown in English, which is ever unduly negligent of form. And no one need wonder that Poe's short-stories wandered swiftly out of our language into French and Italian and Spanish, into German and Scandinavian and Bohemian, into strange tongues where no other American author, except Fenimore Cooper, had ever before penetrated. His weird psychologic studies have influenced later writers as unlike as Maupassant and Richepin, Fitzjames O'Brien, Robert Louis Stevenson, and Rudyard Kipling. His tales of a mystery solved at last by observation and deduction have been imitated by Dumas and Sardou, by Gaboriau and Boisgobey, by Wilkie Collins and Conan Doyle. And Sherlock Holmes, the only fictitious character to win international recognition in the final years of the nineteenth century, is the reincarnation of a figure first projected by Poe.

Perhaps we may be better able now to answer the questions which seemed puzzling a little earlier. Here in America Longfellow was taken to our hearts because he brought to us the tradition of the Old World our forefathers had left long ago, because he was friendly and consoling, because he was the poet of the domestic affections, as Emerson was the poet of national aspirations. We failed to perceive that Poe was less the heir of the ages than Longfellow, that he was more original and more individual, that he had a stranger and perhaps a stronger note of his own, destined to echo in distant lands. In like manner we cherished Hawthorne, because he had a power of sustained narrative, a gift of creating character, a piercing insight into hidden crannies of the human conscience; and we were not annoyed that his "Puritan preoccupation with the moral forces invalidates his purely esthetic appeal"—to borrow an apt phrase from Mr. Brownell. Here again we have failed to see that Poe had a keener intellect and that he had a firmer mastery of narrative.

We have dumbly recoiled from the result of Poe's withdrawal beyond the realm of morality. Matthew Arnold insisted that conduct was three fourths of life; and Poe's refusal to deal with conduct contracted his vision even if it did not vitiate it. Morality is not to be sought deliberately, but it can be excluded only at the peril of the author himself. Poe's writings have not the richness of substance which comes from an understanding of ethical problems; and this is due partly to his temperament and partly to his resentment against the uninspired didacticism prevalent in American literature half a century ago. Poe did not deal with conduct and he had therefore only a very restricted section of life to present,—a section far too restricted for us Americans who look to literature for an explanation of the problems of existence. What Poe had to offer us was what we sorely needed then—and what we did not know that we needed—art. He gave us an invaluable example of technical dexterity; and he called attention to the abiding value of perfection of form, adroitness of structure, harmony of detail, and certainty of execution.

Poe's appeal to his own people was limited by his aloofness, by his inability to create character, by his lack of humor,—in a word, by his lack of humanity. And the special qualities of art by which he excelled were precisely what his own people were then least prepared to appreciate.

For a full recognition of these artistic excellences, the Latins are always apter than the Teutons; and the Latins were early in admiration of Poe's skill. But there is this also to be said, that perhaps not a little of the welcome which Poe has won among the French and the Italians and the Spaniards has been due to those very aspects of his genius which have most prevented his winning a warmer recognition in his own country. He was devoid of humor, but humor is rarely exportable; it is likely to be local in its flavor, and only imperfectly can it be transplanted to another language. He lacked humanity; but a narrative of the deeds of dim figures can be transferred easily to distant climes, since these shadows are as much at home in another hemisphere as in ours. He chose often to deal with the abnormal and the morbid, which are less relished by the direct Americans than by the more sophisticated Europeans. He eschewed overt morality and projected ethereal emanations dwelling in an immaterial world; and this would be more pleasing to the inheritors of the Greek preference for beauty above duty. He shrank from the themes which moved the men of his own country in his own time; and foreigners may have found him easier of approach because he seemed to them unrelated to his native land, unrepresentative of its strenuous aggressiveness.

And now the time has come at last when his own people can afford to learn from foreign nations how to value Poe aright. His deficiencies need not be hidden or diminished,—there is no profit in denying them,—but his individual achievement is equally indisputable. He performed a most useful service to American letters in setting a standard of faithful workmanship and of consummate craftsmanship. His position in the American branch of English literature may not be the highest of all, but it is lofty enough; and it is secure.

"THE BRAVEST DEED I EVER KNEW"

I. THE WOMEN AND THE GIANT-POWDER

BY JAMES BARNES

UNDER this title THE CENTURY will print from time to time brief accounts of specially courageous actions which may have come under the notice of the narrator. Some of these have already been engaged, and we shall be glad to consider the publication of any others that may be submitted by our readers.—THE EDITOR.

IT was in 1886, on the construction work of the Council Grove, Osage City & Ottawa Railroad, not far from the little town of Quenemo, Kansas, that the bravest deed I ever saw took place, and it was done by women, while a hundred men looked on, and not one of them moved a hand.

The whole occurrence was so surrounded by dramatic features that every little detail is impressed upon my mind today. I was a level-man on the engineering staff of the road and was located on the Quenemo subdivision. One day after breakfast I had started down the dump, carrying the level over my shoulder when I passed by a little house partly built of sod and wood, with, back of it, a corral, some sheep pens, and a small stable. Inside the corral were six large haystacks. The house was used by an Irish sub-contractor as a boarding-house, where his wife, her aged mother, and a widowed sister prepared three meals a day for a hundred men.

As I walked along I was overtaken by the contractor, whose name, if I recollect rightly, was Brady. He was driving an open wagon, filled with newly sharpened drills that he was taking down to the rock cutting. Pulling up his horses, he offered me a ride. I climbed into the seat beside him, holding the level across my knees. The jangling of the drills as the wagon bumped over the uneven prairie prevented us from indulging in much conversation, but I made out that one of his children was ill and that he had sent into town for

the doctor. We had gone perhaps a mile when for some reason I turned and looked back over my shoulder, to discover that smoke was pouring up from the top of the hill and sweeping over the little house. Evidently one of the haystacks in the corral had caught on fire.

Brady turned as I touched him and instantly swung the horses round. At a breakneck gallop we went tearing back, the drills flying in all directions, Brady standing up and driving the horses like a Roman charioteer. My whole concern was to save the instrument that I carried and to keep from being thrown out of the jolting wagon. The flames grew brighter and the smoke thicker, the wind sweeping toward the little stable and the house. Then I heard Brady say that the place was filled with giant-powder! It turned out that the day before there had been delivered to the contractor fifty 40-pound canisters of the powder. It had been his intention to build a house for the explosive far from the other buildings, but foolishly he had used the stable as a temporary store-house.

As we got near we saw men running along the dump and from the nearest cut. What was my horror to see three women moving through the smoke. It was plain what they were doing. In turn they entered and emerged from the stable, which was now on fire at one end, each carrying a tin of powder. There was enough there to make a temporary volcano of that hill.

When we were within a hundred yards Brady pulled in his horses. Men were standing about, but no one had approached nearer, and, despite the fact that one of the women was his wife and that Brady was a man of reputed courage, he did nothing but run here and there, shrieking, cursing, ordering, and imploring the women to come away. The whole side of the stable was now in flames. Yet the women went in again and again, bringing the tins out and starting them rolling down the hill. Then the old woman disappeared in the house that, being partly of sod, was not so easily set on fire—and emerged with a large washtub filled with water. As Mrs. Brady and her sister rolled out the last half-dozen tins, she dashed water on them and on the tins with her hands. By the time they got the last one out it would not have been possible to have lived in that stable a second, for it was all on fire inside and out. The mess-tent standing by it was also bursting into flames; the wooden part of the house, too, had begun to burn. One of the women had brought out the sick child wrapped in a blanket. The other two now stood in front of the door, waving the men to come on and shouting that it was safe to do so. Still, it was fully a minute before any one moved, and then, led by Brady, the men ran up the hill and attempted to save some of the furniture and belongings. As I passed by the canisters, I noticed that the paint was singed off many of them, and, putting my hand on one, found it was so hot it was almost painful to the touch. Both Mrs. Brady's and her sister's hands and arms were badly burned.

And now a strange thing happened. Instead of being apparently thankful, Brady raged and stormed at his wife. I thought for a moment he was going to shake her. She did not weigh much over a hundred pounds and had just lost a baby only two months old. The little woman stood it in silence for a minute, and then, hiding her face in her hands, burst into tears; at which the Irishman folded her in his arms and began to weep also. The old woman, having deposited the sick child on the grass, was, with her other daughter, assisting the men in carrying out the bedding and furniture.

That afternoon the contractor built a powder magazine on the top of the hill half a mile away from the smoking ruins of his house.

When I asked the grandmother, who was well past seventy, why she and the others had not saved the child and run away, she said, "That powder was worth a heap o' money." But it is safe to say that if they had been men, they would have let the money burn and blow up.

When I spoke to Brady about it, he shook his head. "Sure," said he, "the crazy women, they did n't know what they were doin'." But when I look back at that five minutes, when nearly a hundred men watched those three women at work, I think it was more crowded with sensations than any other five minutes of my life, and I can safely say that, although I have seen firemen at work and soldiers in battle, it was the bravest deed I ever saw.

TO A ROMAN DOLL

(FOUND IN A CHILD'S GRAVE IN HAWARA, EGYPT)

BY MAHLON LEONARD FISHER

WHAT little Roman maiden loved you so?
Now, at the night, when one *I* love is led,
All drowsy-eyed and smiling, up to bed,
She holds her baby close—the way you know.
What little maiden was it, long ago,
Who pled for you before she fell asleep?
And did she dream of slumber centuries deep,
Where changeless dark should mask the morning's glow?
She held you all the ages on her breast.
What wondrous love was hers, outlasting thrones!
Her lullabies, outsounding battle tones,
Outlingering Iliads, brought unbroken rest.
Sphinx-like you gaze; but speak, lest Fame forget
Who waits you back in Egypt, faithful yet.

Drawn by W. M. Berger

THE SURPRISING MADAME DUBOSC

BY LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH

Author of "An Old Maid's Corner," "Hezekiah," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

I

SHE threw her cigarette behind her as I entered her garden gate and hurried forward to meet me, followed by a shivering black-and-tan terrier in collar and bells.

Had I made a mistake?

The woman approaching was short and stout, anywhere from thirty to forty years of age, and in the arch of the brow, the toss of brown curls over well-formed ears, and the engaging way the head was set upon the shoulders, bore shreds of once great beauty. Eyes as blue as sapphires flashed in the sunburned face shaded by a ragged straw hat trimmed with lace. About her waist clung an untidy apron, its pockets bulging with fresh cigarettes, matches, and a pair of garden scissors, and its strings tightening a loose red-calico wrapper finished by a Brussels-lace cape. Rings covered the small, toil-stained hands, and up one plump, white arm glistened a series of bracelets, some of them jeweled. Beneath the edge of the short-cut skirts a pair of heelless carpet slippers shuffled in and out.

So much I had taken in at a glance. What brought me to a doubting standstill were her earrings. They were enormous—two pearls as big as pigeons' eggs, and apparently without a flaw.

"Perhaps I have intruded," I said apologetically. "The driver assured me he knew the house."

"Ah, the Américaine!" she broke out with a genial smile. "But it was to have been at six o'clock."

There could be no question about it now. It was the smile of the welcoming landlady the world over. I was talking to Mme. Dubosc.

Any other doubt I may have cherished was quelled a moment later. The driver was dragging in my trunk. The smile vanished as by a miracle.

"The other way!" she shouted roughly, striding after him and leaving me unceremoniously alone. "Quelle bêtise not to see that my paths are just raked!" And with that she led him off to the rear by a different route, her scoldings dogging him at every step. I could even hear the toy terrier snarling as it tried to waddle on behind.

I began to be amused. A landlady in pearls, when I had expected to find a motherly soul in a fluted cap! Here, at least, was something new. It was evident, too, that she loved flowers and knew how to lay out a garden. Hers was a blaze of color, shut away from the street by walls smothered in roses, their tendrils thrust through the pilings like hands, as if to welcome the passer-by. Trees were set out at intervals, well cared for and flourishing, the horse-chestnuts before the gate being trained flat on wires, to form screens, as they are treated in Holland. I spied a kiosk half-hidden by a clump of bushes, holding a table and chairs, and on a bit of lawn was set up a pedestal supporting a marble Psyche that collectors might have envied. Birds were singing, some in trees, some in cages, unmolested by the cat. A very paradise of a garden! And, best of all, there, close by the iron gate, began the great forest, the story of the beauties of which had allured me, solemn, majestic, full of abiding promise, stretching up over the hills, its verdure softened in a haze of the hot September sun. I feasted my eyes.

The shuffle of slippers aroused me.

Madame and the driver were returning. He apparently had been consoled, for he was smoking.

"Mademoiselle is ready to go to her house?"

She was the complacent landlady again, her voice so gentle that I did not recognize it. I should not find her monotonous, I said to myself, still more amused.

asked, with rising, self-glorified inflections.

Speechless I gazed at it—the house that I had imprudently rented by letter only. Undoubtedly it was "coquettish." Never off the operatic stage had I beheld anything like it.

It was all kinds of shapes, and painted sky-blue. Every window had a balcony,

Drawn by May Wilson Preston

"'THE OTHER WAY!' SHE SHOUTED ROUGHLY"

I paid the man, who went off computing his extra sous,—Madame's pleased eyes missing nothing of a count that promised well for my munificence,—and following her, I mounted stone steps concealed by bushes and bordered by trumpet-vines. Here I came upon a smaller garden as lovely as the first. At this point she stopped, smiling straight at me with the air of a child awaiting approval. Her expressive hand pointed toward a house in the farther corner.

"It is coquettish, *n'est-ce pas?*" she

and every balcony was set out with flowering pots, to say nothing of vines in blossom that, festooning all the railings, ran up even over the odd tower. At any moment I expected to see the leaded panes thrown wide and the soprano's song begin.

"It is coquettish?" she repeated, misinterpreting my silence as ecstasy. "It is I who designed it, to give pleasure. Mademoiselle finds it not like other houses that the stupid peasants build?" and she smiled still more interrogations at me. "But Mademoiselle must see what I have in-

side." Moving briskly over the graveled path, she led me indoors.

With an exclamation of delight I stepped into my salon. The bizarre and fantastic had been left outside. Marvelous and genuine Louis XVI chintzes covered the wall and hung at the windows, masses of flowers filled the vases, and the open fire had its logs laid ready to light. Here, indeed, was quiet and enticing charm, the promise of all that I had come to seek.

"Madame," I cried, carried away by enthusiasm, "I never dreamed of anything so enchanting!"

Her eyes snapped. "Ah, but I was sure that Mademoiselle would be *contente*. The Americans love what is beautiful. I know well. I have prepared everything. And there is yet more to see."

To see the "more" was not so easy, since the hall, though inlaid with colored tiles, was no larger that a bath towel, and the closing of the front door a necessity before the stairs could be discovered. The queer and the odd had begun again. Steps of every conceivable size and dimension, laid in an angle literally as sharp-pointed as the prow of a vessel, went on twisting and turning upward into landings that led I knew not where. I strained my head to see.

"Mademoiselle is astonished?" she asked, with sparkling eyes, planting herself directly in front of me. So enthusiastic a tenant as I had proved myself in the salon, must hear more of the story before being permitted to mount to surprises above. "Mademoiselle thinks I am clever to have thought of them? She should have been here when I was building, and those stupid carpenters were disputing at every step with their 'impossible.' Many times I would chase them off, and wet my pillow with disconsolate tears. Then in the morning I would think: 'It can be done. I know better than them all.' They would laugh, the horrid ones, when they came back; but now they are sorry, since every one admires, as Mademoiselle is doing."

"The stairs are certainly ingenious," I answered, peering up again at their tortuous ascent.

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Drawn by May Wilson Preston

"HANGING OUT A WHEELBARROWFUL OF TOWELS AND SHIRTS"

"You mean you built this house first

and the cellar afterward!" I exclaimed, lost in amazement at her daring.

"Ah! Mademoiselle sees that it required intelligence, that I had to think much and tire my poor head." She was still clasping that afflicted organ, and staring at me. "The cellar was nothing; it was the rest of the house that bothered, and those dreadful stairs. One can do nothing in a house without stairs." Then suddenly she lowered her hands, shrugged deprecatingly, and added: "The carpenters were *très désagréable* when they came back, but I did not care. It is the *résultats* for which one works. If Mademoiselle is happy, I have my *récompense*. We will go up now. She must not bump against that beam. Ah, she finds her bedroom coquette, too?" Her eyes were once more snapping. "*Mais oui,* Mademoiselle is right: *c'est moi* who thought of everything and arranged that one can see the forest from the pillow, yes. The dressing-room is there. It is convenient, with water running. And this other room—but Mademoiselle has hurt herself on that step." Springing forward, she caught me in her arms, peering anxiously into my face.

"I only stumbled," I said, straightening. Somehow I did not want her to touch me. Then I added, "I was too eager to see what you had in here."

Her hold was released, though she was still gazing anxiously at me as she said: "It gave me a *serrement de cœur*. Mademoiselle must be careful. It is a dangerous step. Those horrid builders would have it so. It leads to the guest-room. Mademoiselle expects some?"

"I shall not have to risk the step often, for I shall be alone," I said, drawing away.

At my answer, her face changed again, and she looked at me long, searchingly, even sympathetically. "Ah, but it is so sad to be always alone," she said.

"What is there up above?" I asked, ignoring her digression.

Instantly her anxieties over the dangerous step were forgotten in her desire to excite still further admiration. "It is best of all up there," she answered eagerly. "One can see everywhere. I reflected long before I built it. 'What matter?' I said to myself when they told me the price. 'When there is a view to consider, one must not think of debts. One must build to look out and enjoy.'"

"Let us enjoy it, then," I said, and began mounting the last two crooked flights till we came upon the topmost window of the tower. There my enthusiasm was complete. I, too, forgot everything in an enjoyment of the scene.

Nothing could have exceeded the beauty and peace and calm of it all. The forest stretched about us for miles, encircling the little village, its red-tiled roofs aglint in the setting sun. From every chimney, in preparation for the laborers' evening meal, ascended curls of smoke, rose, purple, and indigo. Up over the opposite hill, like a ribbon of silver, wound the old Roman road, leading to a camp where their trinkets are still to be found.

"An *amiable* landscape, is it not?" she asked, at the same time pointing to another hill, behind which lay the greatest of French feudal châteaux. "Mademoiselle must see it. Artists come every year to make pictures of the castle." Then she turned, and pointed below into the unkempt garden of her neighbor next door, whose wife, in blue-cotton turban, loose blouse, full, short skirt, and carpet slippers, was at that moment hanging out a wheelbarrowful of towels and shirts, paying no attention to us.

"She is very sly," Madame whispered, "and her husband he is worse and does me much injury. He pounds against my walls before daylight every morning to wake up my tenants and drive them away. And when I am not looking, he throws stones at my poor Lolotte, that little dog, *si gentille,* who would harm no one. When I put my road in order, he digs it up. And his windmill! Mademoiselle hears how rusty it is on its hinges. He pretends he has it to keep the birds from his plums. Bah! his plums are worth nothing. Mine are better. He has it to make me noise and bother. There he is now, *le monstre!*"

I glanced in the direction indicated, expecting to see a villain, one of those types that made possible both Revolution and Commune. Instead, I saw an old man just turning the corner of his shabby house. "Long past seventy, with many grandchildren," Madame went on whispering. Evidently he was still as strong as a panther, for he carried a huge log on his shoulder, and moved with slow and gliding steps. His cheeks were pale, and

his face was bearded like that of Michelangelo's "Moses." Around his waist, holding in place the loose velveteen trousers of the French workman, was the customary sash, only his was of a vivid red. "A man like that tormenting women!" I said to myself. He looked up. I drew involuntarily back. The gleam in his eye had malice in it.

"Is there no one to protect you, Madame?" I asked in lowered tones. "And do other men of France permit such outrages?"

"Qu'est-ce que vous voulez?" she shrugged. "It is life."

I was intent on the malice in her own eyes as she spoke. My first nervous fear assailed me. Into what corner of the earth had I tumbled, where landladies wore carpet slippers and Brussels lace, and monsters with the air of patriarchs threw stones at little dogs?

Madame was quick to note some alienating mental query. The malice in her eyes faded suddenly into a look of odd appeal.

"Mademoiselle can see that I have much to suffer. It is because he is jealous that I bought his horrid land and improved it. They are all alike, these peasants. It is I who give ideas, and it is they who grumble." She seemed so childishly helpless and forlorn for the moment, under that ragged straw hat of hers, with her brown curls tumbling about her face, that my mind reacted in sympathy.

"Don't mind him," I said cheerfully; "he is only a man," and, as a diversion, suggested unpacking.

To this day I blush at her disapproval of my clothes, for in a flash she was the alert landlady again, insisting on going down at once to help me. Every individual thing in my trunk she shook out and examined, sighing frequently as she moved about and put it in place, finally holding up a tea-gown, until then my pride, to say regretfully:

"*Une dame si élégante,* and the lace is not real! Mademoiselle must have some of mine." And she would have gone off to fetch it had I not interfered. It had begun to be embarrassing from a landlady in pearls.

Drawn by May Wilson Preston

"I DRANK DEEP OF THE FRESHNESS AND FELT AT PEACE"

More embarrassing still were my adventures of the night, when, still in her ragged straw hat, she cooked my dinner herself, serving it, the weather being warm, in the vine-covered kiosk, lighted by candles and made fresh with roses, I not knowing whether I ought to rise each time and ask her to sit down, not daring even to inquire where the servant might be, never venturing to betray the fact of my noticing that whenever she shuffled out from her kitchen with a new dish, she left her lighted cigarette on the sill of the window only a few feet away. About every dish, too, as she served me, she had something to say. First it was the sorrel soup,—"Si rafraîchissante,"—and then, as she picked out choice bits for me and laid them on my plate, it was the rabbits, her own, and prepared with dashes of cognac and white wine. Last of all it was the artichokes. Over these she lingered, standing against the kiosk railing, with hands thrust in her apron pocket. The receipt was not for every one, she explained significantly; only for those who knew good things when they saw them. The baron had given it to her at Monte Carlo.

"Mademoiselle knows Monte Carlo?"

she asked, watching me dip each leaf in the baron's sauce. "Ah, yes; she has been there," and I could see that the meagerness of my wardrobe was forgiven in the hint of a wider experience. *"C'est gai,"* she went on, "and the tables? But Mademoiselle surely gambled—what, not gambled!" and I saw that my confession had lost me the little respect I had gained. "It is the place to make money—more in a single night than by all Mademoiselle's writings, which fatigue the head. But for me, I go no more; I do not care. Nothing is the same. That horrid automobile has spoiled everything. There are no more seasons. Mais,"—she shrugged, and this time forgetting herself in a rising excitement, she took from her pocket a fresh cigarette, which she lighted with a sulphur match (no fear of fumes for her!)—"what else would you have? It is life."

Still more embarrassing were my adventures of the morning, when in the very same old, red wrapper and the very same pearls, she brought in my bath, scolding meanwhile about the "extravagance," so much coal to heat it every day, when baths were intended only for certain occasions. I heard her talking it over with the stout, bareheaded woman who brought my telegram. "Ces Américaines," was the sad reply as the stout woman went out of the gate. I knew the whole village would have the story, and it did. My landlady was mollified, however, when, too timid to interfere bodily, I stood by helpless as she emptied the tub in a huge pan and began scrubbing out my doorway. "One must practise economies," she exclaimed, noticing my protest. "After all, it is water, and Mademoiselle is clean. I am sure there is not a cleaner in the world."

It was not until a few days later that she invited me to her own house,—a few steps away and dividing her garden in two,—a queer little box of a house not at all operatic, like mine, though charming, a peasant's cottage, transformed by balconies and bright awnings and roses trained about the doorway. So much I had already seen, but who would have dreamed, on entering the door, to find a long, dark, narrow, brick-floored hall decorated with a red Pompeian frieze? "C'est plus gai," she said lightly, dismissing it as we passed into the dining-room. Or in a room where one ate who would have expected to find velvet brocade curtains, embroidery against the panes, brocade sofa cushions much the worse for wear; satin chairs, cheap straw ones, brick floors, fine rugs, cabinets filled with silver knickknacks, and the walls so covered with pictures that not a spare inch was left?

Although photographs of men predominated, there was one of a smart woman seated on a coach, with a liveried groom at the horse's head. This she pointed out as herself; it still bore a faint resemblance. I caught it in the sensitive curve of the upper lip and again in a certain defiant sturdiness of pose and quick turn of the well-modeled head. Many of the engravings were first impressions—of Cupids and the Graces, and one more fascinating than the rest, because of its wonderful foreshortening, of the beautiful Bethsaida. There were, too, a number of oil sketches. These interested me most, especially those signed "Alphonse." They were done with a spirit and dash that pronounced him a master. His turn of mind was evidently melancholy, for his pictures were all of lost souls wandering on rocky, wind-swept shores, varied by portraits of unhappy lovers stabbing themselves before ladies of disdain.

"How brilliant these are!" I exclaimed, taking a place before one of them.

"Pas mal," she answered, as I bent to study them closer; "it was my dear Alphonse who painted them. Un vrai Monsieur, très comme il faut. Mademoiselle should have seen him. He was of her world. No; he comes not any more. It is long now, very long. In Paris it was another affair. But what would you have?" she shrugged as she repeated her favorite phrase. "The life of a woman is sad. *They* come and go. It is we who suffer and lose much. Mademoiselle has suffered, too?"

Not being ready for confidences, I only replied, still bending toward the sketches, "He is a great painter, and knows how to infuse into his work a certain haunting quality." Then I turned.

She was not looking at the pictures, but at me, and her eyes were shining through tears; two drops rolling down her sunburned cheeks. Subtle flattery was in them, personal homage. How marvelously she did it, with tears that did not disfig-

side." Moving briskly over the graveled path, she led me indoors.

With an exclamation of delight I stepped into my salon. The bizarre and fantastic had been left outside. Marvelous and genuine Louis XVI chintzes covered the wall and hung at the windows, masses of flowers filled the vases, and the open fire had its logs laid ready to light. Here, indeed, was quiet and enticing charm, the promise of all that I had come to seek.

"Madame," I cried, carried away by enthusiasm, "I never dreamed of anything so enchanting!"

Her eyes snapped. "Ah, but I was sure that Mademoiselle would be *contente*. The Americans love what is beautiful. I know well. I have prepared everything. And there is yet more to see."

To see the "more" was not so easy, since the hall, though inlaid with colored tiles, was no larger that a bath towel, and the closing of the front door a necessity before the stairs could be discovered. The queer and the odd had begun again. Steps of every conceivable size and dimension, laid in an angle literally as sharp-pointed as the prow of a vessel, went on twisting and turning upward into landings that led I knew not where. I strained my head to see.

"Mademoiselle is astonished?" she asked, with sparkling eyes, planting herself directly in front of me. So enthusiastic a tenant as I had proved myself in the salon, must hear more of the story before being permitted to mount to surprises above. "Mademoiselle thinks I am clever to have thought of them? She should have been here when I was building, and those stupid carpenters were disputing at every step with their 'impossible.' Many times I would chase them off, and wet my pillow with disconsolate tears. Then in the morning I would think: 'It can be done. I know better than them all.' They would laugh, the horrid ones, when they came back; but now they are sorry, since every one admires, as Mademoiselle is doing."

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Drawn by May Wilson Preston

"HANGING OUT A WHEELBARROWFUL OF TOWELS AND SHIRTS"

"You mean you built this house first

as she continued: "It is *vrai Empire* and has a history that adds much to its value. It belonged to Madame de ——; Mademoiselle has heard the story. All Paris knew it, and the count guards to this day the bullet with which—"

Here happily some one rang at the garden gate, and in her haste to find a possible tenant she went off and left me. It was not a tenant, but only a bill, and in her disappointment she forgot to talk of further sales.

All that night I dreamed of her and Alphonse among the lost souls of that desolate shore, never finding each other because of the laces and gewgaws between. When the Monster pounded at dawn I was glad for once, and throwing on my dressing-gown I opened my shutters. Peace and beauty were everywhere. The birds were singing, and the dew-kissed roses glistened in the morning light. I drank deep of the freshness and felt at peace.

Just then, with the movement of a stealthy cat, the Monster's blue-turbaned wife stole out from among her bushes and crept close to the dividing-fence.

"Your landlady is a bad woman," she whispered as I stared down into her swarthy face, as yellow as a muddy road and as wrinkled, in which two small puddles of eyes glittered malignly.

"I do not understand you," I answered, using my very worst accent in an instinct of self-defense.

"You will know her better. You are a good woman, you will see. She is bad."

I closed my window hurriedly.

What a dreadful creature! I thought, marring the morning's beauty in this way: and what business had she, anyway, to talk to me about Madame? Then I felt myself tremble. I was alone, with no one to turn to. There was not even another tenant. Everything was so queer, too, my landlady's manner, her dress, and then those treasures in her bureau drawers! What kind of bad did the old woman mean? Was she a receiver of stolen goods? I must run away; but how? Too frightened to think clearly, I crept back to bed.

At eight, Madame came in. Something in my face alarmed her:

"Mademoiselle is ill!" she cried, striding hurriedly forward to lay a hand on my forehead. "A fever! *Quel malheur,* just when everything was going so well! Something has been troubling." With this she began a series of brisk ministrations, interspersed with more ejaculations of concern, and tossings of hands. She made me drink hot *tilleuls* and *tisanes,* and Heaven knows what else of bitter, unswallowable things. She insisted on smoothing my pillows, brushing my hair in her rough, tender way, and rearranging my flowers, while I, shivering under my close-drawn blankets, kept wishing she would leave me in quiet to think it all out, and now and then peering into her face to see where the badness lay.

When she saw that none of these attentions stirred me into responsiveness, she seemed lost for a remedy, and paused to look down at me with doubtful, troubled eyes, from which I shrank, not understanding their scrutiny. Suddenly, as always happened when a new idea came, she clasped her head and broke out with, "Ah, I have it! I know what will please," and disappeared. Five minutes later she came back, carrying a huge black rabbit, its neck tied about with a bit of scarlet ribbon.

For a moment I was foolish enough to think I was delirious, and sprang up with a cry.

"It is only the Little Wise One," she murmured soothingly. "He will be *société.*" Whereupon, smiling like a mother, she proceeded to tuck him under my arm.

Drawn by May Wilson Preston

"PEASANT WOMEN IN BLUE BLOUSES, SOME LEADING CHILDREN"

"It is not for every one that I bring him; for Mademoiselle it is different."

Finding me now aroused from my lethargic state, and not altogether ungrateful when once I grew accustomed to so strange a bedfellow, warm and comforting as he was, and, best of all, silent, she evidently bethought her that other distractions might be curative, too; for she brought into my room every one who came to see her. It seemed to me an endless procession: peasant women in blue blouses, some leading children; the butcher boy in white apron; the forest-guard, gun in hand. He alone wore boots, and his had nails in the soles. One by one they gravely approached my bed and shook my hand, standing for a moment to stare down at me and the black rabbit, then went off to the farther corner of the room to nod their heads wisely and agree with Madame. "Yes, the baths had done the mischief. One every day! Mon Dieu! the thing was unheard of!"

"Does not Mademoiselle know that too much water is forbidden?" the forest-guard asked, gun in hand, but with the same kindly, admonitory air he might have used had he caught me unwarily snaring a rabbit. "One has only to study the wild animals to know what is good for the health."

Drawn by May Wilson Preston

"'SEE WHAT THEY HAVE JUST TOLD ME! THEY NEVER LIE'"

Madame smiled approvingly when he spoke.

"Mademoiselle sees now that I am not the only one who says that daily baths are bad. I am always right in what I say. I reflect, I judge, I have a reason."

Her manner had become important. She seemed to like to show me off—me,

an American, and the only one in the little village as either guest or boarder. Late in the afternoon the leading dressmaker came. Madame referred to her as "intelligent," and served cake and wine. She talked hypnotism.

I soon realized that their coming was only a custom of the country, and kindly intentioned, otherwise I might have risen and ordered my door closed. I might have laughed; I might have done anything. What I did, was to lie there and submit. But as the day wore slowly on I became too weak to protest. I had really taken a severe cold, and my fever had grown until at last I was hardly aware of them except as a patient is of nurses in a room.

Only one thing was real to me, and from that there was no escape: the yellow face of the dreadful old woman, scarred with furrows, and the mud-puddles of eyes. One thought only consumed me: what did she mean by saying that Madame was bad?

II

LONG before I had recovered from my week's illness, I had made up my mind that despite all that the Monster's wife next door had whispered to me, Madame was *not* a receiver of stolen goods or any thing else that was bad. She had been too kind, as untiring in her devotion as some old-fashioned, bustling, family nurse. I had made up my mind, too, now that I

Drawn by May Wilson Preston

"IN HIS LOOSE VELVETEEN TROUSERS AND RED SASH"

was established in my little house, not to run away, as I had been foolish enough to think of doing, and, above all, never to tell them at home what my experiences had been. Families have such a way of saying, "We told you so."

Neither did I mean to go about asking questions about her. It would not be

Drawn by May Wilson Preston

"ALWAYS AN OLD MAN, AN OLD WOMAN, AND A DOG"

loyal to one under whose protection I was, even as a tenant, and who had watched over me when ill. And, indeed, I did not have to. She was ready to explain herself.

It began in this way. The butcher boy was late one morning, and the breakfast delayed, bother enough to one of punctual habits in eating. From my seat in the kiosk I saw him at last arrive with a parcel. The next thing I knew, there was a terrible row in her kitchen, a sudden exit, and Madame, screaming at the top of her voice, was chasing him to the gate. Her words were anything but elegant. The worst of them the boy flung back at her as he mounted his bicycle and rode off. "The French temper," I thought, being as ready as most strangers are to characterize the foreigner in a sweeping phrase. "What a pity, though!" I said to myself, fury having robbed her of every gentle trait, and made her face unrecognizable. I hoped she did not know that I had been a witness of her outburst.

A moment later she stood at my side, smiling quizzically as she gave me a rose.

"Mademoiselle saw it? *C'est vrai,* I have just had a scene. I did not find his words *très délicats.*"

"There were your words," I had the hardihood to venture. "His shoulders twitched as though a whip had stung them."

"*Tant pis,*" she shrugged; "it was his fault."

"Why scold so?" I ventured further, having now completely lost my awe of her. "You only make enemies, and lay yourself open to reproach. You are so much better, too, than your words imply."

She betrayed no resentment at my daring, seeming rather pleased than otherwise with the interest her "scene" had aroused.

"Ah," she exclaimed, with a satisfied sigh, smiling as brightly as though I had made her a flattering speech. "Mademoiselle is good, like Monsieur. It is easy for her to be always gentle. But for me it is different; it is the blood that does it. It is too strong for me. It mounts quickly; it chokes; it must come out."

"Don't let it come out. Control yourself," I replied, wondering if I were at last on the trail of that gossip which had prompted the old woman's warning.

"Mademoiselle talks as Monsieur did. It is the same counsel that he gave me." Suddenly her eyes, looking straight into mine, were again suffused with a tenderness as bewildering as though the gifted painter himself were actually before her. Even her voice was lowered as she said: "I have tried; Monsieur knows how hard I have tried. But what is asked of me is impossible. One cannot change. Does not Mademoiselle know that if one drives out the nature to-day, it will return on the gallop to-morrow? It is the others, anyway,"—she frowned,—"who are stupid to mind what I say. I am not a pouter; I bear no malice. With me it is quickly over. I forget."

"Last night's rain is over, too," I urged, "yet this morning just look at your flowers: all their heads are low. It is so with people; their feelings are hurt when you fly at them. They cannot forget; that boy never will."

"But I detest a liar, and so does Monsieur," she burst out, her face again aflame with fury. "The boy lied when he said there was no liver for my cats and that to find some he had waited. Yet they tell Mademoiselle that I am bad. Yes, I was by the cellar window at the time and heard the old woman next door; but what do I care what they all say? I know my own character. I have but two sins,—I will tell Mademoiselle what they are,—my cigarettes and my frankness."

Drawn by May Wilson Preston

"THE CURÉ . . . COMFORTABLY SIPPING A YELLOW CORDIAL"

That for the moment settled it. The Monster's wife evidently objected to her temper. Then another development followed.

It all had to do with a pack of cards which I had seen in her hand one night when I had gone down to her house for something forgotten, and discovered her just making ready to retire to that ebony bed of hers, over which the silver crucifix and rosary were hung. The scene had made a great impression on me. Every other light was extinguished but that of the shadeless lamp she carried, and in the obscure she looked more like a witch than a woman; for the black mother-cat was perched on her shoulder, its long tail waving about her face, while the shivering terrier, Lolotte, angry at my interruption, was snarling at her heels. Dog, cat, and kittens spend the night on her bed and, like her, are punctual in their habits. In her left hand Madame grasped a cheap French newspaper, to be read on her pillow not for the news, but the stories. She cannot sleep, she says, without a love-tale.

It was this same pack of cards, much

used and dingy, which she held in her hand when she rushed into my room on this memorable morning.

The Monster had pounded at dawn, and thinking that he had done his worst, I had just fallen asleep again when, as from a gust of wind, my door flew open and Madame burst in, distraught, terror-stricken, and quite out of her head with excitement. I caught the words "trouble" and *"grande calamité"* as my shutters were thrown wide.

With my own heart beating at the sudden apparition, I sprang to a sitting posture. Had some one been murdered?

She made no direct answer to my question, but, coming to my bedside, began hurriedly arranging on my blankets the dingy pack of cards.

"Mademoiselle must look!" she cried, her voice harsh with fright. "See what they have just told me! They never lie. There is Monsieur, and there are his family and the *homme d'affaire*. And there—there is the treacherous blonde," and she pointed frantically to the king and the queen and the knave and two other face-cards.

"But the trouble, Madame—what is it?" I asked, looking up at her, knowing I must say something.

"Mademoiselle does not see?" she answered, glaring fiercely at me. "Monsieur is *ill!* The family are praying round his bed, and that horrible blonde is standing by so that he cannot write."

Not having the courage to confess my ignorance of all card-readings, I turned away instead, and looked down again at the supposedly sick gentleman on my blankets, surrounded by his anxious children and that treacherous Queen of Hearts, on whose face Madame now held a finger pressed hard, as if she would then and there crush out the very life of the blonde lady underneath.

It was a moment I would not care to relive, alone at dawn with this affrighted creature. There was something so terrible, too, in the tensity of that stained finger that I shook. Yet all the time it fascinated me, holding me to it as to the gleam of an unknown eye that catches one in the dark. Hate was in its pressure, revenge, and agony. There could be no question of the agony; that finger was the wire along which hot, tumultuous currents had throbbed. Madame was suffering from superstitions, fears, perhaps, but real to her, and a universal sisterhood of pain bound me to her without distinction of place or position. Compassion stirred in me, and looking up, I asked gently, my whole heart in my question:

"Can I do anything?"

"Do anything!" she cried, and tossing up her arms, she broke into a paroxysm of weeping. No glistening dewdrops now rolling down her cheeks; no bright eyes shining into mine through tears filled with subtle homage. The soul of her was weeping.

"What can one do?" she groaned when able to articulate. "It is life; but it is terrible to suffer and keep still, never to say a word because one has promised, never to ask, only to wait, with hands beating the air. *Mon Dieu!* it is terrible, terrible, terrible! Mademoiselle understands?"

Her face was toward me as she finished, and the eyes that searched into mine were, like those of some lost animal, strained in question. I did understand, and wanted to comfort her, but, helpless, I remembered that I had no clue to work upon. She had really told me nothing of her life, nor had I asked for more particulars about Alphonse. All that I knew was that that gifted painter came back no more. Reason enough, I thought with a choke in my throat, but I found no words of comfort. She did not seem to miss them, for just as I was sinking under a sense of my own inability to soothe her, her face had changed again.

"I forgot," she said gravely. "There is St. Anthony to whom I can pray. He always helps. I will carry flowers to the good saint. Mademoiselle will accompany me to the church?"

I promised,—what else could I do?—St. Anthony being one of my best-beloved saints, and the tattered leaves of women's hearts a familiar book. Some consolation, I thought, might be vouchsafed her, and, at any cost, the strain of the present interview must be relieved. Smiling all the encouragement I could muster, I suggested two o'clock for our visit, and Madame, overwhelmed with gratitude and praying God to bless me, went off to prepare my bath.

As the morning wore on, however, and I could hear from my seat in the vine-

covered kiosk her usual bustlings over the pots and pans in her kitchen, varied by frequent brisk shufflings into the garden for greens, a cigarette between her lips, but not a trace on her face of the anguish which had so shaken me, I became slowly aware in myself of something else besides a feeling of pure compassion. Half ashamed of it, trying vainly to drive it back, I had to recognize at last that even more than I wanted to comfort this extraordinary person I wanted to know what she was going to do next. Inexcusable as the metamorphosis was, where a woman's grief was concerned, it was inevitable after such a spectacle of superstitious fears,—unlike anything I had ever witnessed,—and her rally!

At two o'clock, still consumed with curiosity, I went down to join her. She was just coming out of her own door, dressed as on the day of my arrival, in that same old red-calico wrapper and real-lace collar and those same enormous pearl earrings; the sole difference being that now her arms were full of St. Anthony's roses, and in one hand she carried a silver purse. Her manner was as alert, too, as on that first day, and as full of business. I suspected that there was something on her mind other than the prayers to which I had been so solemnly invited. In a moment I had it in all its unblushing directness:

Drawn by May Wilson Preston

"PROSTRATE ON HER KNEES"

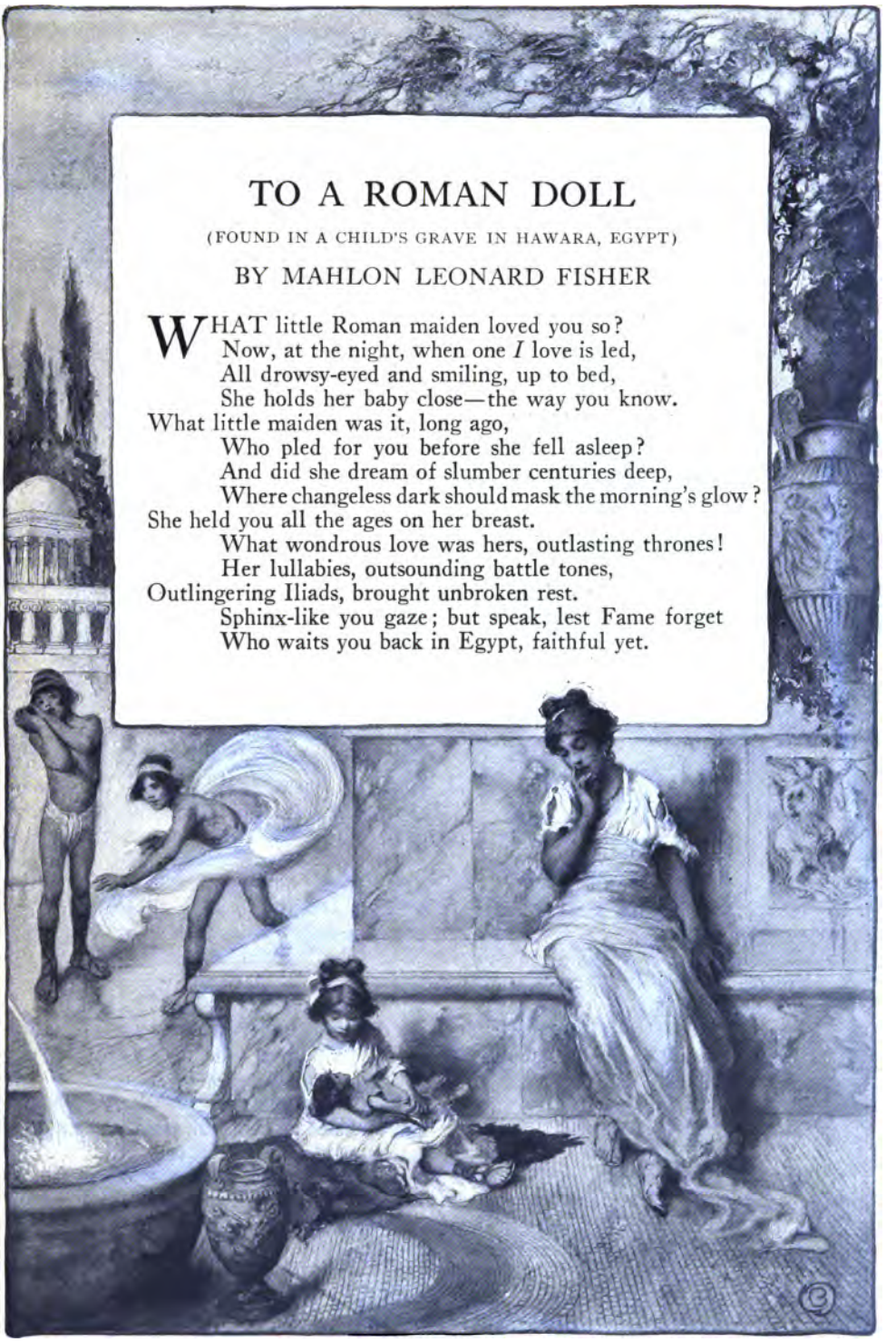
"Mademoiselle will let me have some of that white-satin ribbon I found in her trunk," she began, "and some of that writing-paper? She says truly that the roses are beautiful,—no man about here can produce any better, I know well,—but for St. Anthony, to be *comme il faut*, they must be done as they arrange them in Paris. Ah, it is as I expected. Mademoiselle agrees with me; the ribbon is necessary. She understands what is proper, and that it is only the stupid peasants who carry them like this, tied with string. No, she need not accompany me back to her house; I know where everything is. In a second I will return."

At this she hurried off to help herself, and I sat down to wait.

I had had some experience with Madame's seconds, which now and then had extended themselves to half an hour,—they always did, in fact, when there was a chance to rummage among my possessions,—so making the best of the present delay, I amused myself by looking about. Much was going on at the gardener's house opposite, and round his door a party of men and women had gathered, a first son having been born two nights before. Madame, kind as she most certainly was despite all that the Monster's wife might say, had been over at midnight to light a fire, and had herself dressed the baby. A first son in France is always reason enough for collecting a crowd, and friends and relatives had been arriving ever since. The newly made mother, as the custom is, began receiving congratulations as soon as her pillows were made straight. Even I, a stranger, had been invited over to shake her hand, just as Madame's friends had been called in when I was ill. The father received his felicitations in more hilarious fashion. As I sat there, I saw him go reeling into his garden with two supporting companions, smiling inanely as he greeted each one about his door, his garden neglected, and his wagon of vegetables wilting by the curb.

On the walls of the quaint little house the sunlight threw into full relief a sculptured patron saint set high in a niche. Saints, oddly enough, seemed everywhere to-day, though to the much-loved St. Anthony alone I still yielded my loyalty.

Except for the gardener's, I saw no other house open along the street, their



TO A ROMAN DOLL

(FOUND IN A CHILD'S GRAVE IN HAWARA, EGYPT)

BY MAHLON LEONARD FISHER

WHAT little Roman maiden loved you so?
Now, at the night, when one *I* love is led,
All drowsy-eyed and smiling, up to bed,
She holds her baby close—the way you know.
What little maiden was it, long ago,
Who pled for you before she fell asleep?
And did she dream of slumber centuries deep,
Where changeless dark should mask the morning's glow?
She held you all the ages on her breast.
What wondrous love was hers, outlasting thrones!
Her lullabies, outsounding battle tones,
Outlingering Iliads, brought unbroken rest.
Sphinx-like you gaze; but speak, lest Fame forget
Who waits you back in Egypt, faithful yet.

Drawn by W. M. Berger

earrings! She did not budge, nor did a muscle of the face betray her as she looked unswervingly at me.

I was intent on the pointed fagot. Nearer and nearer it came. Just as it was touching the pearl, I said quietly, in casual tones, hardly knowing what I said:

"But that is not polite, Monsieur!"

My words brought him staggering to a sudden halt. I had chosen well. The accusation was a blow which no Frenchman can withstand.

His evil eye began devouring me, but my steady gaze on the earring did not waver. This made him angry.

"The pavement is for every one," he flared out. "I have as much right to it as she has."

"The road is there," I answered, now in love with my own casual tones. Madame never said a word.

"It is *le terrain de France,*" he growled. "She cannot keep me off."

"Ce n'est pas poli," I repeated as casually as before. "We are women, you are a man."

Again he reeled, and again his evil eye devoured me. Then he stepped back, disengaged one hand, and, raising it to his head, slunk away.

According to all that was proper to women unaccustomed to such encounters, I should have been trembling by this time, the danger being over. But I was not. A curious sense of elation had possession of me. I felt as a child might have done who with a pop-gun had brought down an eagle.

Madame was looking hard at me.

"Mademoiselle sees now," she said in quiet, convincing tones, "that it is not my fault in anything, *jamais, jamais.*" Then, as if nothing even so exciting as killing a wasp had occurred, she called again to Lolotte and started off, saying, "It will be too late for St. Anthony unless we hurry."

We took the road through the forest. I was glad of that, for only three minutes on the high-road and a sharp turn to the left plunged us into eternal shadows, where the lights flickered as through cathedral windows. There was benediction in the colors; the purple-gray trunks of giant beeches rose out of a carpet of brown leaves to which long, unmolested years had lent a thousand tones. It was like entering some holy place, with its compelling silences. All thought of monsters was left behind.

Madame spoke first, but in a voice so subdued that I turned to her in wonder.

"It is always calm here," she began. "I come often when I am sad. Monsieur and I have walked everywhere. And Mademoiselle sees how majestic the trees are, how noble. Monsieur told me about them, and that the spirits of great men when they die are allowed to dwell in them, giving peace and counsel to those who walk beneath. That is why I come, to listen. They talk to me, as he said they would. When they bend their branches, it is to courtesy, and to say: 'Go on, my children. I am here. There is no trouble that can frighten you.' And sometimes when they toss their branches high, it is to say: 'Have courage! All is well above. Look up! Look up!' These, Mademoiselle, were Monsieur's very words." Her own eyes were lifted, as if her prayers had already begun.

Her rapture transported me unto an irresistible enthusiasm, and I felt my heart go out to her. I began to wish, too, that I might some day meet Alphonse. Poet, he must be, as well as gifted painter. And how true it seemed to me, this legend of the great ones being permitted to dwell in those branches spread out beneath the skies, sheltering birds that sang, as if they, too, remote from earth's disquietudes, were also calling to us, "Look up!"

As we strolled slowly, she pointed out to me a thousand beauties I had missed: the color of a vine, the delicacy of a flower, the play of a sunbeam on the moss. My astonishment grew. "Could this be Madame," I asked myself—"the woman who had chased the butcher boy, and who not many moments before had squared herself for a fight with the Monster? Or had I only discovered at last the real woman in her, alive to every sentiment, and a lover of the beautiful, all the rest of her being only a victim of oppressing circumstance? This, at least, was a side that no one could have withstood, so gentle, so rapt, so absorbed in nature. The other part of her, with its tempestuous passions, had faded, and I felt myself going through one of those moments when the whole conception of another is changed. Then suddenly I heard her sigh.

"I must smoke," she broke out. "Life is too strong for me." Taking out one of her sulphur matches, she struck it on a

Madame and the driver were returning. He apparently had been consoled, for he was smoking.

"Mademoiselle is ready to go to her house?"

She was the complacent landlady again, her voice so gentle that I did not recognize it. I should not find her monotonous, I said to myself, still more amused.

asked, with rising, self-glorified inflections.

Speechless I gazed at it—the house that I had imprudently rented by letter only. Undoubtedly it was "coquettish." Never off the operatic stage had I beheld anything like it.

It was all kinds of shapes, and painted sky-blue. Every window had a balcony,

Drawn by May Wilson Preston

"'THE OTHER WAY!' SHE SHOUTED ROUGHLY"

I paid the man, who went off computing his extra sous,—Madame's pleased eyes missing nothing of a count that promised well for my munificence,—and following her, I mounted stone steps concealed by bushes and bordered by trumpet-vines. Here I came upon a smaller garden as lovely as the first. At this point she stopped, smiling straight at me with the air of a child awaiting approval. Her expressive hand pointed toward a house in the farther corner.

"It is coquettish, *n'est-ce pas?*" she

and every balcony was set out with flowering pots, to say nothing of vines in blossom that, festooning all the railings, ran up even over the odd tower. At any moment I expected to see the leaded panes thrown wide and the soprano's song begin.

"It is coquettish?" she repeated, misinterpreting my silence as ecstasy. "It is I who designed it, to give pleasure. Mademoiselle finds it not like other houses that the stupid peasants build?" and she smiled still more interrogations at me. "But Mademoiselle must see what I have in-

dles in the church. By this time Madame and the mother-cat, the kittens, and the miserable Lolotte had long been settled in her ebony bed. The villagers were sleeping. Not a single light was visible when I peered through my curtains. But those candles, I knew, were still burning in that ancient, whitewashed church; the benign-faced St. Anthony was still holding the infant Jesus, and the lilies were still blooming in his arms. And Madame's prayers, those in which she had poured out all her soul, were still ascending, rising like an impalpable vapor above even the feet of St. Anthony and the Child—prayers for Alphonse who would not come.

(To be continued)

OUT OF THE DEPTHS

BY CHARLOTTE LEECH

WITH empty hands lifted in empty air,
Mother of Consolation, hear my prayer;
For since 't is said, "it has *pleased* God to give,
And then to take away,"
To Him I cannot pray
And hold belief that such is my belief.
Mother of Christ, to thee
Alone I make my plea;
Oh, dear and sacred heart, but yestereven,
As paled the west, there went one into heaven
Whom God had hurt beyond the mete of men.
Let him, I pray, sink down before thee, then
Lay hot and throbbing head upon thy knee,
And take thy hand,—for so he used with me,
Placing it on his forehead, where the pain burnt through,—
Oh, stroke his dear hair, Mother of all woe.
How can I ever doubt
Thou knowest to smooth the furrows out
One after one, plowed there,
By anguish of despair!
What need, what need, has he
Of Him who was, is, and shall ever be
Clothed in the praises of eternity?
Upon a sapphire throne
Sun, moon, and stars His own—
The rather he has need only of thee,
Mother of Peace. If such a thing might be,
Soft in thy garment's hem
Fold him and let him sleep
The sleep God gives to them
He calls His own beloved,
Holy, serene, and deep.
There may he rest unmoved
Till One shall seek him out
And cry to him, "Come forth!"—the same that bade
Lazarus arise,—and take him by the hand—
Immortal moment! he will understand.
No more in mad
And blinding doubt,
Mother of Christ, with tear-cleansed eyes, may I,
Like Mary and like Martha, stand near by.

IGNACIO ZULOAGA. PAINTED BY HIMSELF

This portrait, painted in Paris in May, 1909, is now owned by The Hispanic Society of America.

(EXAMPLES OF CONTEMPORARY SPANISH ART)

MOTHERING ON PERILOUS

I. THE TWO HOMESICKS

BY LUCY FURMAN

Author of "Stories of a Sanctified Town"

AS far back as early September, Mrs. Nervesty Salyer, coming in to bring gifts to her boys (a watermelon in one side of the saddle-bags, a dozen fat paw-paws and six ginger cakes in the other), had told Miss Loring that her Cousin Emmeline's funeral occasion was set for the fourth Saturday and Sunday in October, and had asked that Keats and Hen be permitted to make a visit home at that time, in order to attend and show their respects. She kindly added an invitation to Miss Loring to come with them. It was thought best that this should be the little Salyers' first visit home.

Besides teaching gardening and music at the Settlement School on Perilous Creek, Miss Loring also lived over at the cottage with the twelve youngest boys and tried to be a mother to them. Of course they were all dreadfully homesick; so much so that the first week of school, when the Woodwork Teacher, who, with the best of intentions, was only a man, had lived at the cottage, ten of the twelve had run away home. The two who stayed, Philip Floyd and Geordie Yonts, had at the time no homes to run to, and, anyway, they had been in the school part of the previous term and were more used to things. Keats Salyer, a pretty, auburn-haired boy of eleven, was the most homesick of all, and he had run away twice that first week, both times being brought back promptly by his Spartan mother, who cruelly declared that he had to stay there with "the women" and get learning if it killed him dead. The last time she had also brought his younger brother Hen, who was nine, and, as she said, not so tender-hearted as Keats, to keep him company. Also, about that time Miss Loring had come over from the Big House to live with the boys; and after Keats found a sympathetic bosom to weep on, life became more endurable. Of course he continued very melancholy, and in the mornings while he was back cleaning the chicken-yard, Miss Loring's heart would be wrung by hearing him chant a most dismal song:

"Oh, bury me not on the broad pa-ra-a-ree,
Where the wild ky-oats will holler over me!"

It was indeed a happy day to her when this at last gave place to the more cheerful one:

"Wisht I was a little turkle-dove,
Setting on a limb so high;
I 'd take my darling on my knee,
And bid this world good-by."

Hen, too, while less vocal of his woes than Keats, and never permitting them to interfere with food or play, talked so persistently about Nervesty and home on every possible occasion, that the brothers were promptly named by Philip "the two homesicks." Not that anybody jeered at them unduly on the subject: there is small room for the pot to call the kettle black.

During the after-supper play-hour, while the other boys, including Hen, were out playing whoop-hide, fox-and-dogs, or shinny (when not fighting), Keats usually sat with Miss Loring, telling her about Nervesty Salyer and the four little brothers and sisters at home, especially Sammy the baby, who was best of all, and the

she asked, watching me dip each leaf in the baron's sauce. "Ah, yes; she has been there," and I could see that the meagerness of my wardrobe was forgiven in the hint of a wider experience. *"C'est gai,"* she went on, "and the tables? But Mademoiselle surely gambled—what, not gambled!" and I saw that my confession had lost me the little respect I had gained. "It is the place to make money—more in a single night than by all Mademoiselle's writings, which fatigue the head. But for me, I go no more; I do not care. Nothing is the same. That horrid automobile has spoiled everything. There are no more seasons. Mais,"—she shrugged, and this time forgetting herself in a rising excitement, she took from her pocket a fresh cigarette, which she lighted with a sulphur match (no fear of fumes for her!)—"what else would you have? It is life."

Still more embarrassing were my adventures of the morning, when in the very same old, red wrapper and the very same pearls, she brought in my bath, scolding meanwhile about the "extravagance," so much coal to heat it every day, when baths were intended only for certain occasions. I heard her talking it over with the stout, bareheaded woman who brought my telegram. "Ces Américaines," was the sad reply as the stout woman went out of the gate. I knew the whole village would have the story, and it did. My landlady was mollified, however, when, too timid to interfere bodily, I stood by helpless as she emptied the tub in a huge pan and began scrubbing out my doorway. "One must practise economies," she exclaimed, noticing my protest. "After all, it is water, and Mademoiselle is clean. I am sure there is not a cleaner in the world."

It was not until a few days later that she invited me to her own house,—a few steps away and dividing her garden in two,—a queer little box of a house not at all operatic, like mine, though charming, a peasant's cottage, transformed by balconies and bright awnings and roses trained about the doorway. So much I had already seen, but who would have dreamed, on entering the door, to find a long, dark, narrow, brick-floored hall decorated with a red Pompeian frieze? "C'est plus gai," she said lightly, dismissing it as we passed into the dining-room. Or in a room where one ate who would have expected to find velvet bro cade curtains, embroidery against th panes, brocade sofa cushions much th worse for wear; satin chairs, cheap strav ones, brick floors, fine rugs, cabinets fille with silver knickknacks, and the walls s covered with pictures that not a spare incl was left?

Although photographs of men predomi nated, there was one of a smart woma seated on a coach, with a liveried groon at the horse's head. This she pointed ou as herself; it still bore a faint resemblance I caught it in the sensitive curve of th upper lip and again in a certain defian sturdiness of pose and quick turn of th well-modeled head. Many of the en gravings were first impressions—of Cupid and the Graces, and one more fascinatin than the rest, because of its wonderfu foreshortening, of the beautiful Bethsaida There were, too, a number of oil sketches These interested me most, especially thos signed "Alphonse." They were done witl a spirit and dash that pronounced him master. His turn of mind was evidentl melancholy, for his pictures were all o lost souls wandering on rocky, wind-swep shores, varied by portraits of unhapp lovers stabbing themselves before ladies o disdain.

"How brilliant these are!" I exclaimed taking a place before one of them.

"Pas mal," she answered, as I bent t study them closer; "it was my dear Al phonse who painted them. Un vrai Mon sieur, très comme il faut. Mademoisell should have seen him. He was of he world. No; he comes not any more. I is long now, very long. In Paris it wa another affair. But what would yo have?" she shrugged as she repeated he favorite phrase. "The life of a woman i sad. *They* come and go. It is we wh suffer and lose much. Mademoiselle ha suffered, too?"

Not being ready for confidences, I onl replied, still bending toward the sketches "He is a great painter, and knows how t infuse into his work a certain hauntin quality." Then I turned.

She was not looking at the pictures, bu at me, and her eyes were shining through tears; two drops rolling down her sun-burned cheeks. Subtle flattery was in them, personal homage. How marvelously she did it, with tears that did not disfig-

Drawn by May Wilson Preston

"'YES, THE BATHS HAD DONE THE MISCHIEF. ONE EVERY DAY! MON DIEU!'"

ure! I grew bewildered, not knowing whether her grief was for me and my pale face or for Alphonse. That was it; she was crying for him, the gifted painter who came no more.

"We never lose those we really love, Madame—never so long as we love," I said sympathetically, hoping to drive the tears away.

"Mademoiselle thinks so?" she cried, her face suddenly illumined. "Ah,—*les Américaines* are so 'large!' I can breathe with Mademoiselle, never with the others." She threw her arms wide as she spoke, and her breast was expanded in deep, satisfied inhalations.

I thought it wisest to continue our tour. This brought me to her sleeping-room, furnished in ebony and hung with a profusion of blue and red. The wash-stand, surmounted by a wide mirror, was covered with powder-puffs, rouge, and cracked ivory brushes monogrammed in black. Among the bed curtains gleamed a silver crucifix and rosary, and on a table, within easy reach of Madame's pillows, were a night-lamp, cigarettes, and matches. From the bed, as we entered, the mother cat sprang to twist herself about Madame's feet, leaving her kittens in the soiled satin eiderdown quilt.

A few gasps of astonishment were allowed me, Madame following me with pleased eyes. Then she took a key from a near-by hook and unlocked a bureau. I knew now why she had been so disappointed over my clothes! The assortment of silks, laces, jewels, and fans piled away in those drawers was such as not all my ancestors put together had ever possessed. She fumbled among them as if they were nothing.

"One must have them for dining in restaurants," she said with airy lightness, displaying one treasure after another. "Perhaps"—here her manner changed to one of bargaining—"perhaps Mademoiselle could sell some; she may have rich friends, and my debts are mounting. Mademoiselle herself would look well in this muslin gown. She is slight, and her figure—*Mais oui,* it is perfect," she added in flattering tones as she adjusted to my shoulders a flimsy, embroidered garment that a baby might have worn at a christening, standing back to admire it

as she continued: "It is *vrai Empire* and has a history that adds much to its value. It belonged to Madame de ——; Mademoiselle has heard the story. All Paris knew it, and the count guards to this day the bullet with which—"

Here happily some one rang at the garden gate, and in her haste to find a possible tenant she went off and left me. It was not a tenant, but only a bill, and in her disappointment she forgot to talk of further sales.

All that night I dreamed of her and Alphonse among the lost souls of that desolate shore, never finding each other because of the laces and gewgaws between. When the Monster pounded at dawn I was glad for once, and throwing on my dressing-gown I opened my shutters. Peace and beauty were everywhere. The birds were singing, and the dew-kissed roses glistened in the morning light. I drank deep of the freshness and felt at peace.

Just then, with the movement of a stealthy cat, the Monster's blue-turbaned wife stole out from among her bushes and crept close to the dividing-fence.

"Your landlady is a bad woman," she whispered as I stared down into her swarthy face, as yellow as a muddy road and as wrinkled, in which two small puddles of eyes glittered malignly.

"I do not understand you," I answered, using my very worst accent in an instinct of self-defense.

"You will know her better. You are a good woman, you will see. She is bad."

I closed my window hurriedly.

What a dreadful creature! I thought, marring the morning's beauty in this way; and what business had she, anyway, to talk to me about Madame? Then I felt myself tremble. I was alone, with no one to turn to. There was not even another tenant. Everything was so queer, too, my landlady's manner, her dress, and then those treasures in her bureau drawers! What kind of bad did the old woman mean? Was she a receiver of stolen goods? I must run away; but how? Too frightened to think clearly, I crept back to bed.

At eight, Madame came in. Something in my face alarmed her:

"Mademoiselle is ill!" she cried, striding hurriedly forward to lay a hand on my forehead. "A fever! *Quel malheur,* just when everything was going so well! Something has been troubling." With this she began a series of brisk ministrations, interspersed with more ejaculations of concern, and tossings of hands. She made me drink hot *tilleuls* and *tisanes,* and Heaven knows what else of bitter, unswallowable things. She insisted on smoothing my pillows, brushing my hair in her rough, tender way, and rearranging my flowers, while I, shivering under my close-drawn blankets, kept wishing she would leave me in quiet to think it all out, and now and then peering into her face to see where the badness lay.

When she saw that none of these attentions stirred me into responsiveness, she seemed lost for a remedy, and paused to look down at me with doubtful, troubled eyes, from which I shrank, not understanding their scrutiny. Suddenly, as always happened when a new idea came, she clasped her head and broke out with, "Ah, I have it! I know what will please," and disappeared. Five minutes later she came back, carrying a huge black rabbit, its neck tied about with a bit of scarlet ribbon.

For a moment I was foolish enough to think I was delirious, and sprang up with a cry.

"It is only the Little Wise One," she murmured soothingly. "He will be *société.*" Whereupon, smiling like a mother, she proceeded to tuck him under my arm.

Drawn by May Wilson Preston

"PEASANT WOMEN IN BLUE BLOUSES, SOME LEADING CHILDREN"

upper lip. Miss Loring had heard that the purest Anglo-Saxon blood in the United States, and some of the best, was to be found in these mountains. She was interested, on making inquiry, to hear that the original Salyer, like most of the first settlers, had come out from old Virginia, "allus-ago," right after the Revolution, he having received a large land-grant in Kentucky for his services in that war. His land had been divided and subdivided among his descendants since, until, as she said, if the Salyers had n't been such feisty people, and fit and died so much in "wars" all the time, there would n't be a head of a hollow left by now for none of 'em to settle in. She told about a "war" her own people, the Truitts, also old settlers, had carried on with the Salyers at one time; but she said she had taken no account of it when she fell in love with her "man," who, she declared, was as pretty a man as the wind ever blowed on.

Twice the conversation was interrupted by shy statements from the little girls that Hiram and Jason were fighting all over the yard; but no bloodshed being as yet reported, little attention was paid.

When the time came for active preparations for supper, Miss Loring was taken out by Keats and Hen to "see things." First the two nags, Charlie and Mandy, must be watered in the branch and fed; then the steers brought down and nubbined. They were grazing away up in a hollow, but at a word Ponto was off, and soon brought them down, starting again upon a quest of his own, and then the boys put yokes on them and drove them around the steep little stable-lot for Miss Loring's pleasure. Keats said he and Hen had had to tie the steers' tails together while breaking them to keep them from turning the yokes; but now they went along quietly and peaceably, as well-conducted steers should, and evidently with perfect understanding of the strange talk of their young masters, which was mostly Greek to Miss Loring. She could comprehend the "Gee, Buck!" and "Git along there, Brandy!" but the oft-repeated, "Oo-cum-weh, woo-oo!" and "Now-wa-*chat*-tum!" were puzzling. Ole Suke, hearing the excitement, came up, or, rather, down, of her own accord, followed by Reddy the heifer, whose pretty, spotted calf welcomed her loudly across the rail fence. Nothing would do but Keats must milk Reddy then and there, to show off her remarkable deficiency before-mentioned.

Just as he had demonstrated this to everybody's satisfaction, yelps from Ponto could be heard approaching nearer, and in another moment a large, raw-boned, black sow stepped sedately out of the woods on the other side of the branch, and stood meditating. An instant later she was surrounded by a number of excited shoats, who squealed and scurried about before Ponto's onslaughts. But evidently Julia herself lived in a serene atmosphere, and took orders from no one. After calmly scrutinizing the persons before her, and satisfying herself that the boys were really Keats and Hen, she grunted deeply, and came forward, with speculation in her small, shrewd eyes. Not until she got into the branch, and out of the weeds, was the joyful discovery made that nine little new pigs followed her closely and shamefacedly. They could not be two days old. Of course they had come purposely to celebrate the boys' visit home; no one could doubt that. Great was the delight that followed, great was the pride expressed in Julia and all her performances. And what a good bait of corn Julia and all the shoats got, while the babies helped themselves to their dinner, all but the poor little runt, who was crowded entirely out of reach of his until Hen spanked two of the others and made a place for him.

After making the acquaintance and hearing the family history of various chickens, turkeys, guineas, and geese, Miss Loring was taken up the hollow to the famous pawpaw patch, scene of innumerable possum-hunts. Here even Ponto showed lively memories of past victories, while Keats and Hen and Hiram all talked at once, describing combats and pointing out the very trees and logs. Some details of natural history Miss Loring did gather from the confusion, such as: possums allus sull-up when they are kotch; boar possums does a heap of fighting, and it 's a sight to hear their noses crack while they 're at it, and the best sport ever seed is to ketch two and sic 'em ag'in' each other; sow possums do not fight, and the young ones curl their tails round their maw's tail and ride on her back when she travels; and, finally, pos-

an American, and the only one in the little village as either guest or boarder. Late in the afternoon the leading dressmaker came. Madame referred to her as "intelligent," and served cake and wine. She talked hypnotism.

I soon realized that their coming was only a custom of the country, and kindly intentioned, otherwise I might have risen and ordered my door closed. I might have laughed; I might have done anything. What I did, was to lie there and submit. But as the day wore slowly on I became too weak to protest. I had really taken a severe cold, and my fever had grown until at last I was hardly aware of them except as a patient is of nurses in a room.

Only one thing was real to me, and from that there was no escape: the yellow face of the dreadful old woman, scarred with furrows, and the mud-puddles of eyes. One thought only consumed me: what did she mean by saying that Madame was bad?

II

LONG before I had recovered from my week's illness, I had made up my mind that despite all that the Monster's wife next door had whispered to me, Madame was *not* a receiver of stolen goods or any thing else that was bad. She had been too kind, as untiring in her devotion as some old-fashioned, bustling, family nurse. I had made up my mind, too, now that I

Drawn by May Wilson Preston

"IN HIS LOOSE VELVETEEN TROUSERS AND RED SASH"

was established in my little house, not to run away, as I had been foolish enough to think of doing, and, above all, never to tell them at home what my experiences had been. Families have such a way of saying, "We told you so."

Neither did I mean to go about asking questions about her. It would not be

Drawn by May Wilson Preston

"ALWAYS AN OLD MAN, AN OLD WOMAN, AND A DOG"

loyal to one under whose protection I was, even as a tenant, and who had watched over me when ill. And, indeed, I did not have to. She was ready to explain herself.

It began in this way. The butcher boy was late one morning, and the breakfast delayed, bother enough to one of punctual habits in eating. From my seat in the kiosk I saw him at last arrive with a parcel. The next thing I knew, there was a terrible row in her kitchen, a sudden exit, and Madame, screaming at the top of her voice, was chasing him to the gate. Her words were anything but elegant. The worst of them the boy flung back at her as he mounted his bicycle and rode off. "The French temper," I thought, being as ready as most strangers are to characterize the foreigner in a sweeping phrase. "What a pity, though!" I said to myself, fury having robbed her of every gentle trait, and made her face unrecognizable. I hoped she did not know that I had been a witness of her outburst.

A moment later she stood at my side, smiling quizzically as she gave me a rose.

"Mademoiselle saw it? *C'est vrai,* I have just had a scene. I did not find his words *très délicats.*"

"There were your words," I had the hardihood to venture. "His shoulders twitched as though a whip had stung them."

Salyer whispered back. "Of course he was bound to git him one right off, with all them young ones. She treats 'em mighty good, too. The new one 's hers; come eight days ago, just in time for the funeral occasion."

When the first preacher started up, and Emmeline's virtues began to be aired, Miss Loring saw with interest and surprise that Mary wept as sincerely and heartily as anybody, her tears dropping down impartially upon the sucking baby and the older one. Once, when her husband seemed quite overcome, she laid a pitying hand on his shoulder; and, at other times, with a corner of her apron she tenderly wiped the eyes and noses of all the children within her reach. And when, later, the preacher referred solemnly and unblinkingly to the fact that Emmeline's offsprings had now fell into the hands of a step-maw, and it behooved her to remember that she must one day give account to the God of widows and orphans, she bowed her head very humbly, and seemed to be at once overwhelmed and uplifted by the thought of her responsibility. Her face was really wonderful and beautiful, and in it Miss Loring saw far more hope for the happiness of Emmeline's offsprings than in that of the "widow." In both wives he appeared to have received more than his deserts.

The whole scene—the lonely mountain shoulder, the weather-beaten grave-houses, the isolated little home below, the rapidly fading reds and yellows of the mountain-sides, the ancient spectacle of human bereavement and sorrow, with nothing to relieve it but the look on Mary's face—went to Miss Loring's heart till the tears came.

After a second preacher had followed the hour-long discourse of the first and exceeded him by half an hour, and another funeral-song, "The Lonely Husband," had been lined-out and sung, a third preacher announced that, the ground above Emmeline having been pretty well covered, he would now proceed to ramble a while on such topics as came uppermost in his mind. This was the signal for many of his hearers to get up and ramble a little, too, the men to stretch cramped legs and see after their nags, the married women to exercise and feed the weary children, the young folks, generally in pairs, to seek retired and shady nooks among the trees. Proper respects having been shown by three hours of rigid stillness, the occasion could now take on a more social aspect, though there was still no unseemly talk or laughter, and everything was done most decorously.

At four, having far to go, Mrs. Salyer and Miss Loring took their departure. The occasion was to last all day Sunday, too, and they could return if they so desired. Miss Loring, however, besought Mrs. Salyer to let the boys have the day at home, and at last gained her consent.

THAT night when Mrs. Salyer and Miss Loring and Keats and Hen and all the others were once more in bed in t' other house, and conversation had languished, and Ponto was thumping the floor with his tail again, Keats raised his head to murmur sleepily but rapturously, "Gee-oh! a whole 'nother day at home to-morrow!"

THE HOUSE OF GOVERNORS

APROPOS OF ITS SECOND MEETING, IN FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY, NOVEMBER 29

BY WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN

Originator of the Idea and Permanent Secretary of the Organization

JANUARY 18, 1910, there was held in the city of Washington a meeting that may mark the beginning of a new epoch in the political history of the nation. It was the first session of the House of Governors. With a clear recognition of the potentialities of the new movement, and thoroughly realizing the significance of the words he spoke, Governor Wilson of Kentucky declared: "If these conferences of the Governors had been in existence as an institution in 1860, there would never have been a war between the States. The issues of that day would have been settled by argument, adjustment, and compromise."

We cannot turn back the hands of time, we cannot tell what might have been, but the vision of the great Perhaps that these few simple words bring to the imagination is thrilling. Were we to concede even the slightest shred of possibility to the thought that the coming together of all the Governors, year after year in that grim, tense decade preceding the war, meeting in a spirit of tolerance and good-will, discussing earnestly in the light of their united wisdom the solution of their great problem, might have found some way out and averted a great national tragedy, we have a vivid presentation of what may be the inherent possibilities for good in this new united movement of the States.

This first meeting of the House of Governors was not held at the White House, but in a spirit of simple democracy in one of the reception-rooms of a Washington hotel. President Taft was not present at its deliberations, but in an address of welcome to the Governors, at the Executive Mansion, he expressed his conviction of the menace of centralization and of the hope and promise of this new harmony and coöperation of the States in these words:

> I regard this movement as of the utmost importance. The Federal Constitution has stood the test of more than one hundred years in supplying the powers that have been needed to make the central Government as strong as it ought to be, and, with this movement toward uniform legislation and agreement between the States, I do not see why the Constitution may not serve our purpose always.

Governor Hughes also spoke with cordial enthusiasm of these conferences; and their power to break down sectional walls and unify the people of the country was thus expressed at the meeting last January by Governor Harmon, of Ohio:

> This conference has been a revelation and a delight. It is remarkable and lamentable that no one ever thought of the idea before. It is going to do a mighty good in a legitimate way. For myself, it was worth crossing the continent to have heard the speeches of the Governors of Wyoming, Colorado and Idaho. No reading or hearing of all my life has so clarified and pleaded the great problems of those Western States as these executive representations. I was amazed and delighted at the vigor and virile directness of Western thought. They are a wonderful people. Most wonderful of all to me is the fact that these Western and Northwestern Governors are better States' rights men than even the statesmen of the South. They are happy and practical in the creed.

The plan of the House of Governors is so simple that its essence can be given in the brief phrasing in which the idea was first set forth nearly four years ago:

It is proposed that the Governors of the forty-six States meet annually for a session of two to three weeks to discuss, consult and confer on vital questions affecting the welfare of the States as a nation. The House of Governors would have no lawmaking power, nor should it ever aspire to such power. Its force would be in initiative, in inspiration and in influence. The Governors would seek to unite on a general basis of action on great questions to be submitted to the legislatures of the respective States in the Governors' messages. It would seem that an august, dignified body of forty-six Governors representing their States with the lawmaking power of forty-six legislatures behind them, should in time become an inherent part in the American idea of self-government and a powerful factor for good in the nation.

There is in the popular mind a confusion of the "House of Governors" with the conferences on the subject of "The Conservation of Natural Resources" held in Washington in May and December, 1908, in Mr. Roosevelt's presidency. The two projects were originated by different men. The House of Governors is essentially different in aim, method, and basis, and is larger, broader, and more far-reaching in its importance, as may be seen in the brief story of the beginning of this new movement.

It was in recognition of the growing centralization of the Federal Government, the undignified uncertain status of States-rights, and the chaos of conflicting laws in the forty-six States, that the present writer sent in February, 1907, to President Roosevelt and to the State executives advance proofs of a pamphlet suggesting the institution of a new House, a new, deliberative, non-lawmaking body to secure, through its initiative and influence with the legislatures, the passage of needed uniform laws which the Federal Government is powerless to enact because of its Constitutional limitation. The plan proposed is so simple that it requires no Constitutional amendment to put it into effect. More than thirty Governors promptly responded with expressions of cordial approval.

At the Conservation Conference a committee was appointed to arrange time and place for a session of the Governors in a body of their own, independent of the President, and this action resulted in the first meeting of the "House of Governors" in January, 1910. The name "House of Governors" was not officially adopted, nor was any other. The term "Governors' Conference" was used rather as a temporary descriptive term than as a real, final designation, but it is as the House of Governors that it is known generally by the press and public. The adoption of the report of the Plan and Scope Committee of which Justice Hughes, then Governor of New York, was chairman, raised it from the limitation of a mere conference to the dignity of a formal, organized, permanent institution, the details of which will be completed at its second meeting which begins November 29, at Frankfort, Kentucky.

The nation is to-day facing a grave crisis in its career. There are vital problems affecting the welfare of the whole country, that have remained unsolved through the years and that have now reached an acute stage where they *demand* solution. Senator Elihu Root has pointed out fairly and relentlessly the two great dangers confronting the Republic: the danger of the National Government breaking down in its effective machinery through the burdens that threaten to be cast upon it; and the danger that the local self-government of the States may become inefficient through disuse. The House of Governors seems to have in it possibilities of mastering both these evils at one stroke.

There are perhaps fifty great questions in this country to-day wherein uniform laws seem essential for the best interests of all the States, and on these Congress is powerless to act. We need a uniform marriage and divorce law. In our forty-six States there are no two that have the same list of causes for divorce. They vary from no divorce on any ground whatever in South Carolina to twelve in New Hampshire. Divorces are difficult to secure in one State, while another has them on the bargain counter with special attention paid to transient customers. The contradictions, confusion, and injustice of this condition is a blot on the nation. Morality is not a question of geographic

boundaries. The lack of a uniform insurance law is costing the companies today about twenty million dollars a year, a four per cent. dividend on half a billion. Automobilists passing over a State-line are subject to rules and regulations as new and different as though they had crossed a frontier into another country. A large baking establishment in New York City wished to duplicate in all details its plant and its system in every State of the Union. The lawyer to whom the question of practicability was referred made his preliminary report to the proprietor in brief: "Yes, you can do it, but you will be put in jail in just six States."

Among the other subjects upon which uniform laws may be desirable may be named: rights of married women, corporations and trusts, corrupt practices, child labor, capital punishment, improved primaries, convict labor, prison reform, contracts, publicity of campaign expenses before election, uniform system of conveyancing, inheritance tax, income tax, mortgages, referendum, election reforms, and similar topics. The instances are countless. This nation shows its inherent vitality in the marvelous manner in which it has survived the chaos of its conflicting laws.

Believers in a centralized government, agreeing cordially with this diagnosis, at once prescribe their panacea, Federal legislation. They say, "Let us pass a constitutional amendment giving the government this power." Whether it would be wise to do so, even were it possible, is an open question, and the arguments against it need not here be cited. A simple statement of a few facts may show it is wellnigh hopeless to cut the Gordian knot of difficulty with a sword-slash of amendment.

In nearly a century and a quarter since the birth of the Constitution there have been only fifteen amendments. Barring the last three (the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth), which were in reality merely measures to close the Civil War, we have not had a single amendment in a hundred and six years. During this period more than two thousand attempts were made. In the fifteen years from 1889 to 1904, four hundred and thirty-five amendments were proposed in Congress, and not one received the two thirds vote of each House entitling it to be born, which must have been followed by a ratification by three quarters of the State legislatures to permit it to live. In view of these statements and the stubborn fact that, of the whole fifteen amendments, no one, nor all taken together, have increased the permanent power of the Federal Government by the weight of a hair, is it thinkable that we shall secure from the people the many amendments needed to meet vital questions affecting all the States?

Let me outline briefly the method by which the House of Governors may secure uniform laws where the Federal Government has failed and must fail, and where single States working out alone their separate problems would be equally powerless. The absolute details must be determined by the House itself, but a mere general tentative method may be suggested here: in the House of Governors no majority vote should be binding on the minority. Should even forty-five members of the House in full session agree, the one member not concurring should have absolute freedom of action, though he or his successor would probably join the majority side at the next session of the House. The House might determine by vote the ratio of the members present that is to be considered the minimum requisite for the initial impulse for action toward uniform State legislation throughout the country on a specific question. Should the number of votes be below the ratio set as a basis of unity, the matter could go over to the next session for reconsideration.

If on the subject of, let us say, divorce, twenty-five members of the House were to agree on a general plan, the twenty-five Governors thus concurring would suggest to their respective legislators in their messages the passage of a bill in accordance with the recommendation. The legislatures, of course, would have absolute freedom to pass it or not as they deemed best, but the recommendation would have a greater dynamic effect and a stronger moral influence when each legislature knows that twenty-four other legislatures are considering the same proposed law. Let us assume that of the twenty-five States eighteen passed this bill, in the other seven, were public sentiment sufficiently aroused and the people sufficiently united, this question might be made an

issue in the next campaign and legislators elected pledged to carry through the bill.

At the next meeting of the House, with the prestige of the adoption of the law by eighteen States, ten new converts might be made among the Governors non-concurring in the first session, and so in the course of a few sessions we might have uniform State legislation on this vital problem without Federal action. A law thus finally passed by all of the States would more truly represent the sentiment of the American people than any law passed by the Federal Government, even if Constitutional amendment or new revised interpretation of the Constitution empowered the passing of the law.

The attempt at securing uniform laws is far from being the only justification of the House of Governors. Were the Governors of the States merely to meet annually for a few days' session, to learn to know one another and, in a frank free interchange of opinion and view, to get new illumination on their State problems and then adjourn without a single tangible result that they could exhibit as the outcome of their conference, they would have more than justified their coming together.

The annual conference of the House of Governors, though of fundamental importance, represents only part of its possibilities for good. With its Executive Committee and its subcommittees working through a central office, which would be the official headquarters of the organization, by correspondence, interchange of documents, reports, and suggestions and the submission to the State Executives of proposed plans for uniform or coöperative action, the House of Governors would be a deliberative body, virtually always in session. It must be clearly understood that it is not an organization to make laws; it is merely one to confer, to suggest, to advise, to focus public opinion, to study it, and, when it deems best, to help to transform it into a public sentiment and through the action of the legislatures to find its fullest expression in better laws.

The office of the House of Governors should be a clearing-house for interstate matters. It should contain in its library the revised statutes of all the States and keep up to date on their new legislation by the session laws. It should have in its files classified reports and documents issued by the States on all the great topics that may be of common interest to all. There are possibilities for valuable work in collating and compiling data, giving to the Governor of each State the general line of legislation on the subjects of what may be brought up for discussion.

The House of Governors is not put forth as a panacea for political ills; it is no specific that will by magic purify the whole body politic, strengthen its moral fiber and its mental tone, and keep it in perfect health. It is merely a simple, practical plan for better results through better coöperation, and it is only the revealing test of time that will prove if it fulfils the truest measure of its possibilities. It would seem that it will eliminate about ninety per cent. of the constitutional amendments by showing the States how they can exercise by their action in unity the full powers that have ever belonged to them. Where United States action has failed, united State action may succeed.

The same process that should give uniform laws through this body may furnish a new, untried way of securing the one or two or three constitutional amendments that may still be essential. If the desire of the whole people for an amendment should become imperative, a uniform form of joint resolution and application, tested by the Governors, could be submitted to the State legislatures and, passed by these bodies in two thirds of the States, would make it mandatory on Congress to call the Constitutional Convention on the amendment, and its findings would readily be ratified by three quarters of the legislatures. It would mean the first Constitutional Convention since 1787.

The House of Governors seems to complete and perfect the American system of government. The House of Representatives and the Senate may be considered as one body covering the representation of the States in their relation to the Federal Government. The "House of Governors," though a mere deliberative, non-lawmaking body, covers the representation of the States in their relation to one another. The two bodies combined make a perfect bicameral system of government, with no conflict but with perfect harmony and complete representation.

IS CONGRESSIONAL ORATORY A LOST ART?

BY CHAMP CLARK

Leader of the Democratic Party in the House of Representatives

WENDELL PHILLIPS was a famous orator and frequently delivered his celebrated lecture on "The Lost Arts." Could he revisit the glimpses of the moon long enough to revise and enlarge that lecture, the chances are that he would include among the lost arts the one of which he was master and on which his reputation rests—oratory. If not wholly lost, it is rapidly falling into disuse, particularly in Congress. The late Senator John Warwick Daniel of Virginia may be said to have been the last of the old-fashioned orators in the House of the Conscript Fathers. His fame will rest not on his law-books, which were excellent, not on his speeches in House and Senate, which were strong, but on two masterly orations on Lee and Stonewall Jackson, delivered before his entrance into Congress. It may well be doubted whether anything superior to them, considered simply as orations, can be found in the literature of the world. They would have delighted Cicero himself.

William Bourke Cockran of New York was the last great orator to grace the House of Representatives. Cockran is the highest type of Irishman, and was educated thoroughly in France. He is a profound student, a man of large erudition, with an emotional temperament and a thorough mastery not only of English, but of French, Latin, and Greek. He has a superb voice, a vivid imagination, and a commanding presence. His sentences are polished as thoroughly as those of Edward Everett or John James Ingalls. The greatest achievement of an orator is to force applause from a hostile audience. Time and time again I have seen men who dissented *toto cælo* from what he was saying applaud Cockran until their hands were blistered. He won them, temporarily at least, by his magnificent oratory, his wonderful sentences, and his personal magnetism. Men listened to him with delirious delight. The day he left the House he was more popular there than he had ever been, and men of all shades of political opinion sincerely regretted his departure.

I do not mean that there are not still great speakers and great debaters in both Houses of Congress, for there are plenty of them. But there is a vast difference between an orator and a debater. A man may be both, but he is lucky if he is either. There are a few orators left in the country outside of Congress. Undoubtedly the greatest of these—one of the greatest that ever lived—is William Jennings Bryan. Other men have made speeches as great as his, but the oratorical power of no other has been put to so severe a test. Since the fourth of March, 1895, when he left Congress, excepting his six months of army service, he has spoken constantly and in every quarter of the globe. Every important speech has been sent broadcast by the news associations, and one might naturally conclude that he would have worn out his welcome as a public speaker long ago. Not so, however, for to-day he can draw a bigger audience than any other man in America except President Taft, who draws by reason of his position, and Colonel Roosevelt, who draws by his wonderful and unique personality.

Some men are so ugly and ungainly that it is a positive advantage to them as public speakers by reason of the pleasurable surprise which their eloquence produces.

Others are so handsome and prepossessing that they have won the hearts of their audiences before they have opened their lips. To this latter fortunate class both Daniel and Bryan must be assigned.

The decline of oratory is almost as noticeable in the pulpit and the bar. Lawyers and preachers as well as Representatives and Senators have left off oratorical soarings and confine themselves to arguments and facts. Of course their speeches are frequently adorned with learning, wit, humor, fancy, and all sorts of historical, biographical, and scientific illustration, but they lack the elaborateness, the polish, and the lofty style of the orations of the day that has gone. Old-time lawyers were in the habit of crying verdicts out of juries. Now a lawyer who would weep in the presence of the jury would simply render himself ridiculous, and the chances are that it would prejudice his case instead of helping it. What has produced this change in the manner of speaking? I believe that it is chiefly due to the general diffusion of knowledge. As a rule, the more information a man has the less emotional he is, and the orator's appeal was to the emotions far more than to the understanding. There are plenty of men in the United States who could deliver old-time orations, but they have concluded that in this age of highest intelligence the plainer style of speaking is the better. The principal causes of the decadence of oratory are the telegraph, the printing-press, the telephone, the steam-engine, and the electric car. When a man's speech is once generally printed in the newspapers, he dislikes to deliver it again, because now nearly everybody reads a daily paper, and it would be merely a twice-told tale. Moreover, in this time of fierce competition in all the walks of life men are too busy to listen to oratory. They prefer simply a lucid statement of the reasons for or against any proposition. What they now seek most in a speech is information. In both Houses there are eloquent men and debaters who perhaps have never been excelled in clearness of statement, in force of illustration, in power to marshal all the facts that can be brought to bear in favor of the position they endeavor to maintain; but they rarely enter into the oratorical rôle.

Every generally well-informed person knows that in the Senate there is no limit to speeches except the limit of human endurance. At the extra session of 1893, Senator Allen of Nebraska spoke sixteen hours and a half at a stretch in a vain endeavor to defeat the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman Law. For years he held the record for long-distance speaking. But on March 3 and 4, 1901, Senator Thomas H. Carter of Montana eclipsed Allen's achievement by speaking several hours longer against the river and harbor bill. Allen's speech was argumentative, and from his standpoint exceedingly strong, but it injured him in the public estimation by giving the idea that he was merely a talker, when, as a matter of fact, he was a very able man. Carter's speech was full of wit and humor, entertained his audience, and defeated the river and harbor bill, for which service President McKinley made him one of the Louisiana Purchase World's Fair Commissioners. A few years later, on the third and fourth of March, 1907, Senator Carmack of Tennessee, a brilliant man, made a very long speech which defeated the ship subsidy bill. Carter and Carmack won their victories because Congress expires in odd years on the fourth of March, and as these bills did not come up until the third, it was comparatively easy to talk them to death. Allen failed to accomplish his purpose because the Congress in which he was speaking had still about seventeen months to run.

It is interesting to trace the history of the House in regard to the length of speeches. The present limit, without unanimous consent, is one hour. In the early days, of course, the membership was small, and until Henry Clay became Speaker, any member who could get the floor might talk *ad libitum* on any subject or no subject, about something pending before the House or about something that had never been presented to the House. It was the meeting of extremes which put the first limit upon speeches. Of all the famous public speakers America has produced, John Randolph of Roanoke was the most discursive and the least logical. He seems to have read everything that had been written, to have remembered most of it, and to have drawn copiously upon it for illustration. He was most sarcastic and his speeches sparkled like gems, but he jumped from one subject to another as a dictionary goes from one word to another.

Of American statesmen, John C. Calhoun was the least discursive and the most logical. In my judgment he was the profoundest logician and metaphysician since the days of St. Paul. His mind worked with the precision of a perfect machine. One day while a Speaker *pro tempore* was in the chair, Randolph started on one of his brilliant orations about everything in general and nothing in particular, addressing himself to no motion, proposition, or bill pending before the House. Calhoun raised the point of order that before a man might speak in the House there must be some motion or bill or definite proposition pending. The chairman overruled the point of order, and Randolph proceeded. How long he would have continued nobody can say; but when Mr. Speaker Clay resumed the chair, Calhoun again raised his point of order, and Clay promptly sustained it. In 1841, when Henry Clay quarreled with John Tyler, he would force Whig measures through the Senate, of which he was then a member, and send them over to the House. There they struck a snag, for Henry A. Wise, afterward Governor of Virginia, was on hand with the most marvelous vocabulary possessed by any of the multitudinous sons of Adam since the confusion of tongues at Babel. With the assistance of a handful of Tylerites he talked all of Clay's bills to death. This enraged Clay, who was one of the most imperious of men, and was not merely a boss of the Whigs, but a czar. So for the sole purpose of gagging Henry A. Wise he went over to the House and induced that body to adopt the hour rule. Then he went back to the Senate, and tried to get it to adopt the same rule, which it refused to do, and to this day refuses to do. A great many people grow weary of the talk in the Senate, which, like Tennyson's brook, goes on forever. In their anger many have wished that the Senate could be abolished or a time limit put upon debate. Thomas B. Reed of Maine, a masterful, great man, was always making sarcastic remarks about the Senate. Probably nothing could have induced him to accept a seat in that body. I myself once felt that it would be a good thing if it had a time limit, but I have changed my mind about that, as I have about many things; for I have come to the conclusion that there ought to be some place in our system of government where measures can be thoroughly discussed, and, while some of the Senators undoubtedly waste time and abuse the privilege of unlimited debate, it is better that a few should do that than that great measures affecting the welfare of ninety millions of people should not be so thoroughly ventilated that a wayfaring man though a fool can understand them. In justice to the Senate, it ought to be stated in this connection that the really great debaters in that body never waste time. They know what they want to say; they say it, and then quit.

I have said that the longest speech that a member of the House can make without unanimous consent is one hour. The House of Representatives is the most severely critical and at the same time the fairest audience that a man ever addressed. If he is making a speech worthy of being extended, except on the rare occasions when time is the essence of things, the limit will be extended. For instance, in opening the debate on the Payne Tariff Bill, Mr. Payne, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, spoke two days, using almost nine hours. Being the ranking Democrat on the Ways and Means Committee, I spoke five hours. To state the exact truth, Mr. Payne held the floor for about nine hours and I for about five hours, but a large part of the time of each was consumed by short debates on various items with members. When he began, I asked that he be allowed to speak without limit. When I began Mr. Mann of Illinois did the same for me. Both speeches were largely explanatory. Neither of us could afford to shut any member out or refuse to answer a reasonable question. Of course these were exceptional cases, but a great many speeches in the House exceed the hour limit, and rarely is the extension of time denied to a man making an interesting speech. The rule, however, has taught men to try to condense their speeches more than in earlier days.

The best debating in the House is done under the five-minute rule, but that is, within certain limits, elastic. If a man is making a telling speech, he can usually secure at least one extension of five minutes. The five-minute rule is exceedingly valuable as a time-saver. In a speech of that length you can have neither exordium nor peroration. You must seize the sub-

ject, waste no words, and state your ideas succinctly and tersely. As many young men ambitious to succeed as public speakers may read this article, I refer them to the three days and nights of debate touching the rules of the House which occurred on the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth of March, 1910, particularly to the hour's debate on the nineteenth. I regard that debate as among the very best samples of speech-making under the five-minute rule. Few of the speeches exceeded the limit. They were clear, strong, terse, and to the point, and with scarcely a superfluous word. One or two of them was really eloquent. I take pride in stating that, while the excitement was intense, the interest profound, and the question at issue of great importance, and while during a large part of that time the members were both hungry and sleepy, there was scarcely an unparliamentary word. It was serious work, performed in a serious way by serious men. Some bitter things were said, but they were said in words entirely parliamentary and polite. The situation afforded great temptation for wild talk, because every man that spoke had reason to believe that if he said anything outré or bizarre it would be applauded by the galleries and reproduced in the public press. But to the credit of the American Congress be it said that everything was done decently and in order. It gave admirable proof of man's capacity for self-government.

The best maker of short speeches that I have ever heard was Thomas Brackett Reed of Maine. I have heard several members who could excel him in a long speech, I have heard many men more eloquent, I have heard better logicians; but as a short speech-maker he excelled them all. It may seem like an unfriendly commentary on his speeches to say that they were good exactly in proportion to their brevity; but just the opposite is intended. Every one of his short speeches was *multum in parvo*. The longest speech I ever heard him make was one of an hour and a half in favor of the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman Law. Any judge of oratory will say that the first half of that speech is much stronger than the latter half, and that so far as Reed's reputation for speech-making is concerned, it would have been better had he closed at the end of forty-five minutes. The last half was better than most men could do, but it was not as good as he could do when at his best.

The most effective thirty minutes' speech I ever heard in sixteen years' service in the House of Representatives was that of William L. Wilson of West Virginia, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee in the 53d Congress, closing the debate on the Wilson Tariff Bill. It possessed every element of a "fetching" speech. It was argumentative, it showed great learning, and it was witty, eloquent, and persuasive. It thrilled men's hearts like strains of martial music. It rallied the wavering to his support and caused his followers to feel like soldiers charging the enemy's works. Wilson was one of the finest gentlemen that ever lived.

Reed and Wilson were the commanding figures in that great debate. In personal appearance and in mental equipment they were in marked contrast. Reed was blond, with jet-black eyes; Wilson was dark. Physically, Reed was a tremendously large man, standing over six feet in his stockings and weighing close to three hundred pounds; Wilson was of slight build and did not weigh over a hundred and forty. Reed had served in the Union Army, Wilson in the Confederate. When Reed entered Congress, he had been Attorney-General of Maine and stood at the head of the bar of that State; when Wilson was first elected to Congress, he was President of the University of West Virginia. Reed was a scholar and an omnivorous reader. So was Wilson. Men admired Reed; they loved Wilson. Reed spoke with a pronounced New England nasal twang; Wilson with a rich Southern accent. Wilson was defeated for reëlection in 1894, served two years as Postmaster-General, and spent the remnant of his days as President of Washington and Lee University, well beloved not only by his students and fellow-teachers, but by all who knew him; Reed, disappointed of the Presidency and at war with his party on the annexation policy, retired from Congress in disgust and practised law in New York City, where, in four or five years, he accumulated a fortune of half a million dollars. The splendid talents, the clean lives, the devotion to the country of these two men, are among the priceless treasures of the Republic.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

MAYOR GAYNOR'S APPEAL AGAINST THE YELLOW PRESS

IN his remarkable letter to his sister concerning the attempt upon his life, Mayor Gaynor added to his distinguished public services in non-partizan activity another of supreme value, which it is to be hoped has set men and women thinking as never before on the subject of sensational journalism. There are prominent and well-meaning citizens who pooh-pooh the assertion that the "yellow" newspapers are both a direct and an insidious incitement to disorder. With an optimism that is half-cowardice and half-indolence, they go on supporting these organs of lawlessness, if not by advertising with them, at least by buying them and apologizing for them. Through their vulgar pages these fathers of families both perceptibly and imperceptibly infect their sons and daughters with false notions and wrong standards, which, till one gather figs of thistles, cannot fail to work the destruction of most that is wholesome and beautiful in life. If these tainted journalists undertake any public work of value, it is only donning the livery of heaven to serve the devil in. Hypocrites and egotists as they are, they turn everything to their own gain and glorification. As a mere matter of editorial routine they foment class hatred, defame character, invent lies, distort the truth, spy at keyholes, and play fast-and-loose with ordinary decencies. They demoralize the men and women of their staffs by imposing these policies upon their self-respect, and, prating of liberty and honesty, poison the mental food that bears their hideous label.

The American people, in one respect, seem to be like children: we learn chiefly by shock. It is only when some cataclysm of violence rouses our dormant imagination that we consider whither we are being driven by the license of the press. The weak-minded assassins of Garfield and McKinley were impelled to their deeds by what they read in sensational papers; and the purpose of the assailant of Mr. Gaynor was probably accelerated by the violent and brutal attacks upon the mayor by a yellow journal. How many more of the people's representatives in high places must be sacrificed to false ideas of the liberty of the press!

Mayor Gaynor's service goes farther than mere denunciation of this state of affairs. He believes that something practical can be done to abolish it. He says:

> Such journalism is, of course, in absolute defiance of the criminal law, and it did enter my mind to publicly call on the grand juries and the district attorney to protect me from it, but I was weak and feared people would say I was thin-skinned. But the time is at hand when these journalistic scoundrels have got to stop or get out, and I am ready now to do my share to that end. They are absolutely without souls. If decent people would refuse to look at such newspapers the thing would right itself at once. The journalism of New York City has been dragged to the lowest depth of degradation. The grossest railleries and libels, instead of honest statements and fair discussion, have gone on unchecked. One cannot help sympathizing with the decent newspapers.

It is devoutly to be hoped that a remedy at law may yet be found for this crying evil and national disgrace, a way of reaching the "accessories before the fact." If not, the appeal to decent people may be made more effective, if respectable editors, who have at heart the honor and welfare of their profession, would see their duty in disavowing and disfellowing the editors who have dragged it in the mire. If something is not soon accomplished, we are likely to have a League for Curbing the License of the Press. Meantime, here is a field for the quiet activity of the intelligent and modest women of the country.

The evil is not confined to New York; it is found in other cities from Boston to

San Francisco. Its cleverness blinds many an editor to its infamy. It is a disease of the time and touches all classes, and all are interested in its cure. It is of long and insidious growth, and it will take a long time to overcome it. The mayor says, "I am ready now to do my share." Are we?

LAWLESSNESS AND LABOR-LEADERSHIP

LABOR riots with loss of life and destruction of property in the capital of imperial, army-ruled Germany, and state-wide strikes with the usual accompaniment of outrages and dynamite throughout republican France, are the most recent signs that wholesale lawlessness in connection with the coercive methods of organized labor are not due to national peculiarities or political forms. They are somehow interwoven with common human passions and motives, and for this reason, if we are ever to have disputes between employers and organized labor without lawlessness, it will be due to the unremitting efforts of labor-leaders toward peaceful methods. Until their followers have been educated to believe that labor-union success with lawlessness can never be permanent, and until labor-union men are raised to a state of discipline which yields obedience to such wise leadership, all seeming improvement will be illusory. Labor-union success after violence is only a truce which lays another burden of fear and cost upon the future.

The Los Angeles outrage, of diabolical cruelty and frightful menace for the future, preceded the foreign events referred to by only a few days. Resistance to the demands of organized labor grew into a contest by means of boycott, and by organized counter-efforts to exist with non-union labor. The leading support of the latter party was General Harrison Gray Otis and his newspaper, and, wherever the immediate responsibility may be found to lie, it is indisputable that it was this action on his part that caused the miscreants to blow up with dynamite the offices and employees of his newspaper. A score of dead men, and the ruins of valuable property lend emphasis to argument, but are not conclusive.

We sympathize with General Otis and the maimed and the families of the slain because in a civilized community they have been cruelly despoiled by barbarous methods. And also we sympathize with the labor-union leaders of California because some of them will be held morally responsible, when it is inconceivable that they could have instigated or encouraged acts so dastardly and so detrimental to the cause of organized labor. Some of them have offered large rewards for the apprehension of the criminals, and others have denounced the outrage in terms not to be excelled. Both methods of showing abhorrence are laudable, but they do not reach the source of all the trouble, which is the state of mind, or sentiment, cultivated by the attitude of organized labor toward laboring men not of their way of thinking, and toward employers who successfully resist their demands.

It is that state of mind which incites fanatics and sympathizers to do the acts which injure the cause of labor, because they seem to be done to further objects sought by labor-unions. The folly and irresponsibility of these acts cultivate a growing conviction on the part of the general public that strikes and lawlessness are inseparable. Only the leaders of labor have the influence to produce a peaceful attitude in times of trial, and if they are evading their duty as impracticable or as beyond their power, then a crisis is impending which will try the strength of the nation; for every day's budget of events confirms the truth that lawlessness of all kinds is on the increase, from the frivolous excesses of those who are amused by unruliness, to the atrocities of those who look for class advantage by methods which destroy and kill.

In 1858, Abraham Lincoln said: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free." Events proved that he was right. Now, after the lapse of half a century, another labor crisis is brewing, and the immediate question is not whether our civilization *can* endure with labor half union and half non-union, but whether union labor will permit it to endure on that basis. The alternative is something very much like war, now in the guerrilla stage, that inevitably will advance to the usual conclusion of blood and ashes. The choice lies with

used and dingy, which she held in her hand when she rushed into my room on this memorable morning.

The Monster had pounded at dawn, and thinking that he had done his worst, I had just fallen asleep again when, as from a gust of wind, my door flew open and Madame burst in, distraught, terror-stricken, and quite out of her head with excitement. I caught the words "trouble" and *"grande calamité"* as my shutters were thrown wide.

With my own heart beating at the sudden apparition, I sprang to a sitting posture. Had some one been murdered?

She made no direct answer to my question, but, coming to my bedside, began hurriedly arranging on my blankets the dingy pack of cards.

"Mademoiselle must look!" she cried, her voice harsh with fright. "See what they have just told me! They never lie. There is Monsieur, and there are his family and the *homme d'affaire*. And there—there is the treacherous blonde," and she pointed frantically to the king and the queen and the knave and two other face-cards.

"But the trouble, Madame—what is it?" I asked, looking up at her, knowing I must say something.

"Mademoiselle does not see?" she answered, glaring fiercely at me. "Monsieur is *ill!* The family are praying round his bed, and that horrible blonde is standing by so that he cannot write."

Not having the courage to confess my ignorance of all card-readings, I turned away instead, and looked down again at the supposedly sick gentleman on my blankets, surrounded by his anxious children and that treacherous Queen of Hearts, on whose face Madame now held a finger pressed hard, as if she would then and there crush out the very life of the blonde lady underneath.

It was a moment I would not care to relive, alone at dawn with this affrighted creature. There was something so terrible, too, in the tensity of that stained finger that I shook. Yet all the time it fascinated me, holding me to it as to the gleam of an unknown eye that catches one in the dark. Hate was in its pressure, revenge, and agony. There could be no question of the agony; that finger was the wire along which hot, tumultuous currents had throbbed. Madame was suffering from superstitions, fears, perhaps, but real to her, and a universal sisterhood of pain bound me to her without distinction of place or position. Compassion stirred in me, and looking up, I asked gently, my whole heart in my question:

"Can I do anything?"

"Do anything!" she cried, and tossing up her arms, she broke into a paroxysm of weeping. No glistening dewdrops now rolling down her cheeks; no bright eyes shining into mine through tears filled with subtle homage. The soul of her was weeping.

"What can one do?" she groaned when able to articulate. "It is life; but it is terrible to suffer and keep still, never to say a word because one has promised, never to ask, only to wait, with hands beating the air. *Mon Dieu!* it is terrible, terrible, terrible! Mademoiselle understands?"

Her face was toward me as she finished, and the eyes that searched into mine were, like those of some lost animal, strained in question. I did understand, and wanted to comfort her, but, helpless, I remembered that I had no clue to work upon. She had really told me nothing of her life, nor had I asked for more particulars about Alphonse. All that I knew was that that gifted painter came back no more. Reason enough, I thought with a choke in my throat, but I found no words of comfort. She did not seem to miss them, for just as I was sinking under a sense of my own inability to soothe her, her face had changed again.

"I forgot," she said gravely. "There is St. Anthony to whom I can pray. He always helps. I will carry flowers to the good saint. Mademoiselle will accompany me to the church?"

I promised,—what else could I do?—St. Anthony being one of my best-beloved saints, and the tattered leaves of women's hearts a familiar book. Some consolation, I thought, might be vouchsafed her, and, at any cost, the strain of the present interview must be relieved. Smiling all the encouragement I could muster, I suggested two o'clock for our visit, and Madame, overwhelmed with gratitude and praying God to bless me, went off to prepare my bath.

As the morning wore on, however, and I could hear from my seat in the vine-

scribing the effect of his own imaginative, wholesome, and tonic poetry, when he made the wind-harp say,

> For I can mend the happiest days
> And charm the anguish of the worst.

FORESTRY AND THE ARMY

THE appalling destruction of life and property by fire in the national forests during the past summer gives timeliness to the admirable suggestion of a permanent system of patrol of these regions, made in 1893 by Professor Charles S. Sargent of Harvard, the well-known authority on American forests, and head of the Forest Commission in President Cleveland's administration. It comprises substantially the following features:

1. Forestry instruction at West Point: the establishment of a chair of forestry at the United States Military Academy, to be supplemented by practical study in the woods and by personal inspection of foreign systems of forestry.

2. An experimental forest reservation: the purchase on the Highlands near West Point (or elsewhere) of a small territory for the use of the proposed new branch of instruction.

3. Control by educated officers: the assignment of the best-educated of these officers to the supervision of the forest reservations.

4. The enlistment of a forest guard: a body of local foresters, to be specially enlisted for the purpose of carrying out the principles of forestry thus taught.

In our opinion there is much to commend in this plan. The permanence, fidelity, and independence of the army; the need of more avenues of activity for graduates of West Point; the honorable and useful character of the work; the demonstrated failure of local control of national reservations such as the Yosemite Valley, and the pressing need of scientific instruction as a *sine qua non* of success—these considerations all argue strongly for this plan.

It was in the above words that we recommended this plan in THE CENTURY for January, 1894. Since then the study of forestry has grown apace in civil institutions, but this in no way affects the practicability of Professor Sargent's suggestion. As the army is always called upon to fight these conflagrations, a way might readily be found to utilize it as a permanent patrol without interfering with the supreme control of the Forestry Bureau.

OPEN LETTERS

ON THE CONGRESSMAN THAT DOES N'T COUNT

To a Representative in Congress, from a Dissatisfied Constituent

Dear Colonel B——:

Having been away from our congressional district during the recent election, I was not able to see you, and I take this method of writing to you on a subject which has been much on my mind.

You have now been a representative of the fifth district for four terms. It was to me a matter of considerable wonder why, in the prevalent conditions of political life, you should ever have wished to give up a fairly lucrative position as a lawyer in order to become what in candor you will admit you have been for the last eight years, to wit: an office-broker, a pension-agent, and a seed-distributor. I have kept a close eye on your career, partly out of curiosity and partly because I felt that you did not take seriously enough your position as a representative.

I am aware that there is a feeling in Congress that a man must wait two or three terms before asserting his individuality or his personality in Congress. I think it all the more admirable, therefore, in Senator Beveridge that he refused to take the position of a freshman in the Senate of the United States, where he was entitled, from the moment that he took his seat, to equal rights for himself and his State even with so overpowering and important a commonwealth as the State of Rhode Island. It is, perhaps, the fault of the constitution of the House that members feel that they must learn the rules of the game thoroughly before they begin to play it, but it seems to me that if the fifth district is ever to count in its relationship to the nation, the time has come when something should be heard from you. It is not merely that you are under obligation to earn your salary of $7500 a year, but the obligation is not less to you to make yourself felt in the pressing problems which are constantly arising in Congress, and to the solution of which, to do you entire justice, you have the power of making important contributions. We have heard a great deal of your participation in the party caucuses, and there is no suspicion that you have ever kicked over the party traces. The result is that the only time you seem to count is in a roll-call.

During your various contests for the nomination and election, the rumblings of discontent in various parts of the district have from time to time been quieted temporarily by your citations from American history to show that the communities which have enjoyed the most notable service at Washington have been those which had the wisdom to keep the same man there indefinitely, since the old men in Congress are of value as much for their experience and the prestige which comes with seniority as for their natural endowments. Grant all this to Webster and Clay, Benton and Calhoun, and many others, each of whom had his name associated with great measures of constructive legislation; but what have been your great measures, may I ask? And what have you stood for, except periodically for reëlection? A careful search of the "Congressional Record" as to your participation in important legislation reveals the following:

> Mr. B——, rising to a point of order, called attention to the fact that the member then speaking was addressing the House instead of the Chair, in violation of the rules. The Speaker sustained the point and admonished the offender.

I do find occasional mention of your name outside of the proceedings of the House. I clip every one and paste it in a scrap-book, which I think of labeling "The Statesman's Progress." Here is one:

> Among the callers at the White House to-day was Congressman B——, who has a vacancy to fill in his home post-office. Mr. B—— was a few minutes late for his appointment with the President. He had been detained two hours at the Treasury, waiting to talk to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue in behalf of a gager in his district who is charged with accepting a bribe from a local distiller. Both the accused men are of some political importance, and their names have thus far been kept out of print, as Mr. B——is encouraged to hope that he can get the case dismissed.

And again, in an account of your appearance one day at the Department of Commerce and Labor:

> Mr. B——wished to see the Secretary in person, as he has locked horns with the Director of the Census over the appointment of a supervisor in his district. The man selected by the Director was a former college professor with a large experience in statistical work; but Mr. B—— insists upon having a "practical" man. It is understood that his choice for the place is his own campaign manager. "A professional statistician is all right for handling the figures after they 're in," he remarked to the newspaper men this morning, "but a fellow I have tested myself for a dozen years, and who can forecast returns a month ahead, and hit them right four times out of five, is a good enough expert for me. What 's more, I expect to land my man."

Since you are going into the business of landing men rather than constructing legislation, I should be glad to learn whom you have chosen for our postmaster. Not fewer than five of our townsmen have brought me their petitions to sign, each of them saying that he was sure of your support, and three of the five assuring me, separately and in confidence, that they had gone to Washington, been taken by you to call upon the Postmaster-General, and been introduced to that dignitary as "the gentleman whose name I have been pressing upon you for the postmastership." Would it be impertinent to inquire how many postmasters you purpose to have appointed to the charge of this one office? And do you contemplate hitching them to the job abreast or tandem?

Seriously, has not the time come for a man of your ability to realize that you are a physician to the body politic and that your business as a support of constitutional government is to address yourself to discovering what things are wrong in the administration of our system and to lend your force toward setting them right? You may plead that at the present you have not enough leisure from the office, seed, and pension businesses, and the correspondence incident thereto, and from visiting constituents who desire to be presented to the President; but I believe that the time is coming when the executive departments will be declared "out

earrings! She did not budge, nor did a muscle of the face betray her as she looked unswervingly at me.

I was intent on the pointed fagot. Nearer and nearer it came. Just as it was touching the pearl, I said quietly, in casual tones, hardly knowing what I said:

"But that is not polite, Monsieur!"

My words brought him staggering to a sudden halt. I had chosen well. The accusation was a blow which no Frenchman can withstand.

His evil eye began devouring me, but my steady gaze on the earring did not waver. This made him angry.

"The pavement is for every one," he flared out. "I have as much right to it as she has."

"The road is there," I answered, now in love with my own casual tones. Madame never said a word.

"It is *le terrain de France,*" he growled. "She cannot keep me off."

"Ce n'est pas poli," I repeated as casually as before. "We are women, you are a man."

Again he reeled, and again his evil eye devoured me. Then he stepped back, disengaged one hand, and, raising it to his head, slunk away.

According to all that was proper to women unaccustomed to such encounters, I should have been trembling by this time, the danger being over. But I was not. A curious sense of elation had possession of me. I felt as a child might have done who with a pop-gun had brought down an eagle.

Madame was looking hard at me.

"Mademoiselle sees now," she said in quiet, convincing tones, "that it is not my fault in anything, *jamais, jamais.*" Then, as if nothing even so exciting as killing a wasp had occurred, she called again to Lolotte and started off, saying, "It will be too late for St. Anthony unless we hurry."

We took the road through the forest. I was glad of that, for only three minutes on the high-road and a sharp turn to the left plunged us into eternal shadows, where the lights flickered as through cathedral windows. There was benediction in the colors; the purple-gray trunks of giant beeches rose out of a carpet of brown leaves to which long, unmolested years had lent a thousand tones. It was like entering some holy place, with its compelling silences. All thought of monsters was left behind.

Madame spoke first, but in a voice so subdued that I turned to her in wonder.

"It is always calm here," she began. "I come often when I am sad. Monsieur and I have walked everywhere. And Mademoiselle sees how majestic the trees are, how noble. Monsieur told me about them, and that the spirits of great men when they die are allowed to dwell in them, giving peace and counsel to those who walk beneath. That is why I come, to listen. They talk to me, as he said they would. When they bend their branches, it is to courtesy, and to say: 'Go on, my children. I am here. There is no trouble that can frighten you.' And sometimes when they toss their branches high, it is to say: 'Have courage! All is well above. Look up! Look up!' These, Mademoiselle, were Monsieur's very words." Her own eyes were lifted, as if her prayers had already begun.

Her rapture transported me unto an irresistible enthusiasm, and I felt my heart go out to her. I began to wish, too, that I might some day meet Alphonse. Poet, he must be, as well as gifted painter. And how true it seemed to me, this legend of the great ones being permitted to dwell in those branches spread out beneath the skies, sheltering birds that sang, as if they, too, remote from earth's disquietudes, were also calling to us, "Look up!"

As we strolled slowly, she pointed out to me a thousand beauties I had missed: the color of a vine, the delicacy of a flower, the play of a sunbeam on the moss. My astonishment grew. "Could this be Madame," I asked myself—"the woman who had chased the butcher boy, and who not many moments before had squared herself for a fight with the Monster? Or had I only discovered at last the real woman in her, alive to every sentiment, and a lover of the beautiful, all the rest of her being only a victim of oppressing circumstance? This, at least, was a side that no one could have withstood, so gentle, so rapt, so absorbed in nature. The other part of her, with its tempestuous passions, had faded, and I felt myself going through one of those moments when the whole conception of another is changed. Then suddenly I heard her sigh.

"I must smoke," she broke out. "Life is too strong for me." Taking out one of her sulphur matches, she struck it on a

rehearsals and performances teach the beginner things he cannot find out for himself in his study. He can learn them only in the theater itself—and at the expense of the manager. He must learn from his failures. And this is the explanation of the apparent paradox that the man who has had three or four failures is held to be a professional, whereas the man whose work has not yet been acted is an amateur, an outsider, a person whom the manager wisely dreads. And it is the manager whom you have to capture, first of all. Without him you can do nothing. You depend upon him for your chance to show what is in you.

This is the reason why you must not be too bold, too original, too individual, in your earliest plays. The time for self-expression, for putting into a play your full vision of the universe, will come later, when you have mastered the craft and when you have won the right to a hearing. Some of the strongest of modern plays would have been rejected had they been the work of unknown writers. You must be modest at the start. Give the public what it is used to expecting, even if you also give it something a little different. No great advance in any art was ever made by a novice; and it is only the old stagers who are daring and who can risk a new departure.

As you desire to have your drama acted, study actors. See how they get their effects. Try to get hold of the essential principles of the histrionic art. Read Lewes's "On Actors and the Art of Acting." Read actors' autobiographies, especially Colley Cibber's and Jefferson's, both of them rich in information and suggestion. If you get the chance, see different actors play the same part, and see the same piece performed by different companies.

One word more. Always do your best. Write for the public, of course, but do not write down to the mob. On the contrary, write up to the public, which always stands ready to welcome the best that any man can give it, if only he has something to say and if he has learned to say it satisfactorily on the stage.

Sheridan Steele, Jr.

ON MODERN PRISON MANAGEMENT

From the Warden of the Minnesota State Prison to the Editor

IN the September number of THE CENTURY I read with much interest the article written by "John Carter" under the heading of "Prison Life as I Found It." I was also interested in and pleased with your editorial comment, in which I find new hope and encouragement for the future.

I believe Mr. Carter meant to be fair and impartial in his story. I also think he deserved a pardon. Mr. Carter is not now, nor do I believe he ever was, a criminal by nature. His sentence was unjust, and the history of his case is not a wholesome reflection upon the judicial and law-making powers of our good State. I am glad that the boy now has an opportunity to show the good that is evidently in him.

The history of this man will prove of benefit to the people of this State as well as to many others. Of our many modern social problems the prison problem surely is not one of the least.

I think that we in Minnesota have solved some of the many prison problems, but in justice to the important movement for better things along this line, now going on all over the country, I must acknowledge that our most important work lies still ahead. Let me mention briefly some things we have done in Minnesota.

All degrading forms of punishment have been abolished. Our rules are so balanced and the administration of them so adjusted as to make the man feel that if he is punished, the punishment is inflicted by himself, and whenever and wherever possible he is treated as a free, moral agent, with helpful encouragement to work out his own salvation along lines of least resistance.

We have the grading and parole system in practical operation, and through it are able to reach and help most of the unfortunate inmates as they show reasonable evidence of a desire and purpose to live right and obey the law. We try to make the spirit of the institution recognize the potent principle that a man saved is a citizen gained, but that a criminal made is a citizen lost, and that the loss is a disgrace to the State.

We have a good school that we keep open eight months in each year. The course includes the common branches and about one year in high-school work. Advanced accounting, the industrial history of the United States, general history, and commercial law are the more advanced subjects.

We have a clean newspaper, "The Prison Mirror," edited and managed by the inmates. It does job-printing and binding for the institution and some for other State institutions, for which it gets credit. The "Mirror" is well managed and self-supporting. If I were asked to express an opin-

ion as to the most valuable feature of the "Mirror" as reflected in the lives of the inmates, I should say it is the ample means it provides for healthful, individual expression, which cannot be so well accomplished in any other way.

We have reason to believe that the grading and parole system, with its modern accessories, now in practical operation at the Minnesota State Prison teaches by incentive, encouragement, and example the following principles:

First: That the violator of the law is an enemy of social order, and while thus making war upon society, he is surely destroying himself.

Second: That every human being is responsible for his conduct to his Maker and to society, and that, as a violator of the law, he is called to account not for punishment, but for correction.

Third: That the laws of God, the laws of government, and the laws of social order are good and just and humane, in so far as human intelligence can interpret the first and human judgment and justice the other two.

The inmate is given practical industrial training and taught how to earn his own living, respect the property rights of others, and have respect for the law.

We try to separate the good from the bad, the responsible from the irresponsible, and thus to promote justice, humanity, and social order.

We keep the star of hope ever in view and emphasize the maxim that "It is never too late to mend."

Nearly three fourths of the prison population are employed on State account in the manufacture of binding twine and farm machinery, which yields a handsome profit to the State and is proving a direct benefit to the taxpayers of the commonwealth. All of the population will soon be employed on these two industries, neither one of which is carried on elsewhere in the State. Therefore, the competition with free labor is at the minimum. At the same time, the taxpayers of our own State will get the benefit. We believe we have progressively solved the convict labor problem.

We are now authorized by law to give earnings to deserving prisoners as a reward for good conduct and efficient service. The elasticity of the law allows the State Board of Control, in its discretion, to make special provision for the poor and needy families of the convict, whether he is deserving or not.

With the completion of our new prison, we shall be able to correct most, if not all, of the defects mentioned by Mr. Carter. Some of them have already been corrected; but when we get into the new prison we shall be able to do something worth while.

Henry Wolfer,
Warden,
Minnesota Prison.

A CHANGE OF HEART

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

By day a bird I 'd be,
And soar the heavens high with songs of glee;
But when the night doth fall,
And dreamy thoughts begin to call,
And birds that sing
Sleep with their heads beneath their wing,
Or in some kindly barn do woo repose
With only wisps of straw to warm their toes,
Or sink to rest
In some unroofed, uncomfortable nest,
I change my mind, and am content to be
Me.

A RAILWAY WRECK

BY HENRY AUSTIN

He lies amid a railroad wreck,
In calm and smiling rest,
One stranded car against his neck,
The engine on his breast.

He sleeps the sleep that kens no care,
No haunting dream of dread;
He will not wake, like us, to share
In the fierce fight for bread.

Yet in his rare, celestial sleep,
If, as may hap, he dreams,
The world of his enchantment deep
With fairy fancies teems.

Visions more strange than ever played
  Pranks in a poet's brain
Without a shade of doubt pervade
  His wondrous dream domain.

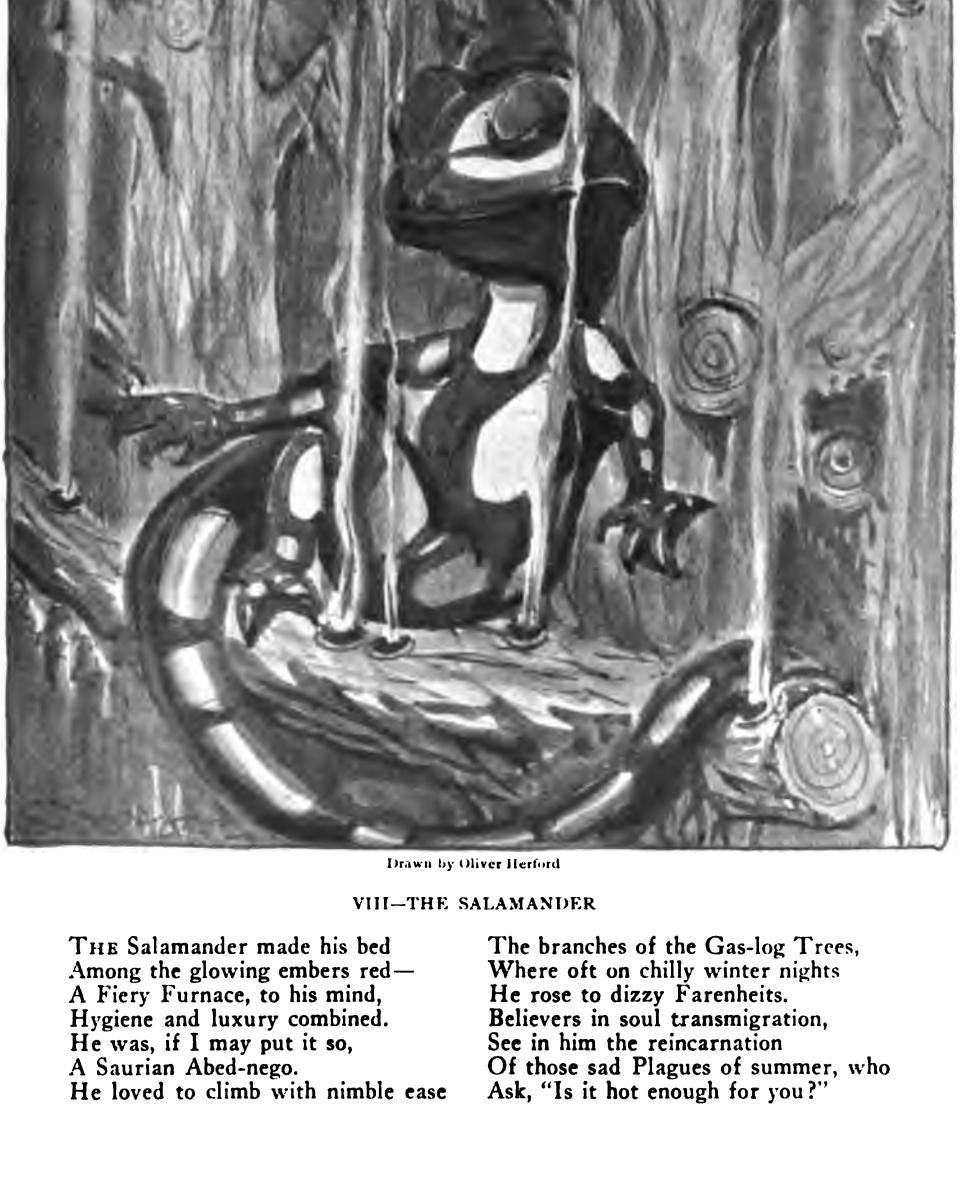
No wrecks of hope or love be there,
  No sad, no sordid things,
But chariots fair, beyond compare,
  That move on radiant wings.

I cast on him an envious glance,
  Amid that wreck serene.
His beauty and his calm enhance
  The humor of the scene.

Humor amid a wreck to see?
  The riddle 's easy read:
He took—that elf who dwells with me—
  His "chu-chu" train to bed.

MYTHOLOGICAL ANIMALS

TEXT AND PICTURES BY OLIVER HERFORD



Drawn by Oliver Herford

VIII—THE SALAMANDER

THE Salamander made his bed
Among the glowing embers red—
A Fiery Furnace, to his mind,
Hygiene and luxury combined.
He was, if I may put it so,
A Saurian Abed-nego.
He loved to climb with nimble ease
The branches of the Gas-log Trees,
Where oft on chilly winter nights
He rose to dizzy Farenheits.
Believers in soul transmigration,
See in him the reincarnation
Of those sad Plagues of summer, who
Ask, "Is it hot enough for you?"

MOTHERING ON PERILOUS

I. THE TWO HOMESICKS

BY LUCY FURMAN

Author of "Stories of a Sanctified Town"

AS far back as early September, Mrs. Nervesty Salyer, coming in to bring gifts to her boys (a watermelon in one side of the saddle-bags, a dozen fat paw-paws and six ginger cakes in the other), had told Miss Loring that her Cousin Emmeline's funeral occasion was set for the fourth Saturday and Sunday in October, and had asked that Keats and Hen be permitted to make a visit home at that time, in order to attend and show their respects. She kindly added an invitation to Miss Loring to come with them. It was thought best that this should be the little Salyers' first visit home.

Besides teaching gardening and music at the Settlement School on Perilous Creek, Miss Loring also lived over at the cottage with the twelve youngest boys and tried to be a mother to them. Of course they were all dreadfully homesick; so much so that the first week of school, when the Woodwork Teacher, who, with the best of intentions, was only a man, had lived at the cottage, ten of the twelve had run away home. The two who stayed, Philip Floyd and Geordie Yonts, had at the time no homes to run to, and, anyway, they had been in the school part of the previous term and were more used to things. Keats Salyer, a pretty, auburn-haired boy of eleven, was the most homesick of all, and he had run away twice that first week, both times being brought back promptly by his Spartan mother, who cruelly declared that he had to stay there with "the women" and get learning if it killed him dead. The last time she had also brought his younger brother Hen, who was nine, and, as she said, not so tender-hearted as Keats, to keep him company. Also, about that time Miss Loring had come over from the Big House to live with the boys; and after Keats found a sympathetic bosom to weep on, life became more endurable. Of course he continued very melancholy, and in the mornings while he was back cleaning the chicken-yard, Miss Loring's heart would be wrung by hearing him chant a most dismal song:

"Oh, bury me not on the broad pa-ra-a-ree,
Where the wild ky-oats will holler over me!"

It was indeed a happy day to her when this at last gave place to the more cheerful one:

"Wisht I was a little turkle-dove,
Setting on a limb so high;
I 'd take my darling on my knee,
And bid this world good-by."

Hen, too, while less vocal of his woes than Keats, and never permitting them to interfere with food or play, talked so persistently about Nervesty and home on every possible occasion, that the brothers were promptly named by Philip "the two homesicks." Not that anybody jeered at them unduly on the subject: there is small room for the pot to call the kettle black.

During the after-supper play-hour, while the other boys, including Hen, were out playing whoop-hide, fox-and-dogs, or shinny (when not fighting), Keats usually sat with Miss Loring, telling her about Nervesty Salyer and the four little brothers and sisters at home, especially Sammy the baby, who was best of all, and the

A RHYME OF THE OLD-TIME COUNTRY DOCTOR

BY W. GILMAN THOMPSON, M.D.

I

Oh, where is the good country doctor of yore,
With his gold-headed cane
And his manner urbane?
Is he wholly forgotten or just "gone before"?

He rode his gray mare, with his saddle-bags, filled
With all sort of syrups,
Swung in front of his stirrups,
Where they could n't be broken and could n't be spilled.

And then, if he found you were like to grow worse,
Unless you would "chance it,"
With his pocket lancet
He 'd bleed your full veins, but not your lean purse.

II

Such was the good country doctor of old.
He was in at the birth and in at the death,
Or whenever, between, you felt short of breath:
A sort of good shepherd for the whole village fold.

Drawn by John Wolcott Adams

THE DOCTOR'S CALL

He carried there, too, as his armamentarium,
Delectable potions,
Miraculous lotions,
And numerous remedies, so he could vary 'em.

There were calomel, steel, and syrup of squills,
With rhubarb and senna
Fit for raising Gehenna
When they made explorations to seek out your ills.

In practice, though not always fin-de-sigh-eekle,
Yet so learned was he,
He would give you sage tea,
And add to sage counsel a big dose of treacle.

He was not always versed in the latest new theory,
But if he 'd not read it, he
'D simply rely on the patient's heredity,
A topic of which he never grew weary.

He distinctly remembered your grandfather's gout
And not less distinctly your grandmother's asthma,
As mingled anew in your own blood plasma,
For the sins of the parents most surely will out.

He 'd give advice, too, on the state of the crops,
Or if, at his visit, you chanced to be havin'
A favorite horse with a bad case of spavin,
He 'd order a poultice, fresh made out of hops.

Guide, counselor, friend to the end of life's journey,
When he gave his last pill,
He would witness your will
And cheerfully act as your unpaid attorney.

III

Could he return and see us now,
So filled with fancies and with fads
Believing the alluring "ads"—
Electric combs and liver-pads—

Drawn by John Wolcott Adams

THE DOCTOR'S GIG

Doubtless he would wonder how
Things ever came to such a pass,
For even in his State of Mass.
Are met strange sights, alack, alas!

He 'd see men placing sole reliance
On walking barefoot in the grass;
Or eating only garden sass;
Or raising hair beneath blue glass.
He 'd see how pseudo-science seizes
The human body's checkered squares,
Now parceled out in separate shares,
Each to a specialist who dares
To give new names to old diseases.
To have an "etis" or an "itis"
For everything that out of sight is,
Undoubtedly entirely right is;
For the troubled mind it eases.
Thus, in describing what their plight is,
Some prefer appendi*ceet*- and some
appendi*cite*-is;
And croupous muco-laryngitis
Sounds much better than "the wheezes."
The layman having long desired
A special name for being tired,
Thus "neurasthenia" was sired.

But would n't our old friend look solemn
To observe the delusion
That all sorts of confusion
Results from the fusion
Of kinks in the spinal column?
And what would he say
In his genial way
If he came back to-day
And studied the fashions in minds—
"New Thought" and "Mind-Healing,"
And psychical dealing,
With physical feeling
And emotions of various kinds?
Would he prove quite a skeptic
Of things antiseptic
And antidyspeptic?
Would he think his profession's advance
was so glorious
That what used to be said
Was a cold in the head
With a nose that was red,
Comes from Staphylococcus pyogenes
aureus?
And what would he say of our sterilized
milk,
Our new-fangled sutures of sterilized silk,
Our sterilized babies, and things of that
ilk?

Would he swear "By the ghost o' me!
I 've seen humors and fluxions
Working all kinds of 'ructions'
And internal destructions,
But what, pray, is cholecyst'enterostomy?"
Or if that neither here nor there is,
Nothing certainly so rare is
As Meningococcus intracellularis.
For this attacks the spinal cord;
It 's a sort of missing link
And explains in half a wink
What we always used to think
A dispensation of the Lord.
Ah, I fancy he would say
If he came again to-day
And took a fresh survey
Of the whole situation,
"I remember your grand-dads
When they were but little lads;
They 'd far fewer fakes and fads,
But were just about as useful to the nation."

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

MADAME GERVILLE-RÉACHE AS "CARMEN"

FROM THE PAINTING BY IRVING R. WILES

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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OUR PRODUCTION OF "PELLÉAS AND MÉLISANDE"

GIVEN AT THE ABBEY OF SAINT-WANDRILLE IN SEPTEMBER, 1910

BY GEORGETTE LEBLANC-MAETERLINCK[1]

I

I AM slowly awaking from a dream. Men speak of dramatic realization, men speak of theatrical representation, but, to tell the truth, what I have been living through is something different from that. The stage has never been to me what it generally appears to be, a sort of puppet-show in which people with lying faces, false sentiments, and artificial gestures meet to glorify the untrue. I have seen it as a land of dreams where beauty holds sway, where rhythm is ordained, where truth, passing through fiction, finds outlets which it possesses only at the blest hours of our lives—a land of dreams where ugliness is forbidden, where the augmented images of good and evil, of comeliness and unsightliness, arouse the indifferent and quicken the drowsiest consciences; a land, in short, the air and light of which emanate from the poets' genius—a pure air and an eternal light that come and go between the auditorium and the stage, harmonizing our souls and lifting up our hearts. Thanks to this vision, I suffer less than others from the inevitable miseries and the common needs of which theatrical art is to a great extent composed.

Nevertheless, it was the wish to be still closer to my ideal that awoke in me the longing for a dramatic realization in the very heart of life; and, now that I have attempted it, I find that it is one of the most attractive amusements imaginable. What can be more stimulating than to mingle art and nature, illusion and truth; to intrust a part to the most charming things on earth—flowers, trees, rays of light; to know that the evening breeze, while swaying a willow, will lull the softness of a spoken word and model the grace

[1] Written for THE CENTURY; translated from the French by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos.

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of a veil upon the perfection of a body; to think that the echo will herald from vault to vault the steps which we hope or which we dread to hear; to feel that every word will be inscribed upon the virgin silence of the forest, and that the river flowing near at hand will accompany our secrets with its silvery purl! What more exciting than to have the arranging of such a dream! For hours, for weeks, visions seek their place amid fixed beauty; ideas insinuate themselves, wind and cling like ivy to the impassive ruins; and gradually among the mutilated statues, the crumbling towers, and the massive, tattered walls, we see life creep in, penetrating by force and arousing slumbering beauties to clothe them in fresh emotions and sensations. She lays her glowing kiss upon the past, embraces and covers with youth the things about to die, fills the silent vaults with love, and pours affection at the feet of the Virgins whom prayer no longer visits.

II

A WEEK has elapsed since the loves of *Pelléas* and *Mélisande* dwelt at the Abbey of Saint-Wandrille, and I awake from their dream more stirred than when I came out of Dunsinane.[1] The fact is that Shakspere's tragedy, filled with hatred and barbaric ambition, a nightmare of two primitive souls, is too remote from our own more civilized souls to appear probable to us. Even amid real surroundings, "Macbeth" remains a fiction, a drama. The witches' prophecy, *Macbeth's* plot against *King Duncan,* the apparitions of the ghosts, the moving forest, are not these, despite everything, fiction, impossibility?

There was no impossibility in "Pelléas." The misfortunes of the family of Allemonde are made out of our misfortunes; and these spring from our feelings, our instincts, our errors, and our joys. Nothing conflicted with the reality in which we lived, everything blended with it, life mingled with illusion; and, after a few days' rehearsal, the atmosphere of the work prevailed so powerfully that each of us felt his part in a strange and sometimes comical manner. *Pelléas* has gloomy ideas; *Arkël* philosophizes wildly with respect to everything and nothing; *Queen Geneviève* airs a desperate melancholy about the park; *Golaud,* a genial giant whose stature sets the whole village talking, learns his part as he hunts in the woods. At night we see the seven lamps of the seven maid-servants roaming mysteriously far down the corridors, while the starveling group of the *Three Beggars* sits playing dominoes in the sacristy. As for myself, I am changed into a fountain! If an order be wrongly carried out, a parcel mislaid, a rehearsal spoiled, a dress stained, a lawn too smoothly mown, or a tree too closely pruned, I weep. I weep over everything and everybody; I weep floods of tears that saturate my frock and make me look ridiculous. In a few days I find that I must give up thinking of my part and devote myself to carrying my enterprise to a successful issue. Despite this, I remain easily alarmed, soon troubled; and, my mind heavy with anxiety, once more I realize how deeply we feel the part which we are called upon to play. It is an epitome of life. The persons embodied linger in our memory as so many tiny lives lived in a few days and curiously complete, for we see that they exist not only in the words learned, in the gestures required, in the mechanical acts accomplished. No, beyond each face remains the little soul that for an instant has mingled with our own; and to it, as to ourselves, the word, the gesture, the act were the consequence of a more spacious life that baptized them with consciousness and colored them with beauty even as the daylight colors the flowers. Alone among the sad family of Allemonde, *Yniold,* an adorable little girl of eight, danced and gamboled, all heedless of the terrible scenes being enacted around her.

I spoke just now of the servants, the beggars, the garden, the dresses, and the woods. Here all the burdensome and tedious matters of the stage become amusing and picturesque: I speak of the minor parts, the supernumeraries, the properties. We have to find the latter in nature, the former among the peasants; to discipline wild life, to force the novices' minds and awaken their intellects. It is almost touching to see those good people familiarizing themselves with an imaginary world which remains strange to them and which they reverence the more deeply the less they

[1] In August, 1909, Madame Leblanc-Maeterlinck gave at Saint-Wandrille a performance of "Macbeth," in similar circumstances to the recent production of "Pelléas et Mélisande."

From a photograph, copyright by E. O. Hoppé. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

MADAME MAURICE MAETERLINCK

The plan of the House of Governors is so simple that its essence can be given in the brief phrasing in which the idea was first set forth nearly four years ago:

It is proposed that the Governors of the forty-six States meet annually for a session of two to three weeks to discuss, consult and confer on vital questions affecting the welfare of the States as a nation. The House of Governors would have no lawmaking power, nor should it ever aspire to such power. Its force would be in initiative, in inspiration and in influence. The Governors would seek to unite on a general basis of action on great questions to be submitted to the legislatures of the respective States in the Governors' messages. It would seem that an august, dignified body of forty-six Governors representing their States with the lawmaking power of forty-six legislatures behind them, should in time become an inherent part in the American idea of self-government and a powerful factor for good in the nation.

There is in the popular mind a confusion of the "House of Governors" with the conferences on the subject of "The Conservation of Natural Resources" held in Washington in May and December, 1908, in Mr. Roosevelt's presidency. The two projects were originated by different men. The House of Governors is essentially different in aim, method, and basis, and is larger, broader, and more far-reaching in its importance, as may be seen in the brief story of the beginning of this new movement.

It was in recognition of the growing centralization of the Federal Government, the undignified uncertain status of States-rights, and the chaos of conflicting laws in the forty-six States, that the present writer sent in February, 1907, to President Roosevelt and to the State executives advance proofs of a pamphlet suggesting the institution of a new House, a new, deliberative, non-lawmaking body to secure, through its initiative and influence with the legislatures, the passage of needed uniform laws which the Federal Government is powerless to enact because of its Constitutional limitation. The plan proposed is so simple that it requires no Constitutional amendment to put it into effect. More than thirty Governors promptly responded with expressions of cordial approval.

At the Conservation Conference a committee was appointed to arrange time and place for a session of the Governors in a body of their own, independent of the President, and this action resulted in the first meeting of the "House of Governors" in January, 1910. The name "House of Governors" was not officially adopted, nor was any other. The term "Governors' Conference" was used rather as a temporary descriptive term than as a real, final designation, but it is as the House of Governors that it is known generally by the press and public. The adoption of the report of the Plan and Scope Committee of which Justice Hughes, then Governor of New York, was chairman, raised it from the limitation of a mere conference to the dignity of a formal, organized, permanent institution, the details of which will be completed at its second meeting which begins November 29, at Frankfort, Kentucky.

The nation is to-day facing a grave crisis in its career. There are vital problems affecting the welfare of the whole country, that have remained unsolved through the years and that have now reached an acute stage where they *demand* solution. Senator Elihu Root has pointed out fairly and relentlessly the two great dangers confronting the Republic: the danger of the National Government breaking down in its effective machinery through the burdens that threaten to be cast upon it; and the danger that the local self-government of the States may become inefficient through disuse. The House of Governors seems to have in it possibilities of mastering both these evils at one stroke.

There are perhaps fifty great questions in this country to-day wherein uniform laws seem essential for the best interests of all the States, and on these Congress is powerless to act. We need a uniform marriage and divorce law. In our forty-six States there are no two that have the same list of causes for divorce. They vary from no divorce on any ground whatever in South Carolina to twelve in New Hampshire. Divorces are difficult to secure in one State, while another has them on the bargain counter with special attention paid to transient customers. The contradictions, confusion, and injustice of this condition is a blot on the nation. Morality is not a question of geographic

my hair streaming with water, my dress torn to ribbons, and two minutes in which to change. This was done in a great flutter; the maids-of-honor, all devoted friends of my own, were in despair at my condition: one of them tore off my stockings; another wrung my hair over a copper pan; a third cut my tight sleeves, which were absolutely glued to my skin; and, while one held to the fire the long shift in which poor *Mélisande* was to be wrapped, the other prepared the great bed on which she was to die. No doubt the scene was not devoid of picturesqueness; but I was very much astonished when, next morning, the porter said to me in his Norman brogue:

"It 's a great pity the audience came too late for the end."

I looked at him in amazement; and he continued:

"They only saw *Mélisande's* death; but it was finer still when she was being looked after and put to bed."

III

Now that every day covers with a fresh layer of silence what was the dream of a night, I love to cast my eyes once more over all those admirable settings, the patient and minute work of time; for it seems as though all the glorious or melancholy accidents that form the history of Saint-Wandrille had met throughout the centuries to build a natural and peerless cradle for Maeterlinck's work.

The meeting between *Golaud* and *Mélisande* took place at the entrance to the mysterious, patriarchal wood, which is arranged exactly like a stage-scene. Wide avenues, running fan-wise, offer their varying beauty to the imagination; in the middle, through the branches and the tall grasses, you suspect the existence of a path descending the hill that closes the horizon. It is there, midway down the hill, under the last rays of the setting sun, that the little princess is to appear first, small and precious, like a jewel lost in the gigantic forest. I wait, crouching behind a bush. Seven o'clock strikes; a horn gives the first signal; another replies to it; a horseman passes at full gallop, then a huntsman leading a pack of dogs; and all is silence once more. Through the branches I am vaguely aware of the presence of the audience, grouped together in the tents, and I leave my shelter, with heavy drops of water striking my face. A nasty gust of wind shakes the tree-tops, and suddenly night falls. My heart shrinks; I feel that half the immense scenery is about to be lost in the darkness; perhaps I was not even perceived, so high up, all among the branches; and I feel myself so small! In vain I push aside the tall undergrowth, which drenches my bare arms; for it has rained pitilessly all day. My gold-embroidered shoes, my precious shoes, slip in the mud; I clutch at the brambles, which flay my hands. I look up at the sky, where great clouds, like black monsters, seem to be hurrying on some evil errand. Heavens! what will become of all that I have done, of all that I have so fondly striven for, these weeks on end! My anguish mingles with that of the little princess lost in the forest, and a cry escapes from my lips in spite of myself. Then, with one movement, every face is raised, every glance falls upon me, and the mysterious interchange of feeling is effected. They look at *Mélisande*, they see her, they await her coming; and by the unconscious will of those before me I am *Mélisande* and *Mélisande* alone. The fears, the personal anguish, are gone; and until the end of the evening, despite the raging elements, I shall feel them no more. A few bounds bring me to the foot of the hill; my yellow dress with the Eastern embroidery is torn to rags; of my gold-fringed veil only a few strips remain. I pass close in front of the spectators and sink to the ground in a clump of old fir-trees beside the river. I weep, I shed real tears. *Golaud* arrives; and, in the moving shadow of the forest, a meeting, some tears, a few words, and alarms have rapidly outlined the future.

The spectators have now only to turn round, and on the terrace with its Gothic arches they behold the fixed and motionless vision of the past. I had determined to have the *King* and *Queen* like old stone statues, one, as it were, with the walls; and, when their stiff figures appeared on the top of the steps, under the heavy, time-worn pointed windows, when *Pelléas*, as graceful and gorgeous as a little prince in some Italian fresco, came and leaned against one of the columns that support the arches, my heart beat with the

issue in the next campaign and legislators elected pledged to carry through the bill.

At the next meeting of the House, with the prestige of the adoption of the law by eighteen States, ten new converts might be made among the Governors non-concurring in the first session, and so in the course of a few sessions we might have uniform State legislation on this vital problem without Federal action. A law thus finally passed by all of the States would more truly represent the sentiment of the American people than any law passed by the Federal Government, even if Constitutional amendment or new revised interpretation of the Constitution empowered the passing of the law.

The attempt at securing uniform laws is far from being the only justification of the House of Governors. Were the Governors of the States merely to meet annually for a few days' session, to learn to know one another and, in a frank free interchange of opinion and view, to get new illumination on their State problems and then adjourn without a single tangible result that they could exhibit as the outcome of their conference, they would have more than justified their coming together.

The annual conference of the House of Governors, though of fundamental importance, represents only part of its possibilities for good. With its Executive Committee and its subcommittees working through a central office, which would be the official headquarters of the organization, by correspondence, interchange of documents, reports, and suggestions and the submission to the State Executives of proposed plans for uniform or coöperative action, the House of Governors would be a deliberative body, virtually always in session. It must be clearly understood that it is not an organization to make laws; it is merely one to confer, to suggest, to advise, to focus public opinion, to study it, and, when it deems best, to help to transform it into a public sentiment and through the action of the legislatures to find its fullest expression in better laws.

The office of the House of Governors should be a clearing-house for interstate matters. It should contain in its library the revised statutes of all the States and keep up to date on their new legislation by the session laws. It should have in its files classified reports and documents issued by the States on all the great topics that may be of common interest to all. There are possibilities for valuable work in collating and compiling data, giving to the Governor of each State the general line of legislation on the subjects of what may be brought up for discussion.

The House of Governors is not put forth as a panacea for political ills; it is no specific that will by magic purify the whole body politic, strengthen its moral fiber and its mental tone, and keep it in perfect health. It is merely a simple, practical plan for better results through better coöperation, and it is only the revealing test of time that will prove if it fulfils the truest measure of its possibilities. It would seem that it will eliminate about ninety per cent. of the constitutional amendments by showing the States how they can exercise by their action in unity the full powers that have ever belonged to them. Where United States action has failed, united State action may succeed.

The same process that should give uniform laws through this body may furnish a new, untried way of securing the one or two or three constitutional amendments that may still be essential. If the desire of the whole people for an amendment should become imperative, a uniform form of joint resolution and application, tested by the Governors, could be submitted to the State legislatures and, passed by these bodies in two thirds of the States, would make it mandatory on Congress to call the Constitutional Convention on the amendment, and its findings would readily be ratified by three quarters of the legislatures. It would mean the first Constitutional Convention since 1787.

The House of Governors seems to complete and perfect the American system of government. The House of Representatives and the Senate may be considered as one body covering the representation of the States in their relation to the Federal Government. The "House of Governors," though a mere deliberative, nonlawmaking body, covers the representation of the States in their relation to one another. The two bodies combined make a perfect bicameral system of government, with no conflict but with perfect harmony and complete representation.

IS CONGRESSIONAL ORATORY A LOST ART?

BY CHAMP CLARK

Leader of the Democratic Party in the House of Representatives

WENDELL PHILLIPS was a famous orator and frequently delivered his celebrated lecture on "The Lost Arts." Could he revisit the glimpses of the moon long enough to revise and enlarge that lecture, the chances are that he would include among the lost arts the one of which he was master and on which his reputation rests—oratory. If not wholly lost, it is rapidly falling into disuse, particularly in Congress. The late Senator John Warwick Daniel of Virginia may be said to have been the last of the old-fashioned orators in the House of the Conscript Fathers. His fame will rest not on his law-books, which were excellent, not on his speeches in House and Senate, which were strong, but on two masterly orations on Lee and Stonewall Jackson, delivered before his entrance into Congress. It may well be doubted whether anything superior to them, considered simply as orations, can be found in the literature of the world. They would have delighted Cicero himself.

William Bourke Cockran of New York was the last great orator to grace the House of Representatives. Cockran is the highest type of Irishman, and was educated thoroughly in France. He is a profound student, a man of large erudition, with an emotional temperament and a thorough mastery not only of English, but of French, Latin, and Greek. He has a superb voice, a vivid imagination, and a commanding presence. His sentences are polished as thoroughly as those of Edward Everett or John James Ingalls. The greatest achievement of an orator is to force applause from a hostile audience. Time and time again I have seen men who dissented *toto cælo* from what he was saying applaud Cockran until their hands were blistered. He won them, temporarily at least, by his magnificent oratory, his wonderful sentences, and his personal magnetism. Men listened to him with delirious delight. The day he left the House he was more popular there than he had ever been, and men of all shades of political opinion sincerely regretted his departure.

I do not mean that there are not still great speakers and great debaters in both Houses of Congress, for there are plenty of them. But there is a vast difference between an orator and a debater. A man may be both, but he is lucky if he is either. There are a few orators left in the country outside of Congress. Undoubtedly the greatest of these—one of the greatest that ever lived—is William Jennings Bryan. Other men have made speeches as great as his, but the oratorical power of no other has been put to so severe a test. Since the fourth of March, 1895, when he left Congress, excepting his six months of army service, he has spoken constantly and in every quarter of the globe. Every important speech has been sent broadcast by the news associations, and one might naturally conclude that he would have worn out his welcome as a public speaker long ago. Not so, however, for to-day he can draw a bigger audience than any other man in America except President Taft, who draws by reason of his position, and Colonel Roosevelt, who draws by his wonderful and unique personality.

Some men are so ugly and ungainly that it is a positive advantage to them as public speakers by reason of the pleasurable surprise which their eloquence produces.

Others are so handsome and prepossessing that they have won the hearts of their audiences before they have opened their lips. To this latter fortunate class both Daniel and Bryan must be assigned.

The decline of oratory is almost as noticeable in the pulpit and the bar. Lawyers and preachers as well as Representatives and Senators have left off oratorical soarings and confine themselves to arguments and facts. Of course their speeches are frequently adorned with learning, wit, humor, fancy, and all sorts of historical, biographical, and scientific illustration, but they lack the elaborateness, the polish, and the lofty style of the orations of the day that has gone. Old-time lawyers were in the habit of crying verdicts out of juries. Now a lawyer who would weep in the presence of the jury would simply render himself ridiculous, and the chances are that it would prejudice his case instead of helping it. What has produced this change in the manner of speaking? I believe that it is chiefly due to the general diffusion of knowledge. As a rule, the more information a man has the less emotional he is, and the orator's appeal was to the emotions far more than to the understanding. There are plenty of men in the United States who could deliver old-time orations, but they have concluded that in this age of highest intelligence the plainer style of speaking is the better. The principal causes of the decadence of oratory are the telegraph, the printing-press, the telephone, the steam-engine, and the electric car. When a man's speech is once generally printed in the newspapers, he dislikes to deliver it again, because now nearly everybody reads a daily paper, and it would be merely a twice-told tale. Moreover, in this time of fierce competition in all the walks of life men are too busy to listen to oratory. They prefer simply a lucid statement of the reasons for or against any proposition. What they now seek most in a speech is information. In both Houses there are eloquent men and debaters who perhaps have never been excelled in clearness of statement, in force of illustration, in power to marshal all the facts that can be brought to bear in favor of the position they endeavor to maintain; but they rarely enter into the oratorical rôle.

Every generally well-informed person knows that in the Senate there is no limit to speeches except the limit of human endurance. At the extra session of 1893, Senator Allen of Nebraska spoke sixteen hours and a half at a stretch in a vain endeavor to defeat the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman Law. For years he held the record for long-distance speaking. But on March 3 and 4, 1901, Senator Thomas H. Carter of Montana eclipsed Allen's achievement by speaking several hours longer against the river and harbor bill. Allen's speech was argumentative, and from his standpoint exceedingly strong, but it injured him in the public estimation by giving the idea that he was merely a talker, when, as a matter of fact, he was a very able man. Carter's speech was full of wit and humor, entertained his audience, and defeated the river and harbor bill, for which service President McKinley made him one of the Louisiana Purchase World's Fair Commissioners. A few years later, on the third and fourth of March, 1907, Senator Carmack of Tennessee, a brilliant man, made a very long speech which defeated the ship subsidy bill. Carter and Carmack won their victories because Congress expires in odd years on the fourth of March, and as these bills did not come up until the third, it was comparatively easy to talk them to death. Allen failed to accomplish his purpose because the Congress in which he was speaking had still about seventeen months to run.

It is interesting to trace the history of the House in regard to the length of speeches. The present limit, without unanimous consent, is one hour. In the early days, of course, the membership was small, and until Henry Clay became Speaker, any member who could get the floor might talk *ad libitum* on any subject or no subject, about something pending before the House or about something that had never been presented to the House. It was the meeting of extremes which put the first limit upon speeches. Of all the famous public speakers America has produced, John Randolph of Roanoke was the most discursive and the least logical. He seems to have read everything that had been written, to have remembered most of it, and to have drawn copiously upon it for illustration. He was most sarcastic and his speeches sparkled like gems, but he jumped from one subject to another as a dictionary goes from one word to another.

Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

SCENE XII. OUTSIDE THE CASTLE. *MÉLISANDE:* "YOU MUST NOT SAY THAT, *PELLÉAS*"

my body. Never shall I forget the moment when, after crossing the lawn, we turned the corner of the bridge facing the abbey, now clad in the blinding glare of the search-lights. The memorable picture is engraved for all time on my mind. On the threshold, at the top of the central flight of steps, the *King* and *Queen* are waiting; the maids-of-honor stand drawn up on each side; and through the veil of

ject, waste no words, and state your ideas succinctly and tersely. As many young men ambitious to succeed as public speakers may read this article, I refer them to the three days and nights of debate touching the rules of the House which occurred on the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth of March, 1910, particularly to the hour's debate on the nineteenth. I regard that debate as among the very best samples of speech-making under the five-minute rule. Few of the speeches exceeded the limit. They were clear, strong, terse, and to the point, and with scarcely a superfluous word. One or two of them was really eloquent. I take pride in stating that, while the excitement was intense, the interest profound, and the question at issue of great importance, and while during a large part of that time the members were both hungry and sleepy, there was scarcely an unparliamentary word. It was serious work, performed in a serious way by serious men. Some bitter things were said, but they were said in words entirely parliamentary and polite. The situation afforded great temptation for wild talk, because every man that spoke had reason to believe that if he said anything outré or bizarre it would be applauded by the galleries and reproduced in the public press. But to the credit of the American Congress be it said that everything was done decently and in order. It gave admirable proof of man's capacity for self-government.

The best maker of short speeches that I have ever heard was Thomas Brackett Reed of Maine. I have heard several members who could excel him in a long speech, I have heard many men more eloquent, I have heard better logicians; but as a short speech-maker he excelled them all. It may seem like an unfriendly commentary on his speeches to say that they were good exactly in proportion to their brevity; but just the opposite is intended. Every one of his short speeches was *multum in parvo*. The longest speech I ever heard him make was one of an hour and a half in favor of the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman Law. Any judge of oratory will say that the first half of that speech is much stronger than the latter half, and that so far as Reed's reputation for speech-making is concerned, it would have been better had he closed at the end of forty-five minutes. The last half was better than most men could do, but it was not as good as he could do when at his best.

The most effective thirty minutes' speech I ever heard in sixteen years' service in the House of Representatives was that of William L. Wilson of West Virginia, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee in the 53d Congress, closing the debate on the Wilson Tariff Bill. It possessed every element of a "fetching" speech. It was argumentative, it showed great learning, and it was witty, eloquent, and persuasive. It thrilled men's hearts like strains of martial music. It rallied the wavering to his support and caused his followers to feel like soldiers charging the enemy's works. Wilson was one of the finest gentlemen that ever lived.

Reed and Wilson were the commanding figures in that great debate. In personal appearance and in mental equipment they were in marked contrast. Reed was blond, with jet-black eyes; Wilson was dark. Physically, Reed was a tremendously large man, standing over six feet in his stockings and weighing close to three hundred pounds; Wilson was of slight build and did not weigh over a hundred and forty. Reed had served in the Union Army, Wilson in the Confederate. When Reed entered Congress, he had been Attorney-General of Maine and stood at the head of the bar of that State; when Wilson was first elected to Congress, he was President of the University of West Virginia. Reed was a scholar and an omnivorous reader. So was Wilson. Men admired Reed; they loved Wilson. Reed spoke with a pronounced New England nasal twang; Wilson with a rich Southern accent. Wilson was defeated for reëlection in 1894, served two years as Postmaster-General, and spent the remnant of his days as President of Washington and Lee University, well beloved not only by his students and fellow-teachers, but by all who knew him; Reed, disappointed of the Presidency and at war with his party on the annexation policy, retired from Congress in disgust and practised law in New York City, where, in four or five years, he accumulated a fortune of half a million dollars. The splendid talents, the clean lives, the devotion to the country of these two men, are among the priceless treasures of the Republic.

their mingled laughter rises in the darkness enriched with metallic gleams; and here the little princess loses her wedding-ring, while the village steeple slowly tolls the Angelus.

When we enter the chapter-hall, which has become *Golaud's* room, an enormous fire is blazing in the chimney. *Mélisande* is on her knees, holding out her little hands to the flames. A precious cap, set with pearls, confines her head and frames her cheeks. Her sad eyes do not see the spectators, who graze her dress in passing. Suddenly she starts: *Golaud* has awakened from his sleep on a bed covered with the skins of beasts. *Mélisande* offers him water to drink. There are long pauses, during which we hear the ticking of the clock. They exchange words, but we hear above all the profound dialogue of their untuned souls. Is it really a stage-scene that we have before our eyes, and are our thoughts limited to the little words which those two beings utter? No, it is something different: what we so indiscretely surprise is not a fragment of real life, but still less does it belong to the stage. It is an emotion that stands halfway between life and fancy, between fiction and truth. No more than last year, when I was playing *Lady Macbeth,* have I now the impression of playing a part; I do not experience that strange division into two beings that sways all our sensations on the stage, that principle of command which imperiously orders all that we are to do; and I feel that I have no need of it. I am doing a very natural and simple thing; I seem to form part of an animated and wonderful tapestry. The subjects unfold themselves harmoniously; I am among them, a motive, a color, a line; and there is in all this an ordered arrangement which I have laboriously created during the past weeks, so that, at the moment when it is set in motion, I can allow myself to be led by it careless and uncontrolled: I feel, I know that the reality will not betray me.

After penetrating with *Pelléas* into the cave to which he takes the little princess, we find ourselves in *Mélisande's* oratory. This scene, which Debussy did not set to music, is one of the most synthetic and, in Maeterlinck's opinion, one of the most necessary to the progress of the drama. *Pelléas* and *Mélisande* are awaiting *Golaud's* return. Their silence is anxious and laden with love; the insignificant words which they utter fall here and there like the first gentle drops of summer rain that brighten the hearts of the roses. And we are reminded of the divine annunciations of Fra Angelico. We are in an ancient chapel. A wide stone arch frames the picture. Against the white wall a sort of canopy in rare silk rests upon two columns standing at the ends of a raised dais covered with a faded carpet. On the floor is a silver vase filled with ardent lilies; on the right the sacristy, the grated window of which discloses a part of the cloisters; on the right, the heavy door through which *Golaud* will presently enter.

When the spectators are seated, a distant harmony of harps, organ, and violins mingles with the ancient fragrance of incense. *Mélisande* arrives, humming a plaintive ballad. She is wrapped

From a photograph, copyright by M. Branger. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

SCENE XV. THE SERVANTS LISTENING AT THE DOOR OF *MÉLISANDE'S* CHAMBER

San Francisco. Its cleverness blinds many an editor to its infamy. It is a disease of the time and touches all classes, and all are interested in its cure. It is of long and insidious growth, and it will take a long time to overcome it. The mayor says, "I am ready now to do my share." Are we?

LAWLESSNESS AND LABOR-LEADERSHIP

LABOR riots with loss of life and destruction of property in the capital of imperial, army-ruled Germany, and state-wide strikes with the usual accompaniment of outrages and dynamite throughout republican France, are the most recent signs that wholesale lawlessness in connection with the coercive methods of organized labor are not due to national peculiarities or political forms. They are somehow interwoven with common human passions and motives, and for this reason, if we are ever to have disputes between employers and organized labor without lawlessness, it will be due to the unremitting efforts of labor-leaders toward peaceful methods. Until their followers have been educated to believe that labor-union success with lawlessness can never be permanent, and until labor-union men are raised to a state of discipline which yields obedience to such wise leadership, all seeming improvement will be illusory. Labor-union success after violence is only a truce which lays another burden of fear and cost upon the future.

The Los Angeles outrage, of diabolical cruelty and frightful menace for the future, preceded the foreign events referred to by only a few days. Resistance to the demands of organized labor grew into a contest by means of boycott, and by organized counter-efforts to exist with non-union labor. The leading support of the latter party was General Harrison Gray Otis and his newspaper, and, wherever the immediate responsibility may be found to lie, it is indisputable that it was this action on his part that caused the miscreants to blow up with dynamite the offices and employees of his newspaper. A score of dead men, and the ruins of valuable property lend emphasis to argument, but are not conclusive.

We sympathize with General Otis and the maimed and the families of the slain because in a civilized community they have been cruelly despoiled by barbarous methods. And also we sympathize with the labor-union leaders of California because some of them will be held morally responsible, when it is inconceivable that they could have instigated or encouraged acts so dastardly and so detrimental to the cause of organized labor. Some of them have offered large rewards for the apprehension of the criminals, and others have denounced the outrage in terms not to be excelled. Both methods of showing abhorrence are laudable, but they do not reach the source of all the trouble, which is the state of mind, or sentiment, cultivated by the attitude of organized labor toward laboring men not of their way of thinking, and toward employers who successfully resist their demands.

It is that state of mind which incites fanatics and sympathizers to do the acts which injure the cause of labor, because they seem to be done to further objects sought by labor-unions. The folly and irresponsibility of these acts cultivate a growing conviction on the part of the general public that strikes and lawlessness are inseparable. Only the leaders of labor have the influence to produce a peaceful attitude in times of trial, and if they are evading their duty as impracticable or as beyond their power, then a crisis is impending which will try the strength of the nation; for every day's budget of events confirms the truth that lawlessness of all kinds is on the increase, from the frivolous excesses of those who are amused by unruliness, to the atrocities of those who look for class advantage by methods which destroy and kill.

In 1858, Abraham Lincoln said: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free." Events proved that he was right. Now, after the lapse of half a century, another labor crisis is brewing, and the immediate question is not whether our civilization *can* endure with labor half union and half non-union, but whether union labor will permit it to endure on that basis. The alternative is something very much like war, now in the guerrilla stage, that inevitably will advance to the usual conclusion of blood and ashes. The choice lies with

from head to foot in the somewhat stiff grace of a fifteenth-century Virgin: she is a little statuette of ivory, silver, and gold.

VI

THE window of the castle-tower was at the end of the cloister: when it was lit up, it gave sudden life to all the things of beauty slumbering about it.

"Ah," exclaimed a poet, on the morning after the performance, "the eyes that saw *Mélisande* stoop over *Pelléas* from her lofty Gothic window, the eyes that saw the white doves escape from the princess's hands and flutter into the silent spaces of the night, those eyes will retain the sublime impression forever!"

But now *Golaud's* jealousy expedites the tragedy, which seems to unite more and more closely with the reality that encircles it; the darkness of the souls mingles with the darkness that enshrouds us; there are no stars in the sky; the thunder growls in the distance, as in the hearts whose tragic history we are living through. Death has hovered at the bottom of the underground passages while *Golaud* supports *Pelléas* on the edge of the abyss; and it is death's shadow that makes the innocent child scream with terror in his father's arms.

We enter a gallery of the cloister where *Golaud's* jealous fury is to torture the little princess; and here, while awaiting his coming at Our Lady's feet, I find myself praying under my breath. A moment later, the spectators, drawn on by the same unconscious power, will bend anguish-stricken over the body of *Pelléas* stretched beside the abandoned fountain; next, they will enter *Mélisande's* room, in the wake of the servants, and instinctively will walk on tiptoe. The mysterious little princess is about to die on a great bed surrounded with heavy curtains —a bed such as we see in the Flemish Primitives.

VII

SHE is dead, but nevertheless the emotion has not passed with her life. At the theater, the curtain falls and often the audience begins to leave without waiting for its fall. Here the servants have vainly drawn the white sheet over the little waxen face; in vain they have closed the great bed-curtains upon her last sleep; in vain the heavy and final silence has bent their knees upon the flags. They weep, they sigh; but no one stirs to go. The mind knows the fiction, but the instinct does not; and, if the latter is powerfully impressed, it leads the other on until the spectator ceases to know where truth lies.

Behind the great curtains I grow alarmed: what am I to do? How shall I dispel the illusion? The humble reality is my life; it is the little human will that dared to play with nature and all the great beauties of the earth. And almost blushing for a presence that will put an end to the dream, ashamed of my existence, embarrassed by my joy, I slip stealthily from the bed and go and fling myself into friendly arms that offer me a refuge. The dream is shattered. This time *Mélisande* is dead indeed.

IRISH MOTHERS

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

THEY are shapen to the music of the tides upon our shore;
The first breath in their nostrils has the sharpness of our spray;
The very milk we give them has the savor of our sea:
But our children go away—our children go away!

Oh, the long, long time of waiting with our eyes upon the door,
Through the whitening of the hedges and the slash of autumn rain!
Far, far away they weary for our faces, it must be;
Will they never come again? Will they never come again?

The Belsnickel

by Elsie Singmaster.

Drawn by Leon Guipon

THE Millerstown school, crowded almost to bursting, seemed to spend itself in one great sigh as the teacher rose to open the Christmas entertainment. It was the first elaborate entertainment for many years; it was the first English entertainment in the history of Millerstown. Teacher and pupils had meant its character to be a surprise, but fate had overruled their plans. There was only one person in the crowded room who did not know the title of every speech, the name of every song; only one who had not participated in some detail of the excited, almost agonized preparation. That person was the guest who sat upon the platform.

Katy Gaumer, than whom none had a better right, first told the secret. A week earlier, she stood in the Millerstown store, a scarlet "twilight" on her head, scarlet mittens on her hands, a scarlet shawl about her shoulders. Her thin legs, in their black stockings, completed her resemblance to a very gorgeous bird; she seemed, with her quick motions, her waving of her grandfather's newspaper in the faces of her audience, about to fly at them. Caleb Stemmel was speaking dolefully. Caleb Stemmel seldom spoke in any other way.

"Nothing is any more like it was when I was young."

"It is perhaps a good thing," answered Katy Gaumer, with the pertness of thirteen.

"We had entertainments that were entertainments—speeches and candy and a *Belsnickel*. We went to trouble; but these teachers, bah!"

Katy Gaumer had no love for the teacher, but she hated Caleb Stemmel. Katy's loves and hates were as decided as all the rest of her emotions.

"We are going to have an entertainment that will flax any of yours, Caleb Stemmel."

"Yes; you will get up and say a few old Dutch pieces, then you will go home."

"Well, everything was Dutch when you were young."

"Yes; but now things should be English. But you are too lazy. You will be pretty much ashamed of yourselves this year, that I can tell you."

"Why this year?"

"Because a visitor is coming."

"Pooh! What do I care for a visitor?"

"This is one that you care for."

Katy was already half-way to the door, her black legs flying. She turned now, and went back.

"Who is it?"

Caleb Stemmel liked to tease.

"Don't you wish you knew?"

Katy Gaumer stamped her foot. She had respect for age in general, but not for Caleb Stemmel.

"If you don't tell, I 'll snowball you when it gives a snow once," she threatened.

Caleb did not answer until he saw that Danny Koser was about to tell.

"It is a governor coming," he said slowly.

Katy Gaumer drew a step closer. No eyes of tanager or grosbeak could have shone blacker against scarlet plumage.

"Do you mean—do you mean that Uncle Dan is coming home?"

"Yes; your gran'pop he was here this afternoon, and he told us. And what will the governor think of Dutch Millerstown?"

Once more Katy reached the door at the other end of the long room. She had a habit of forecasting her own actions:

she could see herself pounding at the teacher's door, then racing to her grandfather's, her heart beating, beating, beating, her whole being in the glow of excitement which she loved, and of which she had little enough. Now she stopped, her hand on the latch. The secret must be told; only by the aid of all the fathers and mothers in Millerstown could the entertainment be made adequate. There was no reason why she should not have the pleasure of the first announcement.

"We are going to have an English entertainment, Caleb Stemmel," she cried. "We have been practising for a month already. Aha, Caleb Stemmel!"

Outside she paused, and stretched out her arms. There was not a soul in sight. She looked up the street and down; she could see the last house at each end of the village, and then the quiet country. The street-lamps were not lighted. Why should they be, to dim the light of the heavenly moon which hung above the Weygandt farm? Ten minutes ago she had been only little Katy Gaumer, with lessons learned for the morrow, bedtime hours off, hating the quiet village, and bored with life; now she was Katy Gaumer, the grandniece of one of the great men of the world. If he would only help her, she might be anything—*anything!*

There was no one at hand to remind her that she was only one of twenty-odd grandnieces and nephews, and that a governor, after all, was not such a great man, since he had at least forty-five peers, and that there were even higher offices in the land. No Millerstonian would so have discounted his hero. Daniel Gaumer had made his own way and had achieved success. To this small relative he was greater than the President of the United States. If she could do well, if all the children did well, if some one would only say to him that it was largely her effort which made the entertainment a success, what might he not do for her! She might go to a higher school; he might make her father and grandfather send her; he—

But Katy never stopped to dream. She would prove to be a very good woman or perhaps a very bad one, but she would never be a lazy one or a mediocre one. With an excited gasp, she ran down the street.

The teacher said not a word of reproof for her betrayal when she gasped out her news. He was in Millerstown for only a few months, substituting for a friend and waiting for something to turn up. He was also a Pennsylvania German, but he would as soon have been called a Turk. He had changed his name from Schreiner to Carpenter, and the very sound of Pennsylvania German was unpleasant to him. He knew far better than any one in the village Daniel Gaumer's greatness. He sat now by the table, listening to Katy, their eyes meeting for the first time in entire friendliness.

"I told it because I knew, if Uncle Dan was coming—"

"He is your uncle!"

"My pop's uncle," explained Katy, proudly. "I never saw him. I knew, if he was coming, they would have to know their pieces better. Ollie Kuhns he won't learn his unless his pop thrashes him a couple o' times; and Jimmie Weygandt he won't learn his until the very last minute unless his mom makes him, and then he will stick anyway, perhaps; and they won't let us have the church organ to practise beforehand for the singing unless they know; and everybody must practise all the time the words they can't say. I *had* to tell."

"Exactly," agreed the teacher. His face was solemn; he felt as though he were to appear before the State Board for an examination. He realized that these were things that he would never have thought of. He blessed the inspiration which had suggested an English entertainment, he blessed this energetic child who had persuaded the others to take part. "Sit down, Katy."

It gave Katy another thrill of joy to be thus solicited.

"Not now. I am going to my gran'pop's; then I 'll come back."

Now, on the afternoon of the entertainment, there was an air of excitement both within and without the school-room. Outside, the clouds hung low; the winter wheat in the Weygandt fields seemed to have lost its brilliant green; there was no color on the mountain-side, which had been warm brown and purple in the morning sunshine. A snow-storm was brewing, the first of the season, and Millers-

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"KATY GAUMER . . . FIRST TOLD THE SECRET"

hearsals and performances teach the beginner things he cannot find out for himself in his study. He can learn them only in the theater itself—and at the expense of the manager. He must learn from his failures. And this is the explanation of the apparent paradox that the man who has had three or four failures is held to be a professional, whereas the man whose work has not yet been acted is an amateur, an outsider, a person whom the manager wisely dreads. And it is the manager whom you have to capture, first of all. Without him you can do nothing. You depend upon him for your chance to show what is in you.

This is the reason why you must not be too bold, too original, too individual, in your earliest plays. The time for self-expression, for putting into a play your full vision of the universe, will come later, when you have mastered the craft and when you have won the right to a hearing. Some of the strongest of modern plays would have been rejected had they been the work of unknown writers. You must be modest at the start. Give the public what it is used to expecting, even if you also give it something a little different. No great advance in any art was ever made by a novice; and it is only the old stagers who are daring and who can risk a new departure.

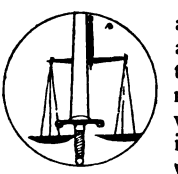
As you desire to have your drama acted, study actors. See how they get their effects. Try to get hold of the essential principles of the histrionic art. Read Lewes's "On Actors and the Art of Acting." Read actors' autobiographies, especially Colley Cibber's and Jefferson's, both of them rich in information and suggestion. If you get the chance, see different actors play the same part, and see the same piece performed by different companies.

One word more. Always do your best. Write for the public, of course, but do not write down to the mob. On the contrary, write up to the public, which always stands ready to welcome the best that any man can give it, if only he has something to say and if he has learned to say it satisfactorily on the stage.

Sheridan Steele, Jr.

ON MODERN PRISON MANAGEMENT

From the Warden of the Minnesota State Prison to the Editor



In the September number of The Century I read with much interest the article written by "John Carter" under the heading of "Prison Life as I Found It." I was also interested in and pleased with your editorial comment, in which I find new hope and encouragement for the future.

I believe Mr. Carter meant to be fair and impartial in his story. I also think he deserved a pardon. Mr. Carter is not now, nor do I believe he ever was, a criminal by nature. His sentence was unjust, and the history of his case is not a wholesome reflection upon the judicial and law-making powers of our good State. I am glad that the boy now has an opportunity to show the good that is evidently in him.

The history of this man will prove of benefit to the people of this State as well as to many others. Of our many modern social problems the prison problem surely is not one of the least.

I think that we in Minnesota have solved some of the many prison problems, but in justice to the important movement for better things along this line, now going on all over the country, I must acknowledge that our most important work lies still ahead. Let me mention briefly some things we have done in Minnesota.

All degrading forms of punishment have been abolished. Our rules are so balanced and the administration of them so adjusted as to make the man feel that if he is punished, the punishment is inflicted by himself, and whenever and wherever possible he is treated as a free, moral agent, with helpful encouragement to work out his own salvation along lines of least resistance.

We have the grading and parole system in practical operation, and through it are able to reach and help most of the unfortunate inmates as they show reasonable evidence of a desire and purpose to live right and obey the law. We try to make the spirit of the institution recognize the potent principle that a man saved is a citizen gained, but that a criminal made is a citizen lost, and that the loss is a disgrace to the State.

We have a good school that we keep open eight months in each year. The course includes the common branches and about one year in high-school work. Advanced accounting, the industrial history of the United States, general history, and commercial law are the more advanced subjects.

We have a clean newspaper, "The Prison Mirror," edited and managed by the inmates. It does job-printing and binding for the institution and some for other State institutions, for which it gets credit. The "Mirror" is well managed and self-supporting. If I were asked to express an opin-

him or not: and now the distinguished stranger did not even address them in English, but spoke Pennsylvania German!

It came out so naturally, he seemed so like any other Millerstonian standing there, that they could hardly believe that he was distinguished or even that he was a stranger. He said that he had not been in that school-room for thirty years, and that if any one had asked him its dimensions, he would have said it would be difficult to throw a ball from corner to corner. And now he could almost reach across it! He remembered Caleb Stemmel, and called him by name, and asked him whether he had any little boys and girls there to speak pieces, at which everybody laughed. Caleb Stemmel was too selfish to care for any one but himself. He talked as though he were sitting behind the stove in the store with Caleb and Danny Koser and the rest. And then —the teacher's face flushed, the bright color faded from Katy Gaumer's cheeks, the fathers and mothers nudged each other once more—*he said he had come a thousand miles to hear a Pennsylvania German Christmas entertainment.*

He said that it was necessary, of course, for every one to learn English,—it was the language of their country,—but at Christmas-time they should remember with pride that no nation in the world felt the Christmas spirit like the Germans. It was a time when everybody should be grateful for his German blood, and should practise his German speech. He had been looking forward to this entertainment for weeks; he had told his friends about it; he knew that there was at least one place where he could hear "Stille Nacht." He almost dared to hope that there would be a "Belsnickel." If old men could be granted their dearest wish, they would be young again. The entertainment, he said, was going to make him young for one afternoon.

Then the great man sat down, and the little man rose. The teacher was panic-stricken once more. He was furious with himself for having called on Daniel Gaumer first; he was furious with Daniel Gaumer for thus foolishly upsetting all his teaching; he did not care, he said to himself, whether the children failed or not. He announced "Annie and Willie's Prayer."

It seemed for a moment that Katy herself would fail. She looked back into the teacher's eyes. He could not have prompted her if his life had depended on it. He glanced at the program in his hand to see who came next.

But Katy had begun. She bowed to the audience, she bowed to the stranger,—she had effective, stagy ways,—and then she began. To the staring children, to the astonished fathers and mothers, to the delighted stranger, she recited a new piece. They had heard it all their lives; in fact, many of them knew it by heart. It was not "Annie and Willie's Prayer," it was not even a Christmas piece, but it was as appropriate to the occasion as either. Katy knew this also like her own name; it was the way Katy Gaumer knew everything. It was "Das alt Schulhaus an der Crick," and the translation compares with the original as the teacher's Christmas entertainment compared with Katy Gaumer's:

To-day it is just twenty years
  Since I began to roam;
Now, safely back, I stand once more
Before the quaint old school-house door,
  Close by my father's home.

I 've been in many houses since,
  Of marble built and brick;
Though grander far, their aim they miss,
To lure my heart's old love from this
  Old school-house on the creek.

Katy Gaumer's eyes did not continue to rest on the visitor's face. There were thirty-one stanzas in her recitation; there was time to look at each one in her audience. At the fathers and mothers she did not look at all; at Ollie Kuhns and Jimmie Weygandt and little Sarah Knerr, however, she looked hard and long. She was still staring at Ollie when she sat down--staring so hard that she did not hear the applause, which the stranger led. She did not sit down gracefully; she hung half-way out of her seat, bracing herself with her arm about her little brother, and still staring at Ollie Kuhns.

The teacher forgot to announce Ollie's speech, but no one noticed. Ollie rose, grinning. This was all a beautiful joke to him. He knew a trick worth two of Katy's. Did he not know a piece called

"Der Belsnickel," a description of the masked, fur-clad creature who in Daniel Gaumer's day brought cakes for good children and switches for the *nixnutzige?* Ollie had terrified the children a thousand times with his representation of "Bosco the Wild Man." It was a simple thing to make them see a fearful Belsnickel before their eyes.

And little Sarah Knerr, did she not know "Das Krischkindel," which told of the divine Christmas spirit? She had learned it for last year's Sunday-school entertainment; she said it now with exquisite and gentle painstaking. When she was through, the teacher rose as though hypnotized and went to the organ. There was an advisory hum from Katy Gaumer, to which the teacher listened with irritation. He had some sense. There was of course only one thing to be sung, and that was "Stille Nacht." The children sang, and the fathers and mothers sang, and the stranger led them with his strong voice.

Only Katy Gaumer, fixing one of the remaining performers after the other with her eye, sang no more after the tune was started. There was Coonie Schnable. She said to herself that he would probably fail, anyhow; it made little difference whether his few unintelligible words were English or German. Coonie Schnable was always the clown of the entertainment; he would be of this one also.

But Coonie did not fail. Ellie Shindler recited a German description of "The County Fair" without a break, then Coonie Schnable rose. He had once "helped" successfully in a dialogue. For those who know no Pennsylvania German it must suffice that it was a translation of a scene in Hamlet. For the benefit of those who are more fortunate the translation is appended. Coonie now recited all the parts.

Hamlet: Oh, du armes Schpook!
Ghost: Pity mich net, aber geb mir now dei' Ohre
For ich will dir amohl eppas sawga.
Hamlet: Schwetz rous, for ich will es now aw hera.
Ghost: Und wenn du haresht don nemsht aw satisfaction.
Hamlet: Well, was is 's? Rous mit!
Ghost: Ich bin dei' dawdy sei' Schpook.

To the children, everything which Coonie did was funny, and their fathers and mothers laughed with them. The stranger seemed to discover still deeper springs of mirth; he laughed until he cried.

Only Katy Gaumer, stealing out, was not there to see the end. Nor was she at hand to speed her little brother Adam, who was to close the entertainment with "Hang up the Baby's Stocking." But Adam had had his instructions. He knew no German recitation,—this was his first essay at speech-making,—but he knew a German Bible verse which his Grandmother Gaumer had taught him: "Ehre sei Gott in der Höhe und Friede auf Erden, und den Menschen ein Wohlgefallen" ["Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men"]. He looked like a Christmas spirit himself as he said it, with his flaxen hair and his blue eyes, as the stranger might have looked fifty years ago. Daniel Gaumer smiled at him as he passed, then gathered him to his knee.

Suddenly little Adam screamed, and hid his face against the stranger's breast; then another child shrieked in excited rapture. The Belsnickel had come! It was covered with the dust of the school-house garret; it was not of the traditional huge size,—it was, indeed, less than five feet tall,—but it wore a furry coat,—the distinguished stranger leaped to his feet, saying that it was not possible that that old pelt still survived,—it opened its mouth "like scissors," as Ollie Kuhns's piece said. It had not the traditional bag, but it had a basket,—Grandma Gaumer's,—and the traditional cakes and apples were there. It climbed upon a desk, its black-stockinged legs and red dress showing through the rents of the old, ragged coat, and the children surrounded it, laughing, begging, screaming with delight.

It was then that the stranger joined his brother at the back of the room, asking who the Belsnickel was. He did not realize how large a part Katy had had in the entertainment; he knew only that custom selected the most capable and popular scholar for that delightful office. Katy's grandfather called her to him, and she came slowly, slipping like a crimson butterfly from the furry pelt, which the children seized upon with joy. She heard her

grandfather tell his brother that she was "Abner's little girl," and her eyes met the stranger's bright gaze. She hesitated in the middle of the room and looked at him. A consciousness of kinship warmed her heart, then a smothering joy. He, too, had hated Millerstown, or he would not have gone away; he, too, loved it, or he would not have come back. He would understand her, help her. He understood even now, for stooping to kiss her, he hid her nervous, foolish tears from Millerstown.

HOW AMERICA GOT INTO CHINA

("THE TRADE OF THE WORLD" PAPERS)

INSIDE HISTORY OF THE DIPLOMACY BY WHICH THE UNITED STATES ACHIEVED AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY FOR TRADE WITH CHINA

BY FREDERICK McCORMICK

IT is well known that China affords the largest and most promising field for industrial development, commerce, and trade. This became understood as modern commerce progressed, and the Celestial Empire is already the scene of a high state of competition among nations. Of the great powers (leaving aside the earlier seaboard commerce of Portugal and Holland), Great Britain came first, fighting the wars that opened China to trade. Then came America and France, and, later, Germany, which is now the most aggressive. When these powers came into open competition commercially and politically, in order to prevent collision Great Britain, France, and Germany, Japan and Russia, created for themselves "spheres of influence." This recognition of common interests, and the necessity of peace to insure their prosperity, made in a certain sense "allies" of these powers, and common interest led to their coöperation in the affairs of China.

At a favorable moment of good understanding, chiefly through the activity of the late John Hay, Secretary of State, America, which had taken a disinterested part, stepped in and established among all the principle of the "open door," or equal opportunity for trade. This general understanding among the powers, together with the revolutionary effects of the Russo-Japanese War, more or less demolished for the time being the doctrine of "spheres of influence," which had threatened partition of the empire.

It was inevitable, however, that competition should reach a more and more acute stage. In 1908, its effects began to oppress American interests. The "open door" seemed dissolving into a figure of speech, largely due to the increasing control of trade by the three mentioned European capitalist powers through loans to China, which since 1903 had been syndicated and nearly monopolized by them, and by Russian and Japanese policy in Manchuria. Recognizing this, the American Government took steps to wrest from European finance an equal place for America as a money-lender, merchant, and useful friend to China.

The crisis came in 1909. After having granted to Germany, Great Britain, and France, in the German and British "spheres," a loan contract to build one of her longest railways,—the Tientsin-Pukow line,—China further responded to overtures from these powers for the construction of the greatest railway system yet devised by her—that of the southern and western connections for her greatest industrial center, Hankow.

The success of these negotiations as planned would have given the three Euro-

pean capitalist powers another formidable monopoly. But more; while negotiating with China, they were arranging in Europe, under the style of the British, French, and German groups, a syndicate to control all China loans present and future.

It was seen that America must enter into China's finance and development abreast of the foremost powers or lose not only her trade, but her political position. The problem of the American Government concerned the best means of entering this situation. This could not be effectually dealt with on treaty rights: what was needed was a basis of material interests.

Having no material assets in the case, the Government took stock of its diplomatic assets and found a single instrument in which China, on August 15, 1903, granted to American enterprise the right to participate in the building of a projected railway from Hankow in the direction of the province of Szechuen—the Hankow-Szechuen line. Such agreements are common in China, and may be called premier-right-of-aid agreements. The tripartite drama of the Hankow loans was well on before America realized the whole value of this weapon.

The negotiations for the Hankow connections had not gone far when they reached an *impasse*. Germany, which since 1906, with a view to further advantages, had worked on the lines of a liberal policy with China, had favored China in the Tientsin-Pu-kow loan, and, having the whip-hand, had forced the British and French in that contract to grant easy and profitable terms to China, the like of which they had never before conceded and never intended to concede again, if avoidable. Now Britain had the whip-hand, and she was determined to use it. She dominated the Hankow loan negotiations by reason of a right-of-aid agreement on which the question of the loan was brought to issue, France, her financial ally, supporting her, with Germany merely passive as a silent partner.

Great Britain now proceeded to reëstablish previous loan conditions. France acquiescing, she refused for the European groups the terms which all had granted for the Tientsin-Pu-kow loan, and substituted obsolete terms of an earlier loan contract, that for the Kau-lung-Canton railway. The latter was to China one of the most humiliating and exasperating contracts she had to perform. Its exactions made the Kau-lung railway a foreign line, in which China had no prerogative but to pay. China refused the British proposals. Great Britain was inexorable. Germany's opportunity presented itself, and a crisis came in the annals of China's finance.

The British pressed their position, depending on their ability to effect in Europe a close financial pool to force terms and conditions upon China. In this they were apparently justified by the following facts: on March 2, 1909, a meeting of the British, French, and German groups took place in London, when an agreement was drafted that was intended to bind the three groups to the terms and conditions of the Kau-lung-Canton loan as a basis for future loans to China. The success of this scheme would have meant control of China's credit and finance, and it had in view the forestalling of America's entry into China, threatenings of which had already been heard in January. It was known that America was standing in the wings with her right-of-aid agreement, and might at any time step under the proscenium.

The 6th or 7th of March was formally set for the signing of this agreement, to which it was supposed all the groups subscribed. But the Germans gave notice that pending formal signature they held themselves free to act, and in the interval they seized the Hankow-Canton loan for themselves, on the terms of the Tientsin-Pu-kow loan. With the hitherto inaccessible Yang-tse Valley in view, Germany had been watching this loan with the four eyes of the dual-headed German eagle.

The British tried to overawe China by representing that British financiers had not been given an opportunity to meet German terms and that British rights had been overridden. This position was never substantiated. The British admitted their defeat and began efforts to recuperate their losses. As shall be seen, it was the means which Great Britain employed to recover her position that brought four powers into conflict with America and opened the door for America's invasion of the whole Chinese financial field.

The German group, in a lively meeting

in London, audaciously tendered to its British and French colleagues a share of the loan which it had outwitted them in getting. The British and the French scorned the offer and, under the noses of the Germans, passed a resolution to the effect that anything short of the terms of the so-called Kau-lung-Canton loan could not be considered, and that the floating of such a loan as the German group had accepted was dangerous to China's credit. This was issued to the bourses and the press with the idea of annulling Germany's achievement. Germany maintained an attitude of magnanimous equilibrium. She was now securely in the Yang-tse Valley, a position worth far more than a mere loan; but her dashing exploit in thus outwitting the British and French reacted by preparing the way for America in China.

How to recover place in the lost Hankow-Canton loan was the first problem of the discomfited Britons. Fortunately for them, they possessed a right-of-aid agreement similar to that possessed by America, which entitled them to half the benefits of foreign participation in the Hankow-Szechuen railway. Upon the authority of this agreement, and in concert with the general plan of the European groups for securing all prospective and possible loans, they brought forward negotiations with China for the construction of this line. In the circumstances, it was like a last chance.

On account of America's past indifference to Chinese affairs, the British, astutely and conveniently affecting to regard Americans as having withdrawn from Chinese loans, naïvely tendered the American interest in the Hankow-Szechuen line to the Germans as a peace-offering in exchange for equality in the lost Hankow-Canton loan. This amazed the Americans by its audacity, while it amused by its desperation. At the same time, its illuminating quality was great, for it showed that America was now irrevocably involved in the intimate affairs of China.

In their contest with China's credit the British and French capitulated. Germany responded to their overtures, and before the Washington Government could act, Great Britain and France had confiscated America's half-interest and had achieved the delicate task of reuniting the three European groups.

These powers had again started confidently on in their tripartite financial career, and were bringing negotiations rapidly to a conclusion for loans for the two railways mentioned, under the name of the "Hu-kuang loan," when they saw looming before them the amazed, outraged, "impossible, but unavoidable" Americans.

The dénouement of this situation was the diplomatic event of 1909 and 1910. Aside from the heads of the British and French foreign offices, Sir Edward Grey and M. Pichon, and the German chancellor, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, the personnel engaged included the principals in Peking: Sir John Jordan, the British minister, an experienced and able diplomat and seasoned "China hand"; Mr. Hillier, the blind and astute British banker; assisted by the Frenchman M. Casenave, holding a hard-won diplomatic rank of Minister Plenipotentiary; and Herr Cordes of the German Far-Eastern Chancellery, a good fighter, and the only survivor of the incident of the murder of Von Ketteler, which precipitated the siege of the legations. To oppose this formidable confederation was a single official in the American legation, Mr. Rockhill, the minister, who had seen the contentions initiated, had withdrawn from China in June, leaving the legation to the First Secretary, Henry P. Fletcher, a former Rough Rider, upon whom fell the pioneer work in China of bearding the European diplomatic lions. Back of him stood Secretary Knox, together with J. Pierpont Morgan, Jacob Schiff, and other Wall Street capitalists, like the vague figures of British, French, and German finance hovering gloomily in the background.

When Germany closed with the British offer and the European groups appropriated the "Hu-kuang loan," America's rights became effective in four foreign capitals. The European groups had concluded the loan agreement with the Chinese, and all had initialed it. The efforts which America now put forth to break this four-sided compact and preserve American rights in China, while aimed at all participants, were directed to China for the fulfilment of her agreement. Secretary Knox expressed the Government's views in a strong and comprehensive statement that looked to a fuller participation in foreign enter-

prises in China than America's solitary right-of-aid agreement would have admitted her if carried out in the ordinary course. He took full advantage of the circumstance that European finance by its own precedent had opened the door by which American finance was to be admitted to equality in all enterprises in which rights were reserved to foreigners.

America's note, forwarded to China by Secretary Knox after being framed by the Division of Far-Eastern Affairs, of which William Phillips was chief, under Huntington Wilson, First Assistant Secretary of State, required of China the fulfilment of her promise, through participation in the present loan, in accordance with America's right to be consulted in case foreign aid should be required for the Hankow-Szechuen railway.

A new international situation was created amid considerable consternation. China, with some alarm, communicated the note to the interested powers, and took an accounting of her situation. Chang Chih-tung, her leading statesman, who had been viceroy at Wu-chang, opposite Hankow, when the right-of-aid agreement was given to America, was severely censured for having overlooked it at the vital moment. Nevertheless, as a man of great authority and resource, he was, so to speak, the whole Chinese position. Like the European bankers, he was proud of having brought the loans virtually to a state of completion, and to him was due the Chinese official attitude of incredulity as to America's seriousness.

American enterprise had become so supine in China that European interests could not believe the United States Government capable of such energy. In the high feeling that pervaded the ranks of the European groups, America was charged with perfidy in thus coming into the arena after she had once declined. This had some basis of fact. In 1907, British bankers had approached American financiers, notably the City National Bank of New York and the First National Bank of New York, regarding American participation in the railway for which America had the right-of-aid, and had received a negative answer. Although other American financiers made overtures to the British and French financiers, both in January and in April, 1909, for coöperation in loans in China, the European financiers, for the purposes in view, at any rate, chose to regard that reply as final. This view, which was now maintained by the British, was shared by the French and acquiesced in by the Germans.

The Europeans, however, admitted the actual situation. Their first move was to endeavor to persuade the Americans to withdraw their representations lodged in Peking, failing which, an agreement could not be reached with America by the governments in Europe. They attempted to belittle the financial power of the American group organized to oppose them, the abilities of which, they said, were untried and unknown, and the members of which had been hurriedly assembled for the occasion. Besides, America could not loan money at the low rate of interest prevailing in China.

These efforts only invigorated American activity. In Peking, Mr. Fletcher, fearing a slackening of China's resistance to the European governments, kept up a constant siege of her high officials. Those governments, seeing that America would not recognize the European groups, to the ignoring of China, in effecting a settlement, did not think it necessary to restrain their financiers. In consequence, on June 12, American representations to China had reached the gravity of almost a protest.

Up to June 14, the European groups were employing every persuasion to induce the immediate ratification of the loan by China. The German bank received instructions from Berlin that the Chinese negotiators be urged to memorialize the throne to ratify the loan as it stood. The situation had elements of great gravity.

Fortunately at this moment America's concern began to impress the Chinese, and the active head of the Chinese foreign office, though not himself convinced of America's determination, consulted the European banks as to what they were willing to do. They urged ratification. China, feeling herself to be in a hard position, and convinced by the opponents of America, considered ratifying the loan before America could make good her demands, hoping thus to forestall further complications.

In the face of this situation, America now called upon China to make good her promises on one hand or to repudiate them

and override American rights on the other, and by her action demonstrate the true value of her agreements of August 15, 1903, and July 18, 1904, and of her repeated declarations of friendliness for the American Government. In stating the position of the American Government, all appearance of pressure was avoided. It was stated that America would not attempt to coerce China, who would be left entirely free. But it was emphasized that whatever China did must be done in public view. American representations to China had never been so strong. The minister to whom they were addressed asked what China should do.

"Tell the European bankers that you cannot ratify the loan," was the answer.

"But they insist upon our keeping our contract; they will bring pressure to bear upon us."

"Stand behind the United States," replied Fletcher, "and oppose their actions as precedent for yours and ours. But do not send in the memorial; do not issue the edict."

The minister then stated in so many words, "We will not send in the memorial."

"Very well; if you will not issue the memorial or the edict, the loan is stopped. That is all that is necessary."

America's first position was won. America had now stopped immediate ratification. Simultaneously the Government at Washington gave out an assurance that it would strenuously support the claims of Americans to participate in the loan. This was received as a challenge by the European groups and governments, who did not seem to be dismayed. The real diplomatic fight now began.

On July 16, the British and French banks apparently gave way before China's refusal to ratify in the circumstances, and reached an agreement with their respective ministers to the effect that the Americans were in earnest and must be approached with the object of receiving them into the loan field. They approached the German bank, and, after a conference of two hours, won over the agent to their view. All then sent identical notes to their principals in Europe, stating their action.

The ministers of legation involved now conferred. Sir John Jordan assured Mr. Fletcher of an amicable settlement, but emphasized the difficulties of altering the accomplished agreement, the bankers contending that it could not be altered. "The European groups and governments," he said, "relied on the justice of the Americans to accept participation in future loans in lieu of claims upon the present loan."

The change of position, then, amounted to nothing at all, in the view of America, whose agreement referred to the present loan. The Americans saw that their opponents had not been vanquished, though it was plain that they were "fenced in" and were looking for a place to "climb over." The European interests generously discharged invective at the "American highwaymen" for the manner of their coming into the loan question, "so strikingly characteristic," they said, "in its resemblance to the peculiarly American form of robbery called the 'hold up.'"

China seemed to disappear; her ministers went into eclipse. Official visitors to Liang Tun-yen, the active head of the foreign office, received word that he was reduced to the flat of his back. Chang Chih-tung retired, and mourned over the attitude of China's "friends," the Americans. When he learned that his words regarding China's willingness to receive American capital had been telegraphed to the American Government, he was annoyed and said that, in respect to the present loan, he thought it was too late. As this represented his concurrence with the European view, Mr. Fletcher remarked that the American Government held that it was not too late. A foreign scholar present in deference to peculiar Chinese sensibilities explained that this speech aptly illustrated the frankness of Americans, showing that, to use a Chinese proverb, "they did not drink tea and talk wine nor drink wine and talk tea; but when they drank tea they talked tea, and when they drank wine they talked wine." Later the old gentleman said the matter had given him much trouble and concern. "When I try to do something," he observed, "some one comes and slaps my face, and another picks my back." This referred to America.

On June 19, America was still awaiting an offer from China. On June 20, the European powers, Britain leading (being the doyen in the negotiations in Peking), made known to the Washington Govern-

ment their official attitudes on the subject of the American demands. In a spirit of conciliation, all agreed in principle to the justice of America's position.

Then came an interval of ingenious finesse in which the Europeans endeavored to discover the full nature and extent of American expectations, and the minimum with which she would be satisfied. Definite terms were required by the practical European financiers, to whom, in fact, the whole question was one of dollars and cents. This strictly economical view led them into an error, the outcome of which effectually convinced them of America's position. When they offered a share of the loan to America without recognizing American right to it, the European groups laid violent hands on the crux of the case: they discovered America.

The offer was impossible of acceptance. The essence of America's position was that she was the possessor of rights in the loan. When by her refusal it became understood that this was the basis of her determination to share the loan, it acted as a damper upon the Europeans, who, through the Germans, again pressed for ratification.

The action of the German group was now in conflict with the assurances of the imperial German Government. The French disavowed this action, and the British wished it understood that they were not in sympathy with it. The assurances lately given out at Washington showed that the American Government was disposed to take the offensive. Its challenge seemed to have been accepted. European action now passed the confines of safety.

June 21, the American Government reaffirmed its position at the Chinese Foreign Office in the form of a protest, though it was not presented formally in writing. America had then decided upon the extreme course of appealing direct to the Regent of China, in case Chang Chih-tung, on German application, attempted to get from the throne the edict of ratification sanctioning the loan.

It now seemed, from the American point of view, that nothing reasonable was to be expected of the European interests. The Americans, fully determined to participate to the full extent of equality in all loan interests in China, had nothing further to conceal. They thereupon presented their minimum demands in a substitute loan agreement identical with the accomplished loan agreement except that, in addition to the names of the European groups, the members of the American group were incorporated, thus automatically providing equal participation for American finance in the whole loan. It informed the European interests of the whole extent of the American Government's expectations for the American group in the loan and for American finance in future. It reduced the pro-rata shares of the present loan, and gave the Americans a place in the Hankow-Canton section of the loan, for which they had no right by agreement. This the European groups refused.

In London, Paris, and Berlin the exasperation of the financiers was hardly restrainable. America, on account of presuming to come into the Hankow-Canton section of the loan, was accused of altering her demands during the negotiations. America let it be known that she desired as a basis of settlement only that American financiers should have equality of interest with other nations, not excepting those (referring to Germany and France) who had no previous right by agreement to participation in either of the railways, but nevertheless enjoyed that participation. The European groups were now paying for their haste in appropriating American rights in the Hankow-Szechuen railway.

America's demands appeared all the more perfidious to the Europeans because America was visiting upon the Germans, British, and French the so-called "hold-up" successfully practised by the Germans upon the British and French.

It seemed certain that nothing more could happen to surprise the actors in this Far-Eastern drama. But now Russia, the ally of France, came forward and, on the basis of her industrial and commercial interests at Hankow, among the largest foreign interests in central China, requested of China to be given a share in the loan on equality with all powers, in keeping with equal opportunity and the open door.

Leopold, the Belgian king, who held a quarter of a million dollars' worth of debenture-bonds of the Hankow-Canton railway, also came forward and presented a paper which Belgium claimed entitled her to the first right-of-loan aid for the Han-

kow-Canton line, and therefore a place in the loan.

Japan had a sound right-of-aid agreement by which Japanese engineers were maintained by China for aid on the Hankow-Canton line. Though anxious to be understood as possessing rights of participation, she intrusted her interests to her ally Great Britain.

From this confusion resulted numerous proposals by China, emanating from the European groups and governments, both of which were still fighting for time. They had always the same object of preserving the accomplished agreement and the right of the European groups themselves to mete out portions to a fourth party, as against America's contention that her right, emanating from China, necessarily excluded the services of a third party in fulfilling its provisions. The State Department, however, admitted the desirability of friendly coöperation with the banks and governments in some plan to enable China to fulfil her obligations toward America, and held itself in a position to receive any overtures they might make.

This produced a humiliating situation for the European interests. In fact, the position of the European groups was impossible. But even more so was that of their governments behind them, for the reason that the loan negotiations had been conducted by the European groups under the supervision of their governments, without which supervision foreign loans, at least by France and Germany, cannot be made. These governments had sanctioned the loan agreement and were parties to the ignoring of America's rights. Their position was diplomatically untenable.

To escape this position, and doubtless with the sincere object of facilitating an understanding, the three nations now assumed the position, and issued a statement to the effect, that the responsibility for making a friendly arrangement to satisfy the American financiers rested upon the European groups, thus seeming to wash their hands of it. In the language of the arena in Peking, Great Britain, France, and Germany elected to try to "climb over."

Such tactics, as could be seen, instead of smoothing the way to a settlement, gave a new turn to the fight and made it more acute. The European groups and their legations in Peking were rendered irresponsible before the Chinese, with whom conspiracies were resumed. China sat down to watch the fight, only to be more closely invested by the Europeans.

Up to this moment the Government in Washington had relied for appreciation of the justice of its contentions upon the general understanding of friendship and good-will between the two governments of America and China. It is well known that in whatever the American Government has undertaken in recent years in China, it has started out with one prime asset—its favorable position with the Chinese Government, due, it is popularly supposed, to such acts by America as the return of the Boxer indemnity. That asset of favor in China's eyes had now actually been used to the utmost to stay the "Hukuang loan," and the Government in Washington saw no cause to abate its apprehension as to what persuasion from Europe might succeed with China in defeating American demands. It looked as though China, finally persuaded, would ratify the loan and that the European governments would "climb over" and get away in spite of America's most strenuous protests. America was determined that they should neither "climb over" nor get away, and Secretary Knox now pressed his attack to nail them in.

Mr. Fletcher consulted Sir John Jordan in regard to the influences being brought to bear upon China to force her to break her agreement with America, and pointed out the serious results that would accrue from this cause in case China was led into a false position.

"Yes," replied the minister, "I know."

"Well, I believed it best to tell you, so that, in case it came up afterward, you would know what our position was."

July 11, the European groups in London reconsidered the question, and failed to reach any conclusion on the subject of further concessions to America. Their China agents, the Peking banks, visited Chang Chih-tung and laid before him a statement to the effect that they had offered the Americans a chance to come into the loan, but the Americans had not done so.

July 13, Mr. Fletcher discussed with Sir John Jordan the situation caused by the failure of the conference of the Euro-

pean groups in London on the 11th. On account of the continued pressure upon China through the European banks, the foremost of which was the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank, the British concern in the loan without whose support any influence directed at China in the matter would be virtually without effect, Mr. Fletcher stated that the position of his Government was such that the British legation would be considered responsible for any action which the British Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank took in pressing China to ratify the Hu-kuang loan.

That this warning from the American Government to the British Government was given to the British legation in Peking was denied by an official of the British Foreign Office, but it is nevertheless what actually occurred.

The same representations were repeated to the head of the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank in Peking, Mr. Hillier, who said, speaking for himself, that he was not doing anything.

This effort to reach the Germans in their activities, through the British, who were responsible by reason of their having negotiated the loan, now failed, and American diplomacy was exhausted. The sympathetic activities of the European groups under the supervision of their governments, who were loath to give up the struggle, and the confused state of the Chinese Government on the question, had carried matters beyond the point of further discussion. Three months had elapsed, and China was still unable to satisfy American demands for the carrying out of the intention and terms of the agreement of August 15, 1903, reaffirmed July 18, 1904. The culmination followed upon the renewal of European pressure after the failure of the European groups to reach an agreement on July 11, and the way had been prepared by Mr. Fletcher in Peking.

On July 21, 1909, President Taft sent a cablegram direct to Prince Chun, Regent of China. Its contents are explained in the following official statement by Secretary Knox:

[The President] felt warranted in resorting to the somewhat unusual method of communicating direct with His Imperial Highness Prince Chun, Regent of the Chinese Empire, informing the latter that he was greatly disturbed at the reports of certain prejudiced opposition to the Chinese Government arranging for equal participation by American capital in the Hu-kuang loan. The President pointed out that the wishes of the United States were based upon broad national and imperial principles of equity and good policy in which a due regard for the best interests of China had a prominent part. He reasserted his intense personal interest in making the use of American capital in the development of China an instrument in the promotion of China's welfare, and an increase in her material prosperity, without entanglements or embarrassments that might affect the growth of her independent political power and the preservation of her territorial integrity.

This action was unprecedented in China. It caused a furore in the Forbidden City, to which the Prince Regent summoned the members of the Chinese Foreign Office, and in the Grand Council, of which Chang Chih-tung was himself a member. Outside the Forbidden City, and in Europe, the President's action was regarded as an unwarranted misuse of executive privilege, which in different circumstances would have been met with executive retaliation.

An attempt was made to draw out the interference of the German Emperor, a project that had some ground for success, but was reluctantly relinquished.

The President's cablegram resulted in an agreement satisfactory to all parties. It only remained for the American Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. Fletcher, to arrange with China an increase in the sum total of the loan so that the admittance of a fourth party would not diminish the amount of the original allotments, thus furnishing a happy solution of this long and bitter contention.

The Hu-kuang loan was signed by the four groups in Paris May 23, 1910. The achievement was a victory for American commerce, trade, political influence, and for the open door in China. By virtue of that victory, America's position in China is now a new subject of study to American statesmen. It affords commercial opportunities on a parity with those of other great industrial nations, and on account of America's peculiar relations to China, involves her in responsibilities greater than those borne by other powers.

THE SURPRISING MADAME DUBOSC

BY LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH

Author of "An Old Maid's Corner," "Hezekiah," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

III

IT was a gala-day. The hunting-season had opened, with all the beau monde of Paris coming to the chase. Madame, as excited as a war-horse at the sound of a bugle, insisted that I must go. Protests were unavailing. With her eyes on fire, she stood by my bedside before I was half awake, describing the chase as an occasion which no one should miss, and that as the rendezvous was to be at St. John in the Woods, too far to walk, we could take the path toward the lakes and be there for the killing, the deer, when chased, always making for the water. The morning's work was therefore hurried, breakfast served an hour earlier, and Madame went off to dress.

When she reappeared, and I caught sight of her costume, I held my breath; for I saw standing in the open doorway the same well-rounded woman in enormous pearl earrings who waited upon me daily, but the sunburned face was now dabbed over with powder, and the calico wrapper, which had become so familiar, had been replaced by a red tailor-made costume of ancient cut, though still bearing the stamp of once authoritative scissors, and giving an air to her figure. The blouse having apparently long since worn out, a piece of red brocade, ripped off one of her sofa cushions, had been stuffed in as a vest, and, there being no collar, a bit of point-lace was pinned about the neck. From some secret hiding-place she had brought out an old-fashioned, beaded hat trimmed with faded roses, and from still another unsuspected corner, white kid gloves, yellow with time and so tight that the red flesh of her toil-stained hands bulged through where the buttons failed to meet. Lolotte, that forlorn relic of a time when no well-dressed woman appeared in public without just such a miserable black-and-tan toy, was tucked under one arm; and as Madame suffered from "bronchite," a once costly fur cape, now sadly torn, was strung over the other.

"I am *comme il faut*—Mademoiselle is pleased with me?" she asked, with bland self-satisfaction.

There could be no possible answer to such a question, so I evaded it by drawing nearer to admire the lace at her neck.

"Ce n'est rien," she disclaimed, with flattered smile; "Mademoiselle must look at this," and with the air of a bric-à-brac dealer displaying his choicest treasures, she lifted her skirt, revealing for my benefit turquoise-blue satin knickerbockers edged with deep lace. "This is something worth talking about," she said; "it cost seventy francs a yard."

Neither the turquoise-blue knickerbockers nor the lace ruffles interested me. My attention was fixed on a pair of white-kid

buttoned boots trimmed with bands of yellow, set up on heels at least three inches high, and worn over thick, black stockings! Could she ever walk!

"Wonderful!" I exclaimed, and Madame, thinking me impressed, was happy. So, too, was Lolotte, who for once did not snarl at me. She lay snug and contented when, the garden gate closed, we started off at a rapid pace. The dog had also seen better days. I smothered my pride as best I could; not for the world would I have mortified her by a smile, certainly not about the clothes which she had put on for my benefit. So I took my place beside her, consoling myself by thinking that, as I was a stranger, it did not matter. Her spirits were high, and she talked rapidly, but before we reached the woods, a five minutes' walk, I noticed that her ardor had begun to cool. She was limping. "Those shoes," I thought, but said nothing.

"Mais quel beau temps!" she broke out abruptly, stopping to ease first one foot, then the other, but without confessing that they hurt. "One must breathe it."

"Yes, and breathe deep," I answered, pausing to give her time for recovery. "The weather is exquisite." The day, indeed, was one out of heaven, cool and crisp, the sky a cloudless October blue, the very air vibrant with soft and exquisite tones, purples, reds, and golden browns—a day for drinking in peace, not for killing, I thought, remembering with a shudder our errand.

Madame certainly was breathing deep as we resumed our journey, though it was in long and labored efforts. The going was hard, and she must not betray herself, for I was not the only witness. Highway and wood paths were full. All the villagers with an afternoon to spare had turned out, as if for an election, whole families together—bent old men on canes, bent old women leading children or wheeling them, young boys and girls, even the house dogs on chains. Coaches also swept by us, with well-dressed Parisians talking in low tones, their lunch-baskets strapped on behind; automobiles whirled past; and officers on horseback, riding beside dainty women who sat their saddles superbly. Now and then there was an ordinary fiacre hired by a visitor for the day. One common purpose swayed high and low alike—to be at the lakes in time for the death of a terror-haunted stag, and under such a sky as this!

Drawn by May Wilson Preston

"THE HUNTING-SEASON HAD OPENED"

Although her efforts were becoming painful to witness, Madame limped excitedly on, trying in vain to keep up with the other pedestrians, and panting heavily as she explained to me the customs: who the man was who had been out since dawn driving the stag toward the rendezvous; where the seventy hounds were kept, and how they had been starved for twenty-four hours before the hunt to make them hungry for the deer; how only the very élite were invited to wear the "button" or special uniform of those who rode beside the *chef de l'équipage,* who had rented from the government his own right to hunt, though any one could follow like ourselves; why, too, the villagers had turned out in such numbers, each of the favored ones being given a piece of the meat to carry home, the hounds getting their portion first. At intervals, in harsh, rasping, high-pitched tones that cut me like a knife and made me want to hide, she interrupted her narrative to call out to the passers-by, asking for the last news of the stag, which way it had gone, or whether it had escaped, as, thank Heaven! it sometimes does. No one objected to her questions. Coachmen waved their whips in answer; officers pointed; some said that the stag was on the hill; others that it had run toward the water by the station. Exact information was lacking, though all hurried on to the lakes, we making as much progress as we could, Madame puffing and beginning to cough, I praying for the stag.

Of a sudden, on a wood path, just where the shadows were thickest, Madame came to a sudden halt.

"Listen, listen!"

she shouted, and echoing down from the hill above us I heard the sound of a hunter's horn, answered by that of baying hounds. "Ah, they have missed his trail!" she cried in disgust.

"I hope they have," I answered sharply.

"Mademoiselle does not like it?" she suggested mildly, seeming glad of any excuse to stop and talk it out with me, however gently, as she shifted her weight about and pulled up her shoulders. Even Lolotte was becoming a burden.

"It is barbarous," I said, "cruel."

"It is not cruel; it was cruel when they hunted men and women," she replied, giving her foot an easing kick. "The lords who lived in the château rode after them through these very woods, and kept those they caught in dungeons. Monsieur told me."

"It does not make it any better to hunt brutes now. Seventy hounds after one stag, Madame, and I thought you loved animals! If you care for this sort of thing, you may stay. I am going home."

"And why should I not care for it?" she asked fiercely, having sufficiently rested to be herself again. "It is the sport of the beau monde, of the very élite. There is nothing like it; one does not think of the animals, but of the chase. It makes the blood bound, the heart beat, and the cheeks grow hot. But there must be danger in it," she went on, growing more and more excited—"danger like that from hunting boars in Russia. Then it mounts to the head like wine; one forgets everything, as one does in love. This"—and she pointed disparagingly toward the hill—"this is nothing; it is tame, like hunting foxes in Rome, with no trees—mais, Mon Dieu! look!"

I turned, and saw the stag.

He was standing, half-concealed, among the fern-brakes, his head held high, every muscle of his splendid body strained in a fearful attention. His black nostrils were dilated to their utmost, as if through those dark tunnels to his brain he were draining in every wavelet of air that could carry a message of warning to him. His wide-open eyes saw nothing, but furrowing his cheeks was the wet, brown trail of tears. There was something in the day's sport that he could not understand.

For only a moment he stood irresolute; then catching the bay of a hound, he tossed his antlered head, cleared the stream beside us, scattering the frightened peasants in every direction, turned sharp on his course, and made off at right angles. Following close behind him a hound, cleverer than his fellows, leaped out from the ferns, stopped short at the stream, sniffing the ground in baffled pursuit.

An instant later, down the steep hillside dashed the red-coated hunters, men and women, in hot pursuit, eager for his blood, their faces flushed, their eyes aflame.

The sight was like an electric current for Madame. She dropped Lolotte to the ground and sprang to a stone, shouting herself hoarse as she screamed to the hunters the new direction of the stag, cheering the dogs with a "Hei! hei!" calling out to me to look, growing angry when I caught her skirt and begged her not to betray the deer. "Mademoiselle is a coward," she cried, laughing disdainfully down at me. "This is sport. Ah, to hunt again myself, as I did in the old days! No stag escaped me then!"

Close beside us by this time the hunters had reined up their horses on their haunches, the baying hounds straggling after them; Madame's shouts had been heeded. Again the horn was sounded, the party wheeled, swept off, leaping the stream. On, on, they went, unmindful of the solemn trees, through fern-brakes that reached the horse's haunches, the sunlight glinting on gold shoulder-strap and braided hat, till the branches closed after them, and we saw them no more.

"Vite!" cried Madame, springing to the ground and starting off without even remembering the whining Lolotte. "This short cut will bring us to the lakes before they can get there."

The jump had been the final stroke. My tortured landlady could hardly move. *"Ma foi!"* she broke out angrily, "these shoes!" and lifting first one agonized foot and then the other, she tore the buttons roughly apart. "That is better," she sighed, and tried to stumble on, leading me yet deeper into the shadows. We made little progress. Unbuttoning the shoes had given no relief, and by this time the tight lace about her throat had become too oppressive for breathing. Stopping again, she ripped it off, stretching her neck as a tired horse does whose bridle has been loosened. Then, once more undaunted, she

made an unsuccessful effort. "*Tant pis!* I can endure it no longer," she groaned, and sitting down abruptly on a fallen tree, her swollen feet straight out before her, she lighted a cigarette, and lapsed into the speechlessness of the overthrown.

We were now alone. The villagers had disappeared, the hunters gone, and the quiet of the golden forest began to settle upon me like a balm. I took a seat beside her and, as from an iridescent chalice, sat drinking in the glittering silences. Not a leaf stirred. No birds sang. Nothing moved except as a stray sunbeam stole in, lighting with white patches some giant tree trunk, and flashing out again as silently.

The chase was over, at least for me. Madame had given up the fight; that old finery of hers had done the mischief, tricking and throwing her out of the race like a virtue too long discarded, and assumed only for special occasions. Who was this woman, smoking stoically beside me and too proud to discuss her own defeat? Her bewildering talk coming back to me, I wondered what her experiences had been. Had she, as she would have led me to suppose, ever really moved among the exalted in society?

As she continued speechless, I began to reason it out. Her manners, certainly, were not those I had associated with the well-born. But then, as I went on, are not the manners of the prominent constantly surprising us? Her temper, too, was high; but might not nerves, overstrung by adversities, account for her outbursts? Many doctors argue this way. It all depends upon the position that one holds in life what names are given to maladies. Of course she did my cooking as though she had been used to it, and swept out my house, and fastened my blouses; but were not other people every day forced by poverty and debt to do things quite as hard? And was not French history itself full of just such stories of heroic gentlewomen, reduced like her, and not hesitating to perform a menial service? My own confusion of mind, with its ever-changing points of view, had undoubtedly sprung only from an inability to recognize differences in national habits and customs. I had tried to measure her only by standards brought from home.

After much hard thinking, I arrived at this conclusion:

The woman smoking on the log beside me—a habit learned in Russia, I was now convinced—must have been somebody. How else could she have hunted, and with the very élite, and in Rome, of all places? How else could Alphonse, that gifted painter, ever have known her? I would not doubt again, not even when the carpet slippers were resumed; for I knew that I should never see those high-heeled shoes again, and I never did.

Her harsh, and this time uninflective, voice startled me from my reverie. "Bonjour, Marie," she was saying.

"Bonjour, Madame," followed a gentle answer.

I glanced up. The dearest of little old women, in short petticoats and sabots (Madame must have envied them) was gathering fagots near by, moving toward us as silently as the sunbeams. A spotless white apron covered her skirts, and a stiff-starched, fluted muslin cap bound her sweet, serene face, out of which shone eyes as mild and beseeching as those of a fawn. The small hands, carefully scrubbed, might have belonged to a child, and the rope round her shoulders, meant for tying the fagots, looked as if it had just been sent from the laundry.

"Tout va bien?" puffed Madame in the same harsh, uninflective voice.

"Bien, merci," the little old woman rejoined. "My youngest granddaughter will make her first communion in the spring, and her brother has found work in Paris. The *bon Dieu* has blessed me."

"Tant mieux pour vous," replied Madame, but so coldly that, with a courtesy, the little old woman turned away in her search for more fagots.

"Who is she?" I asked.

"A good woman, *très gentille*," said Madame, striking a fresh sulphur match. "I have known her since she was a child; she lives by the château. Her husband, a wood-cutter, was killed last June by a falling tree, and Marie now has a pension. They had brought up seven children. Perhaps—" and Madame rose, tossing her extinguished match among the leaves—"perhaps it is better so, Mademoiselle, to have brought up seven children for one's old age, and to have no memories. This poor, stupid woman has none; she knows nothing; she has never been two kilometers from home."

Madame was sighing as she struggled to her feet and resumed her painful limp homeward, a very different person from that gay figure of the morning who had been eager for the chase.

I let her go on ahead, and strolled slowly

Drawn by May Wilson Preston

"THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN IN A MUSLIN CAP, TOO ASTONISHED TO DISOBEY . . . CAME FORWARD"

behind her, pretending to pick flowers so as not to mortify her by seeming to notice any change in her bearing. I knew she was discomfited, and her grotesque figure, stumbling along the wood path, excited in me a pity I had not known before. Even her tattered, ill-assorted finery assumed a certain pathos in my eyes, symbol of a past with all its glories gone, and of a troubled present. Odd and queer as she always was, there was no denying her courage in ignoring her reduced circumstances and working bravely to pay off her "horrible debts." Ridiculous, too, as she had made herself to-day, her efforts had been valiant. She had suffered much. My imagination began to stir. I felt sure that now, as she hobbled on, she was comparing her own lot with that of the widowed Marie, saying bitterly to herself that Marie had only the sorrow of death's certainty to confront, for which, when it comes, every other heart is stirred in sympathy; while she, the pensionless Madame, had not only the neglect of another to confront, but all the anguish of uncertainty to endure. For Alphonse had not written yet; neither the prayers to St. Anthony nor the medal blessed by the curé had roused that sick painter to a response. When I thought of his indifference, my heart throbbed. What right had he to leave her without the promised word to fight alone the terrors of those dread silences which only another woman knows? He could never have pictured them—the sudden springing up in the night, haunted by questions she does not dare to frame; the fierce outcries of anger and of longing, and then the sinking back, with baffled, helpless hands outheld against the darkness. Madame's hands had been upheld; I had seen them raised before me in despair. How could I comfort her now, that poor thing stumbling on before me?

I took my place by her side. For all my wish to rouse her to a brighter mood, I could think of nothing else of cheerfulness to repeat than this, which was trite:

"Though Marie has no memories, as you say, Madame, some are very sweet. Think of what a dreary place the world would be without them!"

She shot a swift, suspicious glance at me.

"What does Mademoiselle know of memories? They are not written in her face."

"Memories are not visible; they do not always scar," I replied, trying to laugh her depression away, and noticing all at once the deep furrows about her mouth.

"Mademoiselle knows nothing about them," she snapped. It seemed wisest to say no more; she had closed the door of her misery upon me and shut me out; I felt rebuffed and hurt. Each reaps his own harvest in the fields of memory, and the tares that another gathers make only for the eternal differentiations of life. Undoubtedly I knew nothing of hers, never having been anybody.

No other words passed between us as we moved slowly on, walking on dried leaves, where the going was softest. The birds, frightened by the hunters, had begun to sing again, and off on the edge of the woods the crows, in afternoon sport, were calling to one another and then putting out from the tree-tops for a frolic-

some meet in mid-heaven before flying off in new directions. At any other time I should have drawn Madame's attention to them and their simple language,—one caw answered by one, two caws by two,—but upon the grim reticence of her despair I dared not break.

We had gone only a few hundred yards, perhaps, when, to my relief, we overtook Marie. The little old woman was struggling with the fagots she had piled, trying vainly to tie them with the rope taken from her shoulders. The task was beyond her, the withered hands were too weak, but the gentle serenity of her gaze was unruffled as she smiled at us with, "My husband always gathered them for me."

Just to be in her presence was a joy. No fierce passions had furrowed her gentle face; no memories had left scars. Her horizon might have been narrow, her life simple, but how sweet the world of this old peasant woman all at once seemed to me, peopled only by those to whom she still ministered, and watched over by the bon Dieu whom she thanked for His blessings! How far removed from the thirst of hunters pursuing a harmless stag, and from the reach of Madame's own tempestuous tides!

Madame had already seated herself within full view, stretching out her sore feet before her, having been careful first to wrap herself and Lolotte in the fur cape, for the evening chill was beginning to fall. I thought it only another excuse for resting, and meant not to hurry her; but after a moment I heard Lolotte whine as Madame placed her on the ground. The disturbance attracted me.

Her keen eyes were on Marie, noting every futile effort. As the old woman's struggles continued, a strange restlessness took possession of Madame; she fussed and fumed on her seat, drawing her feet under her like an animal making ready to spring. At a loss to understand the cause of her unaccountable emotion, I watched her closely. Her whole figure was becoming strained with the tensity of some excitement. At last, unable to endure it longer, whatever it was, she bounded to her feet.

"Not that way, Marie!" she shouted, bringing the frightened woman upright with a start and making me jump.

Tossing the fur cape among the mosses, Madame, oblivious of her shoes, strode forward, seized Marie's arm, pushed her impatiently aside, and wrenched the rope from under the fagots. Split went the kid gloves! She tore them off and flung them after the cape.

Her keen eyes were now like those of a bird of prey as she paused and looked about her. In an instant she had spied a promising bush, and, striding toward it, broke off a long, slim branch near the roots. One vigorous jerk and every leaf lay scattered on the ground; another rapid movement, and the end of the branch was under her foot. Then she lifted both hands alternately, spat square into each palm, seized the branch again, and twisted it till the bark peeled and the underneath stem showed white. Her strength was that of a man.

Beads of perspiration covered her forehead. She struck them off, strode with the branch to the fagots, forced it underneath, holding the pile down with her foot, straightened herself, spat again on her hands, and with one mighty tug at the improvised cord, hauled taut until the muscles of her neck swelled almost to bursting. This done, she bent over and as easily as if they had been the ribbons of her chemise, tied the ends of the branch

Drawn by May Wilson Preston

"EVERY MORNING I WENT OUT TO GATHER THEM"

in a bow-knot, tugging at it again to see if all held tight.

Then for the first time she spoke:

"*Voyons,* Marie! Now come here," she cried authoritatively.

The little old woman in a muslin cap,

too astonished to disobey the lady in pearls, came forward. Madame turned her roughly about, and with no more effort than if she were handling a pillow, raised the bundle of fagots to Marie's back, and adjusted the weight to the frail shoulders.

"Next time you will know how it must be done," she said, and with an encouraging shove sent her down the path.

When the old woman had disappeared, Madame drew out from the folds of her brocade vest a fine Valenciennes handkerchief, and lightly dusted off her hands.

"These stupid peasants!" she laughed.

IV

THE small private path running behind both Madame's garden and that of the Monster next door, and over which they are daily at war, divides my fantastic house from a railroad bank, some twenty feet high. It is a pretty path, tempting many a stranger to its ascent, being bordered by flowers, the bank itself being laid out as a diminutive park.

The idea of a park, as an additional enticement to tenants who never came was one of those inspirations which make my landlady the object of much envy. For until the inspiration took possession of her, this small strip of land had been a wild waste, like any other over which trains travel, and full of rabbits' burrows and straggling weeds. Looking at it one day, the idea flashed through her brain, with a clasping of the forehead, of course.

Too discrete to say a word that might rob her of possible profits, she went to the station, accompanied only by the shivering toy terrier in its silver bells, interviewed an official, signed a lease, and, behold! the privileges of the railroad bank were hers for ten francs a year.

The Monster was furious, and no wonder. He had never thought of such a thing in all his seventy-odd years; nor his wife, either. So he dumped a wheelbarrow of spiteful briers on her freshly raked path and threw a stone at Lolotte. Madame only smiled. Her triumph was complete, and bringing out her shovel, she began to lay out her newly acquired territory.

There was no groping about in the dark. This time she knew what she wanted, having *bien réfléchi*. There must be a path skirting the bottom of the bank, another along the top, then one more, of a different form, running zigzag, as a ship tacks, up and down the steep incline. It was only when this was accomplished that a man was hired to plant trees, haul in stones for the steps, and put up gates and balustrades that she designed, to say nothing of kiosks formed by training branches over wires, and made to conceal benches just big enough for two. Then followed flowers in every available space, so that nothing to make it a real park was lacking save a fountain and nymphs. These no doubt will come later.

That end of the bank facing the Monster's disordered garden, with its rusty windmill and its old red flannel undershirts hung as scarecrows on the barren plum-tree, she was careful to reserve for her vegetables,—pease, and beans principally, since they withered soon, leaving bare sticks as a challenge to her neighbor. For me, however, the result of all her work was that when my front door was opened I saw nothing ugly, but a flowered incline all green shadows and tempting retreats, with roses enough to fill every vase in my house.

Every morning I went out to gather them, following all the paths in never-ending delight, looking straight off into the forest, which I now call mine, and watching the changing colors of the near-by fields. The dahlias grew so high about me that in some places I could be quite lost should any one mount the little road, only to be turned back by the barrier at its end. This was why it happened one morning that a gentleman with a portfolio under his arm, and who was sauntering up the private path, had no suspicion of my whereabouts. As he stopped and looked about him, I had time to study him.

He was a tall man, about thirty-five years old, and of distinguished presence, with a decoration in his buttonhole. His black mustache had a light upward twist, while a gray outing costume, with knickerbockers, threw into relief his shapely legs, and a waterfall red-silk tie added still another note of gaiety to his outfit. The morning being warm, his slouch hat was carried in his hand, leaving bare the finely modeled head, with its curly hair parted in the middle and close cropped behind the ears.

Never having seen him before, I stood still, expecting him to discover his mistake and turn about. When, however, he reached my front door, which was open, he paused before it and looked in. Other strangers had done the same thing, the vista being both enticing and unusual.

With my arms full of freshly gathered flowers, I descended the bank.

Drawn by May Wilson Preston

"'YOU ARE LOOKING FOR SOME ONE, MONSIEUR?'"

"You are looking for some one, Monsieur?"

He wheeled about, bowed low, and answered in perfect English (recognizing my accent no doubt):

"I must beg a thousand pardons, Madame, for having obtruded. You will forgive a painter, I know, who wanders everywhere and misses nothing."

His voice was low-pitched and delightful, while trailing all the way through it were bewitching, ever-varying cadences, those of his first astonishment dissolving themselves into ripples of a gay, apologetic amusement, as he looked at me and my flowers out of clear, gray eyes, over which the lids were straightening. He had begun to take in the situation.

As for me, listening to my own tongue again, and in this wilderness where no one spoke a word, a strange sense of exhilaration suddenly pervaded my whole being, and I could have welcomed him as a long-lost friend stumbled upon in a desert. I wanted to smile in return, and say how glad I was to see him.

Suddenly he caught sight, in the outer hall, of one of those old sketches by Alphonse of lost souls wandering on a rocky shore, and stepping closer to it, said, "May I ask, Madame, if this picture is yours?"

It was only with an effort that I managed to answer dispassionately:

"The picture belongs to my landlady."

"And might I ask the name of your landlady?" he went on, in those same delightful intonations. "Mine is Gage. I was on the way to the château to make a copy of the court where the bronze horse stands, and I thought that I had found a short cut over this lovely road." With this there was another wave of his shapely hand toward the path.

"Her name is Dubosc," I replied coldly —coldly because I did so wish to be cordial! He seemed such a cheerful person, and I had been so lonely!

Instantly his manner changed. His head was thrown back, and he looked me full in the face, his eyelids now narrowed to mere slits, through which two steel points of scintillating astonishment were boring into mine. The scrutiny offended me. There was too much measurement in it. I drew myself up stiffly.

"And you are living with Madame Dubosc?" he said slowly.

With a toss of the head, offended at some implied doubt in his tone, I answered, "I have rented this house from her."

"I beg your pardon," he murmured.

"You know her, then?" I asked, frigid now with his continued scrutiny. "If you will step indoors, I will go and call Madame," for suddenly I had thought of her cooking my luncheon in that old red wrapper of hers, and I did not want her to be caught.

He stood back against the wall to allow me to pass, inclining his head as he did so, and followed me into my salon, where I laid down my flowers. I saw him give the quick, alert glance of the trained painter who surveys as he enters, taking in every detail. The room pleased him, as it had done me on my first arrival, for his eyes gleamed again with satisfaction.

"If you will permit me," he said, "I will sit down for a moment. Do not hurry to find Madame Dubosc. I will go later myself," and drawing out a chair he held it till I, almost against my will, was seated, his hat still in his hand, the portfolio resting on the floor beside him.

"And this house," he asked, taking another survey of its wonderful old bird-covered chintz which now no money could buy, its engravings, and its flowers, "did your landlady build this, too? She always had touches of genius."

"You would think so if you would see how the stairs were constructed," I answered, smiling, though still somewhat nervously, my resentment having been softened by his tribute to my landlady's accomplishments. "Only the great Michelangelo himself could have equaled them," I went on, glad to make the conversation impersonal. "They were an afterthought, you know. They were not even begun till the house was finished. The whole thing was begun as a woodshed, but once the steps were started, they kept on growing—"

"Like Jack's bean-stalk," he interrupted, flashing another bright smile at me. "That would have been her way; difficulties never dismayed her. Whatever the proposition, when an idea once popped into her head, she must carry it out to a successful termination."

"Not many of us can do that," I answered eagerly, rejoiced at the chance to defend her. "And she tells me she had to fight the carpenters at every step."

"Fight!" he echoed. Had he been a dog, I should have said that his ears were cocked at some familiar sound. "Ah, the same old story! No; she has not changed." His eyes were dancing as he spoke, and his face, like ice that had been cracked, broke all at once into a hundred lines running up from his mouth, lifting his mustache, wrinkling his forehead, and marking the crow's-feet: he was laughing. Deep notes rolled out from his full chest, ending in chuckles at the throat. His shoulders shook. I could resist no longer, and laughed, too. No one had been merry in my salon before. I wanted to bask in it for a while, as a child will who, long held under, meets gay companions. Then remembering that I was laughing about my landlady and with a stranger, I rose, suggesting that as she was probably at her house, it might be better for me to apprise her of his coming. "What if she had heard us," I thought to myself, "and should appear in that old costume, her apron pockets full of cigarettes!"

He rose as I did, and with a protesting gesture was about to speak, when on the graveled path outside I caught the sound of her carpet slippers.

Madame *had* heard, and was coming to

investigate! A visitor in my house, and a man, at that! The thing was undreamed of.

I started forward to warn her. She had walked rapidly, and was already over the sill, her hands full of greens cut for my luncheon. She had on the old red wrapper and the huge pearls!

For an instant she stood blinking the sunshine out of her eyes, then, as her vision cleared, her look became like that of one frozen. That, too, passed quickly.

"Alphonse!" she cried joyously, "Alphonse!"

"Antoinette?" came the slow, questioning answer.

"C'est vous!" she cried again, as she dropped her greens, and rushing forward, threw her two arms round his neck, kissing him on both cheeks.

It was my turn to be frozen now, rooted to my place. This, then, was Alphonse, the gifted painter, and I had never suspected it—the man for whom she had prayed, the man about whom she had wrung my heart so often, the man for whom the cards had declared to be dying.

Yes, it was Alphonse; and not five minutes before he had been laughing with me and about her! Laughing! A feeling of repulsion surged through me as I thought of it. This, then, was the man's way of coming back, *dégagé,* unscathed, indifferent, and amused, ready to pick up old ties with a debonair flourish, as though they had been nothing more than a pair of gloves he had dropped. What did he care for the tears she had shed, the storms that had rent her, the hopes, the despairs? What did he care, this man, who had dared to laugh?

Drawn by May Wilson Preston

"'LIKE JACK'S BEAN-STALK,' HE INTERRUPTED, FLASHING ANOTHER BRIGHT SMILE AT ME"

I stepped forward to let him know what I thought of it all, and caught a clearer sight of her face wreathed in smiles as she stood looking up at him, her eyes as bright as stars. She was calling him *"bon enfant,"* saying how glad she was to see him, how long he had been away, and how had he been, and so he had become at last a

great painter, with that red ribbon in his buttonhole.

A revulsion of feeling seized me. She had never been honest with me, never really cared for him. It had pleased her to work on my sympathies, as it does a spoiled child to cry, bringing a whole household to its ministry. What a fool I had been! Madame did not even know how to care.

I looked closer. The deep lines were in her face. Not all her smiles could hide them, nor the cruel track that pain had left about the sensitive mouth. And her sapphire eyes, though they sparkled with new light, had the unused habit of joyousness in them, as of those who, after long sorrow, attempt mirth. Perhaps—another revulsion of feeling set my thoughts in a new direction—perhaps, she was only pretending not to care. Women, high and low, are queer, I thought; birth and station do not matter. The tear brushed quickly aside at the sound of the footfall long waited for; the loop of loose hair hurriedly set straight; the gay laugh of welcome where the sob had been, even the little dab of powder to hide it all, no, the man must never suspect. He must never know what the waiting has been, unless he be one of the all-comprehending, holding out arms in tender compassion. Madame had known best; she must never betray her pain to one like him, only her pleasure.

I turned to look at Alphonse. What had happened to him? The brightness had vanished like an afterglow from a snow-covered peak, leaving him colorless and gray. His shoulders had a melancholy droop, and his knees, like those of a tired horse, had gone weak. Yet how scrupulously courteous he was as he bent to talk to her, how polite, even when he picked from his sleeve a bit of the salad green left there by her embrace! Oh, so painfully polite and perfunctory, with no rippling cadences in his voice as he answered her questions, she, with eager eyes on his face, wanting to know how Clotilde was, and the *petite* Honorée, and whether he ever went back to the Quarter, and if he still had the picture he had painted of her!

The poor Clotilde was no more, he said, but there was a son who was going to be a great painter some day. Honorée had married. The changes had been many; nothing was as it had been in the old days. Yes, he remembered them all; he thought that she might have forgotten them now that—and here a ghost of a smile flickered across his face and disappeared as, with attempted gaiety, he waved his hand about the room—now that she was a veritable Marquis de Carabas, with houses and gardens.

"Ah, you are mocking!" she exclaimed, with darkening eyes. *"Pas de sympathie!* It was always easy for you to laugh. *C'est vrai,* I have my houses. I must live; but except the Américaine, nothing is rented. My troubles are many. *Mais, ma foi!* There is the eleven o'clock train, and my breakfast is burning."

He followed her slowly. So the long-prayed-for meeting was over.

I stood as one stunned, with my hand against my heart. The birds and flowers on my chintzes swayed and shook and mocked at me. One thought consumed me: was it always like this when men come back—those for whom we have waited? I drew my fingers across my forehead, trying to clear the cobwebs from my brain. There must be others who are different, I said slowly to myself. There *must* be! It was because Alphonse was a Frenchman. That was it. A Frenchman! No man of my own country would have done what he had done—laughed first with me and then gone out with her. I hated him and all his race.

When breakfast was ready, Madame called to me, and reluctantly, still shaken by the interview and dreading to see them both, I went down. She was in the kitchen making a tremendous noise over her pots and pans. Things were late, and she was nervous and had no word for me. Alphonse was in the dining-room standing before the photograph of her seated on a coach with the groom in livery at the horse's head. He did not hear me enter. His conscience was troubling him, I hoped, now that he recognized the changes which his own neglect had wrought. I spoke so as to let him know I was there.

"Madame must have been very handsome once, and she is handsome now at times," I said, not daring to venture more in my present state of mind.

He turned with a start. "Yes, she was very handsome," he answered in lowered

tones. "She was very generous, too, kind to every one who suffered."

"She has suffered enough herself, poor soul, to expect others to be loyal and considerate to her," I replied, unable to resist the thrust.

"You are right," was all he said for a moment, then he added thoughtfully: "It is not always easy to know just what to do. We think to repay in one way and,"—he hesitated,—"the whole of life's panorama is changed, and our purposes with them."

Before I could answer, Madame, carrying a hot dish, bustled in.

Mademoiselle must ask Alphonse to sit down and breakfast with her. It will be *société*. Alphonse would not hear of it. He had already intruded, he insisted, his excuses were prolific, and, with a low bow and a *"bon appétit,"* he went out into the garden. I saw him through the window seating himself on a wooden bench under the marble bust of Psyche, having been careful first to dust the bench off with his handkerchief. When Lolotte went up to him shivering in her silver bells, I heard him say, *"Tiens, tiens,* and are you still alive, poor Lolotte?" He did not touch the forlorn old dog, being too dejected for that, but sat digging into the gravel with a stick. Madame, from her kitchen, would call out to him now and then, and he would answer briefly, sometimes without even lifting his head, as he continued to dig holes in the gravel.

I searched eagerly in her eyes when she came in with the smoking dish, wanting to discover if any joy were there.

"But you are glad now, are n't you?" I asked, trying to detain her.

"Mais oui!" she answered without stopping. "He is *bon enfant*. But what an hour to come, making breakfast late!" Without another word she bustled out again, stepping on one of the kittens as she went. *"Tant pis!"* she exclaimed, "Everything is under my feet to-day."

I gave up in despair, with a choke in my throat. There was no use in my trying to understand the ways of foreigners, and I had been a sentimental fool again. I was done with it—this letting my own emotions run away with me, and picturing others' joys and griefs as my imagination clothed them.

Madame, bustling in to change my plate, came to an abrupt and reproachful standstill when she saw what I had left upon it. "Mademoiselle did not eat the rabbit? It is always like this when I do my best to please her. Mademoiselle has hurt my feelings." Her eyes filled, and she lifted the dish brusquely, refusing even to listen when I tried to speak.

The situation had become too much for me, and I started home.

"May I go with you?" Alphonse asked, rising as I passed him. "I left my portfolio in your salon."

There was nothing to say but "Certainly," and he took his place silently beside me.

A voice came from behind us.

"You will come back, Alphonse? When my dishes are washed I shall be ready."

We both turned. Madame, with a towel in her hand, was standing in her kitchen door looking after us.

"Yes, I will come back when you are ready," he answered.

She waved her hand, smiled enigmatically, and disappeared inside.

Then she did want to see him again. Pretenses had vanished now that she saw him going off with another woman. I hoped she meant to change her dress.

(To be concluded)

MARTIN LUTHER AND HIS WORK

SECOND PAPER: LUTHER'S LIFE AS A MONK AND HIS VISIT TO ROME

BY ARTHUR C. McGIFFERT

Professor of Church History in Union Theological Seminary, New York

IN THE MONASTERY

TO a young man of twenty-one who for four years had breathed the free air of a great university, and gone his own independent way, the monastic life must have been peculiarly irksome, hedged about as it was by the most minute and exacting rules. The convent was a training-school for manners as well as for virtue and piety, and its regulations concerned the pettiest details of conduct. How to walk, to stand, to speak, to dress, to eat, as well as how to pray—all was carefully prescribed, and not a moment of the day was left unprovided for. From the time of rising, long before dawn, until the hour when lights must be out and all in bed, nothing was left to individual choice, and the novitiate at least was never alone, for all his duties and devotions were performed under the constant supervision of others.

Humility and obedience were the virtues chiefly aimed at. That the neophyte should be divested of all pride and self-confidence, and should learn to have no will of his own, was an indispensable preparation for the true monastic life. "The monks," Luther says, "sought to try one's obedience by requiring that unreasonable, burdensome, childish, and foolish things be done with willing and joyful hearts." Partly with this in view, partly as a result of the natural desire of the older monks to see their younger brethren undergo as much as they had endured, the most menial employments were laid upon them. They were compelled to sweep, scrub, and do kitchen and chamber work, and if they showed disinclination to their tasks, only the more was exacted of them.

The Augustinian was a mendicant order, and begging was a part of its creed. It was doubtless something of a trial to the young and brilliant master of arts to go through the familiar streets clad in monastic garb, with a sack on his back, begging bread from house to house. At any rate, whatever he thought of it, to the university authorities it seemed too great an indignity to be put on one of their graduates, and at their solicitation he was allowed to confine his begging to the outlying villages. From his own lips were heard no complaints of the duties laid upon him and of the humiliations to which he was subjected. He performed his tasks without murmuring, and submitted without protest to the chastening experiences of his new surroundings.

It may well be believed that his reputation and attainments did not make his association with the other inmates of the convent any easier. "My cloister brothers," he once remarked, "were annoyed at me because I was a student. They said, 'As with me, so with thee; put the sack on his neck.'" His enemies at a later date accused him of overweening pride and self-conceit, and he was apparently never very popular with the Erfurt monks. Perhaps he was not so amiable and companionable as he might have been, for the contrast between the ambitious, eager, and talented friends he had left and most of those with whom he was now thrown was very marked. Earnest as he was in his desire to give himself to religion, and willingly as he assumed the burdens and en-

town rejoiced. Millerstown believed that a green Christmas made a fat graveyard.

The school-room was almost unrecognizable. The walls were in reality brown, except where the blackboards made them still duller; the desks were far apart, the space from the last seat, where the ill-behaved preferred to sit, to the teacher's desk, to which they made frequent trips for punishment, seemed interminable. This afternoon, however, there was neither dullness nor extra space. The walls were hidden by masses of crowfoot and pine, brought from the mountain; the blackboard had vanished behind festoons of flags and red bunting. The children were so closely crowded together into a quarter of the room that one would have said that they could never extricate themselves; into the other three quarters had squeezed and pressed almost all the fathers and mothers of Millerstown. Grandfather and Grandmother Gaumer were there, the latter with a large and mysterious basket, which she directed Katy to hide in the cloak-room, the former laughing with his famous brother. "Mommy Bets" Eckert, a generation older than Grandfather Gaumer, was there; and there were half a dozen babies who cooed and cried by turns, and at whom misanthropic Caleb Stemmel frowned. Not another soul could have crowded in.

It was Katy who showed them to their seats, her cheeks redder than her red dress, her motions more bird-like than ever. Only she seemed able to keep her eyes from the platform, where the great man sat; only she seemed able to think. For Katy the play had begun. Was he not here? Had he not smiled at her? Was he not handsome and friendly, like Grandfather Gaumer? Were not her dreams coming true?

Katy knew her part as she knew her own name. It was called "Annie and Willie's Prayer." It was long and hard for a tongue which, for all its striving, could not yet say *th* and *v* with ease. But Katy would not fail, nor would Adam, her little brother, who lisped through "Hang up the Baby's Stocking." If only Ollie Kuhns knew "The Psalm of Life" and Jimmie Weygandt "There Is a Reaper Whose Name Is Death" as well! They had known them this morning,—known them so well that they could say them backward,—but would they know them now? The children's faces were white; the very pine branches seemed to quiver with nervousness; the teacher tried vainly to remember the English speech which he had carefully composed and memorized. As he sat talking with the stranger, he frantically consoled himself with the recollection that examinations always terrified him; but that he was always better in a few minutes.

Once he caught Katy Gaumer's eye and tried to smile. But Katy did not respond. She saw plainly enough what was the matter with him, and prickles of fright went up her backbone. His speech was to open the entertainment. Suppose he should fail! Katy had seen panic sweep like fire down the ranks of would-be speakers. If he would only let her begin, *she* could not fail!

But the teacher did not let her begin. No such simple way out of his difficulty occurred to his paralyzed brain. The stillness in the room grew more deathlike; the moment for opening came and passed; Katy Gaumer, now in her seat, gazed at him sternly; and still he sat helpless.

Then suddenly light flooded his soul. Why should he say anything at all? He would call on the stranger. It was perfectly true that a visitor's speech was never known to come anywhere but at the end of an entertainment. The teacher thought of that, but he did not care. The stranger should speak now, and thus set an example to the children. Hearing his easy English, they would have less trouble with *th* and *v*. Color came back to the teacher's cheek; only Katy Gaumer realized how terrified he had been. So elated was he at his deliverance that he introduced the stranger without stumbling.

Daniel Gaumer had spoken for at least two minutes before the shock of surprise reached the brains of his hearers. The children looked at him, refusing to believe their ears; fathers and mothers nudged each other; the teacher's mouth opened. Only Katy Gaumer sat unmoved, and Katy was too much astonished to stir. The distinguished stranger had been away from Millerstown for thirty years; he was a graduate of a university; he had honorary degrees; the teacher had warned the children to look as though they understood him, whether they understood

him or not: and now the distinguished stranger did not even address them in English, but spoke Pennsylvania German!

It came out so naturally, he seemed so like any other Millerstonian standing there, that they could hardly believe that he was distinguished or even that he was a stranger. He said that he had not been in that school-room for thirty years, and that if any one had asked him its dimensions, he would have said it would be difficult to throw a ball from corner to corner. And now he could almost reach across it! He remembered Caleb Stemmel, and called him by name, and asked him whether he had any little boys and girls there to speak pieces, at which everybody laughed. Caleb Stemmel was too selfish to care for any one but himself. He talked as though he were sitting behind the stove in the store with Caleb and Danny Koser and the rest. And then —the teacher's face flushed, the bright color faded from Katy Gaumer's cheeks, the fathers and mothers nudged each other once more—*he said he had come a thousand miles to hear a Pennsylvania German Christmas entertainment.*

He said that it was necessary, of course, for every one to learn English,—it was the language of their country,—but at Christmas-time they should remember with pride that no nation in the world felt the Christmas spirit like the Germans. It was a time when everybody should be grateful for his German blood, and should practise his German speech. He had been looking forward to this entertainment for weeks; he had told his friends about it; he knew that there was at least one place where he could hear "Stille Nacht." He almost dared to hope that there would be a "Belsnickel." If old men could be granted their dearest wish, they would be young again. The entertainment, he said, was going to make him young for one afternoon.

Then the great man sat down, and the little man rose. The teacher was panic-stricken once more. He was furious with himself for having called on Daniel Gaumer first; he was furious with Daniel Gaumer for thus foolishly upsetting all his teaching; he did not care, he said to himself, whether the children failed or not. He announced "Annie and Willie's Prayer."

It seemed for a moment that Katy herself would fail. She looked back into the teacher's eyes. He could not have prompted her if his life had depended on it. He glanced at the program in his hand to see who came next.

But Katy had begun. She bowed to the audience, she bowed to the stranger,—she had effective, stagy ways,—and then she began. To the staring children, to the astonished fathers and mothers, to the delighted stranger, she recited a new piece. They had heard it all their lives; in fact, many of them knew it by heart. It was not "Annie and Willie's Prayer," it was not even a Christmas piece, but it was as appropriate to the occasion as either. Katy knew this also like her own name; it was the way Katy Gaumer knew everything. It was "Das alt Schulhaus an der Crick," and the translation compares with the original as the teacher's Christmas entertainment compared with Katy Gaumer's:

To-day it is just twenty years
  Since I began to roam;
Now, safely back, I stand once more
Before the quaint old school-house door,
  Close by my father's home.

I 've been in many houses since,
  Of marble built and brick;
Though grander far, their aim they miss,
To lure my heart's old love from this
  Old school-house on the creek.

Katy Gaumer's eyes did not continue to rest on the visitor's face. There were thirty-one stanzas in her recitation; there was time to look at each one in her audience. At the fathers and mothers she did not look at all; at Ollie Kuhns and Jimmie Weygandt and little Sarah Knerr, however, she looked hard and long. She was still staring at Ollie when she sat down—staring so hard that she did not hear the applause, which the stranger led. She did not sit down gracefully; she hung half-way out of her seat, bracing herself with her arm about her little brother, and still staring at Ollie Kuhns.

The teacher forgot to announce Ollie's speech, but no one noticed. Ollie rose, grinning. This was all a beautiful joke to him. He knew a trick worth two of Katy's. Did he not know a piece called

"Der Belsnickel," a description of the masked, fur-clad creature who in Daniel Gaumer's day brought cakes for good children and switches for the *nixnutzige?* Ollie had terrified the children a thousand times with his representation of "Bosco the Wild Man." It was a simple thing to make them see a fearful Belsnickel before their eyes.

And little Sarah Knerr, did she not know "Das Krischkindel," which told of the divine Christmas spirit? She had learned it for last year's Sunday-school entertainment; she said it now with exquisite and gentle painstaking. When she was through, the teacher rose as though hypnotized and went to the organ. There was an advisory hum from Katy Gaumer, to which the teacher listened with irritation. He had some sense. There was of course only one thing to be sung, and that was "Stille Nacht." The children sang, and the fathers and mothers sang, and the stranger led them with his strong voice.

Only Katy Gaumer, fixing one of the remaining performers after the other with her eye, sang no more after the tune was started. There was Coonie Schnable. She said to herself that he would probably fail, anyhow; it made little difference whether his few unintelligible words were English or German. Coonie Schnable was always the clown of the entertainment; he would be of this one also.

But Coonie did not fail. Ellie Shindler recited a German description of "The County Fair" without a break, then Coonie Schnable rose. He had once "helped" successfully in a dialogue. For those who know no Pennsylvania German it must suffice that it was a translation of a scene in Hamlet. For the benefit of those who are more fortunate the translation is appended. Coonie now recited all the parts.

Hamlet: Oh, du armes Schpook!
Ghost: Pity mich net, aber geb mir now dei' Ohre
For ich will dir amohl eppas sawga.
Hamlet: Schwetz rous, for ich will es now aw hera.
Ghost: Und wenn du haresht don nemsht aw satisfaction.
Hamlet: Well, was is 's? Rous mit!
Ghost: Ich bin dei' dawdy sei' Schpook.

To the children, everything which Coonie did was funny, and their fathers and mothers laughed with them. The stranger seemed to discover still deeper springs of mirth; he laughed until he cried.

Only Katy Gaumer, stealing out, was not there to see the end. Nor was she at hand to speed her little brother Adam, who was to close the entertainment with "Hang up the Baby's Stocking." But Adam had had his instructions. He knew no German recitation,—this was his first essay at speech-making,—but he knew a German Bible verse which his Grandmother Gaumer had taught him: "Ehre sei Gott in der Höhe und Friede auf Erden, und den Menschen ein Wohlgefallen" ["Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men"]. He looked like a Christmas spirit himself as he said it, with his flaxen hair and his blue eyes, as the stranger might have looked fifty years ago. Daniel Gaumer smiled at him as he passed, then gathered him to his knee.

Suddenly little Adam screamed, and hid his face against the stranger's breast; then another child shrieked in excited rapture. The Belsnickel had come! It was covered with the dust of the school-house garret; it was not of the traditional huge size,—it was, indeed, less than five feet tall,—but it wore a furry coat,—the distinguished stranger leaped to his feet, saying that it was not possible that that old pelt still survived,—it opened its mouth "like scissors," as Ollie Kuhns's piece said. It had not the traditional bag, but it had a basket,—Grandma Gaumer's,—and the traditional cakes and apples were there. It climbed upon a desk, its black-stockinged legs and red dress showing through the rents of the old, ragged coat, and the children surrounded it, laughing, begging, screaming with delight.

It was then that the stranger joined his brother at the back of the room, asking who the Belsnickel was. He did not realize how large a part Katy had had in the entertainment; he knew only that custom selected the most capable and popular scholar for that delightful office. Katy's grandfather called her to him, and she came slowly, slipping like a crimson butterfly from the furry pelt, which the children seized upon with joy. She heard her

grandfather tell his brother that she was "Abner's little girl," and her eyes met the stranger's bright gaze. She hesitated in the middle of the room and looked at him. A consciousness of kinship warmed her heart, then a smothering joy. He, too, had hated Millerstown, or he would not have gone away; he, too, loved it, or he would not have come back. He would understand her, help her. He understood even now, for stooping to kiss her, he hid her nervous, foolish tears from Millerstown.

HOW AMERICA GOT INTO CHINA

("THE TRADE OF THE WORLD" PAPERS)

INSIDE HISTORY OF THE DIPLOMACY BY WHICH THE UNITED STATES ACHIEVED AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY FOR TRADE WITH CHINA

BY FREDERICK McCORMICK

IT is well known that China affords the largest and most promising field for industrial development, commerce, and trade. This became understood as modern commerce progressed, and the Celestial Empire is already the scene of a high state of competition among nations. Of the great powers (leaving aside the earlier seaboard commerce of Portugal and Holland), Great Britain came first, fighting the wars that opened China to trade. Then came America and France, and, later, Germany, which is now the most aggressive. When these powers came into open competition commercially and politically, in order to prevent collision Great Britain, France, and Germany, Japan and Russia, created for themselves "spheres of influence." This recognition of common interests, and the necessity of peace to insure their prosperity, made in a certain sense "allies" of these powers, and common interest led to their coöperation in the affairs of China.

At a favorable moment of good understanding, chiefly through the activity of the late John Hay, Secretary of State, America, which had taken a disinterested part, stepped in and established among all the principle of the "open door," or equal opportunity for trade. This general understanding among the powers, together with the revolutionary effects of the Russo-Japanese War, more or less demolished for the time being the doctrine of "spheres of influence," which had threatened partition of the empire.

It was inevitable, however, that competition should reach a more and more acute stage. In 1908, its effects began to oppress American interests. The "open door" seemed dissolving into a figure of speech, largely due to the increasing control of trade by the three mentioned European capitalist powers through loans to China, which since 1903 had been syndicated and nearly monopolized by them, and by Russian and Japanese policy in Manchuria. Recognizing this, the American Government took steps to wrest from European finance an equal place for America as a money-lender, merchant, and useful friend to China.

The crisis came in 1909. After having granted to Germany, Great Britain, and France, in the German and British "spheres," a loan contract to build one of her longest railways,—the Tientsin-Pukow line,—China further responded to overtures from these powers for the construction of the greatest railway system yet devised by her—that of the southern and western connections for her greatest industrial center, Hankow.

The success of these negotiations as planned would have given the three Euro-

ness and longed to give himself to religious exercises, but from fear of the divine wrath. This made him abnormally apprehensive and prevented him from finding joy and satisfaction in his self-imposed tasks. He was beset always with anxiety lest he was not doing enough to propitiate the ordinary man had no concern. At the time he said his first mass he was so overcome with dread lest he make a mistake in word or gesture, and thus commit a mortal sin, that he almost fled from the altar. The experience is a common one with those who have some public duty to per-

From the picture by Kaempfer in the Rathaus, Erfurt

LUTHER READING HIS BIBLE IN HIS MONASTERY CELL

an angry Deity, and he knew nothing of the delight of quiet meditation upon spiritual things and intimate fellowship with a gracious God. The harder he tried to take the divine favor by storm, the greater became his despair. Instead of winning the righteousness he was feverishly pursuing, he found his offenses multiplying day by day. Not that he was really growing worse, but that in the monastery many things were considered wicked with which form for the first time, but mistakes in such a case are not usually interpreted as sins. It was Luther's religious reading of the situation that made it particularly harrowing.

And not simply was the sacred ceremony of the mass beset with danger to his sensitive conscience, the minute monastic code of manners and morals offered him abundant opportunity for sin. Nothing could well be ethically more unwholesome than

to interpret any violation of its thousand and one precepts as an offense against God, and it is not surprising that the young monk who was thus interpreting them grew more and more morbid. Above all, he was troubled because he could not command his thoughts and feelings. Not external acts alone seemed evil, but wandering mind and unruly emotions and especially the all too frequent lack of real joy and exultation in his devotions.

His unhappiness, to be sure, was not constant. Speaking of his own experiences at a later time he once said: "I know a man who has often, though only for brief periods, suffered the pains of hell such as no tongue or pen could describe and no one could believe, if he had not himself felt them. If they had lasted for a half or even a tenth part of an hour, he would have perished altogether and his bones would have crumbled to ashes." In the very nature of the case such agony could not continue indefinitely. There were periods when he was well satisfied with himself and enjoyed peace with God and his own conscience; seasons, too, when he was thinking of other things and sharing in the every-day interests of convent life. We get many hints in his writings that the Erfurt monastery was the scene, as we should expect it to be, of much good fellowship and pleasant recreation. In the common room there was plenty of mirth and jollity. Stories and jokes enlivened the conversation, and relieved even for him the tension of monastic discipline. It was a motto of the shrewd and urbane nobleman Von Staupitz, Vicar-General of the Augustinian order, who was a welcome guest at many a princely board, "Reverent in worship, merry at table," and though the cloister rules enjoined silence at meals, the spirit of the motto was doubtless observed by his monks. Luther himself had too keen a sense of fun not to enjoy this side of life. He has preserved for us many amusing monastic tales, often grotesque, sometimes coarse, which he heard in his convent days. The devil figures largely in them. Without his satanic highness we cannot imagine how the brothers could have got along. He filled the place sometimes assigned to the monks themselves in similar tales which passed current outside the monastery walls.

But in spite of all the good fellowship and common human pleasures, Luther's distress was continually recurring. His reading of Paul and of Augustine, to which he was led in the course of his theological study, gave rise to the fear that he was one of the reprobate and his sufferings the agony of the damned—a fear which has frequently brought torment to morbid and overwrought souls. Instead of loving God, he turned away from Him in horror and wished there were no God. Even Christ was read in the same somber terms, and the sight of a crucifix frightened him, he says, like a thunderbolt.

His state of mind gave his superiors much concern. Few were able to understand him. Some thought him unbalanced in mind; others suspected that he was under the control of evil spirits. In later days his enemies pointed to his unhappy experiences in the convent as proof of demoniacal possession, and he himself interpreted them as assaults of his lifelong antagonist, the devil.

Now and then he found help from one or another brother. An old confessor, when he found him tormenting himself with all sorts of sins that were no sins, brought him up sharply with the admonition: "You are a fool. God is not angry with you; it is you who are angry with God." But it was from Staupitz that permanent relief came. He was greatly interested in Luther's case, and conceived a strong admiration and affection for the passionate and perturbed young spirit. He once remarked that he had never felt any such troubles, but so far as he could see, they were more necessary to Brother Martin than food and drink. He told him frankly that he did not know what to do for him, but, nevertheless, his influence was very helpful. He succeeded in delivering him from the fear that he was reprobate by convincing him that his distresses were sent him for his own good, in order to train him for an important career; and what was still more, he led him to believe that God was merciful and forgave freely the one who threw himself on Christ in faith. This conviction had been the comfort of multitudes of pious souls in every age, but, driven by the harsh discipline of his early life to see God only in the aspect of a stern judge, Luther had hitherto been altogether blind to it. Gradually, under Staupitz's tutelage, his eyes were

prises in China than America's solitary right-of-aid agreement would have admitted her if carried out in the ordinary course. He took full advantage of the circumstance that European finance by its own precedent had opened the door by which American finance was to be admitted to equality in all enterprises in which rights were reserved to foreigners.

America's note, forwarded to China by Secretary Knox after being framed by the Division of Far-Eastern Affairs, of which William Phillips was chief, under Huntington Wilson, First Assistant Secretary of State, required of China the fulfilment of her promise, through participation in the present loan, in accordance with America's right to be consulted in case foreign aid should be required for the Hankow-Szechuen railway.

A new international situation was created amid considerable consternation. China, with some alarm, communicated the note to the interested powers, and took an accounting of her situation. Chang Chih-tung, her leading statesman, who had been viceroy at Wu-chang, opposite Hankow, when the right-of-aid agreement was given to America, was severely censured for having overlooked it at the vital moment. Nevertheless, as a man of great authority and resource, he was, so to speak, the whole Chinese position. Like the European bankers, he was proud of having brought the loans virtually to a state of completion, and to him was due the Chinese official attitude of incredulity as to America's seriousness.

American enterprise had become so supine in China that European interests could not believe the United States Government capable of such energy. In the high feeling that pervaded the ranks of the European groups, America was charged with perfidy in thus coming into the arena after she had once declined. This had some basis of fact. In 1907, British bankers had approached American financiers, notably the City National Bank of New York and the First National Bank of New York, regarding American participation in the railway for which America had the right-of-aid, and had received a negative answer. Although other American financiers made overtures to the British and French financiers, both in January and in April, 1909, for coöperation in loans in China, the European financiers, for the purposes in view, at any rate, chose to regard that reply as final. This view, which was now maintained by the British, was shared by the French and acquiesced in by the Germans.

The Europeans, however, admitted the actual situation. Their first move was to endeavor to persuade the Americans to withdraw their representations lodged in Peking, failing which, an agreement could not be reached with America by the governments in Europe. They attempted to belittle the financial power of the American group organized to oppose them, the abilities of which, they said, were untried and unknown, and the members of which had been hurriedly assembled for the occasion. Besides, America could not loan money at the low rate of interest prevailing in China.

These efforts only invigorated American activity. In Peking, Mr. Fletcher, fearing a slackening of China's resistance to the European governments, kept up a constant siege of her high officials. Those governments, seeing that America would not recognize the European groups, to the ignoring of China, in effecting a settlement, did not think it necessary to restrain their financiers. In consequence, on June 12, American representations to China had reached the gravity of almost a protest.

Up to June 14, the European groups were employing every persuasion to induce the immediate ratification of the loan by China. The German bank received instructions from Berlin that the Chinese negotiators be urged to memorialize the throne to ratify the loan as it stood. The situation had elements of great gravity.

Fortunately at this moment America's concern began to impress the Chinese, and the active head of the Chinese foreign office, though not himself convinced of America's determination, consulted the European banks as to what they were willing to do. They urged ratification. China, feeling herself to be in a hard position, and convinced by the opponents of America, considered ratifying the loan before America could make good her demands, hoping thus to forestall further complications.

In the face of this situation, America now called upon China to make good her promises on one hand or to repudiate them

Drawn by H. D. Nichols

CLOISTER OF THE AUGUSTINIAN MONASTERY IN ERFURT, APPROXIMATELY AS IT WAS IN LUTHER'S TIME

take the common oath that they would teach nothing contrary to the established doctrines of the church. The elector was fortunate in securing some of the celebrated teachers of the day, among them the learned physician and humanist Pollich of Leipsic and the scholastic philosopher Trutvetter of Erfurt. In fact, both the old and the new learning were fairly represented, and the infant university bore good promise of prosperity and usefulness. The prospectus of 1507 shows that the noble art of advertising is not a monopoly of modern times. "Those who are eager for knowledge should come to Wittenberg. The air is excellent, the plague is entirely past, and living is cheap, costing only eight gold gulden a year. There one can learn not only science, but also the best manners. The university, moreover, has received from pope and emperor all the privileges and advantages enjoyed by the most ancient schools, and one may be assured that not even Padua or Bologna, the mother of them all, possesses a greater number of learned men."

Wittenberg, which shared with Torgau the honor of being an electoral residence, was selected as the site of the university partly because the funds of the wealthy castle church could be used for its support, partly because there was an Augustinian monastery there which could be relied upon for teachers of philosophy and theology. Its ecclesiastical connections were therefore very close. Staupitz was one of Frederick's chief advisers in the matter, and he assumed a professorship and became the first dean of the theological faculty. In furtherance of the elector's plan, he called to Wittenberg competent monks from other places to aid in the work of instruction. He also made the convent a school for advanced theological training such as the Erfurt monastery had long been, and, as a result, young Augustinians came in large numbers to complete their studies and to enjoy at the same time the advantages of the new university.

Among those drafted for the work of instruction was the young Luther, who was brought thither in the autumn of 1508 to teach Aristotelian logic and ethics. A few months afterward he wrote his friend Braun of Eisenach that philosophy was distasteful to him and he much preferred theology—"that theology, namely, which explores the kernel of the nut, the heart of the wheat, and the marrow of the bone." The contrast between this and his early love of philosophy is worthy of notice, and shows the influence of his years in the monastery. His wish to teach theology was already in the way of being gratified, for a few days before he wrote he had taken the bachelor's degree, giving him the right to lecture on certain biblical

books assigned by the faculty. There is an entry in the university records to the effect that he failed to pay the required fee, to which he himself later appended the explanation that he had no money with which to pay it. He was still bound by his oath of perpetual poverty; he lived in the monastery and received nothing for his teaching, so that his inability to meet the requirements in this matter is not surprising and was doubtless not counted to his discredit.

It cannot be doubted that, in summoning him to Wittenberg, Staupitz was moved by the desire to take him out of himself and give him an engrossing occupation in the midst of new scenes; but of course the appointment would have been impossible had he not already given promise of fitness for the place. He had been a faithful and zealous student, and the reputation which he brought with him from the university had been enhanced by his growing attainments both in philosophy and theology. He was so diligent in the study of the schoolmen that, according to his friend Melanchthon, he almost knew by heart the voluminous works of Gabriel Biel, at that time the favorite of them all in Germany.

His studies also embraced the writings of the church fathers and particularly the Bible, to which he was becoming more and more attached. He tells us that it was in his twentieth year that he first saw a complete copy of the Scriptures in the university library at Erfurt. He had hitherto supposed that they embraced only the lessons read in the public services, and was delighted to find much that was quite unfamiliar to him. His ignorance, it may be remarked, though not exceptional, was his own fault. The notion that Bible reading was frowned upon by the ecclesiastical authorities of that age is quite unfounded. To be sure, it was not considered part of a Christian's duty, as it is in many Protestant churches, and few homes possessed a copy of the Scriptures; but they were read regularly in church, and their study was no more prohibited to university students of that day than to

CHAPEL OF THE AUGUSTINIAN MONASTERY IN ERFURT, WHERE LUTHER WORSHIPED

kow-Canton line, and therefore a place in the loan.

Japan had a sound right-of-aid agreement by which Japanese engineers were maintained by China for aid on the Hankow-Canton line. Though anxious to be understood as possessing rights of participation, she intrusted her interests to her ally Great Britain.

From this confusion resulted numerous proposals by China, emanating from the European groups and governments, both of which were still fighting for time. They had always the same object of preserving the accomplished agreement and the right of the European groups themselves to mete out portions to a fourth party, as against America's contention that her right, emanating from China, necessarily excluded the services of a third party in fulfilling its provisions. The State Department, however, admitted the desirability of friendly coöperation with the banks and governments in some plan to enable China to fulfil her obligations toward America, and held itself in a position to receive any overtures they might make.

This produced a humiliating situation for the European interests. In fact, the position of the European groups was impossible. But even more so was that of their governments behind them, for the reason that the loan negotiations had been conducted by the European groups under the supervision of their governments, without which supervision foreign loans, at least by France and Germany, cannot be made. These governments had sanctioned the loan agreement and were parties to the ignoring of America's rights. Their position was diplomatically untenable.

To escape this position, and doubtless with the sincere object of facilitating an understanding, the three nations now assumed the position, and issued a statement to the effect, that the responsibility for making a friendly arrangement to satisfy the American financiers rested upon the European groups, thus seeming to wash their hands of it. In the language of the arena in Peking, Great Britain, France, and Germany elected to try to "climb over."

Such tactics, as could be seen, instead of smoothing the way to a settlement, gave a new turn to the fight and made it more acute. The European groups and their legations in Peking were rendered irresponsible before the Chinese, with whom conspiracies were resumed. China sat down to watch the fight, only to be more closely invested by the Europeans.

Up to this moment the Government in Washington had relied for appreciation of the justice of its contentions upon the general understanding of friendship and good-will between the two governments of America and China. It is well known that in whatever the American Government has undertaken in recent years in China, it has started out with one prime asset—its favorable position with the Chinese Government, due, it is popularly supposed, to such acts by America as the return of the Boxer indemnity. That asset of favor in China's eyes had now actually been used to the utmost to stay the "Hukuang loan," and the Government in Washington saw no cause to abate its apprehension as to what persuasion from Europe might succeed with China in defeating American demands. It looked as though China, finally persuaded, would ratify the loan and that the European governments would "climb over" and get away in spite of America's most strenuous protests. America was determined that they should neither "climb over" nor get away, and Secretary Knox now pressed his attack to nail them in.

Mr. Fletcher consulted Sir John Jordan in regard to the influences being brought to bear upon China to force her to break her agreement with America, and pointed out the serious results that would accrue from this cause in case China was led into a false position.

"Yes," replied the minister, "I know."

"Well, I believed it best to tell you, so that, in case it came up afterward, you would know what our position was."

July 11, the European groups in London reconsidered the question, and failed to reach any conclusion on the subject of further concessions to America. Their China agents, the Peking banks, visited Chang Chih-tung and laid before him a statement to the effect that they had offered the Americans a chance to come into the loan, but the Americans had not done so.

July 13, Mr. Fletcher discussed with Sir John Jordan the situation caused by the failure of the conference of the Euro-

natural interest attaching to foreign travel, but the opportunity to visit scenes made sacred by apostles and martyrs, and to gain the boundless merit awaiting the believing pilgrim to the many illustrious shrines of the Eternal City, made a journey to Rome an event in the life of the pious equaled only by a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

The fortunate young monk set out with eager enthusiasm, and traveled with open ears and eyes. The fascination of the goal did not prevent his seeing and hearing many things on the way. The journey was made on foot, the two companions walking one behind the other, with bowed heads, murmuring their prayers as they went, and food and lodging were found in the monasteries that everywhere lined the principal routes of travel. It was a tramp of twelve or thirteen weeks, as a rule, going and coming. The two monks traveled leisurely, and took five months for the trip, including four full weeks in Rome. We have no connected account of the journey, but Luther referred to it frequently in later years, and it is interesting to notice the things he particularly saw and heard.

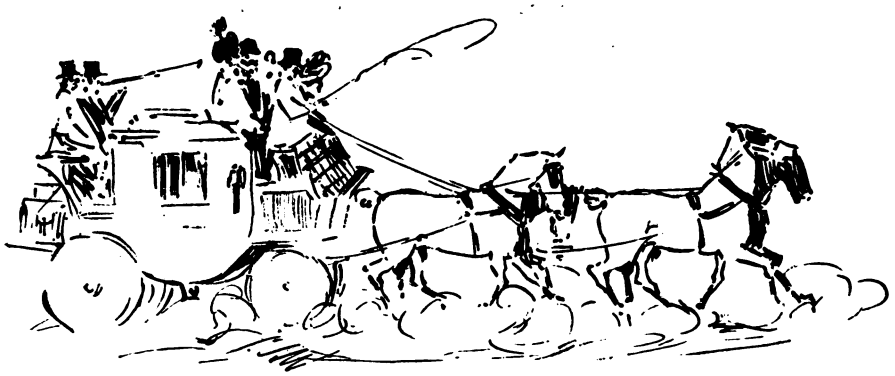
He found the Southern Germans obliging and hospitable and contrasted them with the unfriendly Saxons, who, when a traveler appeared, would greet him with the words: "My dear Sir, I don't know what I can give you to eat. My wife is away from home, and I cannot put you up." The scenery of Switzerland apparently moved him little,—his age had not awakened to its beauty and grandeur,—but he noticed the countless herds of cattle, the industry and frugality of the people, and the good roads which made travel easy. "In Switzerland," he once remarked, "they have the shortest miles."

In Italy he had many of the sensations of one visiting for the first time a country of an older and more mellow civilization than his own. In comparison with the Italian peninsula, the Germany of that age was rude and uncouth enough. He was astounded at the wealth and luxury of the people, who had more delicious things to eat on fast days than the Germans on feast days, and he was particularly envious because of the elegance of their clothing. It pained his eyes, he remarked years afterward, to see his own countrymen in trousers like a ruffled pigeon or hopping about in a short coat like a magpie.

He was much struck with the fruitfulness of the land and could not say enough of its high state of cultivation and the superior methods of agriculture employed. The size of the grapes, peaches, and other fruits excited his admiration, and the olives and lemons which grew in the most unpromising places became the text for many a sermon of later years. The Po, the like of which he had never seen, he called a

From a photograph. Copyright by D. Anderson

INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DEL POPOLO



THE SURPRISING MADAME DUBOSC

BY LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH

Author of "An Old Maid's Corner," "Hezekiah," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

III

IT was a gala-day. The hunting-season had opened, with all the beau monde of Paris coming to the chase. Madame, as excited as a war-horse at the sound of a bugle, insisted that I must go. Protests were unavailing. With her eyes on fire, she stood by my bedside before I was half awake, describing the chase as an occasion which no one should miss, and that as the rendezvous was to be at St. John in the Woods, too far to walk, we could take the path toward the lakes and be there for the killing, the deer, when chased, always making for the water. The morning's work was therefore hurried, breakfast served an hour earlier, and Madame went off to dress.

When she reappeared, and I caught sight of her costume, I held my breath; for I saw standing in the open doorway the same well-rounded woman in enormous pearl earrings who waited upon me daily, but the sunburned face was now dabbed over with powder, and the calico wrapper, which had become so familiar, had been replaced by a red tailor-made costume of ancient cut, though still bearing the stamp of once authoritative scissors, and giving an air to her figure. The blouse having apparently long since worn out, a piece of red brocade, ripped off one of her sofa cushions, had been stuffed in as a vest, and, there being no collar, a bit of point-lace was pinned about the neck. From some secret hiding-place she had brought out an old-fashioned, beaded hat trimmed with faded roses, and from still another unsuspected corner, white kid gloves, yellow with time and so tight that the red flesh of her toil-stained hands bulged through where the buttons failed to meet. Lolotte, that forlorn relic of a time when no well-dressed woman appeared in public without just such a miserable black-and-tan toy, was tucked under one arm; and as Madame suffered from "bronchite," a once costly fur cape, now sadly torn, was strung over the other.

"I am *comme il faut*—Mademoiselle is pleased with me?" she asked, with bland self-satisfaction.

There could be no possible answer to such a question, so I evaded it by drawing nearer to admire the lace at her neck.

"Ce n'est rien," she disclaimed, with flattered smile; "Mademoiselle must look at this," and with the air of a bric-à-brac dealer displaying his choicest treasures, she lifted her skirt, revealing for my benefit turquoise-blue satin knickerbockers edged with deep lace. "This is something worth talking about," she said; "it cost seventy francs a yard."

Neither the turquoise-blue knickerbockers nor the lace ruffles interested me. My attention was fixed on a pair of white-kid

buttoned boots trimmed with bands of yellow, set up on heels at least three inches high, and worn over thick, black stockings! Could she ever walk!

"Wonderful!" I exclaimed, and Madame, thinking me impressed, was happy. So, too, was Lolotte, who for once did not snarl at me. She lay snug and contented when, the garden gate closed, we started off at a rapid pace. The dog had also seen better days. I smothered my pride as best I could; not for the world would I have mortified her by a smile, certainly not about the clothes which she had put on for my benefit. So I took my place beside her, consoling myself by thinking that, as I was a stranger, it did not matter. Her spirits were high, and she talked rapidly, but before we reached the woods, a five minutes' walk, I noticed that her ardor had begun to cool. She was limping. "Those shoes," I thought, but said nothing.

"Mais quel beau temps!" she broke out abruptly, stopping to ease first one foot, then the other, but without confessing that they hurt. "One must breathe it."

"Yes, and breathe deep," I answered, pausing to give her time for recovery. "The weather is exquisite." The day, indeed, was one out of heaven, cool and crisp, the sky a cloudless October blue, the very air vibrant with soft and exquisite tones, purples, reds, and golden browns—a day for drinking in peace, not for killing, I thought, remembering with a shudder our errand.

Madame certainly was breathing deep as we resumed our journey, though it was in long and labored efforts. The going was hard, and she must not betray herself, for I was not the only witness. Highway and wood paths were full. All the villagers with an afternoon to spare had turned out, as if for an election, whole families together—bent old men on canes, bent old women leading children or wheeling them, young boys and girls, even the house dogs on chains. Coaches also swept by us, with well-dressed Parisians talking in low tones, their lunch-baskets strapped on behind; automobiles whirled past; and officers on horseback, riding beside dainty women who sat their saddles superbly. Now and then there was an ordinary fiacre hired by a visitor for the day. One common purpose swayed high and low alike—to be at the lakes in time for the death of a terror-haunted stag, and under such a sky as this!

Drawn by May Wilson Preston

"THE HUNTING-SEASON HAD OPENED"

Although her efforts were becoming painful to witness, Madame limped excitedly on, trying in vain to keep up with the other pedestrians, and panting heavily as she explained to me the customs: who the man was who had been out since dawn driving the stag toward the rendezvous; where the seventy hounds were kept, and how they had been starved for twenty-four hours before the hunt to make them hungry for the deer; how only the very élite were invited to wear the "button" or special uniform of those who rode beside the *chef de l'équipage,* who had rented from the government his own right to hunt, though any one could follow like ourselves; why, too, the villagers had turned out in such numbers, each of the favored ones being given a piece of the meat to carry home, the hounds getting their portion first. At intervals, in harsh, rasping, high-pitched tones that cut me like a knife and made me want to hide, she interrupted her narrative to call out to the passers-by, asking for the last news of the stag, which way it had gone, or whether it had escaped, as, thank Heaven! it sometimes does. No one objected to her questions. Coachmen waved their whips in answer; officers pointed; some said that the stag was on the hill; others that it had run toward the water by the station. Exact information was lacking, though all hurried on to the lakes, we making as much progress as we could, Madame puffing and beginning to cough, I praying for the stag.

Of a sudden, on a wood path, just where the shadows were thickest, Madame came to a sudden halt.

"Listen, listen!"

two weeks visiting all the ruins, for they were a favorite haunt of brigands, who levied heavy toll of purse and limb upon pious and worldly alike. The Pantheon, the Colosseum, the baths of Diocletian, and the aqueducts which spanned the Campagna, with their gaunt arches, interested him most. He wondered that the ancients were able to accomplish so much, and to attain so high a degree of civilization, without a knowledge of the true God, and the transformation of the heathen Pantheon into a Christian church gave him congenial food for moralizing. And yet he was alive to the greatness of the old world, and his admiration for it speaks through all he says. If he did not bring to Rome the enthusiastic devotion to the classical antique that marked the humanists of the day, he at least had a knowledge of human history and a fondness for it which made its dead monuments alive with interest.

But Luther was more devotee than sight-seer, and the greater part of his stay in Rome was spent in visiting churches and other sacred places and in performing acts of religious devotion. The city's chief interest for him lay not in its art treasures or antiquities, but in the "hundreds of thousands" of martyrs who had consecrated it with their blood. Their relics he sought diligently in church and catacomb, and from the sight of them he hoped to gain rich spiritual blessings. He climbed on his knees the Scala Santa, reputed to have been brought from Pilate's palace in Jerusalem, where they were trodden by Christ at the time of his trial, and the ascent of which insured years of indulgence to the pious and believing pilgrim. He made a general confession of all the sins of his past life, an act already performed twice, but promising in Rome far greater rewards of grace, and he said mass ten times during his stay in the city. He even wished that his father and mother were dead that he might be able to release them from purgatory by his penitential exercises. He was troubled with no doubts, but ran, as he said, from holy place to holy place, greedily swallowing all that was told him, however improbable or absurd. "O dear God," he cried, "what did I not believe! Everything seemed true, and nothing was so preposterous or false that I did not accept it gladly." His pious heart was torn with emotion or kindled with ecstasy as he visited the scenes hallowed by apostles and martyrs and gazed upon their sacred relics. Never more credulous and simple-minded believer set foot in the holy city and reveled in its wealth of pious memories.

He saw much, it is true, to trouble and distress him. The city was perhaps no worse than other great capitals, but it was the first that he had visited and its corruption pained and amazed him. The monks whom he met, too, were much less reverent than the simple-hearted German, and made light of many things that he held dear. It was not unnatural that they should take delight in shocking the unsophisticated young pilgrim, and doubtless they painted Roman life in lurid colors before his astonished eyes. He was told extraordinary tales about the debauchery and vice of great church dignitaries, including the late Pope Alexander VI of notorious memory—tales which lost nothing in the telling. But he was too devout a soul, too absorbed in the sacred treasures of the holy city, and too engrossed in the task of securing divine favor by works of penance, to think much about such tales. If others were not all they should be, he would do his duty the more faithfully. Distrust of the church or questions as to the sanctity and authority of the papacy did not enter his mind. It was of this period that he said long afterward, "I was so filled, yes, so intoxicated, with the pope's teaching that I should have been ready with great eagerness to murder, or at least to approve and assist in the murder, of all that did not obey and submit to him in every last syllable."

The significance of his visit to Rome has been greatly exaggerated by most historians. The presence of the founder of Protestantism in the very stronghold of the papacy which he afterward so bitterly opposed seems full of dramatic possibilities, and it is easy, especially for those who paint contemporary Catholicism only in the darkest colors, to think that it must have aroused his reforming spirit and started him upon his great work. But the truth is that the Roman journey was no more than an interesting episode in his life, and though it doubtless enriched his mind and broadened his outlook, as all

travel does, it had nothing whatever to do with his career as a reformer. That career had other and altogether different roots. To be sure, when the break with Rome came, it was easier to attack the pope because of what he had seen and heard in the papal capital, for things then took on a new aspect, and idle tales to which he had hardly given heed were made to justify an enmity all the more bitter because of the devotion which it succeeded. It was in this mood that he once declared that he would not take a hundred thousand gulden for the experiences of his Roman visit; but when he said it he was thinking of the incidents which meant least to him when he was actually there and made scarcely any impression at the time upon his reverent soul.

He gained, indeed, all that he had hoped from his pilgrimage, and returned as devout as ever and with a new enthusiasm for Holy Mother Church, which the sight of the countless mementos of a long and glorious past could not but kindle in his sensitive and passionate heart.

(To be continued)

WHAT CAMILLA DID WITH HER MONEY[1]

BY GERTRUDE HALL

WHEN Mrs. Northmere, the venerable author, disappointing her natural heirs, bequeathed the bulk of her fortune to the pearl of ladies' companions, interest was felt in more than one quarter as to what Camilla would do with her money. But Mrs. Northmere's friends and relatives could hardly hope to follow the successful aspirant's fortunes, likely to unfold in a world which was not their world. In fact, they were doomed to wonder unsatisfied for a number of years; then, in Paris, at a charity bazaar, one of them, Pauline Goldsmith, née Northmere, suddenly spotted her old *bête noire*.

Great though the change was, it took her only a moment to be sure.

"Who is that?" she asked.

Her escort, looking as she cautiously indicated, let his eye rest, undeniably stimulated, upon a vision in white; but unable to answer, passed on the question to a real Frenchman, who readily gave the information.

"That? It is the Princess Elaguine, and that is the prince with her—not the one to whom she is speaking, but the one in yellow gloves."

"O-h-h!" murmured Pauline when this had been repeated to her, and as she gazed she shook her head slowly over the immoral scheme of this world.

The princess meanwhile used her fine eyes and displayed her fine teeth in smiling talk with an important somebody in resplendent regimentals, elderly, gallant, who bent his good ear with a flattered expression for the chatter of the pretty wo-

[1] This story, though of independent interest, is a sequel to "Mrs. Northmere's Treasure" in THE CENTURY for August, 1910.

Drawn by W. B. King. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

CAMILLA'S DISCOMFITURE

man. She had discarded her fashion of great black hats, but was as conspicuous as ever in a little toque composed of a myriad trembling and glittering vale-lilies, the white and green of which brought out the darkness of her hair; as did also the rich white of her broadcloth costume; as did also the pearl and diamond ear-studs, glaring like acetylene lamps on each side of her smooth, brunette cheeks. Against the point of a highly varnished shoe she idly twirled a frothy, billowy, extravagantly lacy, white parasol.

"She has not aged a bit—not a bit!" Pauline owned, sorely grudging.

Pauline considered the prince rather distinguished-looking, with his tired eyes, waxed mustache and imperial, white waistcoat, and buttonhole flower.

This was the only glimpse any of Mrs. Northmere's old circle had of Camilla until much later, when Alice Morton, in some connection with the purchase of a real lace overdress, got wind of her again.

BUT Camilla, in her intervals of eclipse from their critical eyes, had been literally fulfilling the dream of her obscure days,—the days when she darned Mrs. Northmere's hose,—treating herself to just the sort of glorious time her large-minded old mistress had with open eye been willing to promote. She had cut a brilliant figure, if not in the best world, in a world quite as amusing; and as the envy of the crowd was breath to that chiseled nostril, and worldly show food to that undimmed green eye, she rested upon a sense of success. Not being particular as to the source of her triumphs, and aiming at no gain beyond satisfaction of her love of shining, her path had been rendered clear of such thorns as threaten more seriously ambitious and needy beauties. So long as she could be seen in her remarkable frocks, as it were a city set upon a hill; so long as she could be heard scattering "Baron," "Viscount," "General," among the group that pelted her with "Princess," she cared little about the actual 'scutcheons of her playfellows, or whence came the compliment of stares.

All the same, she was wildly elated when for the first time she received, in a big, crested envelop, an invitation to a court ball, albeit the court was the tiniest in Europe.

The dinner-hour on this culminating day of her career, the day of the ball, found her taking that meal in a hotel sitting-room. A waiter brought the courses on a tray, which madame's own maid, receiving at the door, placed on a little table between her lady and a visitor. The princess sat in a loose garment which, if simply described as a rose-colored négligé, would raise a false image. Rose-colored it was, and négligé, but it was not according to the popular notion of what a princess would have on at home, any more than was the worn, black slipper she freely exposed when, crossing her knees, she swung her foot. But there it was. The savings of an American author, even when among her works are counted a best seller and a successful play, could not fit forth a Russian princess to shine in public and private alike; and Camilla had a real taste for economy. At her hours, besides, she really liked old clothes and old shoes, and to have her hair and all the rest a bit untidy.

That evening at her dinner,—which she treated with sincere indifference, for gluttony no more than sloth was ever among Camilla's sins,—as she sat there taking her ease in her inn, without the point of carmine that would enliven her lips when later she dressed for the ball, or the vague disguise of rice-powder, though she was a beautiful woman, it was as a cut rose is beautiful on the fourth or fifth day: its form, its color, are still satisfactory to the eye, but the texture is drier, harder.

On the opposite side of the table sat an unexpected-looking person to be eating knee to knee with the nobility—a woman in middle years, hopelessly and comfortably common, sallow, black-haired, brown-eyed, and to be known at sight, whatever the distance, for an Italian. In marked contrast to her hostess, she held herself badly, and she might be said to eat rather badly, too; despite all of which it was a likable personality, good-humoredly unpretentious, heartily at home in its own simple vulgarity.

The two talked in Italian, which Stéphanie, the maid, did not understand; they addressed each other by the intimate "thou."

"For me, I did n't wish to come," the outsider said in a tone of exculpation, without interrupting the proceeding of

getting up her gravy by means of her bread. "It was he who insisted. I told him it would do no good; but with his fancy aflame over this *affare,* he would n't listen."

"And if the affare were dipping down buckets into the gold-mines of Peru, I would n't consent," said Camilla, and nothing in the world could be so firm as the look of her eye through that veil of black hair. "No, no, and no!" she brought down the flat of her hand with a light smack, making the claret shiver just perceptibly in the glasses. "The *babbo* should know me by this time, should remember, besides, the state my position obliges me to keep up. No and no! Speculations—nothing! *Affari*—let him not think of them! I have done for you precisely all I mean to do. What did any of you do for me in the old days? Bread and tears I lived on—bread and tears. While you, you have a good house, convenient to the city, and an allowance that should make you blush to ask for another penny—two francs-fifty a head! As Aunt Lola and Olindo's little girl can never require that, babbo makes his profit off them. What more does he want? All his evenings at the *caffè,* a tricycle for health and diversion, every luxury! And you, Bianca, have in addition the commission on the sale of my discarded wardrobe, my share amounting, of course, to just what it suits you to make it."

"*Vabbene! Vabbene!* It 's not I, Camilla mia, who complain. Nor do I take the babbo's side in this. He gave me no rest, pressing and persuading. I knew it would do no good, but yielded finally because of my desire to see you. You never write." She helped herself here to dessert, and along with the mastication of almonds and raisins took up sociably: "And how do things go with you, my dear? How is Prince Constantine?"

At that name, Camilla resumed the look she had dropped for a softer one when a moment before the question of money had been dropped. Her eyes became as strong fortresses, each pupil the mouth of a pointing cannon.

"He is not here. There is another who has the same ideas as the babbo. Without my strength of character, he would long ago have frittered away my whole fortune. We are at war just now. He is sulking at Nice."

"And can you go to this great ball without him?"

Camilla's lip curled. "Perfectly," she replied.

Bianca, peeling a mandarin, bent farther forward presently, through its sweet and pungent fumes, to ask in a confidential way: "Camilla, how did you do it, will you tell me, to get in with these very big swells? How did you make acquaintance with the Duchess of Monaco?"

Camilla took no offense; there are those with whom it is no good putting on airs. "It began with our being crazy over the same singer, the Morpurgo, who is doing a season here at Monte Carlo. We both pay court to her genius. The duchess is music mad, and pets her really extravagantly. When on the first night of 'Faustina' the Morpurgo fainted from pure excitement, we met in her dressing-room. The rest followed."

"Ah, the lovely life you have of it!" sighed Bianca.

The dinner-service had been removed, only the coffee left, and while Camilla sat back, dipping her lip in the burning black fluid, Bianca, cup in hand, moved about, frankly examining this and that, treating her curiosity to a full meal, too.

Pausing at the mantelpiece, she stood lost in interest before a large framed photograph. It presented a noble-looking, ponderous woman, who appeared indescribably like a person of note, holding against her side a noble-looking, fat, white dog.

Bianca gave a small snort of laughter as she examined the knowing and humane old face. "Do you always keep it on view like this?"

"Indeed I do. Indeed I do. I should say I did. That is my *porte-bonheur.* I should no more dare to cast disrespect on that image, after the luck she brought me—"

"Luck! You well may call it luck," came from Bianca, in a burst of open and passionate envy. "I don't see how you did n't drop dead when her will was made known."

"I wonder at it myself," said Camilla, reflectively; "for until that moment I was not sure of anything. Indispensable as I had made myself, I had never gained the smallest ascendancy over her. I came near being dismissed, without further cere-

mony, less than a month before the end, for kicking that old bother of a dog, that was always under one's feet. We were not in sight, but he gave a yelp. When I was told what she had left me, I said, 'That woman was my disguised angel, and I want no other tutelary saint.' I should as soon think of deposing St. Anna from her shrine as the picture of that just woman from its place of honor."

"And do you tell inquirers that you used to rub tonic on her scalp, and search the dog for fleas? No; but seriously, would you mind telling me just what you do say when people ask who it is?"

A subtly self-appreciative smile brought the faintest twinkle of crow's-feet about Camilla's eyes. "Sometimes she is the Grand Duchess Amalie, whom I met at Baden-Baden. Sometimes she is Lady Otway, who took me when I became an orphan, and was to me a mother. But when there are English in the room, she is of course Mrs. Northmere, the famous writer, with whom I had at one time the pleasure of intimate association."

Bianca in her turn of inspection had reached the ball-dress, overflowing from a great pasteboard box.

"Where does it come from?" she asked, handling the silver-shot black lace with a look of envy singularly untainted by ill-will.

"Paris."

"How much did you give?" pursued Bianca, *sans gêne*. "Ah, I wish I could be here to see you dress; but I suppose you won't be leaving till long after my train. This will become you well. How wonderfully you have kept your looks! Who would think that I was the younger of the two?"

She came finally, after touching everything else in the room, to the piano, on which lay a careless pile of sheet-music, and fell half mechanically to examining that.

"They are pieces the Morpurgo sings?"

Camilla nodded.

"But these others for tenor voice? Ah, the name is written on them—M. de Segovia. Who 's he?"

"In the same company. When the duchess calls, we sometimes make a little informal music."

Bianca gazed over at her with fixed, expectant interest. Camilla set down her empty cup, walked to where a bunch of violets stood drinking from a painted bowl, and bending to smell these, softly hummed to herself, "Ah, fors'è lui—"

"Strelitz, Photographer, Purveyor to their Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Monaco," Bianca's voice broke upon her humming. "Photographs, then? Proofs? Of yourself? May one look?"

Camilla crossed over to her with a quick stride, and as if her patience had given out suddenly under this too long continued, all too familiar prying and questioning, snatched the packet from her hands. For the length of the exposure of a *tableau vivant* the two stood fixed in silence, Camilla lowering a little, and the disconcerted Bianca guiltily blinking. Then when Bianca was expecting nothing but a bit of plain talk upon her manners, Camilla, with another change of humor, calmly and good-naturedly opened the packet, and when she had dealt out a collection of fresh collodion-scented gold-brown proofs all over the top of the piano, allowed Bianca to lean against her shoulder with an arm at her waist while they looked at them together.

"They were sent me for my advice in making a selection, for the benefit of my taste," she remarked casually.

At first glance they looked like pictures of a dozen people, until the eye presently found repeated in them all the identical head of hair, a casque of dark curls, looking as if molded in bronze, and shadowing the same smooth and charming forehead.

"Ah!" sighed Bianca, with simple relish, "what a beautiful man!" After a spell of rapt absorption: "In this, I can tell, he is *Faust*. Here, I suppose, he is *Manrico*. This must be *Ernani*, no? This"—with increasing delight in these signs of intelligence from herself, and pride in a wide operatic experience—"is *Radames*. Here, with the Medici collar, he must be the hero in the 'Ugonotti'; I can't think of his name. Here, in the modern hunting-suit, who is he?"

"*Alfredo*, in 'La Traviata.'"

"And this monk is the lover—what do you call him?—in the last act of 'Favorita.' This one here I don't know. Oh, what a beautiful young man! And so he, I suppose, is the De Segovia who does the tenor with the Morpurgo. I 'll wager he sings well. Spanish?"

Camilla answered with a nod, without

interrupting her unconscious humming, "Ah, fors'è lui."

"Yes; it is easy to tell from the eye, large, melting, and ardent."

"Well, I should n't mind being the Morpurgo, doing *Margherita* to his *Faust!*" was Bianca's final jest, in the same voice of good-natured envy she had used toward Camilla's good fortune, as, tearing herself from the piano, she started the search for her hatpins.

When she had put on her hat, any last point of mystery there may have been about this interview was cleared. The hat was large and black and richly garnished with plumes, a little dusty and uncurled after the journey through the Alps, but the ornament originally of a remarkably fine bird. It set well on one side of the head, exposing with a bold flare the blackest of velvet facings. Under it a vague family likeness came to the surface between the sawed-off, stout, and dowdy Italian, now pulling on her gloves, and the beautiful young person who lent her arm to Mrs. Northmere long ago in the main street of Montreux.

"Listen," Camilla said as Bianca gathered up her little bag, her mantle, and her umbrella. "You came to get something, and you did n't get it. Your demand was not within reason; but to show that I am generous, that I love you all, I will do something else. Not that you in any manner deserve it, but that I feel well disposed. The allowance shall be increased to twelve francs a day. There, am I good? Are you satisfied? Now run, or you 'll lose your train. Kisses to all at Villa Clelia."

The door closing at last after the departing guest, Camilla, with a hint of the superior smile appropriate to a munificent Providence lingering upon her lips, sought the contiguous bedroom, where Stéphanie stood waiting, comb and brush convenient to hand.

Watchfully the princess followed the hair-dressing in the mirror, and with her own fingers finally placed the jewels among the dusky thickets, still humming, as she did this, dreamy, inadvertent snatches of "Ah, fors'è lui."

"Sarebbe forse un vero amore?" ("And is this love, mayhap, true love?") she was murmuring, when a tap at the door was followed by the delivery of a letter. With pleasure and surprise she noted the crest; by some association of ideas, at sight of it there danced before her in a dust of gold the thronged ducal ball-room, with an apparition of herself at the throne-end, in converse with her high serenity the duchess.

She opened the missive, read, then made a motion to Stéphanie not to bother her, and sat a while petrified.

Her cheek had paled; her eyes were fixed upon her own eyes in the mirror, and inside them thought was working, working, rapidly, intensely, furiously. "Irregularity." Several times she looked up that word on the page, while her racing brain searched, searched. She leaned back a moment, feeling ill.

Then the color refilled her face, brighter than before, her eye, which had glittered coldly, burned hotly resolute; the flat of her hand came down with a considerable impact on the dressing-table. "Stéphanie! Stéphanie!" she called, and while the maid fetched the ball-dress and other effects, she attentively endued her lips with the proper carmine, and administered to her cheeks the powder-puff.

And when she had made herself completely beautiful in thin and trailing black, all star-inwrought, and had taken a long look at herself in the pier-glass, a figure of magnificent impudence, she started for the ball.

If it had been possible to drive rapidly and directly to the palace-door, all would have gone differently. Heaven knows how it would have gone. But the princess's carriage fell into a line of other carriages stretching away and away down the road; and in the tedious waiting something slowly cooled within her, even as her cheek cooled in the night air. And when at last her horses' hoofs rang on the courtyard flags, and the piles of cannon-balls showed up mysteriously threatening under a faint moon, and her carriage found itself to be the very next in order to the one unloading its muffled charges before the lighted portals, flanked with sentries, she called to her coachman very faintly: "Move on. I will not alight. I am feeling ill."

When they had got to the road, she spoke to the coachman again: "Drive straight ahead until I tell you to turn. I think the air may do me good."

She sat back, bundled in satin and fur, aware of a great sense of escape, and at the same time of wonder and dismay, at the giving out like that of her steel nerve.

What did it mean, that breaking of the courage, and this extraordinary fatigue, this complete languor, following upon it? Simple arithmetic offered an answer. Was it just that? No, no, it could not be entirely; such a little while ago she would have been able to carry it through. She recalled episodes.

The truth was, more likely, that at the very center of herself at this moment she did not really care enough about such a triumph to take so great a risk. The game was not worth the candle. There were other things in life.

As she drove along the Ventimiglia road, her absent eye brightening at intervals with the reflections of the dimly silvered sea between the sleeping villas, there pressed upon her a sense of the treacherous fugacity of years, the brevity of life—a sense of her whole past as an arid desert, after all. The most valued things she had not had. There was a happiness which the commonest yellow-covered novel celebrated, and the commonest little bourgeoise might reach, while princesses starved for it, which she had somehow all her life altogether missed. A sad, soft warmth took possession of her heart, and of her eyes a vague, most unusual desire to weep. Here all her misguided days she had been pursuing noise and brightness, while what her inmost nature craved, as it was now revealed to her, was quiet, deep quiet, rest, seclusion from the world she had so long been living for, gentle peace among the beauties of nature, solitude, not strict and absolute, but the ideal solitude, with a single heart's friend, there to savor at full the last splendors and ardors before envious autumn, with withering touch, put an end to the enchantment.

The word "irregularity" flashing back upon her, roused an instant storm of angry memories and wild plots; her fist doubled and her eye flashed revengefully in the gloom of the coupé. When later she had settled in her mind what she meant to do with regard to that "irregularity," and had ordered the coachman to turn, there shone before her, as if through the diminishing end of the opera-glass, a fair, far scene: upon a sweet, green coast, set in misty light, a little white villa nestling among roses and feathery trees; a balcony above softly lapping waters, mossy steps dropping between flowery urns to a pleasure-boat, and in the discrete, dark bosket completing that garden of romance a curving stone seat like the one in "Tristan und Isolde."

As they reached the hotel, before the night porter had had time to spring for the carriage door, the princess spoke to her coachman: "Pray say nothing of my indisposition. There are those whom it might distress."

By an early train the princess, immensely chic in a tiny hat of gray doves' wings, reached Nice, and descended at one of the large hotels. In the office, where she seemed well known, she asked at once, "Will you be so good as to beg Prince Constantine to come and breakfast with me?"

He did not look a very amiable personage, the prince, but he looked polished and indifferently polite, a figure of Parisian elegance. What most marked him was an effect of worldly experience so large that it bored him a little now to face a life void of novelty. His neutral blue eye, with the pouch beneath it, was little involved in the smile that ever at the correct moment lifted the spikes of his mustache.

It came and went all through the *déjeuner,* the correct smile under the unamused eye, while his lady, with pleasant animation, told him of the duchess's ball, which it was a pity truly he should not have attended. Who was there, what was said, what was worn, she told him at length and in some detail.

The white-gloved waiter had left them alone with their coffee, when, after the silence involved in lighting her cigarette at the match he amiably held for her, she spoke. "A very singular thing happened."

He waited politely patient while she took a puff or two. "A very singular thing, Constantine. Baron Weigelis, the Chamberlain, offered me his arm for a turn, and when we were apart from the rest, out on the terrace, he said to me: 'Princess, you have an enemy. Yes, an enemy. I should advise you to review your friends and scent out the false one. Princess, whom have you offended?'

"I said to him: 'Ask rather whom I have benefited. Is not an enemy commonly one who has eaten from your hand?'

" 'There has reached us,' he continued, —'and I grieve,' he said, 'even to repeat the offensive impertinence—there has reached us notice of a certain irregularity in your position which, if credited, must exclude you from such an assemblage as this. That it has not been credited is shown by your presence here to-night. The duchess herself was warm in her insistence that scorn for the cowardly slanderer should be shown by special favor to yourself. My advice is, however, search for that enemy, lest his secret malignity succeed in quarters where you are less fixed in unshakable esteem.' "

Prince Elaguine could not by the most casual physiognomist have been supposed a person easily overpowered by the need either to laugh or to weep. Yet here he laughed outright—laughed as if unable to control himself, laughing, as French rhetoric would describe it, to her nose.

"Ah, *canaille,* I knew it!" broke from Camilla, her urbanity dropping like a rain-sopped cloak, and her eye flashing green fire. "I knew it! I recognized your claw!"

He raised a moderating hand and whispered exasperatingly, "Camilla, the servants!"

Lowering her voice, she continued all the more intensely: "If you thought I would n't guess! For one thing, who else knows? But the sneaking meanness of it would in any case have given me the clue. So like, so in character! You—you—"

"Camilla, the servants, *voyons!*"

Again she dropped her voice. "Don't be afraid!" she spoke through lips slightly quivering with hardly governed excitement. "If you think I am going to make a scene, you are mistaken, my fine sir. See me smile, smile, rather, that you should have played into my hands. I had compunctions until this—in my imbecile loyalty I had compunctions about throwing you out among the sweepings, like the bad potato that you are."

The prince laughed carelessly, and at the snickering sound a flood of color rushed to Camilla's face. She brought down her palm resonantly. "Silence!" she shouted, "and let me speak! That one will laugh well, I tell you, who laughs last. I think I see you laughing when I drop you and turn my back. I may not have accommodated you with the sums you demanded to gamble away, but the straw-colored gloves and the gardenia were paid for with my hard earnings. And I shall continue, you think, to feed a dog who bites me?"

The prince, lounging on his chair, impervious, ironical, and keeping prudently out of the whirlpool, wore the trying masculine air of sharing with his whole wise sex the opinion that it matters very little what a woman says.

There was something unexpectedly ingenuous about Camilla in a temper; they were the subtle, self-controlled being's only moments of frankness, when this bottled spirit got out and jumped into possession, making her do not as the cool head would have directed. There was undeniable refreshment to her about such relaxation and surrender; it seemed at the moment to do her good, though she was always careful to take medicine afterward against the known evil physical results of choler. She was never mortified upon cooling off by the sense of having been undignified. A wholesome capacity for rage she held to be an excellent thing in woman, like a whip with which to make one's self respected, like a fine, ferocious bulldog to set upon the enemy.

The expression on the prince's tired, distinguished mask while he watched her was such as no passion of fury could do justice to—nothing but hurling the sugar-bowl at his head. This seeming to Camilla even at that exalted moment not thoroughly practicable, she reined in suddenly, and studying him a moment for the pattern, tried to frame an expression equal to his for satirical hatefulness.

"When a prophet sees his prophecy come true, how gratifying it must be, Constantine! I learn it by my feeling over the forewarning of my instinct, which now proves to have been so just. Have I not reason to felicitate myself that I never would marry you—would never, protest as you please, give you the slightest right over my money? What? Give a *spiantato* such as you, by really marrying him, an actual right over any portion of one's money? Not that sort of a simpleton was I! No; instead, I make a balance of interests so neat that for years and years it

works to perfection. In this dish of the scales I place this, you in the other dish place that. But now that you have destroyed the balance, tell me, what do you expect?"

"That for a few days a fine scandal will enliven the front page of the newspapers," he said indifferently.

"True, true; but I will not read them, your newspapers. I drop them along with you among the sweepings. I vanish where the echo of your low doings cannot reach me. Your revengeful spite proclaims everywhere the irregularity of our relation, but you never can publish it so loud as by my own action I myself will have published it. For, know it from me, there is a man who loves me,—it is possible to love me, you know,—a man who loves me and whom I trust, and in him, differently from you, I will show my confidence by marrying him openly and fast, in church first and afterward at the syndic's."

"Your shot does not bowl me over, my green-eyed siren; your powder was damp. Do I look surprised? I only rejoice that, prepared for all this, I got in my bit of a joke just in time."

"What 's that? What 's that you say?"

"I say," he replied languidly, "that, supposing there is truth in the beliefs of a certain sect, I shall try when reincarnated, —if the taste for fair women persists in me, that is,—to reappear upon this earth as a tenor."

Nor was this by any means the end of their confab, each of the two having really a great deal that needed saying to the other. Camilla's bulldog, finally slipping his collar and getting completely away from her, was met by a fairly formidable bulldog on the other side, a noiseless, nasty beast. In spite of the prince's periodical warning, "Cameelah, les domestiques!" there might have been observed before the end a shadowy grouping of attentive forms about the door behind which the Elaguines were finishing their déjeuner together.

On the way back to Monte Carlo, Camilla, gazing raptly ahead of her, instead of the advertisements of Riviera hotels adorning the railway carriage, was seeing, as sweet and green as hope, through the magnifying end of the opera-glass now, a scene we already know—a little villa among roses, with balcony, boat, and bosket.

THE newspapers which busied themselves for a period with the names Elaguine and De Segovia, indicated Amalfi as the retreat of the newly wedded.

When next the eye of the newspaper-reading public was caught by the name De Segovia, it was lending its glamour of romantic association to the intelligence that the applauded tenor, turned impresario, was taking ship with his banded stars for South America.

AT Villa Clelia, the little red-roofed, pink house, with grass-green blinds, standing in an iron-railed inclosure on the road from San Domenico to Fiesole, it never altogether ceased to be the thing to speak of Mme. de Segovia as the princess.

"The princess?" said Bianca to Signora Gucci, the communal school-mistress, who had dropped in for half an hour. "She 's in Buenos Aires. They are prolonging their stay, such is the success. *Fan furore,* —Manuel, my brother-in-law, chief of all, —everywhere, *furore!*"

"*Bravo dimolto,* he must be, eh?"

"I believe you."

When the visitor had departed, old Aunt Lola, whose mind was growing old, too, said, "But, Bianca, how long is it since we heard from the Camilla?"

"You know very well," Bianca answered simply, "that we have never heard. We only know that she reached land."

It was a sullen evening, and the babbo, after putting his head out of doors to see how bad it was, and catching a splash of rain on his gray brush, had decided not to go to the caffè. The family sat in the dining-room, the square, white-plastered dining-room with its bit of fresco on the ceiling and its bare brick floor, in the middle of which was the round dining-table, in the middle of which again was the green-paper-shaded lamp, standing in the middle of its raveled worsted mat. On the table lay the "Corriere della Sera,"—babbo was reading the *Fanfulla,*—and old Aunt Lola's work-basket,—she was mending,—and the dog-eared books and copy-books with which Olindo's little girl, a black pigtail hanging across each flushed cheek, was preparing next day's lessons.

Now and then there came into the room from the kitchen an inexpensive-looking little servant,—she had nice gold and coral earrings, all the same,—who placed on the

sideboard the dish she had finished wiping with the cloth in her hand. Bianca was working a lace pattern, finding the long nail on her forefinger quite useful to flatten out the lace-braid she basted upon the glazed cloth.

There was little conversation, as happens mostly among people who live together. "Mariuccia, stop scraping your feet against the chair-rung!" came occasionally, without any sternness whatever, from Bianca to her brother's child. "Mariuccia, stop biting your finger-nails, do you hear?"

And so it came to be nine o'clock, and Zia Lola and Olindo's *piccina* were picking up to go to bed, when the door-bell rang.

"Who can it be at this hour?" asked Bianca, blank and interested.

The babbo laid down his paper and listened. Lola and Mariuccia stopped in their preparations.

"Palmira! Palmira!" sang out Bianca, in a voice she made shrill so that it might carry, "Don't you hear? Go and open!"

Then all listened, and Bianca, stepping to the partly opened dining-room door, stretched her neck the better to hear.

"I don't know, I can't make out," she answered their murmured questions.

In another minute she moved back to avoid being pushed by the opening door, and the visitor entered, followed by the servant,—who tried to precede her, but she went too fast,—and a rain-glistening common man lugging a portmanteau.

She was dressed in black of simple but modish cut; her identity was fairly lost behind a veil of large, heavy mesh, spotted with unusually black chenille flies.

"Well?" she asked, handing her dripping umbrella to Palmira, and raising her veil—"Well?"

Their voices burst from them all together. "It 's Camilla! It 's Camilla!" and one after another, in their various manners, they fell upon her neck, Bianca weeping hysterically, Olindo's little girl jumping up and down, the babbo touching his hirsute lip to her forehead.

"You 're going to stay with us a while? You 've brought your baggage?"

"Yes, I 'm going to stay. I 've brought my baggage. Where is it? Babbo, can you lend me four soldi for the man? Thanks."

Bianca unbuttoned her jacket for her, Aunt Lola received her hat and hatpins, Mariuccia took her damp gloves.

"I came by the tramway," she explained. "What a distance it is on a night like this! By good fortune, I found the man to carry my bag."

With her hat off, after she had tucked and patted her locks into place, she looked just the same as ever. No, that is not accurate. The hair was thick and black, the dauntless eye brilliant, the teeth were strong and white, but a slight furrow had hollowed itself under the eye, where it bounded a tired shadow; a vertical line had come between the penciled eyebrows; the complexion was a drier, more bloodless brown.

"And De Segovia? Manuel?"

"He 's gone to St. Petersburg. He 's *scritturato* for the season."

"Ah, you should have brought him along. A prince is one thing, but a singer we might all hope to know."

While the women plied Camilla with affectionate demonstrations and questions, the babbo had withdrawn to the window-place, where he stood apart, surveying them. His eyes, under the heavy eyebrows that showed so fine and black still in contrast with the stiffly upbristling gray hair and the stiff little point of gray beard, scrutinized Camilla closely from a sufficient distance to get a general impression.

"Is that your whole baggage?" he asked suddenly, raising his voice so as to be heard through the voices of the others.

"The whole of it," Camilla broke off from what she was saying to answer him. "Weigh that valise, if you think it is not baggage enough. I have carried it; I know." And turning her attention once more to the rest, she went on to tell them that Rio de Janeiro, though utterly different from Florence or Rome, is yet in its way a fine city.

"Bad business in South America, eh?" the babbo interrupted her again after a time, from the other side of the room.

"Yes, Father. What would be the use of denying it? Bad business. No, no, they dress down there just as we do, mostly. They get the fashion-books from Paris, like us. You see the high comb and the mantilla just now and then. Their feet have by no means such high arches as

the pictures on the paper fans would make us believe. Yes, bull-fights, occasionally."

"And what 's become of all the others?" came the babbo's voice again, cleaving through the feminine chatter like a tune in a different key.

Camilla, looking over at him, shrugged her shoulders slowly and expressively. "Who knows? We are not the first," she added hardily, "and we sha'n't be the last, to start in a company, with banners and trumpets, for South America, and to come back crawling and limping, each for himself, just as best he can, scattering our property all along the homeward route."

And after a moment's uneasy, general stillness, during which it was palpably wondered what could be the meaning of this gruesome joke, she spoke up bravely, with a firm show of unconcern: "Bianca, will you see if the woman can give me something to eat? Anything there happens to be in the house—two fingers of wine and a little bread and meat. And while I sup, I will tell you the whole story."

And when the confusion had subsided of getting together on the table at the quickest knife and fork, napkin and plate, bottle and glass, bread and meat, and a stick of *finocchio,* and half a round of *cacio pecorino,* Camilla, with her first bite into the hard Italian bread-crust which her teeth loved, began:

"It was in the middle of last September that we sailed from the port of Marseilles—"

BUT she was perhaps more attaching than we have ever seen her when, a couple of hours later, in the little white room which Bianca gave up to her for the night, the sisters talked more privately. They sat on the edge of the black iron bed, at the head of which was suspended a Virgin, with a little basin at her feet for holy water.

Camilla was so intelligent on this occasion as to show no vestige of pride.

"To think that I, your Camilla," she said, knocking at her forehead with the tips of her fingers gathered in a bunch, "should reach such a point of weakness that I could yield to the folly of financing an opera tour to South America! To think that I—I, Camilla tua, should, after all the years I have lived, and all I have seen of the world, and when I had learned to steer my little bark so neatly, should split upon the rock of a *tenor!*"

Bianca, a little below her breath, asked a question.

"Oh, if he gets on his feet again, I shall return to him. He is the one man there has ever been for me, you know, if it comes to a question of the heart. Only I should never again be weak like that, backing such a venture with money—*money,* Bianca. Do you see me doing it? And yet that is what I did! But meanwhile I must try on my own side to get on my feet again."

As Bianca helped her to undo the portmanteau and get out the necessary things for the night, her hand came upon a framed photograph.

"What 's happened to it?" she asked, holding to the light the picture of the old author with her dog, and examining its singularly blistered surface. Camilla took it from her, and after looking fixedly at it a moment, went to make a place for it on Bianca's chest of drawers, an honorable place.

"It has been in the water. It went overboard when we were shipwrecked. I had placed it in my hand-bag, the first thing I tried to save. No, I would sooner part with anything than that. It watches over me. I tell you, it gives me good advice. When I was packing for that fatal voyage, just as I was about to wrap it up, her eye caught mine. We looked at each other for a good long moment, and upon a sudden inspiration I privately separated from the rest of my fortune a little sum which I placed in secure trust, so that it could not be touched or even known of by any one but myself. An insignificant sum, but it will be enough to start a little industry in real lace. The *forestieri* buy so much."

And, as they undressed, Camilla unfolded to Bianca some extremely good ideas on the lace trade to be started with the English and Americans, whom she felt she understood.

Her tortoise-shell hair-brushes with the great gold crest had stayed behind somewhere in Brazil, but while brushing out her black tangles with the common, wooden-backed article to which she had returned, and talking over her plans with Bianca, Camilla looked really, astonishingly unbeaten—astonishingly, as the vulgar saying is, "game."

(The Century's American Artists Series)

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"THE LAST GLEAM"—THE HILL-LOT IN SUMMER

FROM THE PAINTING BY JONAS LIE

(The Century's American Artists Series)

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"A WINTER EVENING"—THE HILL-LOT IN WINTER

FROM THE PAINTING BY JONAS LIE

THE BREEDING OF TIMOTHY-GRASS AT CORNELL

The picture shows the great variation in plants grown from ordinary seeds. Each row is the product of one plant that was raised from a seed, the plants having been divided until sufficient individuals were secured to make a row of the length here shown, thereby eliminating the chance of variation due to a local soil condition.

AN IOWA PLANT-BREEDER

NEW METHODS IN PLANT PRODUCTION CONTRASTED WITH OLD

BY L. H. BAILEY

Director of the College of Agriculture, Cornell University; Chairman Commission on Country Life in President Roosevelt's Administration.

THE fundamental problem of mankind is to produce food for itself. This food must grow out of the earth and in the sea. In the last analysis, it all depends on the vegetable cover of the earth. How to make the vegetable kingdom more productive to the needs of man is therefore a problem that concerns all persons who at any time live in the world.

Great and serious study has been given to this fundamental problem in the last century, and the problem must increase in importance as every new generation adds to the population of the earth. We are eradicating pestilence and insanitation, and are beginning to think of putting an end to war; all this should allow the human race to increase rapidly in the future. But the future increase will probably depend more on social and economic factors than on physical factors alone, and the foremost economic factor is the facility or the difficulty with which the race may be fed.

We have been emphasizing two great means of increasing the production of plants, by feeding the plant, or fertilizing the land, and by better tillage and handling of the soil. Both these means, by working with the soil rather than with the plant, attack the problem indirectly. We are now beginning to approach the problem directly by improving the plant itself, and this method is known as plant-breeding.

THE OLD PLANT-BREEDING

IN the long processes of domestication, plants have been greatly improved. To understand how great has been the evolu-

ness and longed to give himself to religious exercises, but from fear of the divine wrath. This made him abnormally apprehensive and prevented him from finding joy and satisfaction in his self-imposed tasks. He was beset always with anxiety lest he was not doing enough to propitiate an angry Deity, and he knew nothing of the delight of quiet meditation upon spiritual things and intimate fellowship with a gracious God. The harder he tried to take the divine favor by storm, the greater became his despair. Instead of winning the righteousness he was feverishly pursuing, he found his offenses multiplying day by day. Not that he was really growing worse, but that in the monastery many things were considered wicked with which the ordinary man had no concern. At the time he said his first mass he was so overcome with dread lest he make a mistake in word or gesture, and thus commit a mortal sin, that he almost fled from the altar. The experience is a common one with those who have some public duty to perform for the first time, but mistakes in such a case are not usually interpreted as sins. It was Luther's religious reading of the situation that made it particularly harrowing.

From the picture by Kaempfer in the Rathaus, Erfurt

LUTHER READING HIS BIBLE IN HIS MONASTERY CELL

And not simply was the sacred ceremony of the mass beset with danger to his sensitive conscience, the minute monastic code of manners and morals offered him abundant opportunity for sin. Nothing could well be ethically more unwholesome than

to interpret any violation of its thousand and one precepts as an offense against God, and it is not surprising that the young monk who was thus interpreting them grew more and more morbid. Above all, he was troubled because he could not command his thoughts and feelings. Not external acts alone seemed evil, but wandering mind and unruly emotions and especially the all too frequent lack of real joy and exultation in his devotions.

His unhappiness, to be sure, was not constant. Speaking of his own experiences at a later time he once said: "I know a man who has often, though only for brief periods, suffered the pains of hell such as no tongue or pen could describe and no one could believe, if he had not himself felt them. If they had lasted for a half or even a tenth part of an hour, he would have perished altogether and his bones would have crumbled to ashes." In the very nature of the case such agony could not continue indefinitely. There were periods when he was well satisfied with himself and enjoyed peace with God and his own conscience; seasons, too, when he was thinking of other things and sharing in the every-day interests of convent life. We get many hints in his writings that the Erfurt monastery was the scene, as we should expect it to be, of much good fellowship and pleasant recreation. In the common room there was plenty of mirth and jollity. Stories and jokes enlivened the conversation, and relieved even for him the tension of monastic discipline. It was a motto of the shrewd and urbane nobleman Von Staupitz, Vicar-General of the Augustinian order, who was a welcome guest at many a princely board, "Reverent in worship, merry at table," and though the cloister rules enjoined silence at meals, the spirit of the motto was doubtless observed by his monks. Luther himself had too keen a sense of fun not to enjoy this side of life. He has preserved for us many amusing monastic tales, often grotesque, sometimes coarse, which he heard in his convent days. The devil figures largely in them. Without his satanic highness we cannot imagine how the brothers could have got along. He filled the place sometimes assigned to the monks themselves in similar tales which passed current outside the monastery walls.

But in spite of all the good fellowship and common human pleasures, Luther's distress was continually recurring. His reading of Paul and of Augustine, to which he was led in the course of his theological study, gave rise to the fear that he was one of the reprobate and his sufferings the agony of the damned—a fear which has frequently brought torment to morbid and overwrought souls. Instead of loving God, he turned away from Him in horror and wished there were no God. Even Christ was read in the same somber terms, and the sight of a crucifix frightened him, he says, like a thunderbolt.

His state of mind gave his superiors much concern. Few were able to understand him. Some thought him unbalanced in mind; others suspected that he was under the control of evil spirits. In later days his enemies pointed to his unhappy experiences in the convent as proof of demoniacal possession, and he himself interpreted them as assaults of his lifelong antagonist, the devil.

Now and then he found help from one or another brother. An old confessor, when he found him tormenting himself with all sorts of sins that were no sins, brought him up sharply with the admonition: "You are a fool. God is not angry with you; it is you who are angry with God." But it was from Staupitz that permanent relief came. He was greatly interested in Luther's case, and conceived a strong admiration and affection for the passionate and perturbed young spirit. He once remarked that he had never felt any such troubles, but so far as he could see, they were more necessary to Brother Martin than food and drink. He told him frankly that he did not know what to do for him, but, nevertheless, his influence was very helpful. He succeeded in delivering him from the fear that he was reprobate by convincing him that his distresses were sent him for his own good, in order to train him for an important career; and what was still more, he led him to believe that God was merciful and forgave freely the one who threw himself on Christ in faith. This conviction had been the comfort of multitudes of pious souls in every age, but, driven by the harsh discipline of his early life to see God only in the aspect of a stern judge, Luther had hitherto been altogether blind to it. Gradually, under Staupitz's tutelage, his eyes were

opened, and a new gospel dawned upon his gaze.

His liberation from despair was not immediate, nor was it accomplished by a mere word. Long afterward, when faith in God's forgiving love had completely displaced his early notions, he still suffered at times from religious depression, and had to contend, as he thought, with the assaults of Satan, in the shape of bitter doubts and fears. It was more than a new gospel he needed—engrossing occupation, release from constant thought of self, opportunity for work and service fitted to his powers. This, too, Staupitz understood, and soon summoned him to a new field and to the absorbing tasks of a busy and useful life.

From the picture by Kaempfer in the Rathaus, Erfurt

LUTHER FAINTING AFTER SCOURGING HIMSELF

THE University of Wittenberg was founded in 1502 by the Saxon Elector Frederick the Wise. In the division of Saxony in 1485 between the two brothers Ernest and Albert,—when Ernest fixed the shares, and Albert took his choice between them,—the electoral dignity fell to the older son, but Leipsic, with its university, to the younger. Electoral Saxony was thus left without a university, and it was to repair this loss that Frederick established his in 1502. The new institution owed its charter to the emperor, not to the pope, and enjoyed a greater degree of academic freedom than would otherwise have been the case; but there was no thought of making it a harbor of radical ideas, and its professors were obliged to

to the world through merchants in seeds and plants.

THE NEW PLANT-BREEDING

THE new breeding of plants is merely an effort to direct and hasten the evolution of the members of the vegetable kingdom along the lines that will be most serviceable to man.

Every plant that we grow is capable of still further development; and as the needs of the race are becoming more numerous and also more exacting, it is necessary that this further development take place. We almost blindly accept the varieties that we have, and until recently have not greatly challenged them. The dictum of organic evolution that all forms of life are plastic has removed the limitation to experiment, and it has set our imaginations toward new things.

BLACK RASPBERRY, ORIGINATED BY MR. PATTEN
It has the hardiness of the "Older" and the size of the "Gregg."

Other plants will be brought in from

the wild and be adapted to the new demands of men. Since the settlement of North America by Europeans, the native wild raspberries, blackberries, cranberries, grapes, and many of the plums, have been domesticated and improved. Many species of ornamental plants have been brought into cultivation in recent time, and the practice is continuing. Plants domesticated in one part of the world are being transferred to widely remote parts, and are there being adapted anew to domestic conditions. We have recently heard much about the introduction of the durum, or macaroni, wheat, and also about the necessity of developing grains and fruits for semi-arid and for cold regions. Plants must continuously respond to the needs of man; and as the needs are always more exact and more-difficult, so must the plant-breeder be constantly more expert.

GROWTH OF SCIENTIFIC METHODS

If the plant-breeder must be more expert, he must have a good grasp of the principles that underlie the evolution of plants. We yet know very little about the fundamentals, notwithstanding the painstaking work of Darwin, Mendel, DeVries, and many others. The subject of plant-breeding as a field for independent study and experiment has recently been brought to popular attention by the spirited work of Burbank.[1] Many patient men have devoted themselves to it long before this generation. It is beginning to be recognized by institutions. Nearly all the agricultural colleges or experiment stations in the United States and Canada are doing more or less work in plant-breeding; one American university has a full professorship and two assistant professorships in the subject. The United States Department of Agriculture is engaging extensively in the work. In Europe the subject is receiving similar recognition. Most of the plant-breeders in America are working almost entirely for practical results in the producing of new varieties or strains, but a few of them are pursuing their work wholly in a scientific spirit, with the hope of arriving at principles that will finally reduce the work to order. The greatest contribution to the knowledge of the evolution of the vegetable kingdom ought to come in the future from the plant-breeders.

The breeding of plants is of two orders: the outright production of new kinds of things, or wholly new races and varieties, as the citranges, hardy oranges, and new pineapples by Webber, the plumcot and other things by Burbank, the Brilliant and other grapes by Munson, and many kinds of flowers by many persons; and the improving of existing varieties to secure strains that are more productive, earlier, later, hardier, more uniform in quality, and the like, not necessarily with the thought of producing a form so distinct as to receive a new name.

The former effort—the making of new varieties—is usually left to the professional experimenter, or at least to persons who have given considerable study to the principles involved. The distinctly new form is usually secured by crossing, whereby it is hoped that some of the desirable qualities of both parents will reappear in the offspring.

The latter effort—the gradual improving or modifying of existing varieties—is a process of selection, and it may be practised with the most satisfactory results by any careful farmer. In fact, every good farmer will give careful attention to the selection of his seed, with the object not only of securing pure or clean seed, but also of making each succeeding crop better adapted to his needs. He will do this in the same spirit in which he fertilizes his land, prunes and cares for his trees, and breeds his live-stock.

INCREASE OF SUCCESSFUL BREEDING

Good farmers have always chosen their seed with care, but it is only in very recent years that we have had sufficient knowledge of the principles to enable us to rationalize the process. There is now sufficient understanding of the best methods of procedure to enable any man greatly to improve his flax, rye, buckwheat, melons, strawberries, sunflowers, dahlias, millet, or sugar-beets. Many men in different parts of the country are doing this kind of plant-breeding with the greatest success, thereby not only improving their own crops, but securing good prices for high-bred seeds. I know a farmer in the mountains of Colorado who for years has kept and bred the old Peachblow potato, until he has a strain that is much better than

[1] The work of Luther Burbank was fully described in The Century for March and April, 1905.

sideboard the dish she had finished wiping with the cloth in her hand. Bianca was working a lace pattern, finding the long nail on her forefinger quite useful to flatten out the lace-braid she basted upon the glazed cloth.

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"Ah, you should have brought him along. A prince is one thing, but a singer we might all hope to know."

While the women plied Camilla with affectionate demonstrations and questions, the babbo had withdrawn to the window-place, where he stood apart, surveying them. His eyes, under the heavy eyebrows that showed so fine and black still in contrast with the stiffly upbristling gray hair and the stiff little point of gray beard, scrutinized Camilla closely from a sufficient distance to get a general impression.

"Is that your whole baggage?" he asked suddenly, raising his voice so as to be heard through the voices of the others.

"The whole of it," Camilla broke off from what she was saying to answer him. "Weigh that valise, if you think it is not baggage enough. I have carried it; I know." And turning her attention once more to the rest, she went on to tell them that Rio de Janeiro, though utterly different from Florence or Rome, is yet in its way a fine city.

"Bad business in South America, eh?" the babbo interrupted her again after a time, from the other side of the room.

"Yes, Father. What would be the use of denying it? Bad business. No, no, they dress down there just as we do, mostly. They get the fashion-books from Paris, like us. You see the high comb and the mantilla just now and then. Their feet have by no means such high arches as

the pictures on the paper fans would make us believe. Yes, bull-fights, occasionally."

"And what 's become of all the others?" came the babbo's voice again, cleaving through the feminine chatter like a tune in a different key.

Camilla, looking over at him, shrugged her shoulders slowly and expressively. "Who knows? We are not the first," she added hardily, "and we sha'n't be the last, to start in a company, with banners and trumpets, for South America, and to come back crawling and limping, each for himself, just as best he can, scattering our property all along the homeward route."

And after a moment's uneasy, general stillness, during which it was palpably wondered what could be the meaning of this gruesome joke, she spoke up bravely, with a firm show of unconcern: "Bianca, will you see if the woman can give me something to eat? Anything there happens to be in the house—two fingers of wine and a little bread and meat. And while I sup, I will tell you the whole story."

And when the confusion had subsided of getting together on the table at the quickest knife and fork, napkin and plate, bottle and glass, bread and meat, and a stick of *finocchio,* and half a round of *cacio pecorino,* Camilla, with her first bite into the hard Italian bread-crust which her teeth loved, began:

"It was in the middle of last September that we sailed from the port of Marseilles—"

BUT she was perhaps more attaching than we have ever seen her when, a couple of hours later, in the little white room which Bianca gave up to her for the night, the sisters talked more privately. They sat on the edge of the black iron bed, at the head of which was suspended a Virgin, with a little basin at her feet for holy water.

Camilla was so intelligent on this occasion as to show no vestige of pride.

"To think that I, your Camilla," she said, knocking at her forehead with the tips of her fingers gathered in a bunch, "should reach such a point of weakness that I could yield to the folly of financing an opera tour to South America! To think that I—I, Camilla tua, should, after all the years I have lived, and all I have seen of the world, and when I had learned to steer my little bark so neatly, should split upon the rock of a *tenor!*"

Bianca, a little below her breath, asked a question.

"Oh, if he gets on his feet again, I shall return to him. He is the one man there has ever been for me, you know, if it comes to a question of the heart. Only I should never again be weak like that, backing such a venture with money—*money,* Bianca. Do you see me doing it? And yet that is what I did! But meanwhile I must try on my own side to get on my feet again."

As Bianca helped her to undo the portmanteau and get out the necessary things for the night, her hand came upon a framed photograph.

"What 's happened to it?" she asked, holding to the light the picture of the old author with her dog, and examining its singularly blistered surface. Camilla took it from her, and after looking fixedly at it a moment, went to make a place for it on Bianca's chest of drawers, an honorable place.

"It has been in the water. It went overboard when we were shipwrecked. I had placed it in my hand-bag, the first thing I tried to save. No, I would sooner part with anything than that. It watches over me. I tell you, it gives me good advice. When I was packing for that fatal voyage, just as I was about to wrap it up, her eye caught mine. We looked at each other for a good long moment, and upon a sudden inspiration I privately separated from the rest of my fortune a little sum which I placed in secure trust, so that it could not be touched or even known of by any one but myself. An insignificant sum, but it will be enough to start a little industry in real lace. The *forestieri* buy so much."

And, as they undressed, Camilla unfolded to Bianca some extremely good ideas on the lace trade to be started with the English and Americans, whom she felt she understood.

Her tortoise-shell hair-brushes with the great gold crest had stayed behind somewhere in Brazil, but while brushing out her black tangles with the common, wooden-backed article to which she had returned, and talking over her plans with Bianca, Camilla looked really, astonishingly unbeaten—astonishingly, as the vulgar saying is, "game."

itself. Of course I must not be understood as saying that all the present fruit-growing of the cold prairie region is founded on Mr. Patten's work; but he has been a pioneer, has contributed an important part by his writing and his experiments, and he has the prophet's eye.

THE PATTEN APPLES

THE Oldenburg (Duchess of Oldenburg) apple, long ago introduced from Europe, has been the standard of hardiness for the box-elder country; but it is a summer apple, and of only indifferent quality. It is on this foundation that much of Mr. Patten's work has been done. In 1869 he secured seed of the Oldenburg from Wisconsin and planted it that autumn. One of the resulting seedlings is what is now known as the Patten Greening, a green-yellow apple keeping in Minnesota till February, of fair quality, the tree very productive and hardy. It is now one of the two or three recognized standard varieties of the upper part of the Mississippi region. Near the parent Oldenburg stood a tree of Rhode Island Greening; this circumstance, and the Greening-like character of the fruit, led Mr. Patten to think that his variety is a cross of the two. He tested the variety on his own grounds for twenty-five years before he named it and put it on the market, in the early years it being known in his records merely as Duchess No. 3. The tree was transplanted in 1874, and in a trying situation where other trees have died and gone, it still stands, bearing heavily nearly every year.

The winters of 1872 and 1873 virtually annihilated the nursery stock of his region, killing it root and top. The disaster overtook all orchard trees that were not well mulshed or in grass. Mr. Patten then saw clearly the vision of a new horticulture for the cold prairies, and knew that he had a work to perform. He began a systematic effort of crossing apples,—and incidently pears, plums, and other plants,—and has continued it to the present time. In fact, he is now, in his seventy-seventh year, making more crosses and growing more seedlings than ever before, and is as devoted and enthusiastic in his work as any young man who has just caught the vision. He began his breeding work long before any public institution had undertaken investigation of this kind.

Thirty-three years ago Mr. Patten made crosses of one of the Eastern apples on the Soulard crab, but the progeny was of no practical value. The largest series of crosses, often amounting to hundreds in a single year, have been made at periods rather than equally throughout the time, and as the exigencies of his business and health would allow. Thus very large plantings of crossed seeds were made nineteen, thirteen, eight, and two years ago. He now has more than 10,000 apple-seedlings of known parentage growing in his plantations, and many seedlings of plums and pears. The larger part of this great number is yet too young to bear, but he has some hundreds of kinds that have produced fruit, some of them for many years. These are large figures, yet 10,000 seedlings is not great as compared with the numbers that some experimenters are growing; but Mr. Patten holds that an indefinite number leads only to ineffective and insecure work, since the different plants cannot receive personal study. He is inclined to be a conservative breeder. In the examination of these 10,000 apples he hopes to have the aid of assistants.

Most persons would have named and introduced many of these novelties years ago, for there are many interesting things among them; but Mr. Patten has all the caution of a scientific man, and a consuming fear that he may be led to recommend a fruit before its merits are fully known and thereby be the means of misleading some farmer into planting an unworthy tree. As I passed through his orchards, noting tree after tree of new apples, I could not repress a feeling of regret that so much that promises to be good should have been so long withheld from the public.

Three seedlings of the Oldenburg, grown from seed saved by Mr. Patten in 1876, are very suggestive of the possibilities. One is apparently a cross with Red Astrachan, and is only two or three days later in beginning to ripen than Yellow Transparent, of good size and color, a good bearer, and very tender in flesh. Another is an apparent cross with Willow Twig. As grown in the latitude of St. Paul, it keeps from December to February, and it is of good size and fair color. The third

is an apparent cross with English Russet, a size larger, blushed and faintly striped, pleasantly acid, and of good quality. It keeps from September to November in the Northwest; it is an immense tree in stature. These trees are of the same age, and were planted in the same and adjoining row with twelve Oldenburg trees. All were transplanted. The winters of 1883–84 and 1886–87 seriously injured every Oldenburg, and despatched three or four hopelessly. The first and second are perfect trees, with not a break in them. The third is superior in growth and soundness of tree to any of the remaining Oldenburgs. One of them is now reported as doing well in Manitoba. "If this does not conclusively prove that we can breed hardiness as well as any other quality," Mr. Patten writes, "experiments are valueless in demonstrating anything."

Mr. Patten has introduced to the trade only about half a dozen of these many new apples, as: University, a fall-to-winter apple reared from seeds of Perry Russet planted in 1880, and which has been on sale for fifteen years; Eastman, a dessert mid-winter apple, seedling of Fameuse planted thirty-four years ago, and on sale for fifteen years; Summer Pear, a summer apple, from Oldenburg seed planted thirty-five years ago; Brilliant, a high-colored winter apple, seedling of Fameuse; Silas Wilson, a product of Ben Davis and Jonathan; Iowa Beauty, a handsome summer apple, from Golden Russet seed planted thirty-five years ago; Ben Davis Sweet, a mid-winter dessert apple, resulting from a cross of Ben Davis and Talman Sweet. He has also produced other plants. He now has a black-cap raspberry apparently as hardy as the Older, and yet with the size of fruit of the Gregg. He has raised from seed a most unusual form of the American elm, with a very broad head and beautiful, hanging branches; a large specimen stands in one of the public squares of Charles City.

RECOGNITION OF HIS WORK

His breeding work attracted attention at the meeting of the American Pomological Society held in Kansas City in 1905, and he received the Wilder Silver Medal, which is the highest award made by this old and conservative organization. This signalized what is considered to be the first collection of cross-bred apples produced and exhibited in the United States. At the meeting of the same society at the Jamestown Exposition, he exhibited sixty varieties of his own origination, and again received the Wilder Medal. A bronze medal was awarded him for his display of new fruits at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. He has long been an honorary life member of the Minnesota and Wisconsin State Horticultural societies, of the Iowa Society, and has been president of important horticultural societies. The United States Department of Agriculture has lately constituted him an "expert in fruit-breeding," and the Iowa State College is coöperating with him.

Unfortunately, the unattached plant-breeder has no satisfactory means of placing his productions before the public. Often the varieties that promise well on the home place may be of small value in some other part of even the same geographical region; and, on the contrary, varieties may have marked value elsewhere that the originator from his own tests would discard. The experiment station has the means and facilities for placing the varieties in many hands for test; and the varieties, if worthy, may find their way into use without reflection on the institution if they should prove to be unworthy in particular regions or for special uses. It is probable that if Mr. Patten's varieties belonged to an institution, they would now have had more useful test and would have contributed more to the public good.

It is naturally impossible for any person who must earn his living by other means to give time for the best plant-breeding on a considerable scale. Mr. Patten's work well illustrates this. His experiment is so large that it should require the time of two or three good men to insure it proper attention. He has been obliged to confine it on about twenty acres, this being all the land he could spare from his nursery and fruit business. As a consequence, the trees soon become crowded, and good care of tillage and pruning cannot be given them. The new things therefore start under great disadvantage. In such a large work, one man cannot make many crosses by hand and under control, nor can he keep such records as will best enable the scientific man to derive laws from the experiment.

THE DWELLER ON THE THRESHOLD

A TALE OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH, IN SIX PARTS: PART THREE

BY ROBERT HICHENS

Author of "The Garden of Allah," "Egypt and Its Monuments," "The Holy Land," etc.

THE first part of this novel, in the November CENTURY, introduced the reader to Evelyn Malling, noted for his interest in psychical research, who had just become acquainted with the Rev. Marcus Harding, rector of a fashionable church in the West End of London. The latter's wife is Lady Sophia, daughter of an earl, and his senior curate is the Rev. Henry Chichester, a former acquaintance of Malling. The opening chapters deal with the mental influence of the curate on his rector.

In the December number, Malling visits Professor Stepton, who has been having "sittings" with a famous medium, and who suggests that the two clergymen have had a success in psychical research which they do not understand and which has placed them in a serious predicament. In confirmation of this opinion Malling, dining with the curate, Chichester, finds him strangely improved in strength of will, while from Lady Sophia and her sister, Lady Mansford, he learns that the rector, Harding, is showing signs of mental deterioration, from all of which Malling infers that rector and curate have been holding experiments in secret which have resulted in strengthening the will power of one at the expense of the other. These incidents suggest the main line on which the story is developed.—THE EDITOR.

VI

MALLING went the next day to morning and evening service at St. Joseph's. He was not invited to lunch in Onslow Gardens, and he did not see Lady Sophia. On the whole, he was glad of this. He had enough to keep in his mind that day. The matter in which he was interested seemed growing before his eyes like a thing coming out of the earth, but now beginning to thrust itself up into regions where perhaps it would eventually be hidden in darkness, with the great company of mysteries the unraveling of which is beyond the capacity of man.

He had now, he felt sure, a clear comprehension of Lady Sophia. Their short interview at Burlington House had been illuminating. She was a typical example of the Adam's-rib woman; that is, of the woman who, intensely, almost exaggeratedly feminine, can live in any fullness only through another, and that other a man. Through Mr. Harding, Lady Sophia had hitherto lived, and had doubtless, in her view, triumphed. Obviously a woman not free from a nervous vanity, and a woman of hungry ambition, her vanity and ambition had been fed by his growing notoriety, his increasing success and influence. The rib had thrilled with the body to which it belonged.

But that time of happy emotion, of admiration, of keen looking forward, was the property of the past. Lawn sleeves, purple, perhaps, for who is more hopeful than this type of woman in the golden moments of life?—perhaps even an archiepiscopal throne faded from before the eyes they had gladdened—the eyes of faith in a man.

And a different woman was beginning to appear—a woman who might be as critical as she had formerly been admiring, a woman capable of becoming embittered.

On the Sunday of Malling's visit to Onslow Gardens, Mr. Harding's failure

in the pulpit had waked up in his wife eager sympathy and eager spite, the one directed toward the man who had failed, the other toward the man who, as Malling felt sure, had caused the failure.

In Burlington House that woman, whom men with every reason adore, had given place to another less favorable toward him who had been her hero.

It seemed to Malling as if in the future a strange thing might happen, almost as if it must happen: it seemed to him as if Chichester might convey his view of his rector to his rector's wife.

"Study the link," Stepton had said. "There will be development in the link."

Already the words had proved true. There had been a development in Lady Sophia such as Malling had certainly not expected. Where would it end? Again and again, as he listened to the morning and evening sermons, Malling had asked himself that question; again and again he had recalled his conversation at Burlington House with Lady Sophia.

In the morning at St. Joseph's, Mr. Harding had preached to a church that was half filled; in the evening, Henry Chichester had preached to a church that was full to the doors. And each of the clergymen in turn had listened to the other, but how differently!

Mr. Harding had ascended to the pulpit with failure staring him in the face, and whereas on the Sunday when Malling first heard him he had obviously fought against the malign influence which eventually had prevailed over him, this time he had not had the vigor to make a struggle. Certainly he had not broken down. It might be said of him, as it was once said of a nation, that he had "muddled through." He had preached a very poor sermon in a very poor way, nervously, indeed, almost timidly, and with the manner of a man who was cowed and hopeless. The powerful optimism for which he had once been distinguished had given way to an almost unhealthy pessimism, alien surely to the minds of all believers, of all who profess to look forward to that life of which, as Tolstoi long ago said, our present life is but a dream. Even when he was uttering truths, he spoke them as if he had an uneasy suspicion that they were lies. At moments he seemed to be almost pleading with his hearers to tolerate him, to "bear with him." Indeed, several times during his disjointed remarks he made use of the latter expression, promising that his discourse should be a short one. Very carefully he included himself among those aware of sin, very humbly he declared the unworthiness of any man to set himself up as a teacher and leader of others.

Now, humility is all very well, but, if carried to excess, it suggests something less than a man. Mr. Harding almost cringed before his congregation. Malling did not feel that his humility was a pretense. On the contrary, it struck him as abominably real, but so excessive as to be not natural in any thorough man in a normal condition of mind and of body. It was the sort of humility that creates in the unregenerate a desire to offer a good kicking as a corrective.

Very different was the effect created by Chichester's sermon in the evening. Malling, aware though he had become of the great strengthening of Chichester, was amazed when he heard him preach.

Often it is said of a very fine preacher that he preached as one inspired. Chichester preached as one who knew. Never before had Malling been so impressed with the feeling that he was listening to truth, absolute truth, as he was while he listened to Chichester. There was something, though, that was almost deadly about it. It pierced like a lancet. It seared like a red-hot iron. It humbled almost too much. Here was no exaggerated humility, no pleading to be borne with, no cringing, and no doubt. A man who knew was standing up, and, with a sort of indifference to outside opinion that was almost frightening, was saying some of the things he knew about men, women– and surely God!

The subject was somewhat akin to that of the first sermon of Mr. Harding which Malling had heard. The rector then had preached on self-knowledge. The curate now preached on hypocrisy. Incidentally he destroyed his rector's sermon, flung it away on the scrap-heap, and passed on. This was not done viciously, but it was done relentlessly. Indeed, that was the note of the whole sermon. It was relentless, as truth is relentless, as death is relentless. And besides being terribly true, it was imaginative. But the preacher almost succeeded in conveying the impression to his congregation that what is generally called

imagination is really vision, that the true imagination is seeing what is, but is often hidden, knowing what is, but is often unknown. The latter part of the sermon struck Malling as very unusual, even as very daring.

The preacher had spoken of the many varieties of hypocrisy. Finally he drew a picture of a finished hypocrite. And the man lived as a man lives in the pages of a great writer. One could walk round him, one knew him. And then Chichester treated him as the writer treats his creation; he proceeded to show his hypocrite in action.

The man, happy, almost triumphant,—for he now often looked upon himself with the eyes of others who knew him not,—was walking to his home on a winter's evening along a country road, passing now and then rustics who respectfully saluted him, neighbors who grasped his hand, children who innocently smiled at him, women who whispered that he was a fine fellow, the clergyman of his parish, who gave him God-speed upon his way as to one who deserved that God should speed him because his way was right. Snow was upon the ground. Such light as there was began to fade. It was evident that the night, which was very still, was going to be very dark. And the man stepped out briskly. Presently, at a lonely part of the road, happening to look down, he saw footprints in the freshly fallen snow. They were of feet that had recently passed on the way he was following. They had attracted, they continued to attract, his attention, he knew not why. And as he went on, his eyes were often upon them.

Presently he began to wonder about the feet which had made the prints he saw. Did they belong to a man or a woman? The prints were too large to have been made by the feet of a child. He gazed at them searchingly, and made up his mind that it was a man who had recently trodden this road. And what sort of man was it that thus preceded him not very far away? He became deeply engrossed with this question. His mind revolved about this unknown traveler, floating forward in surmises, till, by chance, he happened to set his right foot in one of the prints left in the snow. His foot exactly filled it. This fact, he knew not why, startled him. He stopped, bent down, examined the snow closely, measured very carefully his feet with the prints before him, now rather faintly discerned in the gathering darkness. The prints might have been made by his own feet. Having ascertained this, and reflected for a moment, he went forward, now assailed by a growing curiosity as to the personality and character of the stranger. But perhaps he was not a stranger. He might surely well be a neighbor, an acquaintance, perhaps even a friend. The man meant, if possible, to come up with him, whoever he was, and he now hurried along with the intention of joining the unknown whose footprints were the same as his own.

At this point in his sermon Chichester paused for a moment. And Malling, who seldom felt any thrill at a séance, and who had often remained calmly watchful and alert during manifestations which amazed or terrified others, was aware of a feeling of cold, which seemed to pass like a breath through his spirit. The congregation about him, perhaps struck by the unusual form of the sermon, remained silent and motionless, waiting. In his stall sat the rector with downcast eyes. Malling could not at that moment discern his expression. His large figure and important, powerful head and face showed almost like those of a carven effigy in the lowered light of the chancel. The choirboys did not stir, and the small, fair man in the pulpit, raising his thin hands, and resting them on the marble ledge, continued quietly, taking up his sermon with a repetition of the last words uttered, "whose footprints were the same as his own."

Again the cold breath went through Malling's spirit. He leaned slightly forward and gazed at Chichester.

For some time the man thus went onward, following the footprints in the snow, but not overtaking any one, and becoming momentarily more eager to satisfy his curiosity. Then, on a sudden, he started, stopped, and listened. It had now become very dark, and in this darkness, and the great stillness of night, he heard the faint sound of a footfall before him, brushing through the crisp snow, which lay lightly and not very deep on the hard highroad leading to the village on the farther outskirts of which his house was

situated. He could not yet see any one, but he felt sure that the person who made this faint sound was no other than he in whose steps he had been treading. It would now be a matter of only a minute or two to come up with him. And the man went on, but more slowly, whether because he was now certain of attaining his object or for some other reason.

The sound of the footfall persisted, and was certainly not far off. The prints in the snow were so fresh that they seemed not quite motionless, as if the snow were only now settling after the pressure it had just suffered. The man slackened his pace. He did not like the sound which he heard. He began to feel as if he by whom it was made would not prove a companion to his taste. Yet his curiosity continued. There began within him a struggle between his curiosity and another sensation, which was of repugnance, almost of fear. And so equal were the combatants that the lights of the village were in sight, and he had not decreased the distance between himself and the other. Seeing the lights, however, his curiosity got the upper hand. He slightly quickened his pace, and almost immediately beheld the shape of a man relieved against the night, and treading onward through the snow. And as the sound of the footsteps had been disagreeable to his nerves, so the contours of the moving blackness repelled him. He did not like the look of this man whose footprints were the same as his own, and he decided not to join him. But, moving rather cautiously, he gained a little upon him, in order to make sure, if possible, whether or not he was a neighbor or an acquaintance.

The figure seemed somehow familiar to our man, indeed, oddly familiar. Nevertheless, he was unable to identify it. As he followed it, more and more certain did he become that he had seen it, that he knew it. And yet—did he know it? Had he seen it? It was almost as if one part of him denied while the other affirmed. He longed, yet feared, to see the face. But the face never looked back. And so, one at a little distance behind the other, they came into the village.

Here a strange thing occurred.

There were very few people about, but there were a few, and two or three of them, meeting the person our man was following, greeted him respectfully. But these same people, when immediately afterward they encountered the other, who had known them for years, and whom they of course knew, showed the greatest perturbation; one, a woman, even signs of terror. They gave him no greeting, shrank from him as he passed, and stared after him, as if bemused, when he was gone by. Their behavior was almost incredible. But he was so set on what was before him that he stopped to ask no questions.

The village was a long one. Always one behind the other, walking at an even pace, the two men traversed it, approaching at last the outskirts, where, separated from the other habitations, and surrounded by a garden in which the trees were laden with snow, stood the house of the man who now watched and followed, with a growing wonder and curiosity, combined with an ever-growing repugnance, him who made the footprints, who had been saluted by the villagers, whose figure and general aspect seemed in somewise familiar to him, and yet whom he could not recognize. Where could this person be going? the man asked himself, and came to a resolve not to follow on into the darkness of the open country, not to proceed beyond his own home, of which now he saw the lights, but to make an effort to see the face of the other before the garden gate was reached.

In this attempt, however, he was destined to be frustrated. For as he determinedly quickened his steps, so did the other, who gained the gate of the garden, unlatched it, turned in, and walked on among the trees, going toward the principal door.

A visitor, then! The man paused by his garden gate, whence he could see his house front, with the light from the window of his own sitting-room streaming over the porch. The stranger stood before it, made a movement as if searching in his pocket, drew out his hand, lifted it. The door opened at once. He disappeared within, and the door closed after him.

He had opened the door with a key.

The man at the gate felt overcome by a sensation almost of horror, which he could not explain to himself. It was not that he was horrified by the certainly extraordinary fact of some one possessing a key to his house, and using it in this familiar

fashion. It was not even that he was horrified at seeing a man, perhaps a stranger, disappearing thus into his home by night, uninvited, unexpected. What horrified him was that this particular man, whose footprints he had followed and measured with his foot, whose footfalls he had heard, whose form he had seen outlined against the night, should be within his house, where his wife and his children were, and where his venerable mother was sitting beside the fire. That this man should be there! He knew now that from the first moment when he had been aware of his existence he had hated him, that his subconscious mind had hated him.

But who was he? The natural thing would have been to follow quickly into the house, to see who had entered, to demand an explanation. But he could not do this. Why? He himself did not know why. But he knew that he dared not do this. And he waited, expecting he knew not what; a cry, a summons, perhaps, some manifestation that would force him to approach.

None came. Steadily the lights shone from the house. There was no sound but the soft fall of a block of snow from an overladen fir branch in the garden. The man began to marvel. Who could this be whose familiar entry into his—*his* home thus at night caused no disturbance? There were dogs within: they had not barked. There were servants: apparently they had not stirred. It was almost as if this stranger's permanence was accepted by the household. A long, long time had slipped by.

The man at length, making an almost fierce effort, partly dominated the unreasoning sense of horror which possessed him. He opened the gate, stepped into the garden, and made his way slowly and softly toward the house door. But suddenly he stopped. Through the unshuttered window of his sitting-room, the room in which for years he had spent much of his time, in which he had concocted many schemes to throw dust in the eyes of his neighbors, and even of his own relatives, in which he had learned very perfectly to seem what he was not, and to hide what he really was, he perceived the figure of a man. It crossed the lighted space slowly, and disappeared with a downward movement. He knew it was the man he had been following and whom he had seen enter his house.

For a long while he remained where he was on the path of the garden. The night deepened about him. A long way off, at the other end of the village, a clock chimed the hours. In the cottages the lights were extinguished. The few loungers disappeared from the one long street vanishing over the snow. And the man never moved. A numb terror possessed him. Yet, despite his many faults and his life of evil, he had never been physically a coward. Always the light shone steadily from the window of his study, making a patch of yellow upon the snow. Always the occupant of the room must be seated tranquilly there, like an owner. For no figure had risen, had repassed across the unshuttered space.

The man told himself again and again that he must go forward till he gained the window, that he must at least look into the room; if he dared not enter the house to confront the intruder, to demand an explanation. But again and again something within him, which seemed to be a voice from the innermost chamber of his soul, whispered to him not to go, whispered to him to leave the intruder alone, to let the intruder do what he would, but not to approach him, above all, not to look upon his face. And the man obeyed the voice till a thing happened which roused in him a powerful beast, called by many the natural man.

He saw his wife, whom he loved in his way, though he had tricked and deceived her again and again, cross the window space, smiling, and disappear with a downward movement, as the other had disappeared. Then she rose into his range of vision, and stood for a moment so that he could see her clearly, smiling, talking, making little gestures that he knew, carrying her hand to her face, stretching it out, dropping it. Finally she lifted it to her lips, half-closing her eyes at the same time, took it away quickly, with a sort of butterfly motion, and vanished, going toward the left, where the room door was.

So had she many and many a time bidden him, her husband, good night. Instantly, with an impulse which seemed combined of rage and terror, both now full of a driving force which was irresistible, the man sprang forward to the

window, seized the stone coping with his hands, and stared into his room.

Seated in a round chair at his writing-table, by a lamp with a green shade, was the man who had entered his house. He was writing busily in a book with a silver clasp that could be locked with a key, and he leaned a little over the table with his head turned away. The shape of his head, his posture, even the manner in which he used his pen as he traced line after line in the book, made an abominable impression upon the man staring in at the window. But the face—the face! He must see that! And he leaned forward, trembling, but fiercely, and, pressing his own face against the pane, he looked at the occupant of his room as men look sometimes with their souls.

The man at the table lifted his head. He laid down the pen, blotted the book in which he had been writing, shut it up, clasped it, locked it with a tiny key, and put it carefully into a drawer of the table, which also he locked. He got up, stood for an instant by the table with one hand upon it, then turned slowly toward the window, smiling, as men smile to themselves when they are thinking of their own ingenuities.

The man outside the window fell back into the snow as if God's hand had touched him. He had seen his own face! So he smiled sometimes at the end of a day, when he had finished writing down in his diary some of the hidden things of his life.

He turned, and as the window through which he had been looking suddenly darkened, he fled away into the night.

When the lights, which at St. Joseph's were always kept lowered during the sermon, once more strongly illuminated the chancel, Mr. Harding turned a ghastly face toward the pulpit. In the morning Chichester had listened to him, as a man of truth might listen to a man who is trying to lie, but who cannot deceive him. In the evening Mr. Harding had listened to Chichester—how? What had been the emotions only shadowed faintly forth in that ghastly face?

When Malling got home, he asked himself why Chichester had made such an impression upon his mind. His story of the double, strange enough, no doubt, in a sermon, could not surely have come upon Malling with any of the force and the interest of the new. For years he had been familiar with tales of ghosts, of voices, of appearances at the hour of death, of doubles. Of course in the sermon there had been a special application of the story. It had been very short. Chichester had suggested that if, as by a miracle, the average self-contented man could look at himself with the eyes of his soul full of subliminal self-knowledge and with the bodily eyes, he would be stricken down by a great horror.

And he had spoken as a man who knew. Indeed, it seemed to Malling that he had spoken as might have delivered himself the man who had followed his double through the snow, who had looked in upon him by night from the garden, if he had faced, instead of flying from, the truth; if he had stayed, if he had persistently watched his double leading the life he had led, if he had learned a great lesson that perhaps only his double could teach him.

But if the man had stayed, what would have been the effect on the double? Malling sat till deep in the night pondering these things.

VII

Lady Sophia had said to Malling that if he went to the two services at St. Joseph's on the Sunday she would invite him to see her again. She was as good as her word. In the middle of the week he received a note from her, saying she would be at home at four on Thursday, if he was able to come. He went, and found her alone. But as soon as he entered the drawing-room and had taken her hand, she said:

"I am expecting Mr. Chichester almost immediately. He 's coming to tea."

"I shall be glad to meet him," said Malling, concealing his surprise, which was great.

Yet he did not know why it should be. For what more natural than that Chichester should be coming?

"I heard of you at St. Joseph's," Lady Sophia continued. "A friend of mine, Lily Armitage, saw you there. I did n't. I was sitting at the back. I have taken to sitting quite at the back of the church. What did you think of it?"

"Do you wish me to be frank, and do you mean the two sermons?"

She hesitated for an instant. Then she said:

"I do mean the sermons, and I do wish you to be frank."

"I thought Mr. Chichester's sermon very remarkable indeed."

"And my husband's sermon?"

Her lips twisted almost as if with contempt when she said the words, "my husband's."

"Why does n't Mr. Harding take a long rest?" said Malling, speaking conventionally, a thing that he seldom did.

"You think he needs one?"

"He has a tiresome malady, I understand."

"What malady?"

"Does n't he suffer very much from nervous dyspepsia?"

She looked at him with irony, which changed almost instantly into serious reflection. But the irony returned.

"Now and then he has a touch of it," she said. "Very few of us don't have something. But we have to go on, and we do go on, nevertheless."

"I think a wise doctor would probably order your husband away," said Malling, though Mr. Harding's departure was the last thing he desired just then.

"Even if he were ordered away, I don't know that he would go."

"Why not?"

"I don't think he would. I don't feel as if he could get away," she said, with what seemed to Malling a sort of odd obstinacy. "In fact, I know he 's not going," she abruptly added. "I have an instinct."

Malling felt sure that she had considered, perhaps long before he had suggested it, this very project of Mr. Harding's departure for a while for rest, and that she had rejected it. Her words recalled to his mind some other words of her husband, spoken in Mr. Harding's study: "Surely one ought to get out of such an atmosphere, to get out of it, and to keep out of it. But how extraordinary it is the difficulty men have in getting away from things!"

Perhaps Lady Sophia was right. Perhaps the rector could not get away from the atmosphere which seemed to be destroying him.

"I dare say he is afraid to trust everything to his curates," observed Malling, prosaically.

"He need n't be—now," she replied.

In that "now," as she said it, there lay surely a whole history. Malling understood that Lady Sophia, suddenly perhaps, had given her husband up. Since Malling had first encountered her she had cried, *"Le roi est mort!"* in her heart. The way she had just uttered the word "now" made Malling wonder whether she was not about to utter the supplementary cry, *"Vive le roi!"*

As he looked at her, with this wonder in his mind, Henry Chichester came into the room.

There was an expression of profound sadness on his face, which seemed to dignify it, to make it more powerful, more manly, than it had been. The choir-boy look was gone. Malling of course knew how very much expression can change a human being; nevertheless, he was startled by the alteration in the curate's outward man. It seemed, to use the rector's phrase, that he had "shed his character." And now, perhaps, the new character, mysteriously using matter as the vehicle of its manifestation, was beginning to appear to the eyes of men. He showed no surprise at the sight of Malling, but rather a faint, though definite, pleasure. The way in which Lady Sophia greeted him was a revelation to Malling, and a curious exhibition of feminine psychology.

She looked up at him from the low chair in which she was sitting, gave him her left hand, and said, "Are you very tired?" That was all. Yet it would have been impossible to express more clearly a woman's mental, not affectional, subjugation by a man, her instinctive yielding to power, her respect for authority, her recognition that the master of her master had come into the room.

Her *"Vive le roi!"* was said.

Chichester accepted Lady Sophia's subtle homage with an air of unconsciousness. His interior melancholy seemed to lift him above the small things that flatter small men. He acknowledged that he was tired, and would be glad of tea. He had been down in the East End. The rector had asked him to talk over something with Mr. Carlile of the Church Army.

"You mean that you suggested to the rector that it would be wise to see Mr. Carlile," said Lady Sophia.

"Is the rector coming in to tea?" asked Chichester.

"Possibly he may," she replied. "He knew Mr. Malling was to be here. Did you tell him you were coming?"

"No. I was not certain I should get away in time."

"I think he will probably turn up."

A footman brought in tea at this moment, and Malling told the curate he had heard him preach in the evening of last Sunday.

"It was a deeply interesting sermon," he said.

"Thank you," said Chichester, very impersonally.

The footman went away, and Lady Sophia began to make tea.

"When I went home," Malling continued, "I sat up till late thinking it over. Part of it suggested to my mind one or two rather curious speculations."

"Which part?" asked Lady Sophia, dipping a spoon into a silver tea-caddy.

"The part about the man and his double."

She shivered, and some of the tea with which she had just filled the spoon was shaken out of it.

"That was terrible," she said.

"What were your speculations?" said Chichester, showing a sudden and definite waking up of keen interest.

"One of them was this—"

Before he could continue, the door opened again, and the tall and powerful form of the rector appeared. And as the outer man of Chichester seemed to Malling to have begun subtly to change, in obedience surely to the change of his inner man, so seemed Mr. Harding a little altered physically, as he now slowly came forward to greet his wife's two visitors. The power of his physique seemed to be struck at by something within, and to be slightly marred. One saw that largeness can become but a wide surface for the tragic exhibition of weakness. As the rector perceived the presence of Chichester, an expression of startled pain fled over his face and was gone in an instant. He greeted the two men and sat down.

"Have you just begun tea?" he asked, looking now at his wife.

"We are just going to begin it," she replied. "We are talking about the sermon of last Sunday."

"Oh," rejoined the rector.

He turned to Malling.

"Did you come to hear me preach again?"

There was a note as of slight reassurance in his voice.

"Mr. Chichester's sermon," said Lady Sophia.

"Oh, I see," said the rector. He glanced hastily from one to the other of the three people in the room, like a man searching for sympathy or help. "What were you saying about our friend Chichester's sermon?" he asked, with a forced air of interest.

Lady Sophia distributed cups of tea.

"I was speaking of that part of it which dealt with the man who followed his double," said Malling.

"Ah?" said the rector.

He was holding his tea-cup. His hand trembled slightly at this moment, and the china rattled. He set the cup down on the small table before him.

"You said," observed Chichester—toward whom Lady Sophia immediately turned, with an almost rapt air—"that it suggested some curious speculations to your mind. I should very much like to know what they were."

"One was this. Suppose the man in the garden, who looked in upon his double, had not fled away. Suppose he had had the courage to remain, and, in hiding—for the sake of argument we may assume the situation to be possible—"

"Ah, indeed! And why not?" interrupted Chichester.

His voice, profoundly melancholy, fell like a weight upon those who heard him. And again Malling thought of him almost as some one set apart from his fellows by some mysterious knowledge, some heavy burden of truth.

"—and in hiding had watched the life of his double. I sat up speculating what effect such an observation, terrible no doubt and grotesque, would be likely to have on the soul of the watching man. But there was another speculation with which I entertained my mind that night."

"Let us have it," said Chichester, leaning forward, and, with the gesture characteristic of him, dropping his hands down between his knees. "Let us have it."

"Suppose the man to remain and, in hiding, to watch the life of his double, what effect would such an observation be likely to have upon the double?"

Malling paused. The rector, with an almost violent movement of his big hand and arm, took his cup from the table and drank his tea.

"It did n't occur to you, I suppose, when composing your sermon to follow that train of thought?" said Malling to Chichester.

"No," replied the curate, slowly, and like one thinking profoundly. "I was too engrossed with the feelings of the man. But, then, you thought of the double as a living man, with all the sensations of a man?"

"That was your fault," said Malling.

"His fault!" said Lady Sophia, with a sort of latent sharpness, and laying an emphasis on the second word.

"Certainly; for making the narrative so vital and human."

He addressed himself again to the curate.

"Did you not give to the double the attributes of a man? Did you not make his wife come to bid him good night, bend down to kiss him, waft him a characteristic farewell?"

"It is true, I did," said Chichester, still speaking like a man in deep thought.

"That was the most terrible part of all," said Lady Sophia. In her voice there was an accent almost of horror. "It sickened me to the soul," she continued—"the idea of a woman bidding a tender good night to an apparition."

"I took it as a man," said Malling.

They had all three, strangely, left the rector out of this discussion, and he seemed willing that it should be so. He now sat back in his chair listening to all that was being said, somewhat as he had listened to the sermon of Chichester, in a sort of ghastly silence.

"How could a man's double be a man?" said Lady Sophia.

"We are in the region of assumption and of speculation," returned Malling, quietly, "a not uninteresting region either, I think. The other night for a whole hour, having assumed the double man, I speculated on his existence, spied upon by his other self. And you never did that?"

He looked at Chichester.

"When I was making my sermon I was engrossed by the thought of the watching man."

Malling's idea had evidently laid a grip upon Chichester's mind.

"Tell me what the double's existence would be, according to you," he said. "Tell me."

"You imagined the lesson learnt by the man so terrible that he fled away into the night."

"Yes."

"Had he been strong enough to stay—"

"Strong enough!" interposed Chichester. "Better say, had he been obliged to stay."

"Very well. Given that compulsion, in my imagination the double must have learnt a lesson, too. If we can learn by contemplation, can we not, must we not, learn by being contemplated? Life is permeated by reciprocity. I can imagine another sermon growing out of yours of last Sunday."

"Yes, you are right—you are right," said Chichester.

"The double, then, in my imagination, would gradually become uneasy under this secret observation. You described him as, his wife gone, sitting down comfortably to write some account of the hidden doings of his life, as, the writing finished, the diary committed to the drawer and safely locked away, rising up to go to rest with a smile of self-satisfaction. It seemed to me that, given my circumstance of the persistent observation, a few nights later matters would have been very different within that room. The hypocrite is happy, if he is happy at all, when he is convinced that his hypocrisy is successful. Take away that certainty, and he would be invaded by anxiety. Set any one to watch him closely, he would certainly suffer, if he knew it."

"If he knew it! That is the point," said Chichester. "You put the man watching the double in hiding."

"There are influences not yet fully understood which can traverse space, which can touch not as a hand touches, but as unmistakably. I imagined the soul of the double touched in this way, the waters troubled."

"Troubled! Troubled!"

It was Mr. Harding who had spoken, almost lamentably. His powerfully shaped head now drooped forward on his breast.

"I imagined," continued Malling, "a sort of gradual disintegration beginning,

and proceeding, in the double—a disintegration of the soul, if such a thing can be conceived of."

His piercing eyes went from Chichester to Harding.

"Or, no," he corrected himself. "Perhaps that is an incorrect description of my —very imaginative—flight through speculation the other night. Possibly I should say a gradual transference, instead of disintegration of soul. For it seemed to me as if the man who watched might gradually, as it were, absorb into himself the soul of the double, but purified. For the watcher has the tremendous advantage of seeing the hypocrite living the hypocrite's life, while the hypocrite is only seen. Might not the former, therefore, conceivably draw in strength, while the other faded into weakness? Ignorance is the terrible thing in life, I think. Now the man who watched would receive knowledge, fearful knowledge, but the man who was watched, while perhaps suffering first uneasiness, then possibly even terror, would not, in my conception, ever clearly understand. He would not any longer dare at night to sit down alone to fill up that dreadful diary. He would not any longer, perhaps,—I only say perhaps,—dare to commit the deeds the record of which in the past the diary held. But his lesson would be one of fear, making for weakness, finally almost for nothingness. And the other night I conceived of him at last fading away in the gloom of his room with the darkened window."

"That was your end!" said Mr. Harding, in a low voice.

"Yes, that was my end."

"Then," said Chichester, "you think the lesson men learn from being contemplated tends only to destroy them."

But Malling, now with a smiling change to greater lightness and ease, hastened to traverse this statement.

"No, no," he replied. "For the contemplation of a man by his fellow-men must always be an utterly different thing from his own contemplation by himself. For our fellow-men always remain in a very delightful ignorance of us. Don't they, Lady Sophia? And so they can never destroy us, luckily for us."

He had done what he wished to do, and he was now ready for other activities. But he found it was not easy to switch his companions off on to another trail. Lady Sophia, now that he looked at her closely, he saw to be under the influence of fear, provoked doubtless by the subject they had been discussing. Chichester, also, had a look as of fear in his eyes. As to the rector, he sat gazing at his curate, and there had come upon his countenance an expression of almost unnatural resolution, such as a coward's might wear if terror forced him into defiance.

In reply to Malling's half-laughing question, Lady Sophia said:

"You 've studied all these things, have n't you?"

"Do you mean what are sometimes called occult questions?"

"Yes."

"I have."

"And do you believe in them?"

"I 'm afraid I must ask you to be a little more definite."

"Do you believe that there are such things as doubles?"

"I have no reason to believe that there are, unless you include wrongly in the term the merely physical replica. It appears to be established that now and then two human beings are born who, throughout their respective lives, remain physically so much alike that it is difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish between them."

"I did n't mean only that," she said quickly.

"You meant the double in mind and soul as well as in body," said Chichester.

"Yes."

"How can one see if a soul is the double of another soul?"

"Then you think such a story as Mr. Chichester related in his sermon all nonsense?" said Lady Sophia, almost hotly, and yet, it seemed to Malling, with a slight lifting of the countenance, as if relief perhaps were stealing through her.

"I thought it a legitimate and powerful invention introduced to point a moral."

"Nothing more than that?" said Lady Sophia.

Malling did not reply; for suddenly a strange question had risen up in him. Did he really think it nothing more than that? He glanced at Chichester, and the curate's eyes seemed asking him to say.

The rector's heavy and powerful frame shifted in his chair, and his voice was heard saying:

"My dear Sophy, I think you had better leave such things alone. You do not know where they might lead you."

There was in his voice a sound of forced authority, as if he had been obliged to "screw himself up" to speak as he had just spoken. Lady Sophia was about to make a quick rejoinder when, still with a forced air of resolution, Mr. Harding addressed himself to Chichester.

"Since I saw you this morning," he said, "I find that I shall not be here next Sunday."

He looked about the circle at his wife and Malling.

"The doctor has ordered me away for a week, and I 've decided to go."

His introduction of the subject had been abrupt. As if almost in despite of themselves, Lady Sophia and Malling exchanged glances. Chichester said nothing.

"You can get on without me quite well, of course," continued the rector.

"Are you going to be away long?" said Chichester.

"No; I think only for a week or so. The doctor says I absolutely need a breath of fresh air."

Malling got up to go.

"I hope you 'll enjoy your little holiday," he said. "Are you going far?"

"Oh, dear, no. My doctor recommends Tankerton on the Kentish coast. It seems the air there is extraordinary. When the tide is down it comes off the mud flats. A kind parishioner of mine—" he turned slightly toward his wife: "Mrs. Amherst, Sophy—has a cottage there and has often offered me the use of it. I hope to accept her offer now."

Lady Sophia expressed no surprise at the project, and did not inquire whether her husband wished her to accompany him.

But when she shook hands with Malling, her dark eyes seemed to say to him, "I was wrong."

And he thought she looked humbled.

(To be continued)

TO THE FIRE-BRINGER

(WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY: DIED OCTOBER 17, 1910)

BY PERCY MACKAYE

SINGER and lover,
Brother and friend,
Ashes can end
Only the dross of thee:
Quick, Promethéan,
Out of the dirge
And the dark loss of thee,
Leaps thy star-wrestling
Spirit in pean!

Fire, fire,
Fire was thy bringing—
An urn elemental
Of burning song:
So on thy pyre
We leave it flaming—
Where Death cannot follow—
Toward thee, who came singing,
"Apollo, Apollo!"

A PLATE OF FISH

FROM THE PAINTING BY WILLIAM M. CHASE

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

MRS. MARTIN'S SURPRISE

BY EVELYN VAN BUREN

WITH PICTURES BY ALEXANDER POPINI

MR. MARTIN lounged in a chair close to the fire; he was sipping tea and reading. The baby slept on his arm.

"Sweet enough?" inquired Mrs. Martin.

Her husband nodded. She was polishing his boots.

"I 've 'ad enough of you as a' ornament," she began suddenly.

Martin looked up. "Now, then," he said, "don't worrit me. I 'm fagged out, lookin' for work all d'y."

Mrs. Martin fixed him with eyes that betrayed no sign of having seen him every day for nineteen years.

"Don't stare," said Martin, squirming. "It 's one thing I 'ate, bein' stared at."

"I 've 'ad enough of you as a' ornament," repeated his wife.

Martin showed surprise. Mrs. Martin was herself surprised. For nineteen years she had permitted him to be an ornament, with only occasional feeble outbreaks of rebellion. Martin was a gay-looking little man of sensitive temperament, and searching for employment always fagged him so that he was never able to accept any that he found. The entire family were considerate of his nerves. But now Mrs. Martin was provoked to harshness.

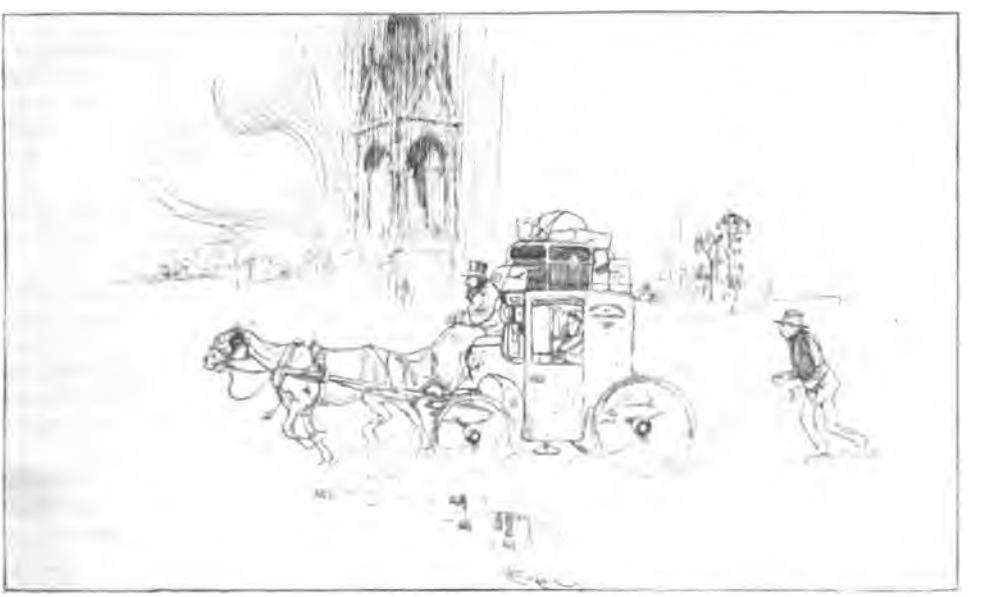
"You 've got to work," she said, "now I 'm out of it."

"I mean to," he answered. "Been lookin' about all d'y, ain't I? D' yer want to mike me ill?"

Mrs. Martin gave him his boots and more tea.

"I 'll st'y at 'ome an' mind the biby an' rest up," she said.

Martin looked anxiously down at the



Drawn by Alexander Popini

"FOLLOWING A LUGGAGE-LADEN CAB"

baby. Granny Martin tottered in at the door.

"Your friend Tatt is waiting," she said. "Will you come at once, 'e s'ys, an' *not* bring the biby?"

"What 's on?" questioned Mrs. Martin in an ominously quiet voice.

"Ride on the new motor-bus, Putney w'y," answered Granny Martin.

Mrs. Martin glared; Martin withdrew inside his collar.

"Granny," she demanded, " 'ow long since yer son 'as did a stroke o' work?"

"Swept a Bruton Street 'ouse chimney," Granny Martin said, eying her son reflectively, "three mont's come a Saturd'y."

"My fault?" he questioned. "That 's what I arsk, if it 's *my* fault."

Mrs. Martin stepped up and snatched the baby from him.

"Tatt don't want the biby," she said.

"That 's my affair," said Martin. " 'E knows I don't go without the biby."

"From this on you do," his wife replied.

"Whotcher mean?" Martin demanded. " 'Ave n't I always cared for 'im?"

This baby, the last little Martin, had from the beginning won the difficult way to its father's heart. Baby Martin's need of new booties had even been known to inspire Martin to the acceptance of employment not strictly in his line. Following a luggage-laden cab and assisting to get the boxes indoors proved not unprofitable and, done just now and then, not too distasteful.

"You 'ave been a good father to the biby," went on Mrs. Martin, "but now you will go out an' do a bit o' work."

"You ain't yerself," said Martin, solicitously.

"H'm," mused Mrs. Martin, "when my young ladies left for Paris to study art, they said I ort to rest in their absence, an' let *you* work a bit, me lord dook."

"Certingly I 'll work," murmured Martin, with a strained gaze at his baby, while it eyed him over a cup of milk. "I fancied you 'd been influenced to be'ave like this to me."

He slowly, sadly left the room; infant shrieks followed him down the stairs, and the soothing voice of Mrs. Martin.

Baby Martin beat the air, kicked off a slipper, and turned purple of face.

Mr. Martin sat low in his favorite chair by the fireplace. Mrs. Martin was dressing the baby in a cozy cap and coat.

"By-by, da-da," gurgled the baby.

"No," said Mrs. Martin, firmly; "you 're goin' with mummy. Daddy is goin' out to find some work."

"Not immejately," said Daddy, brightening. "I could tike the little 'un out a bit this mornin' an' leave you to—"

"What?" inquired Mrs. Martin.

"Whatever you like," her husband answered pleasantly.

Mrs. Martin laughed offensively, gathered up the baby, and walked out of the room.

Martin sank lower in his chair, measured his tapering, not too immaculate finger-tips, and began scheming. He had only a glimmering of an idea at first, then rose, adjusted his cap, and found his way to "Ye Goat and Boots" at the corner of the street, where, after a couple of pints, everything took shape.

"It 's a good scheme as ever I see," he told himself, "an' Tatt 'll 'elp carry it out. Me an' the little chap will mike a bit, too. Missus *will* be surprised."

And Martin, smiling, left "Ye Goat and Boots" and walked briskly, if unevenly, along the street to execute his plans.

The Clover Farm Dairy, five doors removed from the public-house of "Ye Goat and Boots," in King's Road, Chelsea, was, with its white paint and spotless windows, a refreshing sight amidst dinginess and grime.

The manager of the dairy was Mrs. Martin's closest friend, even as Mr. Tatt was Martin's.

"Garn, you ain't a bit too stout," Mrs. Rich the manager was saying to Mrs. Martin.

She banged Mrs. Martin playfully on the arm. Mrs. Martin, over the counter of sweet bottled milk and cream, banged her friend back again.

"I dunno," said Mrs. Martin, holding off the baby and with sidewise inspection of her plump self. "I seem stoutish to me."

"Your fancy," answered her friend, who was not lithesome enough to mind a trifle overweight in others.

Drawn by Alexander Popini

"'YOUR FANCY,' ANSWERED HER FRIEND"

"Well, it 's this w'y," said Mrs. Martin, coming to the point, " 'e won't work so long 's 'e thinks I do. It 's gone on for nineteen years, so I know."

"Ort to, I fancy," Mrs. Rich agreed.

"Now I 'm goin' to fool 'im, the spend-'rift," continued Mrs. Martin.

"Quite right, too." Mrs. Rich polished the counter enthusiastically.

Mrs. Martin put the baby down upon it.

" 'E 'as always minded biby," she admitted, chucking the baby under the chin.

"Listen to me, old gal," said Mrs. Rich, "turnin' a' honest penny pushin' a nice, clean little milk-cart for a respectable friend o' your gal'ood d'ys which keeps a dairy,—a little milk-cart that will 'old your biby, an' give 'er the air, as well as the milk-cans,—is a chance not to be lost by any woman in your position, *I* s'y. Women did it before your time, they does it now, an' they 'll do it when your time is past. Now, then, if you *don't* want the chance, s'y so, an' I 'll find a boy at once." It was a long speech, tinged with severity, but it decided Mrs. Martin.

"You 're quite right," she said.

" 'E 'll never know," assured Mrs. Rich.

"Lor' love us, I 'ope not!" said Mrs. Martin. "You 're sure, Richy, I 'm not too st—"

"Chuck it!" Mrs. Rich replied.

She brought tumblers and a jug of fresh milk.

"An' 'ere 's a bun for biby," she added.

Further confidences were exchanged in whispers. When Mrs. Martin departed, Mrs. Rich called out, "To-morrow, then."

"To-morrow," answered Mrs. Martin.

Mrs. Martin prepared early tea, with a nice bit of fish. Except the baby, the children were not about when her husband came in. He smiled. It was an agreeable state of affairs.

"Find anythink in the way of work?" inquired she, amiably.

"Begin to-morrow morning," Martin replied, catching up the baby from the floor.

"Pleased to 'ear it." Mrs. Martin concealed her surprise. "Now, I 'll st'y at 'ome and rest a bit."

"Do you good, too," returned her husband.

Mrs. Martin marked his affability and the gleam of his eye. Her suspicions were aroused. Martin, however, spent the evening in the bosom of his family, gave occasional cuffs and paternal advice to his children, soothed the baby to sleep, and himself retired early.

"My word," mused Mrs. Martin, "what *is* 'is little gime?"

"Tryin' to git round *you*, my dear; 'e was always so," said Granny Martin.

RAIN was falling, and the next morning dawned coldly. Immediately upon waking, Mrs. Martin thought of Mr. Martin. Such days affected his nerves, and he preferred to spend them in sleep; even on fine days he objected to early rising. Mrs. Martin pondered on this weakness, and, coming to indulgent conclusions, was rising stealthily, when she discovered that Martin was up and gone. She saw next that Baby Martin was not in the little trundle-bed, but was also up and gone. In the next room was evidence of a hurried meal.

" 'E 's mide off with the biby," she murmured, looking about at what bric-à-brac she valued.

Granny Martin came in with coals in her apron. "Fog risin'," she said, "an' it 's chilly."

Mrs. Martin shivered, not for herself, but for Martin. He *did* hate fogs.

"I 've drove 'im to desperation," she said.

" 'Ave you?" questioned Granny, doubtfully.

Mrs. Martin sniffed and squinted at a plate on the table.

" 'E 'd a rasher o' bacon," she whispered thankfully.

" 'E 'll be 'ere for another to-morrow mornin'," concluded Martin's mother.

Mrs. Martin looked troubled, and shook her head.

" 'E thort I meant it about mikin' 'im work, an' keepin' the biby from 'im, poor 'Arry!"

She sat down heavily, and drew on her new brass-toed boots.

"Cold out, too," she shivered again; for Martin disliked the cold also.

WHATEVER the weather, Baby Martin loved the out-of-doors, and at all times Daddy Martin loved to play the concertina. They loved to be together, and so, despite fog and chill, they were now at this early hour of the morning almost happy.

"Bit o' mud on your nose, ducky," said Martin, looking back at the baby, whom he was drawing in a cart. He stooped to flick away the mud. "Did clever Uncle Tatt mike biby a little cart with letters on it?" he gurgled.

"Goo-gubs," slobbered the baby, who was muffled to the red little ears in a white fur cape somewhat spotted with mud, and who sucked a rubber soother.

"Right wheel totters," criticized Martin. "I 'll keep off the cobbles."

He chose a smoother turning, and, walking backward, continued to survey the cart.

"Just a soap-box an' two little old wheels," he marveled—"mide it, an' the letterin' all round. What the—"

Martin had backed into something. He turned to meet two angry eyes glaring through the fog across a vegetable-laden push-cart.

"What d' yer mean, fat 'ead," demanded the coster, "in the road, walkin' back'ard in a fog, silly kipper!"—he broke off to recover his vegetables from the roadway,—"spillin' me sprouts for a—"

Drawn by Alexander Popini

"'ERE, DON'T GO!' CALLED THE COSTER"

"Took me full across the small of the back," whimpered Martin, "an' meant to, I 've no doubt. If there was a' officer about, I 'd 'ave you summoned."

With brazen effrontery the coster stepped close, eyed Mr. Martin from head to foot, swept the cart and baby with contemptuous glance, and, hugging his vegetables, burst into raucous laughter. With covert detour Martin began slowly to move along.

" 'Ere, don't go!" called the coster. "Strike up the concertina." He pointed it out under Martin's arm, and doubled up again to laugh. Martin slyly moved on a few steps more.

"Poor man," said the coster, "I 'd like to engige yer for me own special amusement."

"Tike care, lad," murmured Martin; "not too free."

He continued to edge away. The young coster was a big chap.

" 'Ere, me friend, gi' us a tune," he urged, "an' I 'll gi' you sixpence an' the biby a carrot to suck; or, I s'y—the other w'y about, eh?"

He advanced, and Martin, dragging

the cart, made off at high speed, nearly upsetting the baby. The coster ceased pursuit; mirth disabled him.

"Tike yer time, old pal," he called; "they 're all well at 'ome."

"By gad!" remarked Martin, recovering breath on a distant curb, " 'orrible fellow! 'E 'd 'a' killed me, no doubt." He was trembling slightly.

The baby required readjusting, and was exhibiting signs of displeasure, so Martin began to make music on the concertina. "Pull for the Shore, Boys," was his favorite song. The fog lifted slightly, and a crowd, beginning with two small boys, gathered.

Martin was pleased. They were looking at the baby and the cart. One small boy pointed to the lettering upon it and spelled out:

"I am a' un—" he circled slowly about the cart—"employed British workin'-man." He finished nearly where he had started from.

"Oo is?" he asked of another boy.

It dawned suddenly upon the other boy, and made him laugh.

"*It* is," he yelled, and jumping up and down in glee pointed at the baby.

"It is," echoed his young friend, also executing a joyful dance; "it is."

" 'Uman bear," cried the first little boy, indicating the baby's woolly white coat, "that 's what it is."

Others were reading the words on the cart; Martin stopped his rendering of "Pull for the Shore."

"It 's me"—he waved his concertina—"me which is unemployed. Any fool -"

"Well, why don't you git in the cart then?" demanded a girl, with an armful of flowers. "Carry out yer program, git in the cart, an' 'ave a moke to pull yer about."

She was a witty girl and a pretty one; everybody laughed.

"The only livin' 'uman bear," cried the small boy again.

The little human bear laughed with the others, and waved the rubber soother fastened about its neck. Daddy Martin started drawing the cart away.

Cries of "Don't go, sir!" arose. "Stop 'im! Stop 'im at any price!" The impish youths and the flower-girl hedged round and twigged at Martin's legs. On the pavement, grown-ups stood and laughed.

"Gi' us a tune, gi' us a speech! What 's the story o' yer sorrow?" was cried at him.

Martin's remarks were inaudible above the din. He snapped his teeth like a ferocious little animal; his small eyes, glistening angrily, suddenly espying a familiar form approaching, shone with a hopeful light.

" 'Ere!" called an authoritative voice. Somebody with a dog broke into the crowd.

"Tatt," fairly sobbed Mr. Martin,—"Tatt, old fellow!"

Tatt was a straw, Martin a drowning man.

"You 're a fool," said Mr. Tatt. "Advised yer not to go dawdling round this neighborhood; they ain't got no pity for a pore fellow." He eyed the crowd. "An' they 've no money, which is more."

He waved Martin on. The crowd was silenced, their victim escaped.

"Silly lot o' blighters!" he mumbled.

"Try Cadogan Square," urged Mr. Tatt; "the gentry 'd understand yer case."

He found a suitable position for Martin, heard him strike up, and then with the parting advice, "Look yer saddest," whistled his dog and hurried on.

Almost immediately a lady, passing, spied the baby and the sorrowful features of Martin. It *was* a bad day. She shivered and found sixpence in her purse.

Shortly afterward Martin felt fatigue and with the sixpence found his way to the "Spotted Dog" for refreshment. He left the baby asleep in the cart outside, and between glasses assured himself of its safety.

"NOT come 'ome, I suppose?" Mrs. Martin questioned, as she came in breathless for her midday bite.

Granny Martin shook her head. Mrs. Martin sat down heavily. Her shoes were muddy, likewise the bright new print apron with bib and straps that nearly covered her stout person.

"I 've work," she said; " 'e need n't 'a' mide orf in the wet. 'E 'll get a chill, the fat 'ead—'im an' the biby, too."

Granny Martin's eyes wandered to the mantelpiece.

"A good likeness of 'em," she murmured.

Mrs. Martin looked, too. It *was* a splendid likeness in a purple plush frame of Martin holding the baby on his knee.

Drawn by Alexander Popini

"RAGE FILLED THE BOSOM OF MRS. MARTIN"

Mrs. Martin pushed her cold bacon away uneaten and rose agitatedly.

"I 'll see Mr. Tatt," she said. "I fancy 'e could find 'em, for, s'y, a shillin' or so--"

" 'E was allus so," Granny Martin said of her son; "could n't bear not 'avin' 'is own w'y."

Mrs. Martin took up her shawl and hurried out.

"I sha'n't be long," she said; "I 've to leave milk in Cadogan Square, then I 'll 'ave Tatt in 'ere for a bit of tea an' a talk."

WHEN Martin emerged from the "Spotted Dog" he felt freer from care. He did not even mind that the baby, hanging over the side of the cart, had scratched away the beautiful red letters "un" before employed. They filled the tiny finger-nails and smeared the rosebud mouth; but appetite being unappeased, Baby Martin cried fretfully.

"There, there, then," cooed Martin, "Daddy mike music an' get pennies to buy biby a bun, an' mike more music an' get more pennies to surprise mummy?"

He frisked about to make baby laugh; but it was useless. Infant shrieks rang upon the air. Martin hurried toward Cadogan Square. It seemed a lucky locality.

A milk-cart laden with a few well-filled milk-bottles, and standing unattended in the roadway, might catch the eye of any feeling parent with a hungry babe, even as it did Martin's.

Cautiously he caught up a small bottle of creamy milk, which Baby Martin welcomed with audible smacks of delight, but the sudden click of a basement gate start-

Drawn by W. B. King. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

CAMILLA'S DISCOMFITURE

man. She had discarded her fashion of great black hats, but was as conspicuous as ever in a little toque composed of a myriad trembling and glittering vale-lilies, the white and green of which brought out the darkness of her hair; as did also the rich white of her broadcloth costume; as did also the pearl and diamond ear-studs, glaring like acetylene lamps on each side of her smooth, brunette cheeks. Against the point of a highly varnished shoe she idly twirled a frothy, billowy, extravagantly lacy, white parasol.

"She has not aged a bit—not a bit!" Pauline owned, sorely grudging.

Pauline considered the prince rather distinguished-looking, with his tired eyes, waxed mustache and imperial, white waistcoat, and buttonhole flower.

This was the only glimpse any of Mrs. Northmere's old circle had of Camilla until much later, when Alice Morton, in some connection with the purchase of a real lace overdress, got wind of her again.

BUT Camilla, in her intervals of eclipse from their critical eyes, had been literally fulfilling the dream of her obscure days,—the days when she darned Mrs. Northmere's hose,—treating herself to just the sort of glorious time her large-minded old mistress had with open eye been willing to promote. She had cut a brilliant figure, if not in the best world, in a world quite as amusing; and as the envy of the crowd was breath to that chiseled nostril, and worldly show food to that undimmed green eye, she rested upon a sense of success. Not being particular as to the source of her triumphs, and aiming at no gain beyond satisfaction of her love of shining, her path had been rendered clear of such thorns as threaten more seriously ambitious and needy beauties. So long as she could be seen in her remarkable frocks, as it were a city set upon a hill; so long as she could be heard scattering "Baron," "Viscount," "General," among the group that pelted her with "Princess," she cared little about the actual 'scutcheons of her playfellows, or whence came the compliment of stares.

All the same, she was wildly elated when for the first time she received, in a big, crested envelop, an invitation to a court ball, albeit the court was the tiniest in Europe.

The dinner-hour on this culminating day of her career, the day of the ball, found her taking that meal in a hotel sitting-room. A waiter brought the courses on a tray, which madame's own maid, receiving at the door, placed on a little table between her lady and a visitor. The princess sat in a loose garment which, if simply described as a rose-colored négligé, would raise a false image. Rose-colored it was, and négligé, but it was not according to the popular notion of what a princess would have on at home, any more than was the worn, black slipper she freely exposed when, crossing her knees, she swung her foot. But there it was. The savings of an American author, even when among her works are counted a best seller and a successful play, could not fit forth a Russian princess to shine in public and private alike; and Camilla had a real taste for economy. At her hours, besides, she really liked old clothes and old shoes, and to have her hair and all the rest a bit untidy.

That evening at her dinner,—which she treated with sincere indifference, for gluttony no more than sloth was ever among Camilla's sins,—as she sat there taking her ease in her inn, without the point of carmine that would enliven her lips when later she dressed for the ball, or the vague disguise of rice-powder, though she was a beautiful woman, it was as a cut rose is beautiful on the fourth or fifth day: its form, its color, are still satisfactory to the eye, but the texture is drier, harder.

On the opposite side of the table sat an unexpected-looking person to be eating knee to knee with the nobility—a woman in middle years, hopelessly and comfortably common, sallow, black-haired, brown-eyed, and to be known at sight, whatever the distance, for an Italian. In marked contrast to her hostess, she held herself badly, and she might be said to eat rather badly, too; despite all of which it was a likable personality, good-humoredly unpretentious, heartily at home in its own simple vulgarity.

The two talked in Italian, which Stéphanie, the maid, did not understand; they addressed each other by the intimate "thou."

"For me, I did n't wish to come," the outsider said in a tone of exculpation, without interrupting the proceeding of

ling him, Martin's grasp of the bottle became unsteady, a milky stream ran down the baby's chin, down the white coat, into the cart and even into the roadway. The baby choked and screamed.

Martin had but replaced the bottle and dexterously retreated into the fog, when the owner of the milk-cart appeared and began slowly pushing it onward.

"Mo', mo'!" greedily demanded Baby Martin, straightening out in temper.

"More? Yes, duckie," assented Martin, and slowly, cautiously he began following in the wake of the milk-cart.

Mrs. Martin was finishing her rounds with milk for the gentry in a state of preoccupation and melancholy.

" 'E ain't such a fool as to 'ave throwed 'imself and the biby into the Thames, I 'ope," she mused.

She pushed on, walking with bent head and troubled mutterings.

"Or fell down under a motor-bus." She impatiently shook away a tear. "I *was* 'arsh," she admitted.

Sorrow, anxiety, and distinct vexation about her missing ones caused her to bang the gates loudly and answer back when remonstrated with by cook or maid.

" 'E 'as faults," she admitted, stopping before another house, "but if anythink 'as 'appened 'im— "

She broke off abruptly. The bottle she reached for was empty. Inspection showed a few drops in the bottom of it.

"What—" she began, and her gaze fell upon the next bottle.

It, too, had been tampered with, and was among the quarts instead of in its place among the pints.

"What did it?" she murmured confusedly, "I 'm losin' me mind."

Vaguely seeking solution to the mystery, she turned, and her gaze fell upon a small man in the very act of a quick, guilty retreat.

Rage filled the bosom of Mrs. Martin. Quickly, before the increasing fog should obscure him, she rushed blindly forward and struck out wildly.

"Thieve me cream, will yer!" she shrilled as he fell, for the little man dropped swiftly to the ground.

She smothered his murmurings, pressing his face closer and deeper into the muddy roadway with a firm hand, while in the other she clutched an empty milk-bottle and rained blows upon his defenseless back.

"Thieve me cream!" again cried Mrs. Martin, excitedly—"thieve, an' mike a poor widow-woman p'y! Me 'usband 'e 'd a killed you outright, if 'e was n't dead or drowned or—"

Infant shrieks penetrated the fog, above those of the punished man. Mrs. Martin paused, bottle in mid-air, listening. The light of recognition shone suddenly in her eye.

"Da-da, dad, dad, dad!" It came from across the road close to the square.

The object within her grasp struggled responsively, more fiercely. Mrs. Martin looked down at it. She rolled it over and peered closer, meeting a fearful gaze. Then she drew back.

"Get up!" she said in a quiet voice, "I 'ear a wagon comin'."

The little man, with her assistance, rose feebly. He stepped up, glaring ferociously at her.

"Now, then, Mrs. Martin, *what* d' ye mean by it,"—he paused and spat lightly and rubbed his sleeve across his mouth,—"messin' me up like this in the mud?"

Indignation gleamed upon his muddy countenance and shook his mud-besmeared little frame.

"I was tryin' to 'elp out," he said reproachfully, "an' surprise you, an' what do I find? I find *you* practisin' deceit! From this on—" He snapped his fingers in the air.

Mrs. Martin had stepped back, hanging her head shyly, shamedly.

" 'Arry," she answered him, softly, "I 'm gettin' you that dossy new suit you saw in Fulham Road. I like it better 'n Mr. Tatt's, an' some spats 'd set it orf, eh?"

She twisted the corner of her big apron and eyed him coquettishly.

Martin considered.

"Boots, too," insinuated he, reassuming a lordly air, "an' a new bowler."

He began moving lamely away in the direction of the shrieking infant.

"I 'll be 'ome shortly to mike yer tea," sang out Mrs. Martin.

And as peering after him in the yellow fog she saw him and the baby vanish in homeward direction, she breathed deeply, thankfully. A smile of satisfaction shone on her plump face as she murmured:

"I got 'em back ag'in."

From the original painting in the Louvre, Paris

THE INTERIOR OF A KITCHEN. BY MARTIN DRÖLLING

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS—XX)

TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS

THE INTERIOR OF A KITCHEN

BY

MARTIN DRÖLLING

window, seized the stone coping with his hands, and stared into his room.

Seated in a round chair at his writing-table, by a lamp with a green shade, was the man who had entered his house. He was writing busily in a book with a silver clasp that could be locked with a key, and he leaned a little over the table with his head turned away. The shape of his head, his posture, even the manner in which he used his pen as he traced line after line in the book, made an abominable impression upon the man staring in at the window. But the face—the face! He must see that! And he leaned forward, trembling, but fiercely, and, pressing his own face against the pane, he looked at the occupant of his room as men look sometimes with their souls.

The man at the table lifted his head. He laid down the pen, blotted the book in which he had been writing, shut it up, clasped it, locked it with a tiny key, and put it carefully into a drawer of the table, which also he locked. He got up, stood for an instant by the table with one hand upon it, then turned slowly toward the window, smiling, as men smile to themselves when they are thinking of their own ingenuities.

The man outside the window fell back into the snow as if God's hand had touched him. He had seen his own face! So he smiled sometimes at the end of a day, when he had finished writing down in his diary some of the hidden things of his life.

He turned, and as the window through which he had been looking suddenly darkened, he fled away into the night.

When the lights, which at St. Joseph's were always kept lowered during the sermon, once more strongly illuminated the chancel, Mr. Harding turned a ghastly face toward the pulpit. In the morning Chichester had listened to him, as a man of truth might listen to a man who is trying to lie, but who cannot deceive him. In the evening Mr. Harding had listened to Chichester—how? What had been the emotions only shadowed faintly forth in that ghastly face?

When Malling got home, he asked himself why Chichester had made such an impression upon his mind. His story of the double, strange enough, no doubt, in a sermon, could not surely have come upon Malling with any of the force and the interest of the new. For years he had been familiar with tales of ghosts, of voices, of appearances at the hour of death, of doubles. Of course in the sermon there had been a special application of the story. It had been very short. Chichester had suggested that if, as by a miracle, the average self-contented man could look at himself with the eyes of his soul full of subliminal self-knowledge and with the bodily eyes, he would be stricken down by a great horror.

And he had spoken as a man who knew. Indeed, it seemed to Malling that he had spoken as might have delivered himself the man who had followed his double through the snow, who had looked in upon him by night from the garden, if he had faced, instead of flying from, the truth; if he had stayed, if he had persistently watched his double leading the life he had led, if he had learned a great lesson that perhaps only his double could teach him.

But if the man had stayed, what would have been the effect on the double? Malling sat till deep in the night pondering these things.

VII

Lady Sophia had said to Malling that if he went to the two services at St. Joseph's on the Sunday she would invite him to see her again. She was as good as her word. In the middle of the week he received a note from her, saying she would be at home at four on Thursday, if he was able to come. He went, and found her alone. But as soon as he entered the drawing-room and had taken her hand, she said:

"I am expecting Mr. Chichester almost immediately. He 's coming to tea."

"I shall be glad to meet him," said Malling, concealing his surprise, which was great.

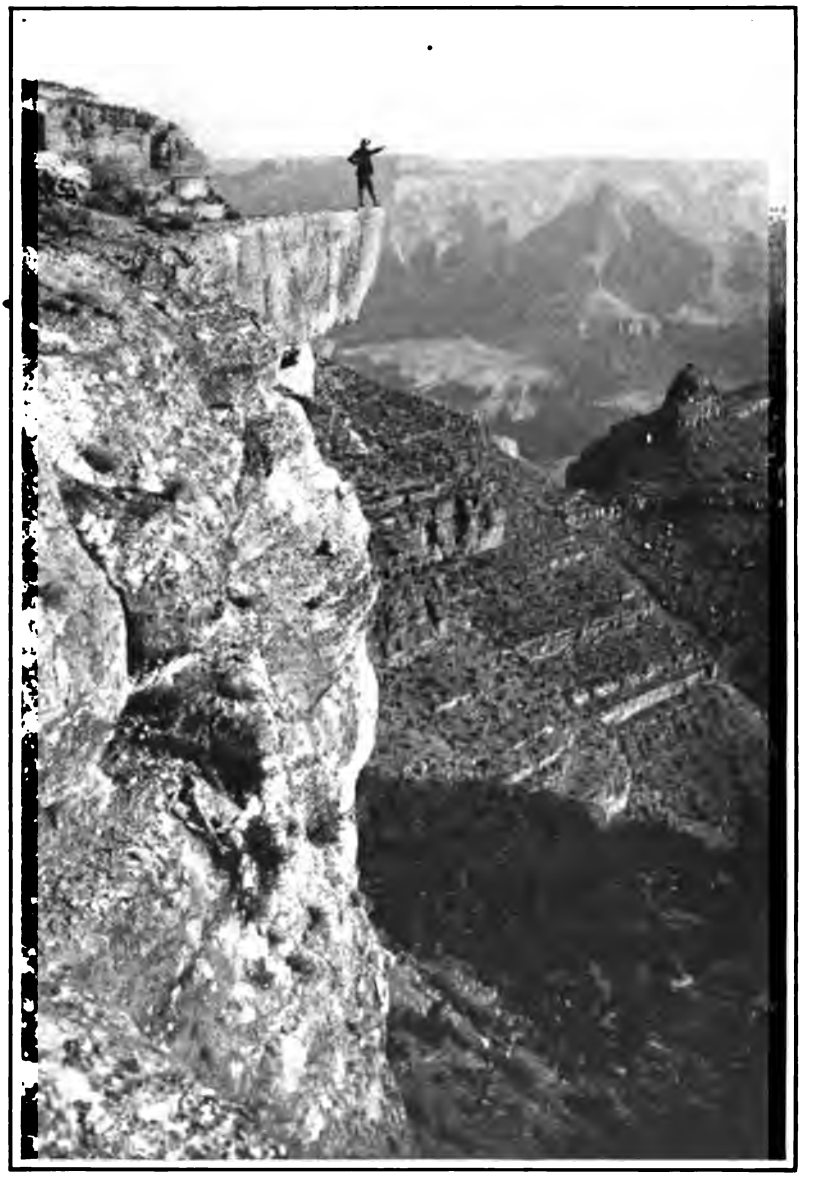
Yet he did not know why it should be. For what more natural than that Chichester should be coming?

"I heard of you at St. Joseph's," Lady Sophia continued. "A friend of mine, Lily Armitage, saw you there. I did n't. I was sitting at the back. I have taken to sitting quite at the back of the church. What did you think of it?"

"Do you wish me to be frank, and do you mean the two sermons?"

She hesitated for an instant. Then she said:

have gotten a picture of our souls? His camera would have shown him only our silent, motionless forms as we stood trans- and know that I am God." To be still on such an occasion is the easiest thing in the world, and to feel the surge of solemn

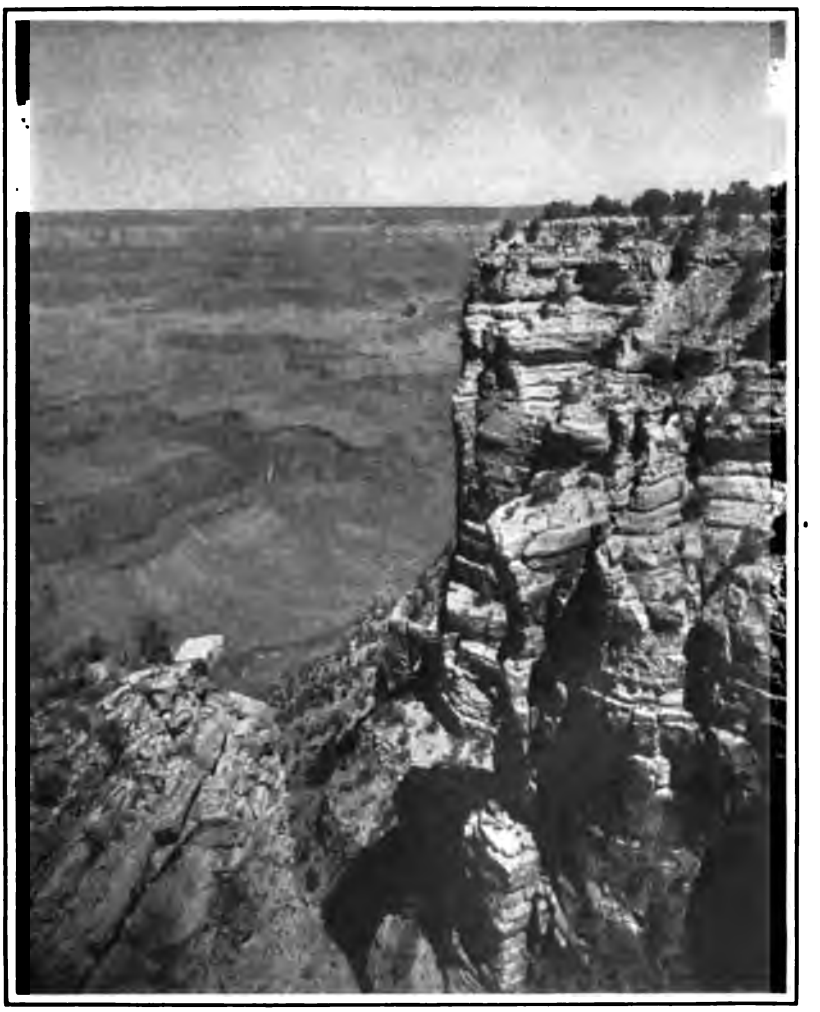


From a photograph, copyright, 1910, by F. P. Clatworthy

FLAT-IRON ROCK, BRIGHT ANGEL CAÑON

fixed by that first view of the stupendous spectacle. Words do not come readily to one's lips, or gestures to one's body, in the presence of such a scene. One of my companions said that the first thing that came into her mind was the old text, "Be still, and reverential emotions is equally easy—is, indeed, almost inevitable. The immensity of the scene, its tranquillity, its order, its strange, new beauty, and the monumental character of its many forms—all these tend to beget in the beholder

an attitude of silent wonder and solemn admiration. I wished at the moment that we might have been alone with the glorious spectacle, or that we might have hit upon an hour when the public had gone to dinner. The smoking and joking tourists near the brink at Hopi Point, weeping silently and long; but from what she afterward told me I know it was not from terror or sorrow, but from the overpowering gladness of the ineffable beauty and harmony of the scene. It moved her like the



From a photograph, copyright, 1910, by F. P. Clatworthy

O'NEIL'S, OR HOPI, POINT

sauntering along in apparent indifference, or sitting with their backs to the great geologic drama, annoyed me. I pity the person who can gaze upon the spectacle unmoved. Some are actually terrified by it. I was told of a strong man, an eminent lawyer from a Western city, who literally fell to the earth at the first view, and could not again be induced to look upon it. I saw a woman prone upon the ground grandest music. Her inebriate soul could find relief only in tears.

Harriet Monroe was so wrought up by the first view that she says she had to fight against the desperate temptation to fling herself down into the soft abyss, and thus redeem the affront which the very beating of her heart had offered to the inviolable solitude. Charles Dudley Warner said of it, "I experienced for a moment an inde-

"My dear Sophy, I think you had better leave such things alone. You do not know where they might lead you."

There was in his voice a sound of forced authority, as if he had been obliged to "screw himself up" to speak as he had just spoken. Lady Sophia was about to make a quick rejoinder when, still with a forced air of resolution, Mr. Harding addressed himself to Chichester.

"Since I saw you this morning," he said, "I find that I shall not be here next Sunday."

He looked about the circle at his wife and Malling.

"The doctor has ordered me away for a week, and I 've decided to go."

His introduction of the subject had been abrupt. As if almost in despite of themselves, Lady Sophia and Malling exchanged glances. Chichester said nothing.

"You can get on without me quite well, of course," continued the rector.

"Are you going to be away long?" said Chichester.

"No; I think only for a week or so. The doctor says I absolutely need a breath of fresh air."

Malling got up to go.

"I hope you 'll enjoy your little holiday," he said. "Are you going far?"

"Oh, dear, no. My doctor recommends Tankerton on the Kentish coast. It seems the air there is extraordinary. When the tide is down it comes off the mud flats. A kind parishioner of mine—" he turned slightly toward his wife: "Mrs. Amherst, Sophy—has a cottage there and has often offered me the use of it. I hope to accept her offer now."

Lady Sophia expressed no surprise at the project, and did not inquire whether her husband wished her to accompany him.

But when she shook hands with Malling, her dark eyes seemed to say to him, "I was wrong."

And he thought she looked humbled.

(To be continued)

TO THE FIRE-BRINGER

(WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY: DIED OCTOBER 17, 1910)

BY PERCY MACKAYE

SINGER and lover,
Brother and friend,
Ashes can end
Only the dross of thee:
Quick, Promethéan,
Out of the dirge
And the dark loss of thee,
Leaps thy star-wrestling
Spirit in pean!

Fire, fire,
Fire was thy bringing—
An urn elemental
Of burning song:
So on thy pyre
We leave it flaming—
Where Death cannot follow—
Toward thee, who came singing,
"Apollo, Apollo!"

A PLATE OF FISH

FROM THE PAINTING BY WILLIAM M. CHASE

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

MRS. MARTIN'S SURPRISE

BY EVELYN VAN BUREN

WITH PICTURES BY ALEXANDER POPINI

MR. MARTIN lounged in a chair close to the fire; he was sipping tea and reading. The baby slept on his arm.

"Sweet enough?" inquired Mrs. Martin.

Her husband nodded. She was polishing his boots.

"I 've 'ad enough of you as a' ornament," she began suddenly.

Martin looked up. "Now, then," he said, "don't worrit me. I 'm fagged out, lookin' for work all d'y."

Mrs. Martin fixed him with eyes that betrayed no sign of having seen him every day for nineteen years.

"Don't stare," said Martin, squirming. "It 's one thing I 'ate, bein' stared at."

"I 've 'ad enough of you as a' ornament," repeated his wife.

Martin showed surprise. Mrs. Martin was herself surprised. For nineteen years she had permitted him to be an ornament, with only occasional feeble outbreaks of rebellion. Martin was a gay-looking little man of sensitive temperament, and searching for employment always fagged him so that he was never able to accept any that he found. The entire family were considerate of his nerves. But now Mrs. Martin was provoked to harshness.

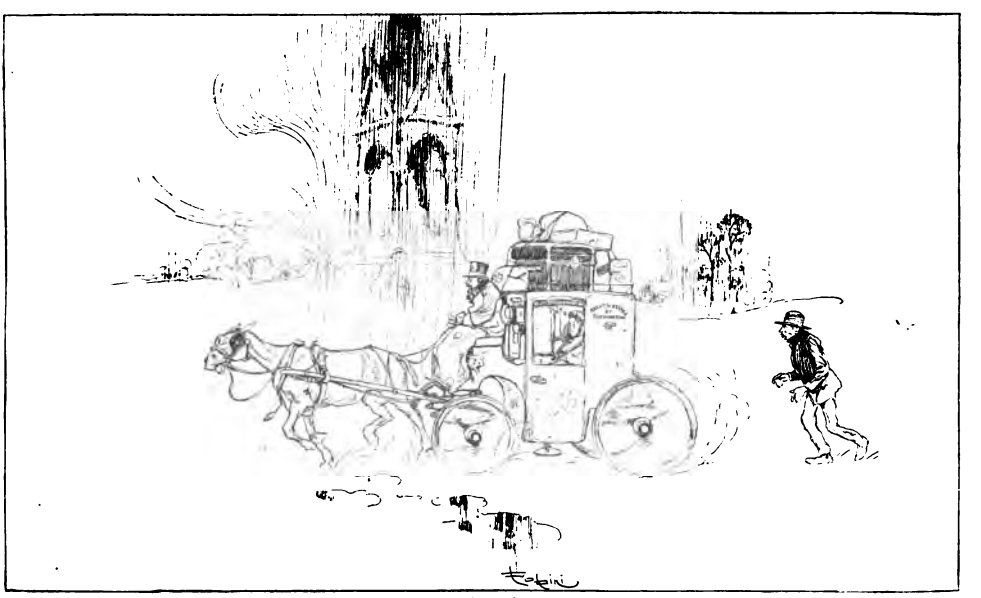
"You 've got to work," she said, "now I 'm out of it."

"I mean to," he answered. "Been lookin' about all d'y, ain't I? D' yer want to mike me ill?"

Mrs. Martin gave him his boots and more tea.

"I 'll st'y at 'ome an' mind the biby an' rest up," she said.

Martin looked anxiously down at the



Drawn by Alexander Popini

"FOLLOWING A LUGGAGE-LADEN CAB"

baby. Granny Martin tottered in at the door.

"Your friend Tatt is waiting," she said. "Will you come at once, 'e s'ys, an' *not* bring the biby?"

"What 's on?" questioned Mrs. Martin in an ominously quiet voice.

"Ride on the new motor-bus, Putney w'y," answered Granny Martin.

Mrs. Martin glared; Martin withdrew inside his collar.

"Granny," she demanded, " 'ow long since yer son 'as did a stroke o' work?"

"Swept a Bruton Street 'ouse chimney," Granny Martin said, eying her son reflectively, "three mont's come a Saturd'y."

"My fault?" he questioned. "That 's what I arsk, if it 's *my* fault."

Mrs. Martin stepped up and snatched the baby from him.

"Tatt don't want the biby," she said.

"That 's my affair," said Martin. " 'E knows I don't go without the biby."

"From this on you do," his wife replied.

"Whotcher mean?" Martin demanded. " 'Ave n't I always cared for 'im?"

This baby, the last little Martin, had from the beginning won the difficult way to its father's heart. Baby Martin's need of new booties had even been known to inspire Martin to the acceptance of employment not strictly in his line. Following a luggage-laden cab and assisting to get the boxes indoors proved not unprofitable and, done just now and then, not too distasteful.

"You 'ave been a good father to the biby," went on Mrs. Martin, "but now you will go out an' do a bit o' work."

"You ain't yerself," said Martin, solicitously.

"H'm," mused Mrs. Martin, "when my young ladies left for Paris to study art, they said I ort to rest in their absence, an' let *you* work a bit, me lord dook."

"Certingly I 'll work," murmured Martin, with a strained gaze at his baby, while it eyed him over a cup of milk. "I fancied you 'd been influenced to be'ave like this to me."

He slowly, sadly left the room; infant shrieks followed him down the stairs, and the soothing voice of Mrs. Martin.

Baby Martin beat the air, kicked off a slipper, and turned purple of face.

MR. MARTIN sat low in his favorite chair by the fireplace. Mrs. Martin was dressing the baby in a cozy cap and coat.

"By-by, da-da," gurgled the baby.

"No," said Mrs. Martin, firmly; "you 're goin' with mummy. Daddy is goin' out to find some work."

"Not immejately," said Daddy, brightening. "I could tike the little 'un out a bit this mornin' an' leave you to—"

"What?" inquired Mrs. Martin.

"Whatever you like," her husband answered pleasantly.

Mrs. Martin laughed offensively, gathered up the baby, and walked out of the room.

Martin sank lower in his chair, measured his tapering, not too immaculate finger-tips, and began scheming. He had only a glimmering of an idea at first, then rose, adjusted his cap, and found his way to "Ye Goat and Boots" at the corner of the street, where, after a couple of pints, everything took shape.

"It 's a good scheme as ever I see," he told himself, "an' Tatt 'll 'elp carry it out. Me an' the little chap will mike a bit, too. Missus *will* be surprised."

And Martin, smiling, left "Ye Goat and Boots" and walked briskly, if unevenly, along the street to execute his plans.

THE Clover Farm Dairy, five doors removed from the public-house of "Ye Goat and Boots," in King's Road, Chelsea, was, with its white paint and spotless windows, a refreshing sight amidst dinginess and grime.

The manager of the dairy was Mrs. Martin's closest friend, even as Mr. Tatt was Martin's.

"Garn, you ain't a bit too stout," Mrs. Rich the manager was saying to Mrs. Martin.

She banged Mrs. Martin playfully on the arm. Mrs. Martin, over the counter of sweet bottled milk and cream, banged her friend back again.

"I dunno," said Mrs. Martin, holding off the baby and with sidewise inspection of her plump self. "I seem stoutish to me."

"Your fancy," answered her friend, who was not lithesome enough to mind a trifle overweight in others.

Drawn by Alexander Popini

"'YOUR FANCY,' ANSWERED HER FRIEND"

"Well, it 's this w'y," said Mrs. Martin, coming to the point, " 'e won't work so long 's 'e thinks I do. It 's gone on for nineteen years, so I know."

"Ort to, I fancy," Mrs. Rich agreed.

"Now I 'm goin' to fool 'im, the spend-'rift," continued Mrs. Martin.

"Quite right, too." Mrs. Rich polished the counter enthusiastically.

Mrs. Martin put the baby down upon it.

" 'E 'as always minded biby," she admitted, chucking the baby under the chin.

"Listen to me, old gal," said Mrs. Rich, "turnin' a' honest penny pushin' a nice, clean little milk-cart for a respectable friend o' your gal'ood d'ys which keeps a dairy,—a little milk-cart that will 'old your biby, an' give 'er the air, as well as the milk-cans,—is a chance not to be lost by any woman in your position, *I* s'y. Women did it before your time, they does it now, an' they 'll do it when your time is past. Now, then, if you *don't* want the chance, s'y so, an' I 'll find a boy at once." It was a long speech, tinged with severity, but it decided Mrs. Martin.

"You 're quite right," she said.

" 'E 'll never know," assured Mrs. Rich.

"Lor' love us, I 'ope not!" said Mrs. Martin. "You 're sure, Richy, I 'm not too st—"

"Chuck it!" Mrs. Rich replied.

She brought tumblers and a jug of fresh milk.

"An' 'ere 's a bun for biby," she added.

Further confidences were exchanged in whispers. When Mrs. Martin departed, Mrs. Rich called out, "To-morrow, then."

"To-morrow," answered Mrs. Martin.

Mrs. Martin prepared early tea, with a nice bit of fish. Except the baby, the children were not about when her husband came in. He smiled. It was an agreeable state of affairs.

"Find anythink in the way of work?" inquired she, amiably.

"Begin to-morrow morning," Martin replied, catching up the baby from the floor.

"Pleased to 'ear it." Mrs. Martin concealed her surprise. "Now, I 'll st'y at 'ome and rest a bit."

"Do you good, too," returned her husband.

Mrs. Martin marked his affability and the gleam of his eye. Her suspicions were aroused. Martin, however, spent the evening in the bosom of his family, gave occasional cuffs and paternal advice to his children, soothed the baby to sleep, and himself retired early.

"My word," mused Mrs. Martin, "what *is* 'is little gime?"

"Tryin' to git round *you,* my dear; 'e was always so," said Granny Martin.

RAIN was falling, and the next morning dawned coldly. Immediately upon waking, Mrs. Martin thought of Mr. Martin. Such days affected his nerves, and he preferred to spend them in sleep; even on fine days he objected to early rising. Mrs. Martin pondered on this weakness, and, coming to indulgent conclusions, was rising stealthily, when she discovered that Martin was up and gone. She saw next that Baby Martin was not in the little trundle-bed, but was also up and gone. In the next room was evidence of a hurried meal.

" 'E 's mide off with the biby," she murmured, looking about at what bric-à-brac she valued.

Granny Martin came in with coals in her apron. "Fog risin'," she said, "an' it 's chilly."

Mrs. Martin shivered, not for herself, but for Martin. He *did* hate fogs.

"I 've drove 'im to desperation," she said.

" 'Ave you?" questioned Granny, doubtfully.

Mrs. Martin sniffed and squinted at a plate on the table.

" 'E 'd a rasher o' bacon," she whispered thankfully.

" 'E 'll be 'ere for another to-morrow mornin'," concluded Martin's mother.

Mrs. Martin looked troubled, and shook her head.

" 'E thort I meant it about mikin' 'im work, an' keepin' the biby from 'im, poor 'Arry!"

She sat down heavily, and drew on her new brass-toed boots.

"Cold out, too," she shivered again; for Martin disliked the cold also.

WHATEVER the weather, Baby Martin loved the out-of-doors, and at all times Daddy Martin loved to play the concertina. They loved to be together, and so, despite fog and chill, they were now at this early hour of the morning almost happy.

"Bit o' mud on your nose, ducky," said Martin, looking back at the baby, whom he was drawing in a cart. He stooped to flick away the mud. "Did clever Uncle Tatt mike biby a little cart with letters on it?" he gurgled.

"Goo-gubs," slobbered the baby, who was muffled to the red little ears in a white fur cape somewhat spotted with mud, and who sucked a rubber soother.

"Right wheel totters," criticized Martin. "I 'll keep off the cobbles."

He chose a smoother turning, and, walking backward, continued to survey the cart.

"Just a soap-box an' two little old wheels," he marveled—"mide it, an' the letterin' all round. What the—"

Martin had backed into something. He turned to meet two angry eyes glaring through the fog across a vegetable-laden push-cart.

"What d' yer mean, fat 'ead," demanded the coster, "in the road, walkin' back'ard in a fog, silly kipper!"—he broke off to recover his vegetables from the roadway,—"spillin' me sprouts for a—"

Drawn by Alexander Popini

"'ERE, DON'T GO!' CALLED THE COSTER"

"Took me full across the small of the back," whimpered Martin, "an' meant to, I 've no doubt. If there was a' officer about, I 'd 'ave you summoned."

With brazen effrontery the coster stepped close, eyed Mr. Martin from head to foot, swept the cart and baby with contemptuous glance, and, hugging his vegetables, burst into raucous laughter. With covert detour Martin began slowly to move along.

" 'Ere, don't go!" called the coster. "Strike up the concertina." He pointed it out under Martin's arm, and doubled up again to laugh. Martin slyly moved on a few steps more.

"Poor man," said the coster, "I 'd like to engige yer for me own special amusement."

"Tike care, lad," murmured Martin; "not too free."

He continued to edge away. The young coster was a big chap.

" 'Ere, me friend, gi' us a tune," he urged, "an' I 'll gi' you sixpence an' the biby a carrot to suck; or, I s'y—the other w'y about, eh?"

He advanced, and Martin, dragging

the cart, made off at high speed, nearly upsetting the baby. The coster ceased pursuit; mirth disabled him.

"Tike yer time, old pal," he called; "they 're all well at 'ome."

"By gad!" remarked Martin, recovering breath on a distant curb, " 'orrible fellow! 'E 'd 'a' killed me, no doubt." He was trembling slightly.

The baby required readjusting, and was exhibiting signs of displeasure, so Martin began to make music on the concertina. "Pull for the Shore, Boys," was his favorite song. The fog lifted slightly, and a crowd, beginning with two small boys, gathered.

Martin was pleased. They were looking at the baby and the cart. One small boy pointed to the lettering upon it and spelled out:

"I am a' un—" he circled slowly about the cart—"employed British workin'-man." He finished nearly where he had started from.

"Oo is?" he asked of another boy.

It dawned suddenly upon the other boy, and made him laugh.

"*It* is," he yelled, and jumping up and down in glee pointed at the baby.

"It is," echoed his young friend, also executing a joyful dance; "it is."

" 'Uman bear," cried the first little boy, indicating the baby's woolly white coat, "that 's what it is."

Others were reading the words on the cart; Martin stopped his rendering of "Pull for the Shore."

"It 's me"—he waved his concertina—"me which is unemployed. Any fool—"

"Well, why don't you git in the cart then?" demanded a girl, with an armful of flowers. "Carry out yer program, git in the cart, an' 'ave a moke to pull yer about."

She was a witty girl and a pretty one; everybody laughed.

"The only livin' 'uman bear," cried the small boy again.

The little human bear laughed with the others, and waved the rubber soother fastened about its neck. Daddy Martin started drawing the cart away.

Cries of "Don't go, sir!" arose. "Stop 'im! Stop 'im at any price!" The impish youths and the flower-girl hedged round and twigged at Martin's legs. On the pavement, grown-ups stood and laughed.

"Gi' us a tune, gi' us a speech! What 's the story o' yer sorrow?" was cried at him.

Martin's remarks were inaudible above the din. He snapped his teeth like a ferocious little animal; his small eyes, glistening angrily, suddenly espying a familiar form approaching, shone with a hopeful light.

" 'Ere!" called an authoritative voice. Somebody with a dog broke into the crowd.

"Tatt," fairly sobbed Mr. Martin,—"Tatt, old fellow!"

Tatt was a straw, Martin a drowning man.

"You 're a fool," said Mr. Tatt. "Advised yer not to go dawdling round this neighborhood; they ain't got no pity for a pore fellow." He eyed the crowd. "An' they 've no money, which is more."

He waved Martin on. The crowd was silenced, their victim escaped.

"Silly lot o' blighters!" he mumbled.

"Try Cadogan Square," urged Mr. Tatt; "the gentry 'd understand yer case."

He found a suitable position for Martin, heard him strike up, and then with the parting advice, "Look yer saddest," whistled his dog and hurried on.

Almost immediately a lady, passing, spied the baby and the sorrowful features of Martin. It *was* a bad day. She shivered and found sixpence in her purse.

Shortly afterward Martin felt fatigue and with the sixpence found his way to the "Spotted Dog" for refreshment. He left the baby asleep in the cart outside, and between glasses assured himself of its safety.

"NOT come 'ome, I suppose?" Mrs. Martin questioned, as she came in breathless for her midday bite.

Granny Martin shook her head. Mrs. Martin sat down heavily. Her shoes were muddy, likewise the bright new print apron with bib and straps that nearly covered her stout person.

"I 've work," she said; " 'e need n't 'a' mide orf in the wet. 'E 'll get a chill, the fat 'ead—'im an' the biby, too."

Granny Martin's eyes wandered to the mantelpiece.

"A good likeness of 'em," she murmured.

Mrs. Martin looked, too. It *was* a splendid likeness in a purple plush frame of Martin holding the baby on his knee.

Drawn by Alexander Popini

"RAGE FILLED THE BOSOM OF MRS. MARTIN"

Mrs. Martin pushed her cold bacon away uneaten and rose agitatedly.

"I 'll see Mr. Tatt," she said. "I fancy 'e could find 'em, for, s'y, a shillin' or so—"

" 'E was allus so," Granny Martin said of her son; "could n't bear not 'avin' 'is own w'y."

Mrs. Martin took up her shawl and hurried out.

"I sha'n't be long," she said; "I 've to leave milk in Cadogan Square, then I 'll 'ave Tatt in 'ere for a bit of tea an' a talk."

WHEN Martin emerged from the "Spotted Dog" he felt freer from care. He did not even mind that the baby, hanging over the side of the cart, had scratched away the beautiful red letters "un" before employed. They filled the tiny finger-nails and smeared the rosebud mouth; but appetite being unappeased, Baby Martin cried fretfully.

"There, there, then," cooed Martin, "Daddy mike music an' get pennies to buy biby a bun, an' mike more music an' get more pennies to surprise mummy?"

He frisked about to make baby laugh; but it was useless. Infant shrieks rang upon the air. Martin hurried toward Cadogan Square. It seemed a lucky locality.

A milk-cart laden with a few well-filled milk-bottles, and standing unattended in the roadway, might catch the eye of any feeling parent with a hungry babe, even as it did Martin's.

Cautiously he caught up a small bottle of creamy milk, which Baby Martin welcomed with audible smacks of delight, but the sudden click of a basement gate start-

ling him, Martin's grasp of the bottle became unsteady, a milky stream ran down the baby's chin, down the white coat, into the cart and even into the roadway. The baby choked and screamed.

Martin had but replaced the bottle and dexterously retreated into the fog, when the owner of the milk-cart appeared and began slowly pushing it onward.

"Mo', mo'!" greedily demanded Baby Martin, straightening out in temper.

"More? Yes, duckie," assented Martin, and slowly, cautiously he began following in the wake of the milk-cart.

Mrs. Martin was finishing her rounds with milk for the gentry in a state of preoccupation and melancholy.

" 'E ain't such a fool as to 'ave throwed 'imself and the biby into the Thames, I 'ope," she mused.

She pushed on, walking with bent head and troubled mutterings.

"Or fell down under a motor-bus." She impatiently shook away a tear. "I *was* 'arsh," she admitted.

Sorrow, anxiety, and distinct vexation about her missing ones caused her to bang the gates loudly and answer back when remonstrated with by cook or maid.

" 'E 'as faults," she admitted, stopping before another house, "but if anythink 'as 'appened 'im—"

She broke off abruptly. The bottle she reached for was empty. Inspection showed a few drops in the bottom of it.

"What—" she began, and her gaze fell upon the next bottle.

It, too, had been tampered with, and was among the quarts instead of in its place among the pints.

"What did it?" she murmured confusedly, "I 'm losin' me mind."

Vaguely seeking solution to the mystery, she turned, and her gaze fell upon a small man in the very act of a quick, guilty retreat.

Rage filled the bosom of Mrs. Martin. Quickly, before the increasing fog should obscure him, she rushed blindly forward and struck out wildly.

"Thieve me cream, will yer!" she shrilled as he fell, for the little man dropped swiftly to the ground.

She smothered his murmurings, pressing his face closer and deeper into the muddy roadway with a firm hand, while in the other she clutched an empty milk-bottle and rained blows upon his defenseless back.

"Thieve me cream!" again cried Mrs. Martin, excitedly—"thieve, an' mike a poor widow-woman p'y! Me 'usband 'e 'd a killed you outright, if 'e was n't dead or drowned or—"

Infant shrieks penetrated the fog, above those of the punished man. Mrs. Martin paused, bottle in mid-air, listening. The light of recognition shone suddenly in her eye.

"Da-da, dad, dad, dad!" It came from across the road close to the square.

The object within her grasp struggled responsively, more fiercely. Mrs. Martin looked down at it. She rolled it over and peered closer, meeting a fearful gaze. Then she drew back.

"Get up!" she said in a quiet voice, "I 'ear a wagon comin'."

The little man, with her assistance, rose feebly. He stepped up, glaring ferociously at her.

"Now, then, Mrs. Martin, *what* d' ye mean by it,"—he paused and spat lightly and rubbed his sleeve across his mouth,—"messin' me up like this in the mud?"

Indignation gleamed upon his muddy countenance and shook his mud-besmeared little frame.

"I was tryin' to 'elp out," he said reproachfully, "an' surprise you, an' what do I find? I find *you* practisin' deceit! From this on—" He snapped his fingers in the air.

Mrs. Martin had stepped back, hanging her head shyly, shamedly.

" 'Arry," she answered him, softly, "I 'm gettin' you that dossy new suit you saw in Fulham Road. I like it better 'n Mr. Tatt's, an' some spats 'd set it orf, eh?"

She twisted the corner of her big apron and eyed him coquettishly.

Martin considered.

"Boots, too," insinuated he, reassuming a lordly air, "an' a new bowler."

He began moving lamely away in the direction of the shrieking infant.

"I 'll be 'ome shortly to mike yer tea," sang out Mrs. Martin.

And as peering after him in the yellow fog she saw him and the baby vanish in homeward direction, she breathed deeply, thankfully. A smile of satisfaction shone on her plump face as she murmured:

"I got 'em back ag'in."

From the original painting in the Louvre, Paris

THE INTERIOR OF A KITCHEN. BY MARTIN DRÖLLING

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS—XX)

TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS

THE INTERIOR OF A KITCHEN

BY

MARTIN DRÖLLING

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TEMPLES OF THE GRAND CAÑON

THE GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

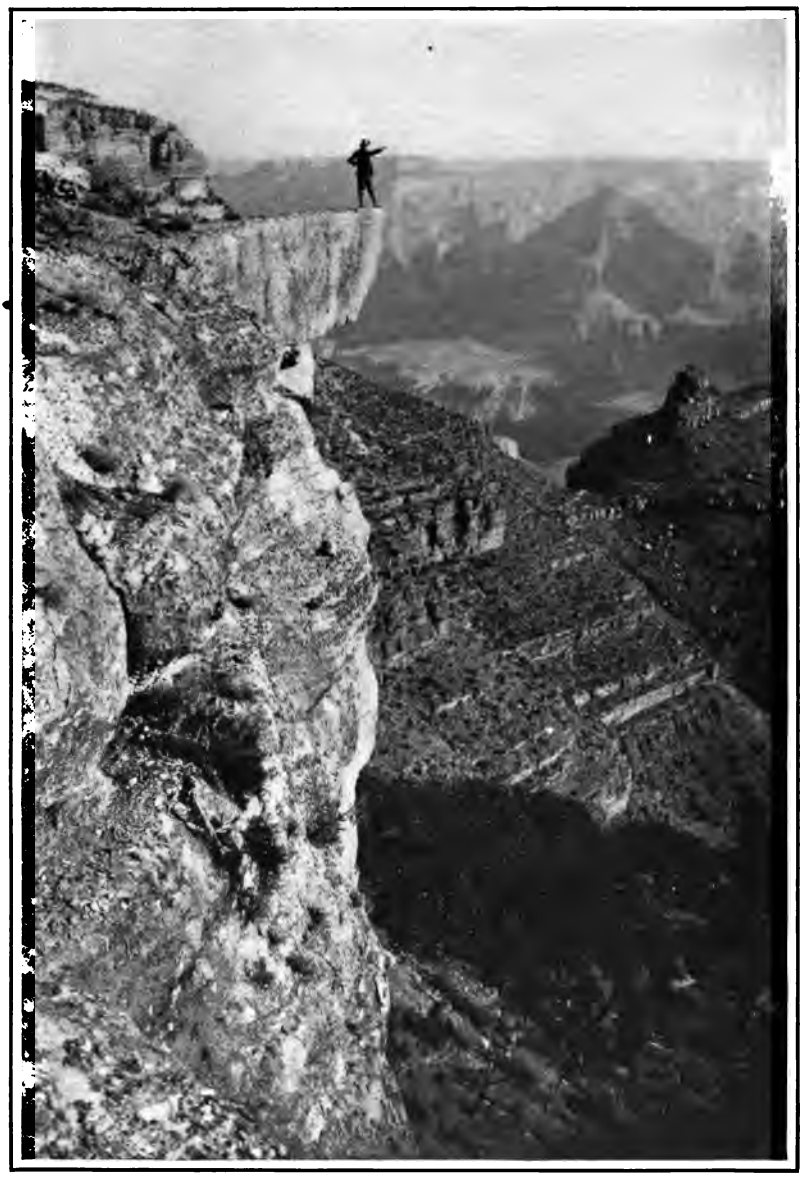
IN making the journey to the great Southwest,—Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona,—if one does not know his geology, he is pretty sure to wish he did, there is so much geology scattered over all these Southwestern landscapes crying aloud to be read. The book of earthly revelation, as shown by the great science, lies wide open in that land, as it does in few other places on the globe. Its leaves fairly flutter in the wind, and the print is so large that he who runs on the California limited may read it. Not being able to read it at all, or not taking any interest in it, is like going to Rome or Egypt or Jerusalem, knowing nothing of the history of those lands.

Erosion, erosion—one sees in the West as never before that the world is shaped by erosion. There are probably few or no landscapes in any part of the country from which thousands of feet of rocky strata have not been removed by the slow action of the rain, the frost, the wind; but on our Atlantic seaboard the evidences of it are not patent. In the East, the earth's wounds are virtually all healed, but in the West they are yet raw and gaping, if not bleeding. Then there is so much color in the Western landscape, so many of the warm tints of life, that this fact seems to emphasize their newness, as if they had not yet had time to pale or fade to an ashen gray, under the effects of time, as have our older formations. Indeed, the rocks of the Southwestern region are like volumes of colored plates: not till the books are opened do we realize the splendor of the hues they hold.

Hence it is that when one reaches the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, if he has kept his eyes and mind open, he is prepared to see striking and unusual things. But he cannot be fully prepared for just what he does see, no matter how many pictures of it he may have seen, or how many descriptions of it he may have read.

A friend of mine who took a lively interest in my Western trip wrote me that he wished he could have been present with his kodak when we first looked upon the Grand Cañon. Did he think he could

have gotten a picture of our souls? His camera would have shown him only our silent, motionless forms as we stood transand know that I am God." To be still on such an occasion is the easiest thing in the world, and to feel the surge of solemn



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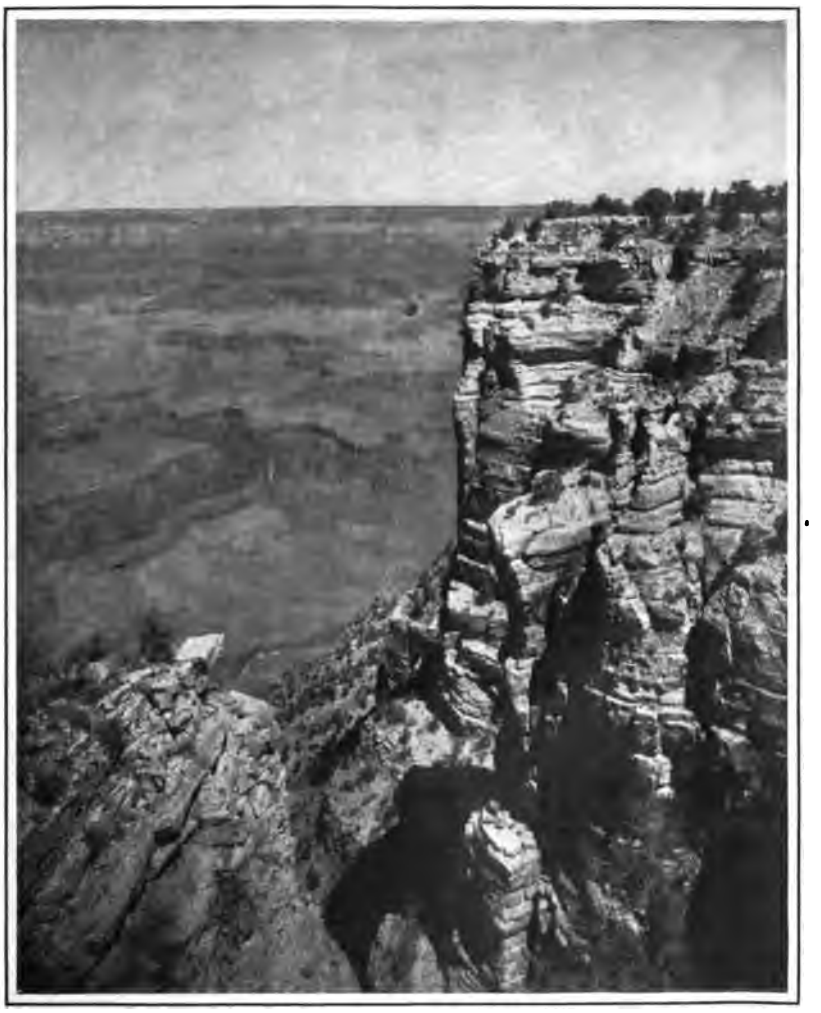
FLAT-IRON ROCK, BRIGHT ANGEL CAÑON

fixed by that first view of the stupendous spectacle. Words do not come readily to one's lips, or gestures to one's body, in the presence of such a scene. One of my companions said that the first thing that came into her mind was the old text, "Be still, and reverential emotions is equally easy—is, indeed, almost inevitable. The immensity of the scene, its tranquillity, its order, its strange, new beauty, and the monumental character of its many forms —all these tend to beget in the beholder

an attitude of silent wonder and solemn admiration. I wished at the moment that we might have been alone with the glorious spectacle, or that we might have hit upon an hour when the public had gone to dinner. The smoking and joking tourists near the brink at Hopi Point, weeping silently and long; but from what she afterward told me I know it was not from terror or sorrow, but from the overpowering gladness of the ineffable beauty and harmony of the scene. It moved her like the



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O'NEIL'S, OR HOPI, POINT

sauntering along in apparent indifference, or sitting with their backs to the great geologic drama, annoyed me. I pity the person who can gaze upon the spectacle unmoved. Some are actually terrified by it. I was told of a strong man, an eminent lawyer from a Western city, who literally fell to the earth at the first view, and could not again be induced to look upon it. I saw a woman prone upon the ground grandest music. Her inebriate soul could find relief only in tears.

Harriet Monroe was so wrought up by the first view that she says she had to fight against the desperate temptation to fling herself down into the soft abyss, and thus redeem the affront which the very beating of her heart had offered to the inviolable solitude. Charles Dudley Warner said of it, "I experienced for a moment an inde-

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BRIGHT ANGEL CAÑON AND CREEK

scribable terror of nature, a confusion of mind, a fear to be alone in such a presence."

It is beautiful, oh, how beautiful! but it is a beauty that awakens a feeling of solemnity and awe. We called it the "divine abyss." It seems as much of heaven as of earth. Of the many descriptions of it, none seems adequate. To rave over it, or to pour into it a torrent of superlatives, is of little avail. My companion came nearer the mark when she quietly repeated from Revelation, "And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem." It does indeed suggest a far-off, half-sacred antiquity, some greater Jerusalem, Egypt, Babylon, or India. We speak of it as a scene: it is more like a vision, so foreign is it to all other terrestrial spectacles, and so surpassingly beautiful.

To ordinary folk, the spectacle is so extraordinary, so unlike everything one's experience has yielded, and so unlike the results of the usual haphazard working of the blind forces of nature, that I did not wonder when people whom I met on the rim asked me what I supposed did all this. I could even sympathize with the remark of an old woman visitor who is reported to have said that she thought they had built the cañon too near the hotel. The enormous cleavage which the cañon shows, the abrupt drop from the brink of thousands of feet, the sheer faces of perpendicular walls of dizzy height, give at first the impression that it is all the work of some titanic quarryman, who must have removed cubic miles of strata as we remove cubic yards of earth.

Indeed, go out to O'Neil's, or Hopi, Point, and, as you emerge from the woods, you get glimpses of a blue or rose-purple gulf opening before you. The solid ground ceases suddenly, and an aërial perspective, vast and alluring, takes its place; another heaven, counter-sunk in the earth, transfixes you on the brink. "Great God!" I can fancy the first beholder of it saying, "what is this? Do I behold the transfiguration of the earth? Has the solid

ground melted into thin air? Is there a firmament below as well as above? Has the earth's veil at last been torn aside, and the red heart of the globe been laid bare?" If this first witness was not at once overcome by the beauty of the earthly revelation before him, or terrified by its strangeness and power, he must have stood long, awed, spellbound, speechless with astonishment, and thrilled with delight. He may have seen vast and glorious prospects from mountain-tops, he may have looked down upon the earth and seen it unroll like a map before him; but he had never before looked *into* the earth as through a mighty window or open door, and beheld depths and gulfs of space, with their atmospheric veils and illusions and vast perspectives, such as he had seen from mountain-summits, but with a wealth of color and a suggestion of architectural and monumental remains, and a strange almost unearthly beauty, such as no mountain-view could ever have afforded him.

Three features of the cañon strike one at once: its unparalleled magnitude, its architectural forms and suggestions, and its opulence of color effects—a chasm nearly a mile deep and from ten to twenty miles wide, in which Niagara would be only as a picture upon your walls, in which the pyramids, seen from the rim, would appear only like large tents, and in which the largest building upon the earth would dwindle to insignificant proportions. There are amphitheaters and mighty aisles eight miles long, three or four miles wide, and three or four thousand feet deep; there are room-like spaces eight hundred feet high; there are well-defined alcoves with openings a mile wide; there are niches six hundred feet high overhung by arched lintels; there are pinnacles and rude statues from one hundred to two hundred feet high. Here I am running at once into references to the architectural features and suggestions of the cañon, which must play a prominent part in all faithful attempts to describe it. There are huge, truncated towers, vast, horizon-

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EL TOVAR CAÑON

tal moldings; there are the semblance of balustrades on the summit of a noble façade. In one of the immense halls we saw,

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VIEW FROM NEAR ROWE'S POINT

on an elevated platform, the outlines of three enormous chairs, fifty feet or more high, and behind and above them the suggestion of three more chairs in partial ruin.

Indeed, there is an opulence of architectural and monumental forms in this divine abyss such as one has never before dreamed of seeing wrought out by the blind forces of nature. These forces have here foreshadowed all the noblest architecture of the world. Many of the vast carved and

ornamental masses which diversify the cañon have been fitly named temples, as Shiva's temple, a mile high, carved out of the red carboniferous limestone, and remarkably symmetrical in its outlines. Near it is the temple of Isis, the temple of Osiris, the Buddha temple, the Horus temple, and the Pyramid of Cheops. Farther to the east is the Diva temple, the Brahma temple, the temple of Zoroaster, and the tomb of Odin. Indeed, everywhere there are suggestions of temples and tombs, pagodas and pyramids, on a scale that no work of human hands can rival. "The grandest objects," says Captain Dutton, "are merged in a congregation of

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THOR'S HAMMER

others equally grand." With the wealth of form goes a wealth of color. Never, I venture to say, were reds and browns and grays and vermilions more appealing to the eye than they are as they softly glow in this great cañon. The color scheme runs from the dark, somber hue of the gneiss at the bottom, up through the yellowish brown of the Cambrian layers, and on up through seven or eight broad bands of varying tints of red and vermilion, to the broad yellowish-gray at the top.

One of the smaller of these many geologic temples is called the temple of Isis. How it seems to be resisting the siege of time, throwing out its salients here and there, and meeting the onset of the foe like a military engineer! It is made up of four stories, and its height is about 2500 feet. The finish at the top is a line of heavy wall probably one hundred feet high. The lines of many of these natural temples or fortresses are still more lengthened and attenuated, appearing like mere skeletons of their former selves. The forms that weather out of the formation above this, the Permian, appear to be more rotund, and tend more to domes and rounded hills.

One's sense of the depths of the cañon is so great that it almost makes one dizzy to see the little birds fly out over it, or plunge down into it. One seemed to fear that they, too, would get dizzy and fall to the bottom. We watched a line of tourists on mules creeping along the trail across the inner plateau, and the unaided eye had trouble to hold them; they looked like little red ants. The eye has more difficulty in estimating objects and distances beneath it than when they are above or on a level with it, because it is so much less familiar with depth than with height or lateral dimensions.

One of the remarkable and unexpected things about the cañon is its look of ordered strength. There is no debris or loose wreckage, no tumbled confusion of fallen rocks, but the symmetry and proportion of a city or a fortress. Nearly all the lines are lines of greatest strength.

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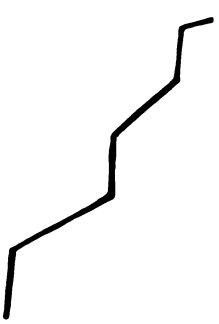
THE TOP OF A THOUSAND-FOOT DROP

The prevailing profile line everywhere is this:



The upright lines represent lines of cyclopean masonry, and the slant is the talus that connects them, covered with a short, sage-colored growth of some kind, and as soft to the eye as the turf of our fields.

The simple, strong structural lines assert themselves everywhere, and give that look of repose and security characteristic of the scene. The rocky forces always seem to retreat in good order before the onslaught of time; there is neither rout nor confusion. Everywhere they present a calm, upright front to the foe. And the fallen from their ranks, where are they? A cleaner battle-field between the forces of nature one rarely sees.

The weaker portions are of course constantly giving way. The elements incessantly lay siege to these fortresses and take advantage of every flaw or unguarded point, so that what stands has been seven times, yea, seventy times seven tested, and hence gives the impression of impregnable strength. The angles and curves, the terraces and foundations, seem to be the work of some master engineer, with only here and there a toppling rock, and with no chaos or confusion anywhere. All the litter and rubbish seems to have been cleared up, and the job finished. Indeed, such an effect of finished work in mountain and gorge I have never before seen.

above, looked like the brown meadow where we played ball in the old school-days, friendly, tender, familiar, in its slopes and terraces, in its tints and basking sunshine, but grand and awe-inspiring in its depth, its huge walls, and its terrific precipices.

The geologists are agreed that the cañon is only of yesterday in geologic time, —the middle Tertiary,—and yet behold the duration of that yesterday as here revealed, probably a million years or more! We can no more form any conception of such time than we can of the size of the sun or of the distance of the fixed stars.

The forces that did all this vast delving

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A BURRO OUTFIT ON THE GRAND CAÑON TRAIL

I was puzzled to explain to myself the reason of a certain friendly and familiar look which the great abyss had for me. One sees or feels at a glance that it was not born of the throes and convulsions of nature—of earthquake shock or volcanic explosion. It does not suggest the crush of matter and the wreck of worlds. Clearly it is the work of the more gentle and beneficent forces. This probably accounts for the friendly look. Some of the inner slopes and plateaus seemed like familiar ground to me: I must have played upon them when a school-boy. Bright Angel Creek, for some inexplicable reason, recalled a favorite trout stream of my native hills, and the old Cambrian plateau that edges the inner chasm, as we looked down upon it from nearly four thousand feet

and sculpturing—the air, the rains, the frost—are as active now as they ever were; but their activity is a kind of slumbering that rarely makes a sign. Only at long intervals is the silence of any part of the profound abyss broken by the fall of loosened rocks or sliding talus. We ourselves saw where a huge splinter of rock had recently dropped from the face of the cliff. In time these loosened masses disappear, as if they melted like ice.

A city not made with hands, but as surely not eternal in the earth. In our humid and severe Eastern climate, frost and ice and heavy rains working together, all these architectural forms would have crumbled long ago, and fertile fields or hill-slopes would have taken their place. In the older Hawaiian Islands, which

From a photograph by Karl Moon. Copyright, 1909, by Fred. Harvey. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

JOHN BURROUGHS AND JOHN MUIR AT THE GRAND CAÑON
OF THE COLORADO, 1909

probably also date from Tertiary times, the rains have carved enormous cañons and amphitheaters out of the hard volcanic rock, in some places grinding the mountains to such a thin edge that a man may literally sit astride them, each leg pointing into opposite valleys. In the next geologic age, these mountains will have largely disappeared. For the same reason, the Grand Cañon will soon, geologically speaking, become a thing of the past.

It seems to take millions of years to tame a mountain, to curb its rude, savage power, to soften its outlines, and bring fertility out of the elemental crudeness and barrenness. But time and the gentle rains of heaven will do it, as they have done it in the East, and as they are fast doing it in the West.

Our little span of human life is far too narrow for us to be a witness of any of the great earth changes. These changes are so slow, oh, so slow, and human history is so brief! So far as we are concerned, the gods of the earth sit in council behind closed doors. All the profound, formative, world-shaping forces of nature go on in a realm that we can reach only through our imaginations. They so far transcend our human experiences that it requires an act of faith to apprehend them. The repose of the hills and the mountains how profound, yet they may be rising or sinking before our very eyes, and we detect no sign. Only on exceptional occasions, during earthquakes or volcanic eruptions, is their dreamless slumber rudely disturbed.

Geologists tell us that from the great plateau in which the Grand Cañon is cut, layers of rock, many thousands of feet thick, were cut away before the cañon was begun.

Starting from the high plateau of Utah, and going south toward the cañon, we descend a grand geologic stairway every shelf or tread of which consists of different formations fifty or more miles broad, from the Eocene, at an altitude of over ten thousand feet at the start, across the cretaceous, the Jurassic, the Triassic, the Permian, to the Carboniferous, which is the bottom, or landing, of the Grand Cañon plateau at an altitude of about five thousand feet. Each step terminates more or less abruptly, the first by a drop of eight hundred feet, ornamented by rows of square obelisks and pilasters of uniform pattern and dimension, "giving the effect," says Major Dutton, "of a gigantic colonnade from which the entablature has been removed or has fallen in ruins." The next step, or platform, the cretaceous, slopes down gradually or dies out on the step beneath it; the Jurassic, which ends in white sandstone cliffs several hundred feet high; then comes the Triassic, which ends in the famous vermilion cliffs thousands of feet high, most striking in color and in form; then comes the Permian tread, which also ends in striking cliffs, with their own style of color and architecture; and, lastly, the great Carboniferous platform in which the cañon itself is carved. Now, all these various strata above the cañon, making at one time a thickness of over a mile, were worn away in Pliocene times, before the cutting of the Grand Cañon began. Had they remained, and been cut through, we should have had a chasm two miles deep instead of one mile.

Two forces, or kinds of forces, have worked together in excavating the cañon: the river, which is the primary factor, and the meteoric forces, which may be called the secondary, as they follow in the wake of the former. The river starts the gash downward, then the aërial forces begin to eat into the sides.

Geologists account for the enormous lateral erosion of the Grand Cañon on the principle of the want of homogeneity of the rocks, the softer strata, by their more rapid decay, undermining the harder layers and causing them to break off in masses. But one sees no evidence of this unequal hardness of the rocks: the huge walls that bound the cañon are everywhere smooth and vertical, and seem to have been eroded equally. There is no talus of broken and fallen fragments at their base, as one would have expected to find had the process of erosion taken this form. Indeed, the rocks seem to have melted and disappeared as if they had been ice.

There is probably another explanation of what we see here. Apart from the mechanical weathering of the rocks as a result of the arid climate, wherein rapid and often extreme changes of temperature take place, causing the surface of the rocks to flake or scale off, there has doubtless been

From a photograph, copyright, 1910, by F. P. Clatworthy

LOOKING NORTH FROM GRAND VIEW POINT, THE CAMBRIAN PLATEAU ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE

unusual chemical weathering, and this has been largely brought about by the element of iron that all these rocks possess. Their many brilliant colors are imparted to them by the various compounds of iron which enter into their composition. And iron, though the symbol of hardness and strength, is an element of weakness in rocks, as it causes them to oxidize or disintegrate more rapidly. In the marble cañon, where apparently the rock contains no iron, the lateral erosion has been very little, though the river has cut a trench as deep as it has in other parts of its course.

During those days at the cañon how often I thought of the geology of my native hills amid the Catskills, which show the effects of denudation as much older than that shown here as this is older than the washout in the road by this morning's shower. The old red sandstone in which I hoed corn as a farm-boy dates back to middle Paleozoic time, or to the spring of the great geologic year, while the cañon is of the late autumn. Could my native hills have replied to my mute questionings, they would have said: "We were old, old, and had passed through the cañon stage long before the Grand Cañon was born. We have had all that experience, and have forgotten it ages and ages ago. No vestige of our cañons remain. They have all been worn down and obliterated by the strokes of a hand as gentle as that of a passing cloud. Where they were, are now broad, fertile valleys, with rounded knolls and gentle slopes, and the sound of peaceful husbandry. The great ice sheet rubbed us and plowed us, but our contours were gentle and rounded eons before that event. When the Grand Cañon is as old as we are, all its superb architectural features will have long since disappeared, its gigantic walls will have crumbled, and rolling plains and gentle valleys will have taken its place."

All of which seems quite probable.

With time enough, the gentle forces of air and water will surely change the whole aspect of this tremendous chasm.

On the second day we made the descent into the cañon on mule-back. That veteran mountain-climber and glacier-meadow Scotsman John Muir pooh-poohed the scheme. "Go up," he said, "and not down. Climb, climb; do not fancy that you can bestride a mule and go down into that hole and find the glory that lures you from the top."

But we were not to be dissuaded or ridiculed out of the adventure. There is always satisfaction in going to the bottom of things. Then, we wanted to get on more intimate terms with the great abyss, to wrestle with it, if need be, and to feel its power, as well as to behold it. It is not best always to dwell upon the rim of things or to look down upon them from afar. The summits are good, but the valleys have their charm, also; even the valley of humiliation has its lessons. At any rate, four of us were unanimous in our desire to sound that vast profound on mule-back, trusting that the return trip would satisfy our "climbing" aspirations, as it did. The sarcastic Scotsman, seeing that we were not to be ridiculed out of the adventure, reluctantly consented to be one of the misguided party.

It is quite worth while to go down into the cañon on mule-back, if only to fall in love with a mule, and to learn what a sure-footed, careful, and docile creature, when he is on his good behavior, a mule can be. My mule was named "Johnny," and there was soon a good understanding between us. I quickly learned to turn the whole problem of that perilous descent over to him. He knew how to take the sharp turns and narrow shelves of that steep zigzag much better than I did. I do not fancy that the thought of my safety was Johnny's guiding star; his solicitude struck nearer home than that. There was much ice and snow on the upper part of the trail, and only those slender little legs of Johnny's stood between me and a tumble of two or three thousand feet. How cautiously he felt his way with his round little feet, as, with lowered head, he seemed to be scanning the trail critically! Only when he swung around the sharp elbows of the trail did his fore-feet come near the edge of the brink. Only once or twice at such times, as we hung for a breath above the terrible incline, did I feel a slight shudder. One of my companions, who had never before been upon an animal's back, so fell in love with her "Sandy" that she longed for a trunk big enough in which to take him home with her.

It was more than worth while to make the descent to traverse that Cambrian plateau, which from the rim is seen to flow out from the base of the enormous cliffs to the brink of the inner chasm, looking like some soft lavender-colored carpet or rug. I had never seen the Cambrian rocks, the lowest of the stratified formations, nor set my foot upon Cambrian soil. Hence a new experience was promised me. Rocky layers probably two or three miles thick had been worn away from the old Cambrian foundations, and when I looked down upon that gently undulating plateau, the thought of the eternity of time which it represented tended quite as much to make me dizzy as did the drop of nearly four thousand feet. We found it gravelly and desert-like, covered with cacti, low sage-brush, and other growths. The dim trail led us to its edge, where we could look down into the twelve hundred foot V-shaped gash which the river had cut into the dark, crude-looking archæan rock. How distinctly it looked like a new day in creation where the horizontal, yellowish-gray beds of the Cambrian were laid down upon the dark, amorphous, and twisted older granite! How carefully the level strata had been fitted to the shapeless mass beneath it! It all looked like the work of a master mason; apparently you could put the point of your knife where one formation ended and the other began. The older rock suggested chaos and turmoil, the other suggested order and plan, as if the builder had said, "Now upon this foundation we will build our house." It is an interesting fact, the full geologic significance of which I suppose I do not appreciate, that the different formations are usually marked off from one another in just this sharp way, as if each one was indeed the work of a separate day of creation. Nature appears at long intervals to turn over a new leaf and start a new chapter in her great book. The transition from one geologic age to another appears to be abrupt: new colors,

new constituents, new qualities appear in the rocks with a suddenness hard to reconcile with Lyell's doctrine of uniformitarianism, just as new species appear in the life of the globe with an abruptness hard to reconcile with Darwin's slow process of natural selection. Is sudden mutation, after all, the key to all these phenomena?

We ate our lunch on the old Cambrian table, placed there for us so long ago, and gazed down upon the turbulent river hiding and reappearing in its labyrinthian channel so far below us.

It is worth while to make the descent in order to look upon the river which has been the chief quarryman in excavating the cañon, and to find how inadequate it looks for the work ascribed to it. Viewed from where we sat, I judged it to be forty or fifty feet broad, but I was assured that it was between two and three hundred feet. Water and sand are ever symbols of instability and inconstancy, but let them work together, and they saw through mountains, and undermine the foundations of the hills.

It is always worth while to sit or kneel at the feet of grandeur, to look up into the placid faces of the earth gods and feel their power, and the tourist who goes down into the cañon certainly has this privilege. We did not bring back in our hands, or in our hats, as the Scotsman said we could not, the glory that had lured us from the top, but we seemed to have been nearer its sources, and to have brought back a deepened sense of the magnitude of the forms, and of the depth of the chasm which we had heretofore gazed upon from a distance. Also we had plucked the flower safety from the nettle danger, always an exhilarating enterprise.

In climbing back, my eye, now sharpened by my geologic reading, dwelt frequently and long upon the horizon where that cross-bedded carboniferous sandstone joins the carboniferous limestone above it. How much older the sandstone looked! I could not avoid the impression that its surface must have formed a plane of erosion ages and ages before the limestone had been laid down upon it.

We had left plenty of ice and snow at the top, but in the bottom we found the early spring flowers blooming, and a settler at what is called the Indian gardens was planting his garden. Here I heard the song of the cañon wren, a new and very pleasing bird-song to me. I think our dreams were somewhat disturbed that night by the impressions of the day, but our day-dreams since that time have at least been sweeter and more comforting, and I am sure that the remainder of our lives will be the richer for our having seen the Grand Cañon.

A SONG FROM FAR AWAY

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

OF your day I claim no part,
Not a look, not a touch,
Not a beat of your dear heart;
That were joy too much.

Only let me take my place
In your dreams through the night.
I will pass and leave no trace
Ere the east grows light.

You shall waken with a smile,
Smiling still as you muse
How you dreamed of love awhile—
But forgetting whose.

THE REGENERATE

RECORDED BY NORMAN DUNCAN

IN sending us this remarkable narrative of an actual experience, which might well have been entitled "Hope," Mr. Duncan, whose reputation as a careful writer is well-known, says: "It comes as near to accurate reporting as I can attain." It is to be classified with those wonderful and heartening records of London low life in Mr. Harold Begbie's "Twice-Born Men," recently published, which are put forth as a foot-note to the late Professor William James's volume, "The Varieties of Religious Experience," and of which, in turn, Professor James said: "I might as well call my book a foot-note to his. I am proud of the dedication."

Like its London counterparts, this tale may be described as a study in the conservation of human life.—THE EDITOR.

JUNE weather and a clear sky; the stars were out, and a grateful little breeze idled up the street from the deeper shadows of the Brooklyn Bridge. We had come by this time to the door of the Water Street mission-hall, a neighborhood of saloons and stable-yards, somewhat removed from the shrill, dirty, chattering swarm of Cherry Hill. A new-comer went by, an old, old man, gray-bearded, dragging one foot, with nothing to clothe him, it seemed, but a coat, buttoned loosely at the throat, and trousers and broken shoes. They were singing, then—the door was open to the gentle night,—

He lifted me,
He lifted me,—

and presently thereafter a big, gray man, a splendid physical presence, began from the floor earnestly to address a frowzy crew in the rear of the hall. They sang,

There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plunged beneath the flood,
Lose all—

while the Regenerate, at my elbow in the street, went on, in bitter distaste of the task, with his recital. "Scores of them," he repeated—"there are scores of 'varsity men among the outcasts of the Bowery; but you can't distinguish them now, of course, from the native wretches born of drunken mothers to inevitable degradation. I panhandled the Bowery for years; I know this. The most besotted wretch I ever encountered was once a gentleman. I, too, was a gentleman; but I became—the sort of thing I shall presently show you. In a moment, here at this simple place, I was made what now you do unquestionably know me to be." There was a pause. "Sir," said the Regenerate, gravely, looking up, "I am a man!"

It was apparent that he was a man, a gentleman, too, of sensitive refinement, speaking in a flush of humiliation.

IT was now late enough, it seemed, for the Regenerate's abandoned world to be astir in the Bowery lights, and we moved off in that direction. The deepest underworld, to which presently we came, the world of the homeless drunkard, is lower than vice. Wickedness here is without salt; nothing is left to indulge: there remains only a bleared, stupid, indecent

thirst for alcohol. Dim, stifling lodging-houses, ill-lit cellar drinking-places, thieves' resorts, back alleys, garbage-pails, slop-shops, degraded saloon-bars, pawnbrokers' wickets, rooms back beyond the pale, the shadowy arches of the big bridge, deserted stable-yards, a multitude of wrecked men, dirt, rags, blasphemy, darkness: the Regenerate's old world was a fantastic and ghastly confusion of these. A year ago he had vanished; he had not hitherto returned. It was of no moment. Nobody had cared, nobody remembered. The world is without love; it is besotted. Faces vanish; ragged forms shuffle out of sight for the last time. Nobody cares; nobody remembers; there is no love. They did not know him in his new person; but he knew them —and of their lives in the far past of a year ago—and moved, a gentleman, in these rat-holes and devious ways, with the precision of long familiarity, through inner doors, into back rooms, along dark corridors, down cellarways, until the folk of these places were mystified and made afraid. They resented the intrusion, at last; the Regenerate must square his shoulders and push with resolution into the cleaner vice and poverty of the streets.

UP-TOWN, when we came to a bench in Mulberry Park, the children's prayers had all long ago been said, the cradles and cribs and little beds held each its burden of innocent flesh and sweet untroubled spirit. The polite world was employed with its diversions,—with love, laughter, and young romance,—with its aspirations and glittering hilarities. It was late; the tenement hum and shuffle of the soft June night had ceased. Nobody was about; a staggerer only, two children bearing burdens beyond their strength, a shrewish woman in her cups.

"I am an Englishman, a public-school boy, a 'varsity man," the Regenerate began, "and I was an officer of some slight distinction in Her late Majesty's service with the army in India. I drank up my prospects, however, such as they were. I drank up a fortune, too, such as it was. I drank up my friendships; there were never more devoted and long-suffering friends. I drank up a home—my mother's home. I drank my own mother to death of a broken heart. You see, I spare myself nothing in this intimate recital, which should, I suppose, had it another object, shame a man to his grave. And you will observe, will you not, that nothing could stop me—no sort of restraint, no sort of treatment in sanatoriums on the Continent or in the colonies, no sort of effort of which I was even in the beginning capable? I tried, you know, and for a long, long time I kept on trying. But I was helpless, and eventually I found my level on the Bowery, where many a poor, broken-hearted fellow had come before me, and for years I lived there, a homeless panhandler, begging for drink."

The Regenerate mused for a moment.

"Just for drink," he repeated, looking up, with a little glint of humor, which yet was not humor; "you don't want food, you know. What does a man want with food? A crumb or two of free lunch it 's as much as a man's stomach will hold. What a man wants is—another drink. The next drink! I pursued it for twenty years, and never quite managed to catch up with it. But I overhauled a good many, of course—of all sorts, too: very good ones in the beginning. The next, however . . . kept always . . . just a bit ahead. Half an hour ahead, I fancy, when I panhandled the Bowery. There was always another beyond—a mirage of soul's ease. It is a labor to pursue the next drink forever. But exhaustion is stupid and numb. And one rests: one sleeps a little.

"I WAS successful on the Bowery—successful enough to achieve the distinction of delirium tremens seven times. I was a bit clever, you see, with a cultivated intelligence and some grit of birth; and I had a little bag of appealing tricks—'Recessional,' for example. It never failed me. I learned it in India—I remember so well the time! It stirred them, somehow, wherever I declaimed it, however low they were. 'The tumult and the shouting dies' —it did n't stir me, not at the last. I had no occasion for patriotism; I wanted a drink. And a 'Barrack-Room ballad' or two—'By the living God that made you, you 're a better man than I am.' Really, Kipling fairly kept me in drink. And I was systematic. I kept a little pocket-map of the city,—I have it yet,—and upon this with the stub of a pencil I traced my

course from day to day, beginning here in the morning, ending here, at this corner saloon, after midnight. You see, I must not panhandle the same saloon twice in a week; they might kick me out. As a matter of fact, they frequently did. Unfortunately, I would be so drunk at night, you see, that I could n't put a mark on the map; and in the morning, with only a general idea of where I had concluded the previous day's pursuit, I would spin my yarn—I had a variety of pathetic stories, of course—where I had spun quite a different one the night before. Then they would kick me out. I did not blame them at all. It was unpleasant, of course—not in the least humiliating, but quite proper. And I could n't resent it.

"Degraded? Yes. This is a story of degradation. And I am only indicating the character of it, outlining, hinting, whispering. For example, wash? Why wash? One's soul is dirty. Why wash one's hands? One's past is a blot of waste, ingratitude, dishonor. Why care about a streak of grime? And will a wash fetch a drink? If probable, one washes exposed surfaces. Not else. You see, one is in a world which knows nothing of respect and self-respect. Such things are a vague and unregarded recollection. Can you conceive such a world? Of course, not. Yet I lived there; and I was precisely of it in all things. Distinctions of a sort, however, curiously remain. I was never the intimate of poor wretches of lower origin than I. I was more degraded. I hunted with them, I slept with them in trucks and cellarways, huddled close for warmth, but was aloof from intimacy. This was not self-respect; it was a mere habit of breeding. Perhaps there is no intimacy in that world, not even among 'varsity men and fallen gentlemen. It is a mere convenient association in pursuit of drink and a bed. Why a friendly intimacy? Will it bring a drink or will it cost a drink? Nor is there any interest whatsoever in the outer world. Sober enough to read sometimes, I muddled over a scrap of newspaper. Wars, political changes, great deaths, catastrophies, inventions—these events were utterly dull and insignificant. I wondered where I could get another drink. You see, everything was gone.

"There was nothing left. This was literally true. Of substance, nothing; of the things of the spirit, nothing. Hope, courage, loyalty, truth, I had parted with these long ago. My will, my conscience were gone. I had no ties, I had no helper, I had no friend, I had no home whatsoever. I had nothing in my pockets. A handkerchief? Nonsense! A toothbrush? Oh, come, now! A key? My word! why a key, of all things? I had nothing to lock up, and nothing to lock it in. I had nothing but the clothes I stood in—garments three times cast off, which I was then wearing to rags. I tried once, I recall, to increase these possessions. It was winter, and I wanted an overcoat. I had then established an association with an American of some cultivation, I don't know why. He was a college man, of excellent family, as such things go; and he had an overcoat. Very good; but he was deficient as to trousers, with which, fortunately, I was newly supplied. He had the overcoat, you see, which I coveted; but I had the respectable trousers, which he must occasionally utilize. To be in any degree warm and presentable, I must have his overcoat and my own trousers; to be in any degree presentable and warm, he must have my trousers and his own overcoat. It was a bitter winter. The situation was intolerable, and I determined to have an overcoat for myself. I would then be independent; and as for the American, he could employ his overcoat to cover the glaring lapses below, and would do very well, I 'd be bound.

"One laughs now, of course, but the predicament excited no mirth at the time. You understand, to be sure, that there is no real mirth in that world at all. There is nothing but feverish laughter, accomplished in drink. Sobriety is grave with regret and apprehensions. It 's a jolly hard job to get an overcoat. An overcoat 's expensive. It takes a dollar at an East Side push-cart. And a dollar must be saved. Ten cents may be had, even an occasional quarter, but not a dollar. A dollar must be saved, and you proceed in this way: you work. For example, you turn sandwich-man for twenty-five cents a day and your beer, an admirable arrangement, if, unfortunately, you did not need exactly twenty-five cents' more worth of beer than your allowance. Or you address envelops. But when you have addressed

a certain number of envelops you are permitted to draw five cents upon your day's earnings—fifty cents—and go out for a drink. Fifty cents is n't much; it does n't go far: it provides, in fact, only ten drinks of cheap whisky between early morning and midnight. I tried all that winter to get an overcoat—to save a dollar. I could n't do it. I tried again and again. I tried with all the strength left in me,—I made a point of trying,—but I could n't do it. I needed the overcoat: I suffered without it. But I could n't manage to get it. I could save a quarter, even half a dollar, but beyond that I could not get. Yes, once, I recall, I did manage to achieve seventy-five cents; but seventy-five cents is not a dollar—and that was my excuse for spending it."

The Regenerate looked up.

"Presently," said he, "this poor powerlessness will be significant. ●

"God help these poor fellows! it is hard for them to get a bed. You see, you must save fifteen cents. It is wise to begin at noon—to deny, to restrain, yourself. And restraint frets and unnerves you. The objective of your day's beseeching for alms is stupor at night. How difficult, then, to withhold, with a broken will! You panhandle ten cents at noon, a stroke of good luck. Very good; it is early. You can surely afford—another drink. You have five cents left. You stow it away, this first saving for your bed. The drink inspires you; you are quite sure now that you will be able to add ten cents to the five before late night—that you will have the strength to beg it and the will to keep it. You must have a bed. It is the fall of the year; it is sleeting—a killing wind. You must surely sleep under cover tonight. But luck has changed—and you want another drink. You have it, of course. You fight for an hour—you work yourself into a nervous sweat—to keep the nickel in your pocket. You can't keep it; you knew it all along.

"Here 's night coming, a cold night, wet and blowing, and you *must n't* sleep out. You can't, you can't; you 'll die if you do. It 's unseasonable weather. You are not ready for it; you 've no shirt; you 've nothing but coat and trousers. It 's no night for a sick man—for a man as desperately ill as you—to sleep in a truck. Here 's despair. You beg in despair; you whine, you rage. You are wet. It is late; it will presently be too late—and somebody gives you a quarter.

"Well, here 's luck! This is n't so bad. All at once you have your bed here in your hand; and you have two drinks of the Doctor's cheap whisky to go to sleep on. You take a drink at once, of course; you take another; and you want the third. You feel better. You were mistaken, after all, it seems; you are not going to be sick. My word! you feel jolly well. So far as a bed is concerned, why, you don't really *need* a bed. You could do without it at a pinch. And you do want—another drink. You have it, of course; you can't help yourself. . . . And now you 've done it: you 've broken your bed-money.

"And now, too, having to sleep in the open, at any rate, why not have the other two drinks? What 's the use of keeping ten cents overnight? You take the two drinks; you can't help doing it. Drunk, bewildered, too bewildered to find your way to an all-night den,—you could n't buy a glass of beer, anyhow,—you lie the night in the lee of some great building, beside a sidewalk grating, from which a warm draft ascends. Let the morning take care of itself. Die? Well, that would end it all, and a jolly good job, too. Do you understand?"

It was clear enough.

"Have I succeeded in indicating," the Regenerate asked, "that the Bowery drunkard is—a lost soul?"

I answered him.

"Very good," said he; "and now—

"I HAD begun to drink in the morning—heavily, I mean, of course. Of course you know you drink in the morning, always; you *must* drink in the morning. You are awakened by thirst and horrible dreams on the floor of a Bowery saloon, for example, at four o'clock in the morning. You are penniless, of course. But you must have a drink. It is imperative. There 's no hedging, there 's no dodging. You make haste upon this business. You are shaking from head to foot. You whine, 'Fer God's sake gimme a nickel fer a drink!' You are so obviously in desperate need that you get your nickel. You have your drink. You have another, obtained

in the same way; after which you may wait a bit. But I had now been drinking myself drunk in the morning. It was indiscreet. I had known it. There was only one end. One restrains oneself, you know, until—the drunkard of this low type lives continuously in deadly fear of delirium tremens. He goes to the verge. He withdraws—for a time. He is frightened; he dare go no further. And then, all at once, before he knows it, the poor wretch has stepped beyond, and—and seven times I had *known*. They had now kicked me out of Solomon's cellar. It is an all-night haunt of drunkards—only a step from here. One may sleep on the floor for the price of a glass of beer. I had lived there for six weeks. But they had kicked me out at last. I was too filthy for them. You understand? Of all these degraded men, these lowest of all creatures, I was the most abominable. They would not tolerate me. I was kicked out.

"Solomon's cellar was my last refuge. There was no lower place. And I was sick. I was within a day or two at most of the alcoholic ward. I was very sick—very, very sick, and drunk, of course, as well. And I came here to Mulberry Park—to this very bench—and sat down. I was despondent, I despaired, I was afraid. It was not late. Not beyond ten o'clock, I fancy. I have forgotten the time, of course. And it was in June—a lovely night like this, perhaps. I do not know. Drunkards do not think of such things, spring weather and starlight. They remember only rain and cold. Men passed by. I must drink again, but I let them pass. I had no will for panhandling. But—but—I *must* drink, and at once! And presently I gathered resolution. Two men approached. I begged them for drink-money.

" 'Poor brother!' one said.

"The other said:

" 'My brother, another drink will do you no good. I know it, because I was once like you. What you need is God in your life. Go down to the Water Street mission. God will help you.'

"They told me the way, I suppose; I have forgotten. And I have strangely forgotten all that happened before I found myself at the door of the mission in Water Street with the definite idea that I had come for a bed-ticket. I had not come for religious consolation, you may be sure—not for spiritual grace. I had come for what I could get out of it,—a bed-ticket,—like many another poor, wretched fellow before me.

"THEY were singing. It chanced that they were singing a hymn my mother used to sing when I was a boy at home. I sat down as obscurely as might be. I was drunk. It may be that I had had a drink on the way to Water Street, perhaps two; I do not know. But I was drunk; and I reasoned, I recall, that if I were to get my bed-ticket, I must behave myself before all these pious folk. They were singing

> Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in Thee,

and it seemed to me that I could hear my mother's voice, that I could see her face, that she was living again, that I was at home again, a boy. You understand? You will know the vision that might come to such a man as I then. . . . Presently they sang again. It chanced—it chanced—that my mother used to sing that simple hymn, too, when I was a boy at home. It was

> Jesus, lover of my soul,
> Let me to Thy bosom fly,

and I was overcome. I had loved my mother. I had wronged her, of course; but I had never ceased to love her—never failed, in all those degraded years, to cherish her memory. I had seemed, perhaps, once to despite that love; desperate for a drink,—though I had through other desperate passes preserved them,—I had sold a pair of gold cuff-links, her gift and the last home tie, to a bartender for a glass of whisky. But I had loved her none the less for this; and now, while they sang these hymns, my memory stirred—memory of her, of home, of trees and lawn, of the touch of her hand, her prayers, her kisses, of myself as a lad, of the old aspirations, of cricket, of my bedroom—the little things of home and childhood and of a man's mother—her voice and hands and eyes.

"You know, don't you? Every man, surely, understands."

All men know.

"I had not thought much on such things for a long time, perhaps. I had been con-

cerned with the pursuit of—another drink. Perhaps the old hymns, these awakened memories, exhibited my degradation with conviction to my own soul. I don't know. And I was drunk. But when one of the brothers testified, I listened. I believed him. It seemed to me that he was telling the story of my life and wretchedness, not of another's—not of his life any more than of mine. I believed him. It was true. I knew that every word was true. I knew—knew intimately—the back room of the Bowery saloon from which he had been ejected. Others testified to redemption from such a life as mine through Jesus Christ—to salvation from themselves and every power of evil. And I knew that they did not lie. Some gave thanks for a day's preservation, some for the ease of a week, some for years of joyous, useful life. What they had been was what I was. I knew it. What they had become I could see with my own eyes. They were clean, they were not in rags, they had no thirst. They were men of joy to themselves, of value to the world, —and they had no consciousness of guilt; they had peace. And I—I was still a drunken outcast, a sinner in rags, dirty, drunk, shirtless, ill. But they had been what I was. They had not lied when they said so. There was hope, then, for me. You see, these men were the living evidence of that hope.

"Somebody asked me if I would not give God a chance in my life—a clean, strong, kindly man who had been what I was, and whom I *knew* to have been what I was. You know him. Did I not care to give God a chance to restore me? Would I not try it? Would I not be prayed for? Would I not pray for myself? I was drunk, still drunk, but I was resolved. I was down and out. I had nothing left. And I went forward to get what these men had—what my soul desired—redemption; and I did not care how I got it. It was a logical determination. The evidence of God's activity in the world—of His power and wish to regenerate—had been so convincingly exhibited that no rational intelligence could endure to doubt it. And I was in a position to know the depths from which these men had been lifted. And I knew that only the power and love of Almighty God could so lift them up.

"And I got up from my knees a new man —'a new creature in Christ Jesus.' I had been 'born again.' It is not a cant phrase. There are no other words so accurately to describe the change which had occurred within me—no other words to describe the completeness of it, the newness of the life into which I had come, a child in righteous ways. I was regenerate: I had been 'born again.' I was sober; and from that moment I have never wanted alcohol. A miracle, as truly a miracle as any healing ever was. I have not wanted a drink. I have not wanted a drink since that moment. I *did* want a bath instantly, but I was too dirty to be given one without precautions. And I wanted a clean shirt. I loathed my rags. I wanted to be clean. My word! how I craved a bath! And pride at once revived—the good pride of manhood. One of the brothers—we redeemed drunkards are all brothers—offered me five cents. I rejected it. I was no *beggar*. I was a man again, a gentleman! What did I want of charity? What did I want of a nickel I had n't earned? I wanted *work*. First of all I wanted sleep,—I desperately needed a bed,—and then I wanted a bath and a job. I had my bath in the morning. My word! what a gracious gift it was! And I got my job, too—and I got my clean shirt.

"But I lay that night in a Bowery lodging-house. It was a heaven of rest and ease and quiet and seclusion after Solomon's cellar. I was too dirty to be put in the long room with the decent Bowery rowdies and drunks. I was given a bunk in a section reserved for—the worst of us. I had fallen very low, you see. But I was too weak to crawl into bed; they must lift me in. I did not sleep. I lay awake all that night—in tears and prayer and joyous aspiration. My tears were of contrition; my prayers were of rejoicing, of gratitude; my aspiration was toward work, and service, and self-respect, and the love of all men. A wonderful night —a night in which those things which I had once cherished, but had long abandoned, were restored to me—hope, truth, love, pure ambition. The things of St. Paul: 'Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report: if there be any virtue,

if there be any praise.' It seems to me, now, that in that night I traveled back over the long way I had come—that I was once more in the company of the pure things of my boyhood. And in the morning I stumbled rejoicing to the labor of the first day in a new life. And I was sober—and I was not at all afraid."

It was the end.

"And now?"

"Within a year my physical health has been so restored, and all my faculties, that I have $3000 a year, which I earn, and a position in my employers' business of sufficient importance, at least, to enable me to employ in my department seven brothers in the faith who have since been converted."

MOTHERING ON PERILOUS

(KENTUCKY MOUNTAIN SKETCHES)

II. THE PURE SCHOLAR

BY LUCY FURMAN

Author of "Stories of a Sanctified Town"

JOAB ATKINS, fourteen, had the kitchen-job at the beginning of school in August; that is, he brought in wood, coal, and water, and took out ashes and garbage, over at the kitchen at the Big House. All of the fifty-odd children who lived in the Settlement School on Perilous worked, out of school-hours, to pay their board, the girls at cooking, cleaning, washing, ironing, sewing, and weaving, the boys at carpentry, furniture-making, blacksmithing, gardening, and other things. Of course the two hundred day pupils, who came in only to day school, did not work. The third afternoon of his stay, Joab, returning from the chicken-yard with fourteen beheaded fowls, laid them at the feet of the kitchen-girls, who were waiting on the back porch to pick them, and stood with folded arms to watch operations. The housekeeper, passing at that time, told him to get to work and pick one himself. With a pitying smile, and the remark that he did not aim to do women's work, Joab turned on his bare heel and departed for his home over on Rakeshin, twenty miles away.

The following Monday Miss Loring, teacher of gardening and music, had just moved over from the Big House, where the girls and teachers lived and the settlement-work went on, to the small boys' cottage, to mother the younger boys and try to get them to stay and take advantage of their opportunities, ten of the twelve having run away home the first week, when she saw a nag, bearing a man and a boy, stop at the cottage gate. As the boy slid off, the man remarked with extreme gentleness that he reckoned Joab would be willing to pick a chicken now. Joab walked off in the direction of the kitchen, while his father lingered to express to Miss Loring his deep interest in his son's education and moral welfare, and his conviction that "the women" would train him up in the way he ought to go. Mr. Atkins was a handsome man, very picturesque in his soft, black hat, and with the gentlest voice and most perfect manners. Miss Loring was so pleased with him that when he said he had another son he would like to bring to the school, little Iry, ten years old, a "Pure Scholar, who knowed the spelling-book from kiver to kiver," she encouraged him to bring Iry at once.

Thursday he was again at the gate, with the "Pure Scholar" in tow. Iry was a thin, puny-looking mite, with a sensitive little face and outstanding ears, reminding one of a frightened brownie. He looked much too small for his clothes, and his pipe-stem ankles and bare feet seemed even frailer than they were, coming out of full, long trousers. He said "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," most politely to Miss Loring

when he spoke to her, and carried an old, blue-backed spelling-book clutched tightly under one arm. So great was her curiosity to test his scholarly powers, that she then and there opened the speller and started in, picking out only the hardest words. The result was amazing. "Genealogical" and "irreconcilable" were child's play to him, "incomprehensibility," a bagatelle. It was interesting to see his scared little face brighten and his embarrassment disappear as he climbed easily up and down the hard words and beheld her growing astonishment. She was indeed proud to have such a child.

The Pure Scholar went into a grade composed largely of grown boys and girls (he had attended three terms of five-month district-school previously), and held his own nobly. There was nothing he could not memorize. True, there seemed to be little or no connection between his head and his hands; conscientiously as he tried, he could not learn how to handle a hoe, make a bed, or run a wheelbarrow. It did seem strange that a boy who could spell nine-syllabled words without blenching could not remember that the wide hem of the sheet belonged at the head or that a wheelbarrow must be pushed, not pulled. Realizing, however, that all the virtues are seldom found in one person, Miss Loring accepted his limitations.

One thing, however, she could not countenance. What was her grief and surprise, one evening when the boys were all playing mumble-peg in little groups out-

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"GENEALOGICAL" AND "IRRECONCILABLE" WERE CHILD'S PLAY TO HIM, "INCOMPREHENSIBILITY" A BAGATELLE

side her windows, to hear the most fearful oaths she had ever listened to issue from the sensitive lips of the Pure Scholar. Of course all the boys swore,—she had given them long and earnest talks on the subject,—but this was the worst ever. It simply took her breath. Where could he have learned it, and his father such a perfect gentleman! When she called Iry in and conversed with him about it, he was much downcast. He said he did n't aim to cuss, but 'peared like he 'd been at it so long he p'int'ly could n't quit. Miss Loring told him the only way to do was to keep on trying, and how very, very happy

it would make her when he should succeed; and he promised to try and *try*, "because," he added almost in a whisper, "I like you." "And I *love* you," she said, gathering his thin little body to her heart. After that he tried very hard indeed, and sometimes he would be able to bite off the tail of a swear-word, though generally the head and body would escape him.

Certain scraps of family history that came out from time to time made Miss Loring's astonishment take a back track. For instance, one Saturday evening in October, when they had begun to have fires in the cottage sitting-room, and were all roasting sweet potatoes in the hot ashes, Iry remarked that he could ricollect roasting sweet potatoes while the men made his maw's coffin. "I never knowed no better," he said; "I were n't three yet, and I thought she was a-layin' there asleep. I wondered what them men was a-hammerin' at outside. When I seed 'em take her off in it, I knowed."

"She were the best step-maw ever I had," spoke up Joab, feelingly.

"How many have you had?" Miss Loring inquired.

"Oh, paw he 's had about five women," Joab replied, musing. "My maw was the second, and Iry's next, and there 's two more sence. Serildy, his next-to-last, was a middling civil woman; but this last one she hain't but sixteen, and don't know how to act. I have to fight her 'most every day, she picks on me 'n' Iry so. And paw he has a sorry time learnin' her how to behave; sometimes he 'll give her a new dress, and sometimes a good whoopin'."

Miss Loring gasped, remembering the perfect gentleman.

"Could n't live in the house with her if he did n't," said Joab.

Another evening when Nucky Marrs had been bragging as usual about his big brothers Blant and Ezry, who were "mean men, by dogs! and never went out without a gun," and had been in jail numbers of times for shootings and the like, Joab spoke up in his slow, laconic voice: "Hmp! Jail hain't nothing! My paw 's spent two year at Frankfort."

The boys all exclaimed in admiration. "Gee-oh!" said Philip, "I 've allus heared your paw was a mean man, but I never knowed he 'd been penitentiaried!"

"He has," said Joab, trying not to look proud; "and he *is* a mean man, if I do say it. T' hain't a better shot on Rakeshin."

"How many has he kilt?" inquired Nucky, skeptically.

"Oh, no more 'n he had to," drawled Joab.

"I heared about his killing off a few of them Lusks," said Taulbee Bolling.

"Yes, a few," admitted Joab. "Serildy Byng, that next-to-last of his, she got to talkin' some to a couple of the Lusks, and paw he got wind of it, and kotch 'em hangin' around one day. But he never killed but one dead, and soon as the other got able to talk,—he never could walk no more,—he sot all the Lusks ag'in' paw. There was ten of 'em on his track, laywayin' and ambushin'. At last one day they all rid up behind him over yander on the head of Rakeshin. He seed a turn in the road ahead where there was a big rock, and he spurred his nag on, and rid like ole Heck. Every time they 'd shoot he 'd jump like he was hit, and just before he got to the rock, he spraddled out flat over the nag, like he was dead, and that was the last they seed. They come up a-yellin', thinkin' they had him kilt; and about the time they rid from under the rock, six of 'em got bullets in 'em, and three drapped dead; for paw had clim' up on it and was a-laying for 'em. Time they got up from them wounds, the rest of the Lusks was ready to leave paw alone."

The impressive silence that followed was at last broken by Philip. "What did he do to Serildy?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing but shoot off a piece of her jaw and a little grain of her scalp."

Philip meditated another while. "I expect that 's the reason Serildy left your paw, hain't it?"

"Maybe," replied Joab, indifferently.

YOUNG as the Pure Scholar had been when his mother died, his wonderful memory enabled him to have distinct recollections of her, which he loved to recount to Miss Loring in the evenings by the firelight. One of these was thrilling. It was corn-hoeing time, and all his family had gone up the mountain-side to work. Of course little Iry had to be taken up, too, and as he was then able to get about some, his mother and Joab had made for him a

little pen of old rails and a log, in which he could play around and amuse himself while the rest hoed. He had been there for hours, and was getting very lonesome and sleepy, when suddenly a beautiful, long, shining, spotted thing glided out on the log and stopped still. It was so pretty that he wanted to see it better, so he crawled over by the log. Then, when it continued so still, he grew impatient to see it move, and put a finger on it. It moved then all at once into a lovely coil, with head straight up, bright eyes fixed upon him, and forked little tongue darting out and in, making all the time a strange, trilling noise. He was delighted to have such a playmate, and was gazing at it in perfect joy when something fell like lightning upon the bright head, and the shining coils thrashed about through the air and then lay still, while his mother, with a face of horror, threw down her hoe and caught him to her bosom.

It was not pleasant to remember her face that way, though. He liked better to tell of how pretty she was one day when he stood at her knee and she fed him beans and sorghum with a spoon; or another time when she made him a tiny paddle to help her "battle" the clothes out by the branch; or best of all, a day still further back, when he woke from sleep in her arms before a big, roaring fire, and he and she looked and smiled into each other's eyes for a long, long time, until some strange women came in and interrupted them. Perhaps it was the strange women that fixed the look in his memory; he and she must have gazed at each other often, before and after, in the manner of young mothers and first-born sons.

These and other scraps of recollection the Pure Scholar cherished with such singular care and tenderness that Miss Loring, listening, would frequently sigh when she thought of the happiness his mother had missed by taking the consumption and dying so young.

And one day when she and Iry and Nucky were talking,—Nucky, too, had lost his maw,—she told them that being dead was n't really being dead, but just gone out of sight, and that their mothers were living still and loving them. Nucky was doubtful, asking her if she was n't telling just a fairy-story, like Jack and the Bean-stalk; that he allus heared dead folks was n't nothing but hants, trying to lay-way and scare folks. On being assured that such was not the case, and that it was not a story, but the best truth ever told, and that mothers especially were very careful to stay near and watch over their dear children all the time, little Iry had said wistfully:

"Dag gone! I wished somebody had a-told me that before; I would n't a-been so lonesome."

And several days afterward he had come running in to Miss Loring with big eyes. "Geordie and me was a-quarlin' over a taw he borryed and would n't gimme back, and I started to say a' awful cuss-word at him, and just then I remembered what you told me about my maw a-watchin' over me all the time, and I never said a thing to him but 'Dad burn your ol' soul!' "

Miss Loring congratulated the Pure Scholar on his great victory, and from that time on he got the upper hand.

One afternoon over at the Big House, the Heads were showing Miss Loring their albums, containing photographs they had taken in the beginnings of their work, before the school was even thought of, and when they came up to the mountains only in the summers, and lived in tents, first in one place and then in another, having classes in sewing and singing and cooking and nursing and other things. Miss Loring turned the pages with eagerness, hearing enthralling tales at every one. She stopped long before one picture of strange beauty. In a blaze of firelight, against the dusky background of a log-cabin interior, sat a young mother looking down upon the child at her breast. The serene tenderness of the face and attitude made the small picture memorable and surprising.

"Yes," said the Small Head; "many persons have admired that photograph. We took it years ago, over in Boyne County. After a long tramp one day we walked into an open doorway upon a young mother and her child in the firelight. They made such a lovely picture that I asked her if I might take them with my camera, and she was willing. We stayed all night afterward."

"How long ago was it?" asked Miss Loring.

"Eight or nine years, I should say"

"And just where was it?" The Small Head wondered at the excitement in Miss Loring's voice.

"Over on Rakeshin Creek, near where Nolan's Branch flows in."

"Is it possible—do you suppose it could be the wife and child of Mr. Atkins, Joab's and Iry's father?"

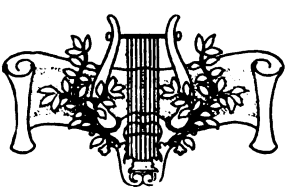
"That 's just who it was," replied the Small Head—"one of his wives, I don't remember which."

"Iry's mother!" exclaimed Miss Loring, joyfully. "And that wonderful child remembers the very hour! He remembers the look he and his mother were taking at each other when the strange women came in!"

The Heads also exclaimed in wonder and loving interest.

"Give it to me," said Miss Loring, "and tell me where I can send it to be enlarged."

CHRISTMAS morning when the cottage boys had come over before daylight and sung their carols through the halls and stairways of the Big House, and breakfast had been gulped down, and dishwashing and cleaning-up hurried through breathlessly, and the big library door was at last thrown open for the fifty children and dozen grown-ups to rush toward the gay stockings hanging from the great "fireboard" extended for the occasion entirely across the room, the largest package of all stood on the floor beneath Iry's stocking, and Miss Loring and the Heads were beside him when he opened it. Great was the joy of the other boys over their knives and balls and tin-horns and neckties and "orange-apples" and pokes of candy; great the delight of all the girls, little and big, over their wonderful "poppet-dolls," which, to the maternal instinct, threw all other gifts in the shade; but greater, far greater, was the bliss of the Pure Scholar when, after holding the picture at arms'-length before him for at least a minute, staring dumb and incredulous of the miracle, he caught it rapturously to his heart, crying: "Me 'n' my maw! I got my maw back ag'in!"



THE SPIRIT OF POETRY

BY MADISON CAWEIN

HE measures facts by a gleam o' the moon,
  And calendars days by dreams;
He values less than a wild bird's tune
  The world of mortal schemes:
He dons the pack of the Work-and-Wait,
  On the trail of the Never-Sure,
And whistles a song as he faces Fate
  To follow the far-off lure.

He says a word to the butterfly,
  And its mottled dream is his;
He whispers the bee, and it makes reply
  With a thought like a honeyed kiss;
He speaks the bird, and he speaks the snake,
  And the ant in its house of sand,
And their guarded wisdom is his to take,
  And their secrets to understand.

Sworn comrade he of the rocks and trees,
  Companion boon of the brooks,
Through whose hoary tribes he hears and sees
  The things that are not in books.
He goes his way of Do-and-Dare,
  Led on by firefly gleams,
And lays him down with never a care
  By the camp-fire of his dreams.

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE SIBYLLINE BOOKS

DRAWN FOR THE CENTURY BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE PAST—IV

A RECORD VOYAGE IN THE AIR

ALAN R. HAWLEY'S AMERICAN RECORD FLIGHT FROM ST. LOUIS INTO THE WILDERNESS OF QUEBEC

BY AUGUSTUS POST

Mr. Hawley's Aide in the Winning of the Gordon Bennett Cup; author of "A Fall from the Sky" and "The Evolution of a Flying Man"

TO rise out of sight from a center of interest to the whole world, to fly through space over a twentieth of the earth's girdle, to disappear from the knowledge of governments and the press, to achieve something heretofore unattained, to carry victory for a week without being able to tell of it, and then to have the sense of victory mingled with overwhelming welcome, as to friends snatched from the grave, is to experience emotions too deep for words to compass.

While we were preparing for our flight, I wrote to Major Hersey, the head of the Weather Bureau at Milwaukee, who had accompanied Lieutenant Frank P. Lahm when he won the first race from Paris, in 1906, and who represented America in the race from St. Louis in 1907.[1] Major Hersey seemed to have found the secret of getting a good northerly direction and great speed, for in that race he crossed Lake Michigan and Lake Erie and landed at Hamilton, near Lake Ontario, averaging much greater speed than any of the other balloons.

Major Hersey journeyed to St. Louis in order to explain the special weather-map issued for the benefit of the contestants in the fifth race for the Gordon Bennett aëronautic trophy for free balloons. The map showed us a large area of high pressure traveling east over the lakes. Major Hersey advised us to get a northerly direction on the rim of the cyclonic movement; then the next day, if we went high enough, we should probably get an easterly direction in the general easterly drift, and be carried along under ideal conditions, ahead of a storm-center behind us.

According to the time given to us by the starter's watch just as Mr. Hawley's balloon, "America II," was leaving the ground, our flight from St. Louis began at 5:46′ 20″ in the afternoon of October 17, 1910. All wished us luck, and we certainly had need of it before we were in a position to shake hands again with our fellow-men.

In our basket were 29½ sacks of sand ballast, and we carried, besides, a stock of provisions thought ample for the voyage and for the emergency of descending where it might be necessary to provide our own food. These consisted of sandwiches, chicken, self-heating soups, crackers, water, and a bottle of brandy against illness or accident. The balloon was regularly equipped, except that we carried no land anchor, and we had also arranged to do without a heavy water anchor by carrying small hoops, which were to be put in the mouths of empty sand-bags, to hold them open while attached to a rope, so as to drag through the water and retard our speed, if it should be necessary, to enable any boat or steamer to catch up with us. This device had been used by Lieutenant Lahm in his successful voyage from Paris. Our equipment also included warm clothing and three heavy woolen blankets.

After leaving the ground, we kept low for the first night, according to Major Hersey's instructions; and to prevent the possibility of having the guide-rope catch, we did not put it out at all, as is the usual custom at night, but watched more

[1] See "Experiences in the Sky," by Major Hersey in THE CENTURY for March, 1908.

GROUNDS OF THE AERO CLUB OF ST LOUIS TEN BALLOONS PREPARING TO START IN THE FIFTH INTERNATIONAL RACE FOR THE GORDON BENNETT CUP

"America II," Mr Hawley's balloon, is nearest the gasometer, and is indicated by a cross. It was the main to start

carefully, and kept the balloon in perfect equilibrium at an average of perhaps not more than 200 feet from the surface of the earth, which we could see clearly below us in the bright moonlight. If the guide-rope had been out and had caught on a tree or other obstacle, the chance of getting it loose within fifteen minutes might have been slim, that being the time-limit set by the rules of the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale, a longer delay being considered a landing.

Hawley and I took watches of three hours each, one sleeping while the other watched the statiscopes, aneroid, and other instruments, and handled the small amount of ballast needed during the night, meanwhile keeping the log by making entries about every ten minutes.

When curled up on the bottom of the basket, the sweetest sleep comes to the aeronaut who has been fixing his attention on his instruments with the utmost concentration and an hour or two of relaxation proves very refreshing. The statiscope is so delicate that it will tell the rise or fall within a foot. When the balloon is nearly in a state of equilibrium, the ballast is put out by the spoonful, and even a small piece of paper thrown out will change the delicate balance and start it up. One must know also whether the movement of the balloon is caused by an undulation in the air itself, in which case the balloon will oscillate up and down within narrow limits and no change of ballast is necessary: for any thrown out would disturb the equilibrium, and ballast and gas would be wasted. Sometimes when at a great altitude, loss of equilibrium would mean that the balloon would come to the ground without stopping, and then jump back to its highest point, with a considerable loss of ballast to check its downward speed, and a loss of gas by expansion in the upward rebound.

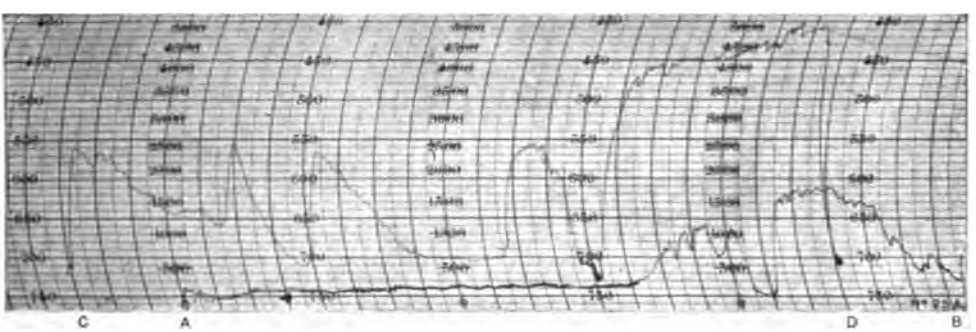
The pilot usually stands on the forward side of the basket, which is opposite the side to which the drag-rope is fastened, and watches the statiscope and aneroid. He handles the ballast with a tin scoop such as is used for sugar in grocery stores. The aide keeps a fresh sack of ballast ready to place in the ballast-tray, which is hung in a corner against the side of the basket. He also arranges the articles in the basket, puts out the guide-rope or pulls it in, as the case may be, by no means an easy task, as the rope is one and a half inches in diameter and about three hundred feet long.

When a blower is used on a balloon to keep it distended, which enables the pilot to maintain a low altitude by driving the gas out in small quantities, the aide must grind the handle, and this is no joke. In fact, the sharpening of a dull ax on a poor grindstone is far easier than turning the

crank of a blower at an altitude of twenty thousand feet, where every breath you draw gives you less than half the amount of oxygen which you require. The aide must also, in an emergency, cut up or demolish articles that can be used for ballast; he must handle the water anchor, and the land anchor when preparing to make a landing, and must tie down the appendix-line when told to do so; assist in pulling the rip-cord; and last, but not least, attend to the recording barometer, the minor instruments, the thermometer, hydrometer, and wet- and dry-bulb thermometers, if carried, follow the direction on the map, and keep a full log of the journey, taking readings of the various instruments at least every ten or fifteen minutes. After landing, the aide attends to the details of packing up the envelop, net, and basket, having already packed the instruments carefully so they will not get broken before starting to descend.

Our direction was north, but slightly west at times, and we found our first landmark at 6:50 P.M. when we crossed the Missouri River, in St. Charles County, Missouri, near a place which, from the voices shouting below, sounded to us like "Cul de Sac." At 7:10 we passed immediately over a train, at a height of only 150 feet, near a place called Hollis. At 7:20 we crossed the Mississippi River in a northwestern direction, the moon shining brightly upon its swiftly flowing current only 300 feet below us. At 7:35 we crossed the Illinois River and were above Jersey County, Illinois, which fact we ascertained from a lone pilot in a motor-boat, who stopped his noisy motor long enough to exchange greetings and wish us well on our way, which we were as glad to do for him. We were about fifty miles from St. Louis.

We followed the Illinois River, sailing over it, or on one side or the other, drifting slowly. At Hardin, sixty-five miles from St. Louis, we changed our direction for one more northerly, and seemed to get into another stream of air, for we began to go over trees and houses at twenty or thirty miles an hour. We skipped through Calhoun County, a county without a railroad, with great satisfaction, for Mr. Hawley had landed there once and had been compelled to walk a long way to a station in patent-leather shoes through snow and sleet. Warm greetings came to us from the people who happened to be out on the path we were traveling. One man clapped his hands with delight and another shouted in an outburst of enthusiasm, "My God! it 's a pretty sight, brother!" And no doubt it was, with the moon shining on the rich yellow cloth of the balloon, decorated with the bright red flag of the Aëro Club of America, and the purple banner of the Aëro Club of Amherst, my college, which was presented to us just before leaving. By 9 o'clock we were over Calhoun County, ninety-five miles from St. Louis, going more northerly and still followed by cheerful hails from below, such as, "I wish you a safe voyage." Pike County came next, and the familiar name



BAROGRAPH CHART OF THE FORTY-SIX HOURS' FLIGHT OF THE BALLOON "AMERICA II"

This is the record made by the pen of a barometer fastened to a cylinder revolving by clockwork, officially sealed before starting. The larger numbers denote altitude in meters, zero being the height of St. Louis above the sea-level. The lower wave line A–B shows the varying altitude in twenty-two hours of flight, the space between any two heavy vertical lines indicating a period of one hour. From B (as the paper was fixed on a cylinder) the pen began a second revolution at C and continued to D. It is interesting to note that during the first thirteen hours (at night) the balloon kept in a remarkably low equilibrium. The highest altitude reached, as here recorded, was 5000 meters (about 16,000 feet) above the level of St. Louis. The chart also shows that the final drop from a height of about 16,000 feet was made in thirty minutes to a landing-place 1500 feet higher than St. Louis. As the barograph has a glass face, it was a continual guide to the aëronauts as to altitude.

of Pittsfield was shouted up to us with the information that one balloon had passed fifteen minutes before, about three miles east.

A curious effect was uniformly noted when we approached within 400 feet of the earth. We would have the sensation of feeling a strong wind in our faces, when in reality the air was still and we were moving rapidly through it. Either on account of the warmer temperature of the air near the surface of the earth or because of friction, the balloon would rise. At 500 feet we would not feel such a wind, showing that we were wholly immersed in the current. This seemed to show conclusively the existence of a blanket of air near the surface. The trees also were apparently still, and as we flew along so rapidly we could not keep tab on the towns; and the best we could do was to ask the name of the county. At 11:20, Schuyler County was below us and a mythical balloon was just ahead, for we were urged vainly to "hurry up,

From a photograph by P. A. Guery

ALAN R. HAWLEY AND AUGUSTUS POST ON ARRIVAL AT MONTREAL

Mr. Post is holding the two ballast-bags containing their luggage. The hand-bag was lent to them at Chicoutimi.

and you will catch it." Then we indulged in a can of hot mutton broth, which certainly tasted good. It was heated by putting water upon lime packed about the tin, which, in slacking, produced heat enough to bring the soup to a palatable temperature. The hot cans were put under our coats, and for some time made warm comforters in the chilly air. Hot tea and coffee were carried in vacuum bottles, and with rolls, sandwiches, chicken, and fruit, we certainly lived "high" while in the air. We had plenty of still water in quart bottles to drink, for one becomes very thirsty in a balloon.

We could hear the patter of the hoofs of horses apparently chasing after us across pasture-fields, instead of running from us. Chickens and pigs, however, exhibited their usual panic with noisy sounds and frantic rushing in all directions to escape the great hawk which, no doubt, they thought was going to get them. At midnight we were over McDonough County; at 1 o'clock, Warren County, and crossed the river near a small canal. At 3 o'clock, when over Whiteside County, some people rushed out of a house and exclaimed, "For the land's sake! look at the balloon right over our heads!" We called out a "Good night" as we disappeared from their view.

At 4 o'clock the dawn appeared and birds began to sing. Hawley was asleep. We had used no ballast since 8 o'clock in the evening. "Look at it go!" came up from below as we sped over Stephenson County, near Ridot. We were pulling around more to the east and slightly higher, being at an elevation of from 700 to 800 feet. The sun came to us at 6:11 while we were crossing the State line into Wisconsin below Newark, Rock County. We saw Janesville,[1] and at 7:40 were near Whitewater, where we learned that another balloon had passed an hour before. With the heat of the sun we rose rapidly to 2700 and 3000 feet, and were going east and a little toward northeast. We had used only three sacks of ballast and were in fine shape. At 9 o'clock we were over Waukesha, the smoke on the ground drifting northeast, as was the case with us. At 9:40, Lake Michigan came into sight, and at 10:10 of the morning of October 18 we passed out over the lake at an altitude of 2500 feet. For some reason the balloon began to descend: perhaps the gas condensed over the water. In twenty minutes our drag-rope, which we cast over for the first time, touched water. We were going at a good speed of at least twenty miles an hour. The drag-rope danced along, keeping the balloon in perfect equilibrium. This made us think of Walter Wellman who, we knew, had started to cross the ocean, and we wondered what his fortune was at that moment.

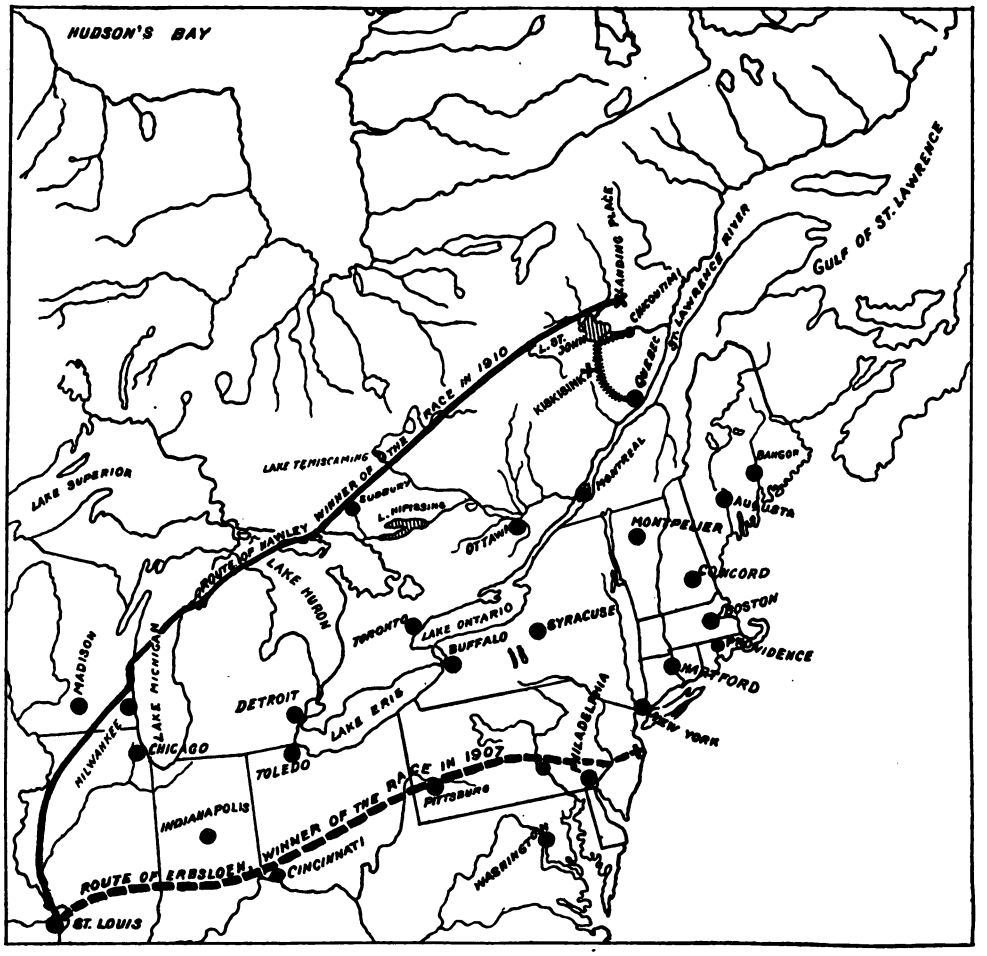
Milwaukee was just to the south of us, but we could not see it on account of a haze. Our direction changed to due north, and a strong drift toward the land cut short our delightful experience, the first for both Mr. Hawley and me, of guide-roping over the water. At the shore we had to throw out ballast to lift the balloon and guide-rope over the high bank of the lake. We came ashore at Grafton, Ozaukee County, south of Port Washington, and shortly rose to 2500 feet, and then to 5500 feet, on account of the loss of ballast. We got the east drift again, and went out over the lake for the second time. At 11:20 we saw a steamer put out from the breakwater and head for the balloon, in what we took for a kindly offer of assistance, since they soon turned back. We could see many steamers and sailing-vessels, among them a revenue cutter, which stopped and saluted us as we passed, we waving down to them.

At 12:50 the east shore of Lake Michigan came into view. We could almost see both shores from our position at an altitude of 5700 feet. Flies took passage with us in the basket and buzzed about our luncheon, just as at home. At 1:30 we passed a car-ferry steamer and soon were off Point Sable, with Ludington in clear sight, with its arrowhead breakwater, also Hamlin Lake and the lighthouse on the point, with its black and white sections. Three shoals, or steps to the bank of the

[1] Among the many letters received by us after our return to New York was the following:

R. F. D. 4, Janesville, Wis. Oct. 31, 1910.

Dear Gentlemen: I am a little girl ten years old to-day. I live in the eastern part of Wisconsin, three miles south of Janesville. I saw you gentlemen pass over our home Oct. 18, at 10 minutes to 7 in the morning and I read "America II" and the flags. I watched you out of sight, was afraid you got lost, but was glad when the news came you landed safely. Wishing to hear from yous I remain



MAP OF THE FLIGHT OF "AMERICA II," WINNER OF THE RACE IN 1910, COMPARED WITH THE FLIGHT OF THE "POMMERN," WINNER IN 1907

The German balloon "Düsseldorf," Herr Gericke, which was second in the race, landed at Kiskisink, south of Lake St. John, as shown on the map.

lake, with varying depth of water over each, could be distinguished. At 2 P.M. we passed on to the land again at a height of 4600 feet, and over sand-dunes, the smoke on the surface going north, Manistee clearly in view, with its lumber mills and harbor. At 3 P.M. we passed Norwalk, and hauled in our guide-rope to prevent its catching on the ground, as we came low with the cool air of the afternoon, which caused a contraction of the gas and a consequent low altitude. At 4 P.M. we passed charcoal ovens, and, making northeast, reached Traverse City, where, after passing low and talking with many people along the way, we went out over a wide bay, or arm of the lake, rising rapidly without loss of ballast, for some unknown cause, to an altitude of 8000 feet, and resuming again our general direction of northeast.

As twilight came on, the moon shone brightly, and we could see lighthouses on shore. We established an equilibrium at 4500–5000 feet and passed out over Lake Huron at 8:15 P.M. Steamers were in sight, and also flash-lights on the west shore. At 9 o'clock we could clearly see a flash-light on the eastern shore. At 10:25 we were over a group of islands, and at midnight, as we supposed, were over part of Georgian Bay and an island with a line of lights in a semicircle. We were as high as 7900 feet and maintained a northeasterly direction.

It was remarked as curious that we had not seen one of the other balloons since leaving St. Louis. Through the night we

drifted, without much loss of ballast, over fog on the ground below, the northern lights playing with flickering brilliancy in the sky. A big bow of light, with green tongues of flame dancing up and down, appeared in flashes and bursts of splendor. Toward morning the Dipper was straight up and down, and soon the morning star appeared in the faint light of dawn, interrupting the marvelous spectacle presided over by the brilliant moon. Approaching day dimmed bright Venus in the west, while to the south beautiful, soft mists and haze gently spread over the sleeping lakes and virgin forests. There was no sound of chanticleers or of any other animals that we were accustomed to hear. Their places were taken by the cries of an occasional loon or owl. No smoke from any chimney or any object of civilization modified the charm of this dawn in the wilderness.

When full daylight came, we could see no signs of life below us; as far as eye could reach, nothing but lakes, fringed with forests, appeared, and it is no exaggeration to say that there were thousands of them. About 5 o'clock we seemed to be above Lake Temiscaming. I said: "Hawley, this is the chance of a lifetime. This direction and location north is what they all have been hoping and praying for. It is a wonderful opportunity." Later, first hearing and then seeing woodchoppers, we hailed them and asked where we were. They said we were over Lake Kippewa, ten miles east of Lake Temiscaming, and headed for the wilderness. They offered some advice, which we could not make out before we had drifted away. I had hunted in that country for moose, so I knew something about its character, and although the lake was not marked on our map, I knew our location and what it would mean to be stranded in that impassable forest.

At 6:10, from our altitude of 5700 feet, we remarked that the sun and the moon were just opposite each other on the rim of the sky. This rare sight in nowise diverted our minds from our perilous situation. With our glasses we scanned the horizon and the land below for a landing-place and for signs of human habitation, but in vain. Nothing could be distinguished but lakes and rivers. Without a boat, a passage back to civilization would be absolutely impossible, and we had no boat. Under date of 10 A.M., October 19, 1910, I wrote in the log-book:

> Both realize that we are in bad country, and grave danger should we land, on account of the almost insurmountable difficulty of getting out and passing over lakes and rivers, etc.—Passed lumber-camp this morning early and lone house later. Dragged through trees, caught and broke one suspension-rope, lost Amherst flag in trees, [which] might have caught valve or rip-cord.

The contact with trees happened through our anxiety to save ballast, after which we decided to stick to the balloon, maintain a high altitude, and trust that our direction would hold east and bring us to better country, at the same time giving us greater distance. We knew that as we went east the rivers would become more defined and the lakes larger, and that we should cross the line of the new Grand Trunk Pacific Railway now being built through the wilderness. We rose to a higher level and shortly after 12 o'clock reached the height of 5000 meters (about 16,000 feet), as our barograph indicated. The temperature was 48° in the shade, and, as a mere matter of medical interest, I took my pulse and found it 85.

The ground below us became better, and, though almost covered by lakes, was higher. It was a dreary scene, and we had observed no sign of life since 8 A.M. Clouds began forming under us, and the haze increased. However, we soon saw what looked like a road, with houses and cultivated fields on each side. Then a big lake, which proved to be Lake St. John, appeared to the south. Three rivers could be distinguished running into it from the north; one river, with big falls, mills, and cultivated lands, extended for some distance to the northeast, in the direction in which we were going. No further habitations appeared in the distance, and as clouds were forming under us, it looked like suicide to go farther, particularly as night was coming on; so we determined to make the most favorable landing possible.

The balloon started to descend, gaining speed as it got lower. I made a mental survey of the country and mapped the route to the nearest houses in my mind

Drawn by George Varian under the direction of Augustus Post

MAKING THE BASKET SECURE AFTER THE LANDING OF THE BALLOON

The gorge looks up the mountain-side in a northerly direction. The circular object on the basket is the blower used to replace gas with air to keep the envelop distended.

while Mr. Hawley was handling the balloon and looking for the best place to make a landing. Immediately below us was what seemed to be a river, long and comparatively narrow, joining at its westerly end with a river that ran into the big lake. We crossed this long, narrow water in a northerly direction, as the ground currents seemed to be wholly different from those in the high altitude and were blowing over thirty miles an hour. A small lake or pond was then crossed by the balloon at perhaps a little over a hundred feet above the ground, our drag-rope trailing behind us; and as we could find no clearing, the valve was opened and a landing made in the trees on the side of a mountain. It seemed as though we should hit the rocks which appeared among the trees, but we jumped them and dragged a little farther up the side of the mountain, where the rip-cord was pulled as the balloon caught on a big tree, the basket finally coming to rest in a rocky gorge at 3:45 P.M., forty-six hours after leaving St. Louis.

We had landed in the angle formed by the Peribonka River and Lake Tchitagama, half a mile north of a pond called Lac du Banc de Sable, fifty-five miles from any habitation, and seventy-five miles northwest

of Chicoutimi, which is a railway-terminus. Two and a quarter bags of ballast remained in the basket. We had used six sacks coming down from the highest point. During the afternoon we had cut up and cast out our life-preservers and also used other material for ballast.

Clasping hands at the moment of landing, our hearts were filled with a grand emotion, due to the sense of safety and the knowledge that we had exceeded our best former records. Instantly memories were revived of other similar occasions when we two had felt this joy, as after our trip with De la Vaulx from Pittsfield, in 1906, and when landing at Westminster near Baltimore after a 718-mile flight from St. Louis in 1907, and more recently when we landed near Warrenton, Virginia, winning the national championship of the United States and qualifying in this race for the championship of the world.

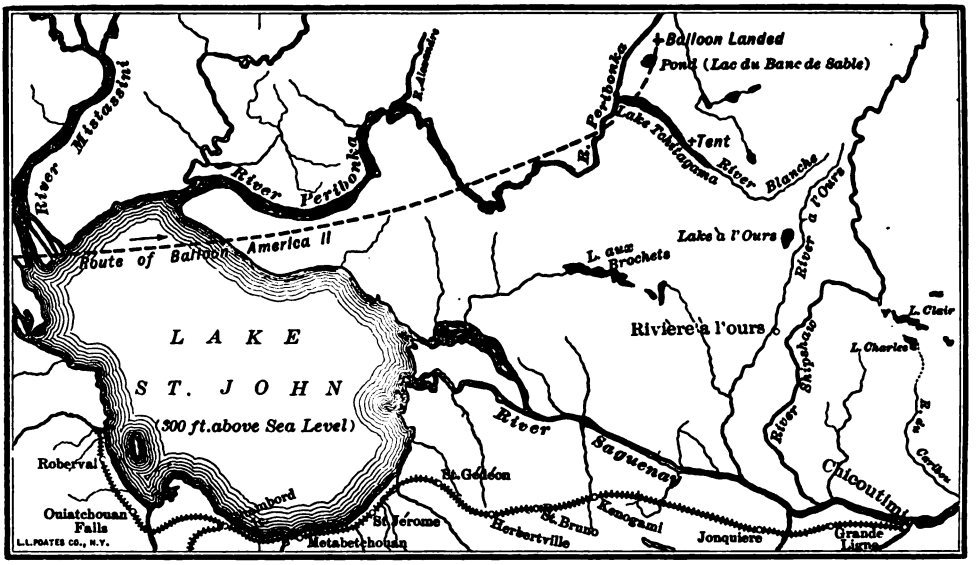
In a hasty survey of the situation, we found the balloon intact, but resting on two trees, with the gas slopping around, and the concentrating-ring suspended by the netting, which passed over the top of a bent tree. We unfastened the guide-rope and slipped the toggles, releasing the basket which we placed in an upright position, afterward making it fast by ropes to the tree supporting part of the balloon, so that the basket itself might not topple over among the rocks of the gorge.

We emptied the envelop of its gas by pulling down one side until the ripped opening was uppermost, when all the imprisoned gas escaped, leaving the yellow cloth gracefully draped over the pine-tree. Seeing that it was quite impossible to do anything more that afternoon, and realizing that a heavy storm was upon us, we hastily drew our light waterproof basket-cover over an open umbrella above the basket, thus making a good shelter. We spread our blankets, and, refreshing ourselves with food, made ourselves as comfortable as possible. Soon a terrific storm broke, accompanied by crashes of thunder and flashes of lightning that illumined the specter balloon with a curious mixture of electric light and twilight. We got out our maps, and with the aid of our battery-lamps roughly figured the distance we had traveled, agreeing that we saw visions of the world's record. After talking things over and discussing the ease with which we should walk back to the houses we had seen and send back for the balloon, we lay down and fell asleep, while the now drizzling rain continued to run down the side of the basket.

We were awakened by the falling of the limb of a tree, which struck the basket and gave the impression that we were slipping down the side of the rock on which the basket rested. When it became light, we decided to stay where we were until the storm was over; but snowflakes beginning to fall, we felt the necessity of moving at once. Going a little way in each direction for an outlook without result, we hastily packed three ballast bags, one with our instruments, which consisted of barograph, aneroid, two statiscopes, thermometer, hydrometer, and field-glasses; another with all the food we had left, consisting of crackers, boiled eggs, cold chicken, rolls, chocolate, fruit, potted ham, condensed meat tablets, and three cans of self-heating soup; the third with three knives, hand-saw, hammer, can-opener, two balls of cord, battery-lamps, and a bottle of brandy. With the canvas-seats which hooked to the side of the basket we made two shoulder-packs of our three woolen blankets, topping off one of the packs with the umbrella. We were warmly dressed and carried pocket compasses. Half an hour after noon we left camp, having covered the basket and placed in a tin box a note stating:

This is the Balloon "America II," Pilot. Alan R. Hawley; Aide, Augustus Post. Left St. Louis October 17, 1910, 5:46 P.M., representing America in the Gordon Bennett International Balloon Race and landed here October 19, 3:45 P.M. We have gone south around big lake.

We followed the guide-rope in the reverse direction, striking south down the mountain. We soon saw on our right the small lake which we had passed over immediately before landing. At 2 o'clock we came to a mountain torrent, which we followed down, stopping, however, to eat our pears and oranges, which would not bear the hardships of travel. They were very refreshing, but hardly in keeping with a forest that gave no sign of a human being ever having been there. Hawley slipped



MAP OF THE LAKE ST. JOHN REGION, SHOWING WHERE THE BALLOON LANDED, AND THE ROUTE FOLLOWED IN ESCAPING FROM THE WILDERNESS

on the wet moss of a rock, and his leg went down into a crevice, wrenching his knee badly. Thinking little of it at the time, we kept on until 3:45, when we came to a high point from which we got our first glimpse of the long body of water which we afterward ascertained to be Lake Tchitagama. We knew that this lake toward the west ended in a river (Peribonka) too wide to cross. The east end seemed to offer the surest way round to the houses by big Lake St. John, which we had seen and passed over just before our descent, but how far away it was we could not tell. We did know, however, that it was proving most difficult to work our way through the forest. We finally decided to strike directly for the lake, and in this decision our ultimate safety lay.

At 4:10 P.M., we felt like camping for the night. Hoarding our provisions, we ate one egg each, and divided a can of consommé. I had shot at a red squirrel with a 38-caliber revolver which Hawley carried, but missed him. Then the squirrel came tamely down the tree as though to chide me, and I concluded that we could not count upon getting game. We cut balsam boughs for our bed, spread one blanket over them, and drew the other two blankets over us. With the open umbrella over our heads, but with no fire, we lay down, tired and somewhat nervous from the novel experience of camping with a roaring torrent on one side and the deathlike stillness of the forest on the other. Hawley's knee soon began to pain him, and the dampness, added to relaxed nerves, made the night one long, frightful nightmare to him. We did not sleep much, but doubtless rested a little.

At daylight of Friday, October 21, we decided to lighten our packs by discarding the two statiscopes, thermometer, hydrometer, and one electric lamp, which we tied to the limb of a tree by the brook at our camping-place. The barograph, which was sealed, we decided to carry as far as possible. At 6:50 we started southwest by compass, crossing the stream on a fallen log and working down near the lake. Here we saw the first sign of man's work, the butt of a moss-covered log which gave evidence of having been chopped down a long time ago. The wildness and almost impassable nature of that Canadian forest must be experienced to be appreciated. A pack of thirty pounds was an added difficulty, and progress was slow. By 7 o'clock we were on the shore of the lake, which had looked more like a river to us from the balloon, and no wonder, for it is about nine miles long and averages hardly more than half a mile wide. We had marched about seven miles from our landing-place.

There was nothing to do but to go to the south along the shore, which we did until we came to another stream flowing into the lake. This we crossed by jumping from rock to rock and throwing our packs over. One fell into the water, and Hawley pulled it out just in time, although he got a wetting, so that we had to go out on a point in the lake and lay out the things to dry, including Hawley's clothes. In repacking, we decided to leave more of our load behind, tying the package to the limb of a tree. We started on again at 9 o'clock, and reached an old camping-ground on the shore of the lake about noon. Here we rested from our fight with the alder-bushes which grew along the shore of the lake, and at times were so thick that they forced us to go around them through the edge of the forest.

We now ate a piece of chicken and determined to cache Hawley's aneroid, with its leather case, which was with great reluctance hung to the limb of a tree, face open, so that the sun would shine upon it, and it could be easily found. It bore the inscription, "Alan R. Hawley, Aëro Club, U. S. A." We kept on a little farther to a sandy beach, where there was plenty of fire-wood, built a big fire, ate one small piece of chicken and two eggs, and had a cup of hot water. Then we cut balsam boughs and made our bed on the sand in the open. After nightfall the scene was beautiful, even to us, who felt that we were in a difficult plight. The northern lights lit up the horizon, revealing the silhouette of the mountains. The lake was black and perfectly calm, and later the moon came up and added its silver light to the scene, while the red embers of the fire glowed as the weather-beaten logs burned on the beach.

This was the first night that we got much sleep. Hawley's leg hurt every time he moved it, but now and again he got into a position where he could doze off for a few moments. We rose at dawn of Saturday, October 22. We had had only a little to eat in the last two days and during our trip in the balloon. This morning Hawley had one roll, I a piece of chicken and an egg, and it seemed very little. The way was hard. We came to rocks and cliffs which went straight up from the water of the lake. The wind came up, and the weather turned cold. After two hours' travel, Hawley's leg hurt him so severely that we could go no farther that day. We forced ourselves back a quarter of a mile to a protected spot we had passed under a bank overhung with balsam and sheltered by the projecting roots of a big white birch. Here we made a bed of balsam boughs and built a big fire of driftwood, none too soon, for it began to rain, first a drizzle, ending in light snow. Hawley was restless, but I got some sleep, though it was necessary to replenish the fire often during the night.

With the dawn of Sunday, October 23, it was still raining, and we clung to the sheltering bank. We talked over the events of the voyage and incidents in our lives.

They tell us now that on this day the air was charged with anxiety for our safety, that the resources of two governments were aiding a search for us, and that each edition of every newspaper spread disquieting suggestions as to our being in Lake Huron, or starving on some island in Georgian Bay, or possibly devoured by wolves.

Hawley had a little prayer, tender and touching, which had been given him before starting to be opened in the balloon, and now it gave forth its message again in the hour of our greatest discouragement. But in reality our every thought was a prayer, for each of us realized, without mentioning the fear to the other, that our lives might be drawing to a close.

Soon the rain stopped, and our ambition, which had been at rather a low ebb, flowed strong again and urged us on to a point which we could see beyond and from which we hoped to be able to see the end of the lake. We passed over the tumble of rocks much more easily now that we were fresh from our long rest. On rounding the point, we got out our glasses and carefully scanned the shore, which seemed to be continuous and free from obstacles except a small stream which looked like the inlet. We were greatly rejoiced and believed that at least one stage of our journey was ending. We kept on until about 3 o'clock, when we decided it was best to make camp in order to allow ourselves time to prepare our bed and build a warm fire against the chill of the night. Fortunately, there was plenty of driftwood and birch-bark, and a fire was

Drawn by George Varian under the direction of Augustus Post

FINDING THE LITTLE TENT ON THE NORTH SHORE OF LAKE TCHITAGAMA

soon crackling to cheer us up. I ate a small piece of chicken leg, and made some broth for Hawley out of some chicken bones which I had been saving up, which he said really tasted of chicken. He also ate a couple of crackers. This Sunday night we slept close up under the bank, with the fire to warm us on the side toward the water, and we made out pretty well.

Early Monday morning, October 24, we packed our bundles, now reduced to simple necessities, and by 7 o'clock had followed the lake shore for two miles, when Hawley, who was leading, gave an exclamation of surprise and then shouted:

"Post, here 's a shovel! And see! there 's a tent! This means salvation!"

We hurried up the little trail from the shore to where we saw a small white tent, pails, an ax, and other signs of life, but nobody at home. We had found this shelter opportunely, for snow soon began to fall in a flurry. We quickly unfastened the tent, put up the stovepipe, and built a fire in the sheet-iron stove, which is a necessary complement of a tent in this cold country. As the flame crackled, we unrolled our blankets on the dry balsam floor, and relaxed into a delightful state of mind. Hawley said, "Post, if any one asks me what heaven is like, I shall say it 's a trapper's tent after four days of terrible travel."

After an hour's rest, with the ax, which had a home-made helve and a good edge,

I split some wood, already cut, and piled it high in the tent. I then examined some of the tin lard pails outside. One was half full of lard, and the other contained pieces of muskrat, rabbit, and other meat, no doubt used for baiting traps, as were some half-gnawed muskrat tails on the ground. Some traps were lying about, a home-made paddle, and a short stick with a fish-hook fastened on the end of it, probably used to "jig" fish near the surface of the water.

A trail led away to the mountain-side, and I started to walk in the direction of the higher ground. I had not gone far when I saw a cache on a big birch-tree off to one side of the trail, where I found various articles of clothing, a tin pail, and a bag of salt, the whole covered with a big roll of birch-bark and tied down with a piece of rope. Attached to it was a notice in French, which, freely translated, said: "No admission without business. Gone down to hunt and trap on lake Suniore."

I added to the inscription:

Oct. 24, 1910. Alan R. Hawley and Augustus Post in the Balloon "America II" landed 15 miles northeast from here, Oct. 19, 1910. Left St. Louis, Mo. Oct. 17, 1910.

The birch-tree upon which the cache was made had been stripped of its bark to make a canoe, and the platform upon which the box and articles had been placed was high enough to keep them above the snow, which, I have been told, was over four feet deep in the woods all last winter. I continued on this trail as far as the top of the ridge in the hope that I should see some small lake or further signs of habitation or possibly find a canoe. I knew there must be another lake over the ridge, or perhaps a river, but after calling, with no response, and as the snow was getting thick, I returned to the tent to take stock and to prepare for a long wait, if necessary; for Hawley had determined, as he expressed it, "to wait for the trapper, if it took all winter."

The tent was barely big enough for us both, for we had to lie one on each side of the little stove and it was not over four and a half or five feet to the ridge-pole, and we could not move about except on our hands and knees. A pair of round, home-made snow-shoes such as Indians wear hung from the ridge-pole. Besides a twenty-pound pail of lard, there was a lard pail full of flour, and also a sack of flour under an old blanket. A birch-bark holder on a stick thrust into the ground near the stove held a half-burned wax candle. There was also a box of home-spun clothing and personal effects, among which was a curiously made knife with Indian marks on the handle. This knife had a curved blade bound to the handle with thongs. The handle, I surmised, was to be used as a wedge in getting bark off a birch-tree to make a canoe. The curved blade would also be of proper shape to render great assistance to this purpose. Other articles were a can of black powder, a bag of shot, and a bottle of something syrupy and black, which probably was medicine for "what ails you." There was also a box of matches, a pleasant find, since our stock was reduced to about a dozen. In the corner was a pot of cooked beans, a can of brown sugar, some soap, and pieces of leather. Under the stove sat a little brown tea-pot, which looked attractive, but we had no tea. We did not intend to disturb anything until our own resources were exhausted.

After our inventory, we prepared a banquet in honor of our salvation by opening a box of biscuit and heating a cup of chicken broth in one of our tin cups. Then I turned my attention to repairing my shoes, first tying fast to one shoe the sole which had become loose on the march, and caused Hawley to be as anxious about my ability to travel as I was when he hurt his leg. With a smart fire burning in the stove, we rested, reviewing our hardships, speculating as to the return of the trapper, and canvassing our ability to cook the flour into cakes and biscuits. Anyhow, the outlook was no longer one of starvation. Hawley thought I was stingy with the fire-wood, but it took strength to split it, and I had been taught prudence. In the night he had a return of pains in the stomach, which he diagnosed as indigestion; but after eating a couple of crackers he was immediately relieved. which showed that his pains had been those of hunger.

During the night we constantly fed wood into the stove, and when daylight came, on this Tuesday, October 25, we

and how briskly we got out and walked up the steep grades of the many hills encountered on the way! We were hoping to be in time for the morning train from Chicoutimi, which we reached finally about 10 o'clock by a shallop-ferry across the broad Saguenay.

At the hotel door we were accosted by young men who seemed to know all about us, and asked so many questions that we were glad to escape inside, where the clerk, as he afterward said, wondered what kind of hunters we could be, with shoes tied up with cord and with clothing torn. When our names went upon the register, persons gathered about and plied us with questions. Telegrams were already coming thick and fast, and long-distance telephone-calls asking response. Between talking to the press and hearing the news of the last two weeks, we managed to eat a welcome supper and get off to bed, the first time we had taken off our clothes in over eleven days.

In the early morning we decked ourselves in borrowed linen and shoes, breakfasted on moose steak and trout, and hastened to the train, not forgetting, however, to obtain a legal document which was one of the requirements for our landing certificate. Near Kiskisink, where the German balloon "Düsseldorf" had landed, Herr Gericke believing that he had won the race, we were wined and dined by the division superintendent at the station restaurant; and just outside Quebec we were met by a vanguard of reporters, and an official dinner was tendered by Mr. Gebhard Willrich, the American consul. At the station, Mr. Spangler, representing the Aëro Club of St. Louis, rushed into the car, giving us a fervent welcome, and congratulations were received from every one, from the governor-general, Lord Grey, and Premier Laurier down to the "buttons" at the door of the hotel, who remembered me from the time of the Glidden automobile tour. A special emissary from the Aëro Club of Montreal came to arrange for a breakfast in our honor in the morning; and Mr. August Belmont of the Aëro Corporation, and our friends in New York and elsewhere, overwhelmed us with telegraphed greetings.

Early in the day of our departure from St. Louis, Mr. Hawley telegraphed the Aëro Club of America that he was again competing for the cup with which the club had commemorated Lieutenant Lahm's American victory in the first Gordon Bennett cup race. This additional award to him (together with gold medals of the club to him and his aide) was received with very great satisfaction.

By the roughest computation we knew that "America II" had won this last Gordon Bennett race, and also that we had made the American record voyage in the air. We were encouraged also to hope that Mr. Hawley had surpassed the world's record of 1193 miles achieved by Count de la Vaulx in 1900. About three weeks after our return General Allen, Chief Signal Officer of the United States, reported to the Aëro Club that reckoning from data given them (but not by us), we were twenty-two miles behind the world's record, with 1171 miles to our credit; and forty miles in advance of the "Düsseldorf," which was given a flight of 1131 miles. Captain Abercron in "Germania," was third in the race with a record of 1079 miles.

It is probable that Mr. Hawley will ask the Aëro Club of America to send experts to the actual landing-place, so that the latitude and longitude may be determined beyond question, it having been our belief, based on the evidence of our compass, that we landed a good number of miles northeast of the junction of Lake Tchitagama and the Peribonka River.

On November 14, Georges Savard, a guide of St. Leonard, Chicoutimi, wrote to Mr. Hawley that he and three others had found the balloon in good condition, and packed it for a trip out, on snow and ice, in December. If it should turn out that it holds the world's record, the owner of "America II," Mr. J. C. McCoy, desires to present the balloon to the Aëro Club of America as a souvenir of notable victories, and also for use in races of a national and international character. By courtesy of the lender it has been the instrument of three straight victories, first by Mr. Mix in the fourth Gordon Bennett race from Zurich, 1121 miles to Warsaw, then by Mr. Hawley (with me as aide) in the National Championship race from Indianapolis on September 19, 1910, when Mr. Hawley qualified for the contest here described.

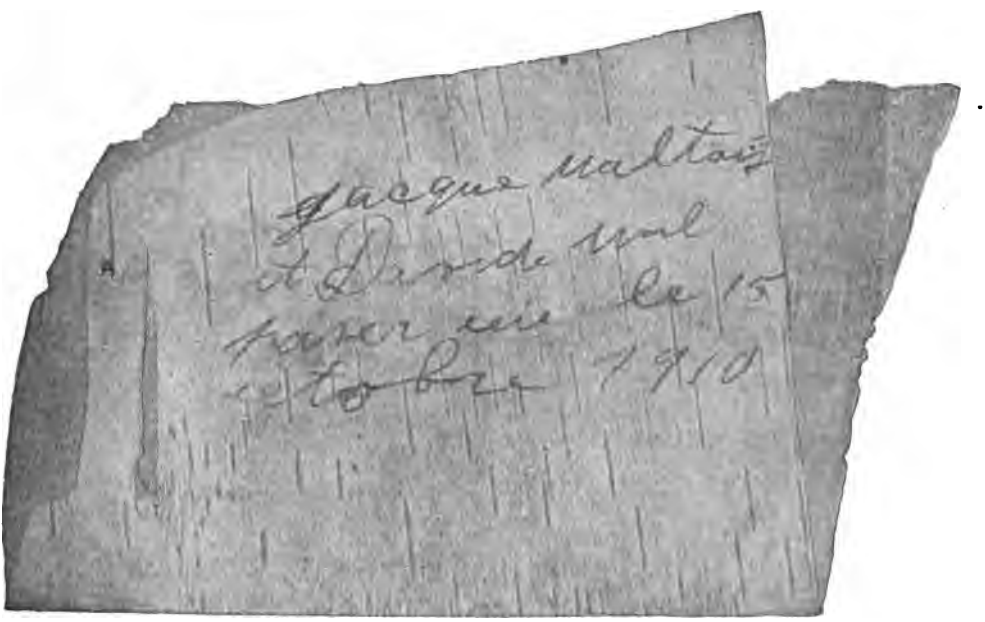
said they were starting on a trapping trip, to be gone about three weeks, and told us we were fortunate to find the camp of Jacques Maltais, a trapper whom they knew and who might be away for several days.

They deliberated some time, when finally Pedneaud said, "We will take you up the river in our canoe to the nearest habitation." We answered, "We must pay for this," to which he replied: "We came out to trap, and it will take our time. Of course, if you pay us, we shall be very glad not to have lost anything." That was all that was said about financial matters.

Hawley said, "Could you make us a cup of tea? We have not had anything hot for a week, and we are almost starved." Simard, who was the cook of the party, briskly made up the fire, and cut some big slices of bread and pork, which he soon had frying in the pan, sending out an odor that nearly drove us crazy with anticipation. The bread was from one of the big loaves which are baked in the outdoor clay ovens of the French *habitant*. With the juicy pork on top, and a cup of hot tea, it made probably the most delicious meal we had ever tasted. It is remarkable how different one's feelings can become in about ten minutes. The world had changed to a most delightful place, and these men, who were only two good-hearted fellows out for a vacation trapping muskrats, seemed to us to be emissaries of all our friends and of the whole universe. These men took our balloon-story as a matter of course, showing not the least excitement or wonder. Their side of the meeting contained in a signed declaration, in French, mailed from Chicoutimi on November 6, as translated, reads as follows:

We, the undersigned, Joseph Pedneaud, farmer, and Joseph Simard, shoemaker, both living at St. Ambroise, county of Chicoutimi, declare at the request of Mr. J. D. Guay of Chicoutimi:

On the 25th of October, a Tuesday, at 8 o'clock A.M., we were on our way hunting in a bark canoe, on the south side of Sotogama [Tchitagama] Lake, about two miles from the place where the River Blanche pours its water into the lake. We saw, on the north shore, a tent and some smoke, and paddled across to shake hands with Jacques



BIRCH-BARK RECORD OF THE OWNER OF THE TENT, FOUND ON A TRAIL OF THE HOMEWARD JOURNEY

In misspelled French it says that "Jacques Maltais and David Mal [possibly a brother, the "tais" being omitted] passed here October 15, 1910"—nine days before Hawley and Post reached their tent, and possibly left behind as the trappers came into the hunting-grounds from the settlement.

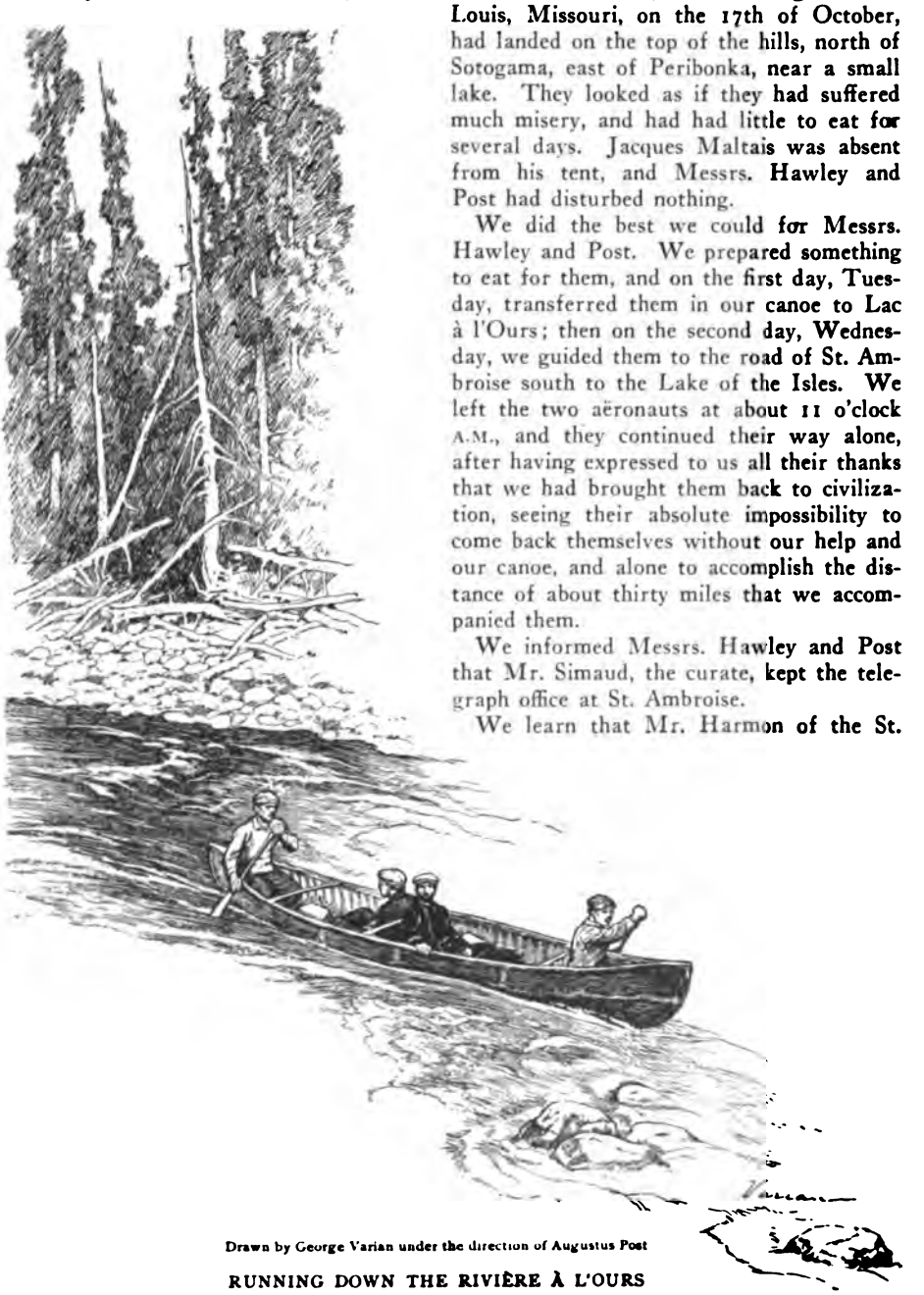
Maltais, a hunter, whom we thought to find in his tent.

A few moments before reaching the shore, a man came out of the tent, and halloed loudly. He was facing the mountain north of the lake, and did not see us. About a minute later, one of us, Joseph Pedneaud, answered by a loud hallo. When they heard that cry the man we had seen first and his companion, who was still inside the tent, came near the lake, and both of them offered their hands, and expressed all the gladness they were feeling in seeing us come to their succor. They said that their names were Hawley and Post, and that they were both aëronauts who, after starting from St. Louis, Missouri, on the 17th of October, had landed on the top of the hills, north of Sotogama, east of Peribonka, near a small lake. They looked as if they had suffered much misery, and had had little to eat for several days. Jacques Maltais was absent from his tent, and Messrs. Hawley and Post had disturbed nothing.

We did the best we could for Messrs. Hawley and Post. We prepared something to eat for them, and on the first day, Tuesday, transferred them in our canoe to Lac à l'Ours; then on the second day, Wednesday, we guided them to the road of St. Ambroise south to the Lake of the Isles. We left the two aëronauts at about 11 o'clock A.M., and they continued their way alone, after having expressed to us all their thanks that we had brought them back to civilization, seeing their absolute impossibility to come back themselves without our help and our canoe, and alone to accomplish the distance of about thirty miles that we accompanied them.

We informed Messrs. Hawley and Post that Mr. Simaud, the curate, kept the telegraph office at St. Ambroise.

We learn that Mr. Harmon of the St.



Drawn by George Varian under the direction of Augustus Post

RUNNING DOWN THE RIVIÈRE À L'OURS

Louis Aëro Club has offered a considerable reward to the man, or men, who should bring back to civilization, dead or living, the aëronauts of the "America II," and we claim that we are entitled to that reward.

We authorize the National Bank of Chicoutimi to receive, in our names, this reward, and the agent, Mr. F. A. Gauthier, to sign all necessary documents.

We have made the above declaration, knowing that they have the same force and value as if they had been made under oath, and according to the "Proof Act" of Canada.

(Signed) *Joseph Pedneaud.*
Joseph Simard.

Made in double copy.
Declaration made in my presence at Chicoutimi, this 4th of November, 1910.

(Signed) *J. D. Guay,*
Commissaire Cour Supérieure.

AFTER our repast, we made our packs and gave the revolver and box of cartridges to Simard, who was much pleased. The men hid their traps, gun, flour, and extra supplies by a stump in the brush, and bade us enter the birch-bark canoe, which, as a primitive form of transportation, was the antithesis of the airship by which we had arrived. Such a canoe seems like a fish as it glides over the stones, which can be felt through the thin bark, and is almost as sensitive as a balloon to the slightest movement made by the pilot. Made with consummate skill to combine strength with lightness, so that it may be carried on the shoulders over difficult trails or portages, it may be called the Indian pony of the forest, and has played a great part in the spread of American civilization.

With our packs in the middle, Hawley sat with his back to the bow, facing Joseph Pedneaud in the stern. I faced the bow, where Simard, Indian-fashion, rested on his knees, leaving his body and arms free to work the paddle. With mingled feelings, we pushed from the bank in front of Maltais's tent and in ease glided past the shore, which had been so difficult to cover on foot. We had not gone far before Simard uttered an exclamation, whipped out the pistol, and pointed it at the head of a muskrat swimming away as we noiselessly drifted toward him. Simard pulled the trigger, but Mr. Rat dived under the water, and did not come up again, although we waited for some time to see if he would return friendliness for animosity, as the squirrel had done to me.

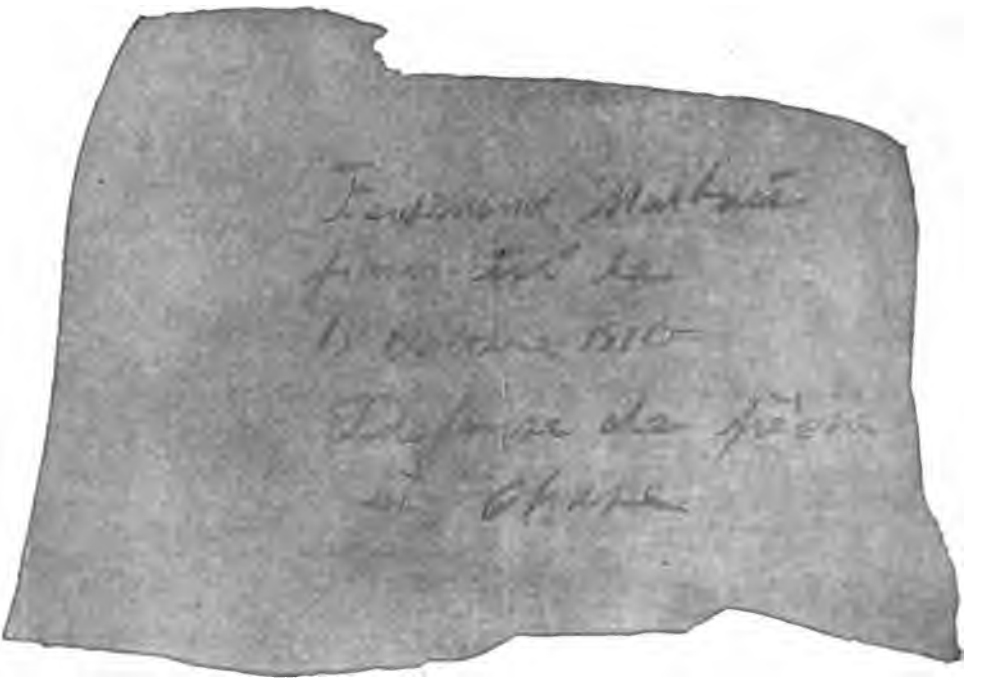
At the head of the lake there was a portage around some rapids. We took up our packs, Pedneaud carried the canoe, while Simard shouldered the rest of the outfit. Each time before the canoe was returned to the water some of the seams were pitched from a small pail that was carried. Then we paddled up the narrow river, with bushes and trees on each side almost shutting us in, and no sound but the drip of the paddle. But after a time we could see rapids ahead, and soon it was necessary for Hawley and me to get out and make our way along the bank while the two men waded in the water, sometimes up to their waists, and dragged the canoe around and over the rocks. We spent the day in this manner, stopping for luncheon at the end of a portage, and coming toward evening to Lac à l'Ours, on the southern watershed, from which once flowed the little river of that name, but which now runs in a near-by channel. On the trail we found many camping-places. Eight or ten Indian families had recently passed, the men, women, and children making many trips back and forth on the portages to get their supplies across. They follow the reverse of our route to Tchitagama Lake, then enter the Peribonka River, and go as far as the head waters, where they spend the winters hunting and trapping, returning in the spring to sell their pelts and to purchase supplies.

On various trails we found pieces of birch-bark folded and stuck in split sticks with messages written on the bark to indicate a trapper's route, sometimes saying that no fishing and hunting would be allowed in the locality where the trapper was. I brought away two of these, one bearing the autograph of Jacques Maltais, our absent host, and the other possibly that of his brother.

While our tent was being set up and fire-wood cut, I got out hook and line and, improvising a rod, went to Lac à l'Ours, where I caught a dozen trout for breakfast. After enjoying fried pork and bread and the remainder of our rolls, toasted, we talked with Pedneaud about the country, and explained in great detail, with the aid of a map drawn by

me on a strip of birch-bark, the position of the balloon and of the instruments which we had left on trees along our line of march. We also showed him a map of our trip from St. Louis, and told about having been twenty thousand feet in the air. After a while I overheard him muttering to himself in his French dialect: *"Vant mille pies haut! vant mille pies haut!"* It required much explanation, aided by the barograph chart, before he fully counting the cartridges. When I made a noise he put them away, but evidently, like a child, he had been dreaming of a new toy.

At dawn we had a good wash at the lake, and soon trout were sizzling in the frying-pan. Then with light hearts we paddled down the Rivière à l'Ours. With a good wind at our backs, and under a light sun, we were soon well along to the final portage, which came almost too



CHARACTERISTIC BIRCH-BARK RECORD, FOUND ON A TRAIL OF THE HOMEWARD JOURNEY

Translated, it reads: "Ferdinand Maltais passed here October 13, 1910. Forbidden to fish and hunt."

was made to realize that the feat was not impossible. As a reward for apparent confidence in our veracity, we gave Pedneaud our hard rubber waterproof match-box, on which I scratched a fitting inscription.

A peaceful camp-fire was built in the stove of the tent, which became as hot as Tophet; the wet clothes were hung on the ridge-pole, and the shoes piled in one corner. When four of us sought repose in the little tent, it was a hard job to keep some of our feet from sticking out. After a while we got to dozing. About 2 o'clock I awoke, to find Simard sitting up, examining the revolver by the light of the fire, pointing it at imaginary game, and carequickly. Upon the high bank was a cleared space for the wagons that transport packs and canoes from the village, five miles away.

Pedneaud said, "Now all you have to do is to follow this trail, and it will bring you to the nearest house."

Hawley answered: "Why won't you come with us to the village? You can get more supplies, and we shall be glad to provide you with anything you may want."

To that Pedneaud replied: "No, we should rather go back now. We are anxious to return. You will have no further trouble."

We asked how much we owed them, and Pedneaud said:

"It will be three days' work for us, coming and going back. Would two dollars a day be too much?"

We had already decided to double whatever they thought would be right, and we gave them, besides, our blankets and other equipment. Their hearts overflowed with joy, and after putting us on the trail, they shook our hands warmly. As they were leaving, I thought of a ceremony which had been omitted, and called them back. Producing our cherished bottle of cognac, I asked Pedneaud to drink with us. He answered, "I will take a drink," and, holding the bottle to his lips, had a draft which made me anxious for Simard, who, nevertheless, secured a share, with enough left for us to follow suit. Thus, at the parting of the ways, was drunk a health to cement a friendship timely and strong.

With light hearts we hastened forward, thinking only of reaching Belmont Park before Saturday, which we knew would be the great day of the aviation meet. Finally in a clearing we saw a neat frame-house. To my knock a clear voice answered, *"Entrez!"* I opened the door, to see a young, graceful French Canadian girl at a spinning-wheel placed in the middle of the bare floor; a crucifix was attached to the wall over the big mantel, and sunbeams lighted the room. The girl rose, and I asked in French if we could get a horse and wagon to take us to Chicoutimi that afternoon. She replied that her husband was away, but if we would inquire at the next house, they might serve us; and to a second inquiry she added that a telegraph office would be found about two miles farther on.

The scene at the next house was different. Family washing was on the line. Children scampered from the door as we opened it. An old man was sitting in a rocking-chair holding two youngsters on his knee, while the wife was clearing the dinner-table. After we had explained our wants, we were asked to have something to eat, and it was a welcome feast. Big eyes followed the story of our travels, and when we told about the balloon, I am sure we were thought to be visitors from the celestial regions.

Soon the horse was hitched to the habitant's buckboard, with covered seat. Sitting on our knees, in his greatcoat, with a tippet about his neck and wearing his best black crown hat, with the eldest boy in behind with his little rifle, the old man called out "Heday!" to the horse, and soon the church spire and the houses of Rivière à l'Ours appeared, spread out along the muddy road.

We pulled up at the government house. A tall man, the Rev. Abel Simaud, of the parish of St. Ambroise, greeted us in English, and Hawley urged him to get Chicoutimi on the wire as quickly as possible, to transmit messages which we prepared with haste. Books and papers were scattered about the room, plants were in the windows, and telegraph instruments, with reels of paper, clockwork, and brass keys served almost as ornaments to the table. The priest began to make sounds on the instrument, and after a time of anxious waiting he announced that the wire was broken, due, he thought, to a fallen tree. Hawley asked for a glass of milk. The father looked a little worried, came over close, and whispered, "Would n't you gentlemen like a little glass of wine after your difficult journey?" Hawley replied that he thought he would prefer a glass of milk. Then the priest ushered us into the dining-room, and producing a little pitcher, such as is used for after-dinner coffee, was about to pour it into a wine-glass, when Hawley realized that milk must be more of a luxury there than wine, and that probably this was all there was in the town. So he relieved the tension by saying he thought a glass of wine would be better, after all, and we drank the health of the king.

On going back to the front room, we noticed a French paper on the table, with a big head-line about Hawley and Post lost in the wilderness, and all the powers of the Canadian Government being rallied to their rescue. We showed it to the priest, and he read it in great excitement, exclaiming: "This is you! Are you these gentlemen?" Sounds from the telegraph instrument broke in at this moment, and, to our joy, we knew communication was established. In a few moments messages were flying to Hawley's brother, to my sister, and to the Aëro Club of America.

A ride into the night by buckboard followed, behind one of the best of little Canadian ponies. How we were jounced,

and how briskly we got out and walked up the steep grades of the many hills encountered on the way! We were hoping to be in time for the morning train from Chicoutimi, which we reached finally about 10 o'clock by a shallop-ferry across the broad Saguenay.

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In the early morning we decked ourselves in borrowed linen and shoes, breakfasted on moose steak and trout, and hastened to the train, not forgetting, however, to obtain a legal document which was one of the requirements for our landing certificate. Near Kiskisink, where the German balloon "Düsseldorf" had landed, Herr Gericke believing that he had won the race, we were wined and dined by the division superintendent at the station restaurant; and just outside Quebec we were met by a vanguard of reporters, and an official dinner was tendered by Mr. Gebhard Willrich, the American consul. At the station, Mr. Spangler, representing the Aëro Club of St. Louis, rushed into the car, giving us a fervent welcome, and congratulations were received from every one, from the governor-general, Lord Grey, and Premier Laurier down to the "buttons" at the door of the hotel, who remembered me from the time of the Glidden automobile tour. A special emissary from the Aëro Club of Montreal came to arrange for a breakfast in our honor in the morning; and Mr. August Belmont of the Aëro Corporation, and our friends in New York and elsewhere, overwhelmed us with telegraphed greetings.

Early in the day of our departure from St. Louis, Mr. Hawley telegraphed the Aëro Club of America that he was again competing for the cup with which the club had commemorated Lieutenant Lahm's American victory in the first Gordon Bennett cup race. This additional award to him (together with gold medals of the club to him and his aide) was received with very great satisfaction.

By the roughest computation we knew that "America II" had won this last Gordon Bennett race, and also that we had made the American record voyage in the air. We were encouraged also to hope that Mr. Hawley had surpassed the world's record of 1193 miles achieved by Count de la Vaulx in 1900. About three weeks after our return General Allen, Chief Signal Officer of the United States, reported to the Aëro Club that reckoning from data given them (but not by us), we were twenty-two miles behind the world's record, with 1171 miles to our credit; and forty miles in advance of the "Düsseldorf," which was given a flight of 1131 miles. Captain Abercron in "Germania," was third in the race with a record of 1079 miles.

It is probable that Mr. Hawley will ask the Aëro Club of America to send experts to the actual landing-place, so that the latitude and longitude may be determined beyond question, it having been our belief, based on the evidence of our compass, that we landed a good number of miles northeast of the junction of Lake Tchitagama and the Peribonka River.

On November 14, Georges Savard, a guide of St. Leonard, Chicoutimi, wrote to Mr. Hawley that he and three others had found the balloon in good condition, and packed it for a trip out, on snow and ice, in December. If it should turn out that it holds the world's record, the owner of "America II," Mr. J. C. McCoy, desires to present the balloon to the Aëro Club of America as a souvenir of notable victories, and also for use in races of a national and international character. By courtesy of the lender it has been the instrument of three straight victories, first by Mr. Mix in the fourth Gordon Bennett race from Zurich, 1121 miles to Warsaw, then by Mr. Hawley (with me as aide) in the National Championship race from Indianapolis on September 19, 1910, when Mr. Hawley qualified for the contest here described.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

ONE LESSON OF THE ELECTION

THE interpretations of an election vary with the taste and fancy of the interpreter. The old farmer who believed in special Providences, "when I want to," has his kindred among those who are so forward in saying that a given election "means" this, that, or the other personal or partizan thing. Complacent politicians say, "It means that the people want *me*." Exulting partizans affirm, "It means that the voters are done with *your* party for good and all." November 8, 1910, was no exception. It taught all sorts of contradictory things, if we may believe the rival expounders of that day's voting. But, turning from their competing clamors, is there not one lesson, impersonal and non-partizan, which stands out in the returns from various parts of the country?

Through all the political cross-currents, one clear tendency, one strong desire of the people, can everywhere be made out. It is the strengthening movement to tone up government generally, to make it better in purpose, cleaner in personnel, and more efficient in method. If any party or any leader is looking for the real mandate of the State and congressional elections of 1910, it may be found in this. There has been much talk of the determination of the citizens to pronounce for or against certain policies, and to approve or condemn one personality or another. All this is in the realm of uncertainty. What cannot be questioned, however, is the manifest intent of the voters to rebuke degradation of the public service, and to sustain all who are working to make office-holding signify honesty and capacity. The verdict of the highest court of appeal on election day may have brought discouragement to one party and hope to another, joy or depression to candidates, but it yielded only good cheer to those who have all along contended that the people will always rise to intelligent leadership, and that their deepest wish is to pluck their government from the hands of the spoilsmonger and the trafficker.

The demonstration was made in two ways. First, the futility of depending upon patronage to carry an election was again made glaring. The use of office-holders to pack conventions and to "hold the party in line" for the polls has more than once been shown in American politics to be a broken reed to lean upon, but the lesson was never more bitingly taught than in the elections of this year. In more than one State, haughty "Senatorial privilege"—being the right to name all the postmasters and marshals and collectors and impress them for political service—was openly struck down. The country showed that the system of *préfets* and *jefes,* to coerce localities into recording the decrees of the central government, cannot be established among us. Far from helping, the possession and employment of such political tools are a hindrance. The wholesome proof of that is writ large in this year's voting, which also set once more the seal of popular disapproval upon the petty bosses who think to act as the indispensable go-betweens, or agents, in all that relates to expressing and enforcing the popular will. They would condescendingly take charge of the business of choosing legislatures and congress, in the spirit of Mehemet Ali, who declared that he intended to have a parliament, but that, to save the people inconvenience, he would "elect it himself." Americans have shown once more that they can do their own electing.

Elections are soon over and forgotten, but the impulse they give persists. This year it is perceptibly an impulse to a forward movement in buttressing and enlarging good government. The new lease of life apparently given to one of the great parties is contingent upon the use it makes of its bright opportunity. It is refreshing to note the general conviction that there is to be no backward step, especially in the matter of the merit system. In seeking to brace their party up, political leaders can

find no readier instrument than the bracing up of the whole public service. It is a doctrine laid down in the Koran, but one which the enlightened and Christian sentiment of the United States is now prepared fully to indorse: "A ruler who appoints any man to an office when there is in his dominions another man better qualified for it, sins against God and against the State."

No one can carefully study the signs of the times without concluding that this nation is ready and impatient for new conquests for reform in this matter, too. Indeed, the time is ripe for dealing the last blows to the spoils system. It may even be possible to arouse something like rivalry and competitive zeal between the two parties in completing the job. The steps in advance which President Taft has taken, and may yet take, to extend the classified service and to make the rule against the meddling of Federal office-holders in politics more rigid, not only are good in themselves, but must provoke the Democrats also to good works. It is upon the latter party that there is now the greatest need and the best chance of bringing influences to bear in order to prevent its unthinking members, in the hour of victory, from plunging into the old melancholy round of huckstering with the offices, defying enlightened and progressive opinion, and then going down in deserved defeat. So far as the people are concerned, their minds are made up. They want their government made a business institution, not a scheme of rewards and punishments, nor yet one of outdoor relief for needy political workers; and they will be not only eager to welcome improvements, but swift to visit their wrath upon every betrayal of a reformed civil service.

LAWLESSNESS AND THE TRAINING OF THE YOUNG

APROPOS OF THE "BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA"

WHILE lawlessness, joined with the periodical strike, pursues its brisk career, nurtured by thoughtless sympathy and delicate regard for "the sacred rights of man,"—as belonging to the few, while they are engaged in violating the rights of the many,—it will help to an understanding of the human error in these outbreaks to reflect that nine tenths of such lawlessness is committed by persons between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five.

Youth is always eager for excitement and careless of the source; in its vigor and daring it is always willing to serve older and more cautious heads who have purposes that need reckless hands to realize them. And what purpose could be more ingratiating to youth than the promise of more wages in return for unquestioning, and, if necessary, turbulent loyalty to a special cause?

Veiled in phrases of association and betterment, such a purpose appears to be peaceful and unselfish; but when that purpose meets an obstacle in somebody else's purpose, when the cherished purpose can be immediately furthered only by violence, the necessary physical force is usually applied with youth's heedless disregard of the remoter consequences. For youth does not readily perceive that the larger opportunity offered by law and order, and the larger freedom derived from devotion to country, are both weakened by any measure of private success gained by lawless methods. But fine distinctions and remote benefits count for nothing. In these matters the germ of reason and the habit of subordination must be implanted by early training.

And, happily, youth is even more susceptible to the agreeable good suggestion than to the insinuating evil one, if only the good suggestion is offered before habits of insubordination have been acquired; before a "team" or a "gang" or an "association of drivers and helpers" is able to say to youth: "You are one of us. Our pleasure or interest requires that we should disturb the public peace, or that we should show our physical prowess, or that the heads of 'scabs' should be broken. It is disloyal to desert your associates when the home-going fun is furious, or when the gang contest is dangerous, or when the cause of wages is imperiled by interlopers hungry for the jobs of others; and anyhow, if you are disloyal to us now, *your* head will be the next that is broken."

According to an unwritten rule of all fraternities which on occasion find it opportune to employ some sort of force not sanctioned by law, "disloyalty" to them is a crime, while disloyalty to law and order is only, at the worst, a misdemeanor justified by necessity.

Youth is more responsive to the idea of loyalty than to any other human sentiment, because youth is social and susceptible; but the things it will be loyal to are a matter of training. If youth is not taught that family and country are the highest objects of loyalty, it will be in danger of devoting loyalty to objects inimical to family and country. Lack of proper training in this elemental principle is a crying fault of the time, and it is a lack which accounts largely for the widespread growth of sportive, wilful, and associative lawlessness.

It is only necessary to affirm that old-fashioned standards of youthful subordination to parental authority have mostly disappeared from American life; the facts leave no room for argument. If it were possible to repair the shaken family authority (for such training must proceed from firm and orderly minded parents) it could be done only after long, persistent, and general effort. A higher average of intention to guide is probably maintained in the families of artisans than among the very well-to-do, because such parents know from environment that disorderly steps verge on ruin. But what shall be said of the poor who have not enough of anything but children, and are too busy with the bread-and-butter problem to give much attention to training! In the great cities the little boys of the crowded districts are impelled to association and action by the primal needs of human development, and in their case the absence of direction and training is a peril both to them and to the nation.

But a means has been found to repair in part the lack of home-training for youth in "The Boy Scouts of America." This is a movement which is applicable to boys of all classes, which appeals to every natural youthful impulse, which brings every faculty into healthful action, and which, at the same time, enforces the principle that subordination is a real happiness in human association. It teaches also that loyalty belongs first to country, and that country is only a general name for law and order.

This, the most promising association of our time, is an outgrowth of the "Woodcraft Indians" which Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton, in a happy hour, set on foot to interest and instruct the youth of America. General Baden-Powell had the fine idea to extend the purpose of such a youthful association in giving to "The Boy Scouts" of England a broader training with a patriotic motive; whereupon Mr. Seton, with a practicability as ideal as it is brilliant, has grafted the English extension to the parent stem, and evolved a growth agreeable to every youthful taste and status, capable of the widest expansion, and destined to bear fruit of enormous benefit to the nation.

THE WONDER AND POETRY OF AVIATION

IMAGINE the sensations of one who, exploring or voyaging, might have been out of communication with the world during the last two and a half years, and who, on his return, in October last, might have been taken to witness the Aviation Meet at Belmont Park. Could anything have been more astounding than what he must have seen on that occasion, supplementing as it did the record of the two years' achievement in this field? The spectacle of the New Zealander sketching the ruins of St. Paul's from a broken arch of London Bridge hardly presents a greater challenge to the imagination. To say that aviation is progressing by leaps and bounds does not "begin" to express it. The speed of the aëroplane itself alone can suggest an adequate figure of speech. This is in accord with the prediction of Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, himself a pioneer and sturdy partizan of aëronautics, who, at a dinner at the Aldine Club in New York, April 28, 1908, said that he believed that when aviation was once proved practicable, its development would be phenomenally rapid. Far flights by balloon (one of the longest and most perilous of which Mr. Post describes in this number of THE CENTURY), and many trips by enormous dirigibles, with passengers and freight, show increasing, if not yet full, control of the lighter-than-air vehicle; while by the aëroplane the English and the Irish channels have been crossed, the Hudson has been followed from Albany to the sea, the Alps have been traversed, dazzling altitudes have been reached, prodigies of speed and endurance accomplished, and the end is not yet. A courageous attempt has been made to cross the Atlantic, and we may confi-

dently look for the accomplishment of this spectacular feat, which is no longer a question of the essence of the flight, but of supplementary study of meteorology, and of subsidiary conditions such as motive power, precision of steering, and adjustment of resources; for, once a principle is established, the rest is a matter of degrees of space and time, and, as the Germans say, "Space and Time are no gods."

When therefore Mr. Wilbur Wright says (as he did to an astonished interlocutor during the meet) that the wonderful progress is in the practice of the art rather than in the science itself, he does not mean to put a damper on one's enthusiasm, but rather to reflect the chief interest of the Wright brothers, who (with Dr. Bell, Octave Chanute, and Langley) were pioneers of scientific research in this field. They are as much interested in speed and altitude as any of the later aviators, but their first regard is to soar into the unknown of Science, to find the principles underlying all empiricism. Yet, once a beginning has been made, the ocular demonstration of what can be done will enlarge the scientific horizon and concentrate the study of many inventors upon the problem. Aviation promises to be to transportation what wireless telegraphy is to communication.

We have spoken of the astonishment of the spectator. Straining his eye for the first glimpse of a biplane that has disappeared in the zenith, when he at last perceives it, he may indeed feel

> like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken.

The thought that that speck, catching the glint of the sun far beyond the cloud-heights of our ordinary apprehension, is not an eagle breasting the sky, but a fellow-man in a machine of man's devising, is staggering to our credulity. It is like Keats before the Elgin marbles:

> My spirit is too weak; mortality
> Weighs heavily on me like unwilling sleep.

And whether it be the lightning-like swiftness, the gliding beauty, or the dancing rhythm and flow, of these new yachts of the air, we seem at last to have reached the goal of the man who despaired of inventing a new sensation.

But what must be the feelings of the sensitive aviator himself? If "the undevout astronomer is mad" the same might be said of the flippant aviator. What the air-men have been reported as saying of their experiences has reflected something more than mere daring. These men are not only sober-minded, but full of feeling. "You must feel or you can't fly," said an expert recently, and to hear them speak of their emotions is inspiring.

And what shall be the impressions of the poets who shall some day share these wonderful experiences? If, as is said, half of all poetry is about the stars, shall there not come from such a voyager of day and night something greatly imaginative? He may give us a counterpart of Wordsworth's

> Up with me, up with me into the clouds!
> For thy song, lark, is strong,

and be indeed like the skylark an "ethereal minstrel" and a "pilgrim of the sky" and, metaphorically as well as literally, "outsoar the shadow of our night." Meanwhile, the devotee of the Muse, who, unlike other artists, hesitates in any general company to confess his art, must feel, as one at the recent banquet to aviators at New York declared he did, that here at last was a body of men in the midst of whom a poet might not seem out of place. One thinks what Shelley or Whitman might have done with such a theme. That the vision of the latter, most modern and comprehensive of seers, did not compass the achievements of human flight and its effect—upon war, for instance,—is as high a tribute as any to the novel wonders of the art—wonders which an imaginative age is already accepting as commonplaces.

OPEN LETTERS

ON GUESTPITALITY

From Mrs. Van Pelt, at the Twin Oaks, to her Brother in Seattle

Hamptonville,
September 28.

Dear Henry: I can scarcely believe that your letter came through the mail with a two-cent stamp. It should have been proclaimed by a postman's horn or dropped by a yellow-bodied stage at my door. What! You fancy us reading aloud by the evening lamp, or the girls playing a score of the new opera at the piano, while the men stand by, turning over the music! Really, I did not dare to show your letter to Tom and Gladys, lest they should burst into shouts of irreverent laughter, and insist on reading it aloud to the young people with whom our house is filled, or, rather, crammed, for Tom's room looks like a hospital ward lined with cots, and every corner crowded with humanity. All day the ubiquitous young people stretch themselves in hammocks, or tune mandolins (most distressing of sounds) by the fireside. A few adventurous ones, with masks like burglars and veils like women criminals, are flying about the country in motors, or, armed with clubs, have started for the golf-links. They will come home late for meals, with wind-blown hair and a generally battered effect.

The girls usually have breakfast in their rooms, and come down-stairs arrayed for sport, in tennis or boating costumes. For half an hour they pose on the veranda, each girl seizing upon the dog or cat which best harmonizes with her costume. The men lounge about with cigarettes, the ashes of which they flick upon my newly swept floor. If I appear, the girls stand at obviously uncomfortable angles and seem to be intent only on learning my errand and getting rid of me as quickly as possible. The men busy themselves in selecting golf-sticks. Those who are seated do not rise. Those who are standing do not bow. I am there to take my orders, which I do as quickly as possible after learning their plans for the day, and leave hastily to make preparations.

It is evident at once that Miss Hadley has made up her mind to go for the mail in the dog-cart with Tom. She announces the fact with what our generation would have considered effrontery, and what this one calls efficiency. Tom languidly assents, and his friends offer to throw rice after the departing couple. On my return from the garden an hour later, I judge that they have carried out the pleasantry, as the steps are strewn with white, and John must leave his work to brush off the mussy substance.

Luncheon is occupied with chaffing, chiefly in regard to matters on which I am uninformed, so that I am left to a solitary meal, except when one of the young men on one side or the other makes a labored attempt to ask me a question suited to my years and remoteness. Before he has heard my answer, however, he has turned to help the girl next him to push in her hatpins.

Gladys—well, I am glad you cannot see Gladys, for I fear you would think that she was disgracing the family. She has a scion of Lenox on one side and a scion of Newport on the other, and she is "adapting" herself. The trio have seized the leaves laid as decoration on the table, and are crowning one another, regardless of the fact that one man's elbow has upset the claret jug over my old mahogany.

After luncheon the motors are brought out, and I find, to my surprise, that none of the girls have wraps. "So clumsy, to carry, you know, for a week-end." Therefore there is a demand upon the outer garments of Gladys and myself. These are selected by our guests with the same view to effect as are the dogs and cats. I tremble when I see my white opera-cloak wrapped playfully about the head and ears of Mr. Forrest; but before the motor takes the sweep of the drive, the wrap has been thrown into the back of the car, to be ready for the probable need of Miss Van Dine.

At seven the dog-cart goes to the station for my husband, who enters unannounced, and comes direct to my dressing-room. His forehead is wrinkled, and he mutters something about "young cubs" and "the last time," so that, instead of pouring out my woes to him, I suggest that it is time to dress for dinner—"Besides, for Gladys's sake—she is really getting on very well: she knows her New York, and is civil to the right people."

In the evening bridge-tables are brought out, and those who do not play gather in a circle about the fire, which takes off the chill from these September evenings. The girls seem to prefer sitting on the floor, although there are plenty of chairs. Dick and I retire to his den for a quiet game of piquet. As the den has no fire, I send for my opera-cloak, which, I observe with regret, has two mud spots on the back. Dick envelops himself in his overcoat, and at ten takes himself off to bed. I draw the lamp nearer, and read the latest novel, which has been recommended to me by one of the girls, though the men say that she should never have read it. Before I finish I agree with the men.

When Monday morning comes, breakfast is fixed for an uncomfortably early hour; but I rise valiantly, and find, to my surprise, that the girls, although they have no business in town, also intend to take the early train. I wonder why.

Whether I shall receive notes of thanks—"roofers," as they call them—from any of my guests is problematical, and, indeed, I am not much concerned about that formality. Tom and Gladys are going to a house-party in Lenox this week, so Dick and I will have our home to ourselves, thank Heaven!

I see your face grow long as you read this letter, and I realize, as I write, that I have drawn only one side of the picture. I have said nothing of charming Bessie Norton, who devotes herself to forwarding all my plans, and has even relieved me of the daily cutting and arrangement of the flowers, and with delightful taste; or of Walter Burwell, who is my right-hand man, and appreciates to the full all the duties of a visitor. If only there were more like them! If only the rising generation had an adequate sense of what a friend of mine has called "guestpitality," as the correlative of "hospitality," what a pleasure it would be to a hostess to gather a group of young people under her roof-tree and watch their enjoyment!

Affectionately,

Emilie.

ON GARDENING BY CLERGYMEN

To the President of Union Theological Seminary, New York

Sir: Will you permit me to mention what seems to me a grave defect in your curriculum, to which I am sure your attention has not been called? Some time ago Professor Charles S. Sargent of the Arnold Arboretum, Harvard University, was speaking with me of the pathetic absence in America of what, for lack of a better adjective I may call the garden-wise clergyman. (I use the noun in its widest significance.) In England he abounds: he writes not only with facility, but with authority, for the horticultural press; occasionally he is an expert in some one line; sometimes he originates new varieties: the exquisite Shirley poppies had their beginning in a vicarage garden. Notable examples of this type of clergyman were the late Dean Hole and Canon Ellacombe.

In America the case is different. Here the title of "Reverend" carries no comfortable assurance to the budding gardener. "Perhaps," said the learned dendrologist, as he considered the situation regretfully, "the ministers here find it so much harder work to save souls that they have no time for horticulture." The loss to horticultural literature, however, is slight, compared with the loss to the community and to the church through this sad lack in the training of the clergyman.

This subject was also touched upon at a recent meeting of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. There had been a lecture on the lately awakened interest in farming in New England, and the subsequent discussion surged about that rock in the way of progress—the old-time farmer who, with

the utmost cheerfulness, raises his stout umbrella of prejudice against the beneficent shower of pamphlets rained upon him by the Department of Agriculture and will have none of their healthful influence upon his land. It was then that Robert Cameron, the head gardener of the Harvard Botanic garden, made a pregnant suggestion.

"The Department of Agriculture," he said, "should get hold of the country minister. The minister is not so afraid of a new idea from a book—he could be taught: and the farmers would take from the minister what they 'll not take from the Government bulletins—advice. They have the habit of listening to the minister.

"Consider his spare time!" went on the worthy Scotchman, as he warmed to his subject, though with perhaps the out-of-door man's estimate of intellectual labor. "What has he to do? A sermon on Sunday and a bit of prayer-meeting once a week! He could do more for the improvement of agriculture than any one else in the community."

Consider for a moment, my dear sir, how beautifully the suggestion, if carried out, would operate!

We will suppose the agriculturally trained clergyman entering upon his field of labor, a small country parish. The old system of the "glebe" is to be restored, and instead of taking up his abode in a small house, the parsonage, an abandoned farm is purchased for him. Here, while living upon his painfully inadequate salary, he could beautifully typify his labors in the spiritual field by bringing the apparently worthless estate back into fertility—not by superfluity of capital, as the thing is accomplished by fat-pursed city-folk who turn to farming, but by wise planting, careful selection of crops, and judicious management. How noble an object lesson to the thriftless and impecunious in his parish!

And would not the country minister who could do this thing rise in the estimation of his flock? How would his prayer-meeting flourish! Instead of being supported by worthy spinsters in no great need of repentance, hither would flock the hard-working and interested farmers, who, after the service, would eagerly consult the minister about a threatening symptom of the oat-crop or a malady among the cattle. The minister would see more of the young men, who, observing the possibility of a livelihood on a farm, would come to the minister for advice before making for the city from sheer restlessness. Of a Saturday morning the country minister would gather the children for a lesson in gardening, for with them lies the hope of the community. Here he surely would find a better opportunity for acquaintance with the small boy and for awakening his mind to spiritual things than when that same urchin, unhappy in his Sunday best, wriggles unwillingly on the bench of the Sunday-school.

To the minister himself the advantages are obvious. He would gain greatly in the respect of the community; he would be one with them, and share their problems; also, he would have a better living, and gain in self-respect. To replenish a diminishing purse, he could look forward to the apple-crop instead of a donation party. When old age came upon him, instead of the haunting fear of losing his charge, he might retire at pleasure, sure of a home and a comfortable livelihood. There is no lack of precedent for this temporal anchor to windward. St. Paul had his craft of tent-making and worked at it when occasion served.

And then the benefit to the clergyman's health. The farmer-clergyman is provided with an antidote against nerve-exhaustion; pecuniary worry would be lessened, his children would have the benefits of that farm-training which Dr. Stanley Hall considers exceptionally beneficial to youth. Then, too, what richness of illustration, what wealth of material, would the farm afford! The subtlety and marvelous diversity of the attacks of sins would be visualized for him in his battles with noxious insects. He would learn the care and training of the young in tending his infant seedlings: he would learn that nothing so renders immune from the attacks of the Enemy as a sturdy and healthful normal growth; that preventive measures are better than the most drastic cures; in short, his garden would teach him more than his books.

As to how the study might be introduced, that can present no great difficulty. The instruction could be given in a summer school, or your own students could probably take advantage of the recently opened course in agriculture at Columbia University.

In conclusion I earnestly commend this suggestion to your consideration, and trust that I may live to see notable improvement in American communities due to the general prevalence of the Garden Edition of the Country Clergyman.

Very respectfully yours,
A Country Parishioner.

REPLY

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY,
New York, July 23, 1910.

My dear Country Parishioner:

Not *my* parishioner, indeed, for, alas! I have no parish; and if I were to say "par-

ishioner dear to me," how this simple change of the phrase would transform our polite and distant relationship! But still, in all respect and safe conventionality, my dear Country Parishioner, your appeal has fallen on listening ears.

The prospect you hold out is alluring. That reference to the leisurely habit, so favorable to gardening, and, in turn, fostered by gardening,—that picture of a benevolent, elderly gentleman, bending affectionately over the delicate blossoms, and cherishing each one severally in his heart; that aroma of old-fashioned flowers and herbs of long ago, renewed each spring, the atmosphere of minster and close, removed from push and struggle, breathing only peace,—what fascination it all has for the hard-worked man! And then, when we are beginning to feel its charm as a temptation, and remember such words as "need" and "duty," how skilfully you turn the influence of it all upon the lives of country-toilers—the avenues of approach to the farmer's soul, the points of contact, the establishment of bonds of fellowship in higher things through sympathy in field and meadow and garden plot! And how convincingly you shew the way to an increase of the minister's scant stipend from the profits of his tillage! Indeed, he needs it. We at the seminaries have been often ready to say that churches deserve no ministers if they cannot free them from carking care. But young men, as we see them, are not mercenary or discontented. If there is good work to be done, men appear to do it, even though the restrictions of life be severe; and their wives, as heroic as they, back them up in it. Perhaps there ought to be no wives under these hard conditions. One imagines that there are places which men who will not marry ought to fill. And if a garden will change all this, then hail to the garden!

But there are some difficulties in the way of practising what you so insinuatingly preach, and, if you will not think me rude, I will name a few.

One difficulty relates itself to the obligation of the theological school to share the functions of the agricultural college. How is it practicable? You do not know what you are asking when you propose that we find time for another subject in a course of training crowded already beyond endurance. The announcement of studies open to our students for the coming year fills a pamphlet of thirty closely printed pages. What, then, shall we give up for agriculture? Shall it be Hebrew, that easy butt? Perhaps so, if you, dear Parishioner,—I am sure you have an inquiring mind,—will consent that your clergyman shall confess ignorance when you come to him with some queer puzzle from the Old Testament. Anyhow, where so much is possible, and so many things demanded, every student in a divinity school must do some picking and choosing, and how if he who has chosen rural life in his study shall find himself set thereafter to preach to factory operatives, who know as much of plants and crops as they do of the moon's other face? Perhaps the use of summer sessions and practice at experiment-stations may be the way of finding time and opportunity for those who will take it and can; with the chance always of some knowledge that has little direct use, after all, and serves only the purpose—no mean one, indeed—of giving breadth and variety to the thoughts.

Yet I have a twinge of conscience here, as always when "summer sessions" are on the carpet, for summers are tropical in our latitudes, and summer is our only vacation time, and we cannot afford to send out men with no stock of reserved vigor, to break down before their time. At most, it may be right to let them pitch hay and hoe potatoes, and pick up such science of farming as they can for a summer or two.

I must even suspect amiable illusion in the hope that his gardening will help eke out his salary. Shall he compete with his congregation in their very living? Can he do it successfully and visit sick-beds in serenity while the rain threatens his new-mown hay, or, with holy thoughts, follow the dead to the distant graveyard when his corn and peas are just fit for the table? Can he, mere man, be wholly bent on the spiritual good of his people, and at least half bent on adding a hundred or so to his meager share of dollars? Perhaps he can in other lands, but it has not been our way, and shall we learn it easily? Possibly it would not meet our case even if we should learn it. Voluntary giving is the principle of church support to which we are accustomed. I was told the other day of some churches whose humble pastors earned money by plying trades, and straightway gifts fell off; for the people said, "They earn money; they do not need ours." A better ideal would seem to be unreserved service of the spiritual life, on one hand, and, on the other, recognition of that service by

grateful support on the part of those to whom the service is rendered. The Census Bureau tells us that the average salary of the country minister in the United States is $573. Do you think, good Parishioner, that this fairly represents the debt of a community to the man whose one desire and effort is to keep heaven open above it? Do you think the country church understands what this service costs him in mind and heart? Do you think that, when it does, it will lay upon him the other gnawing anxiety as to the wherewithal for food and decent clothes, and health for his wife, and education for his children? Is not the cure for meager salaries, many and many a time, the rousing of that deep sense of obligation which lies in the hearts of parishioners, and sometimes lies asleep there?

But it is, after all, a great word, this of the fitness of a minister to lead his people in the affairs of their daily life, that he may lead them the more surely in the things of the spirit. Certainly the man who would be a real minister to people on the land, must know the land himself and love the land. Go on preaching your good lay-sermon, dear Parishioner, till service in the country churches grows to seem a service that ranks with the best. Preach it to your neighbors, also, that they may welcome a minister who desires to know and love the country and its ways, that they may bear with the mistakes of his inexperience, and generously teach him the things he does not know. Preach it so heartily that they shall value him as their friend and sympathizer and guide, who multiplies the worth of their life, and shall make their things his, as far as he needs such things. It will prove for you, too, a veritable cure of souls.

And so I thank you, and shall try to profit by what you say.

Yours in respect and gratitude,

The President of
Union Theological Seminary.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Drawn by J. R. Shaver

A FINE DISTINCTION

SYMPATHETIC LADY: What 's the matter my dear? Are you lost?

PRECOCIOUS CHILD: No, *I* ain't, but my auntie from the country is

THE CRICKET

BY MARION HAMILTON CARTER

A SOLITARY highwayman
Pursued me in the night,
Lunged at me with a thin steel song,
And put my sleep to flight.

His bold stiletto at my ear,
I could not choose but pay.
He robbed me of a sack of dreams
Before he went away.

SONG

BY WILLIAM F. MC CORMACK

WHERE are the fields of Arcady,
Of sweet desire and gentle thought,
Where love is like the burning rose
And roses wither not?

Where is the land of Romany,
Where life is one itinerant dance,
To-day a song upon the road,
To-morrow but a chance?

And where is gay Bohemia,
Where heart to heart is fondly bound?
Contentment is the wine they drink,
And every cup is crowned?

Arcady? 'T is a simple heart.
Romany? But a spirit free.
Bohemia? The clasp of hands—
And you yourself the three!

THE GREAT HEART TRUST

BY CAROLYN WELLS

WITH PICTURES BY LOUIS FANCHER

"WHAT is the matter, Kiddums?" said Dame Venus, as Cupid entered her boudoir, with his blue ribbon untied and limply dragging behind him, and his eyes shining through big tears, like bluebirds taking a bath.

"Mother, I 'm a ruined man," and Cupid flung himself into his own little chair, with a Delsarte gesture expressive of deepest dejection.

"What now, what now, my child?" gently inquired his beautiful parent, holding her hand-mirror a little to one side, that she might better perceive her troubled offspring.

"Why, just this. Some of those fools of finance have organized a Great Heart Trust."

"Oh, Cupid, not really! Then your occupation is indeed gone! They have taken the very hearts out of your mouth!"

"Yes, Mother; and aside from the loss of my business, just think how horrid it is to commercialize it so! Why, I went to their office to make sure the report was true, and there they were, those horrible magnets,—or whatever they call them,—huddled round a ticker, and yelling out to one another such things as these: 'Loyal Hearts preferred. Chicago making bold advance; sharp dealings noticed. Colorado Springs Hearts failed to rally; feeling weak and generally depressed; later, showed a slight reaction. Spinsters, no demand.' I don't know what it all means, I 'm sure; but I see my finish, and I may as well break my arrows and unstring my bow."

With a Delsarte gesture of vindictiveness and despair, Cupid doubled up his rosy, dimpled knee, and snapped an arrow across it, throwing the pieces on the floor. Then he began to unstring his beautiful, curved bow.

Venus looked sympathetically at her only son.

"Perhaps," she began, "it is n't as bad as you think, dear. Perhaps,—"

"Now, is n't that just like a woman!" exclaimed Cupid, his round, pink cheeks growing rounder and pinker as he stormed on. "I just guess, Mother, if you had been down to the Heart Exchange and had heard and seen what I did, you would n't say, 'Perhaps and perhaps.' Why, I strolled over to listen to two of the magnets talking. One man said there was a corner in the matrimonial market and the other said he was too visionary, for that market was n't at all affected by the Heart Trust. He said it was only a question of a deal in futures. I don't know what they mean by such talk as that."

"I 'm sure I don't either, Cupid," said Venus, laying down her mirror, for she had begun to realize that the question was serious and she must give it her undivided attention, which is a difficult matter for a real Venus. "Tell me more, Son."

"Well, I looked over a man's shoulder, and he was reading from another of those ticker things. He was a horrid man, not the kind I like to deal with, at all. He read things like this: 'Summer Girls. Sensational

Advances. No Reserve. Public wary. Actresses, not well supported, but best of financial backing; good figures.'"

"But, Cupid, dearie, you 're not interested in hearts like those, I hope."

"Now, Mother, you know perfectly well that a man in my business position is obliged to deal in all sorts of hearts. And I 've always had a monopoly of the market. Now the Great Heart Trust has spoiled my trade entirely." He broke another arrow across his knee, and his quiver seemed to have transferred itself to his rosy lips.

"But, Son," began Venus, hopefully, "does n't this affect city hearts only? Can't you go to the country, and in the flowery fields and lovers' lanes find all the business you can attend to?"

"No, Mother," and the curly head drooped like a dandelion at midday. "This Great Heart Trust is universal. I stole a look at one of their papers this morning, and one column was headed 'Rural Reports.' Then it said: 'Country, depressed, dull; moving slowly. Domestic Products, quiet and well-behaved; in great demand. Southern peach crop, very fine, quickly snapped up.' I can't understand all their queer terms, but I suppose I shall have to learn them."

"Yes, Cupid, do that. Meet them on their own ground, and fight them with their own weapons. You know more about hearts than they do; think of your long experience."

"Oh, Mother! Imagine me occupying a seat in the Heart Exchange! Why, I 'd have to wear a ticker ribbon instead of my blue sash. No, I never could learn their language. Why, they talk like this: 'Coquettes' hearts, Common stock; a declining movement shows a hardening tendency, but the stock is unsteady, with exciting effects.' And not only our own people are concerned, but they quote prices on Foreign Hearts, and, Mother, the rates are almost prohibitive. Then one report said, 'Fiancées' Hearts; do not fear local pressure!' Now, what can such talk mean? Then it said: 'Boston. (See Ice Trust.)' No, Mother, it 's no use; I can't understand their jargon."

"But, Cupid, you can learn. The age is progressive, and you must keep up with it. You know yourself that for some time your methods of dealing in hearts have been considered old-fashioned. Now you must try more up-to-date ways."

"But, Mother, some reports are so sad. Their paper said to-day that there were many heart failures reported. Why, one heart broke at sixty—during a period of depression! And then they quoted 'Hearts Bowed Down.' That seemed to be a falling market, with heavy sales. Several hearts were lost or stolen, and altogether it made me feel panic-stricken. And what do you think, they quoted 'Husbands' as inclined to firmness, but showing bearish indications! No, it 's all out of my line. I know my business, I 've practised it many, many years, and I 'm too old to learn new tricks."

Venus looked at her son in much the same way that any other mother looks at her child when she knows she can help him out of his difficulty.

"You dear, silly child," she said, "you 're needlessly alarmed. Every trust must have its day, but they all fail sooner or later. Bide your time, and after a while you 'll find that the trust is all over, and you can carry on the game in your own sweet way. I have heard of some kind of a queer machine, —I think it 's called a 'trust buster,' invented just on pur-

pose to break up these trusts. I 'll get you one. Now kiss me, and run away and play.'

Venus picked up her mirror again and sat gazing at her beautiful nose in rapt admiration of that classic member.

Cupid cheered up considerably. "Mother, you 're a blessing," he said as he kissed the tip of her ear. "But," he added, as he ran away to chase butterflies, "after this trust-buster thing has done its smashing, *won't* I have a time mending all the broken hearts!"

MYTHOLOGICAL ANIMALS

TEXT AND PICTURE BY OLIVER HERFORD

Drawn by Oliver Herford

X—THE UNICORN

THE Unicorn 's a first-rate sort.
He helps the Lion to support
The royal arms of England's King.
He has to work like anything.
Now would n't Leo's self be jarred,
If some day he should see his pard
Desert his arms, come off his perch,
And turn his tail to State and Church?

I wonder what a King would do
If his supporters all withdrew.
Perhaps he 'd try the Stage; a Throne
Should be an easy stepping-stone
To histrionic Heights, and who
Knows till he tries what he can do?
A King, with diligence and care,
Might rise to be a Manager.

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PORTRAIT OF A CHILD

FROM THE PAINTING BY LYDIA FIELD EMMET

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

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SHAKSPERE ON THE STAGE

FIRST PAPER: HAMLET

BY WILLIAM WINTER

"There is an order
Of mortals on the earth who do become
Old in their youth and die ere middle
age; . . .
Some of disease—and some insanity—
And some of wither'd or of broken hearts."
BYRON.

THE tragedy of "Hamlet," current on the stage for three hundred and eight years, has been acted thousands of times, and scores of actors have performed as the *Prince of Denmark*. Almost every actor who loves his profession wishes to act the *Prince*. and it is natural that he should wish to do so, the character being irresistibly attractive. Attributes fascinating to the imagination are combined in *Hamlet,* and, furthermore,—a fact which intensifies his inherent fascination,—he is the central figure in a romantic story which involves the awful mystery and sublimity of a preternatural environment. The list of actors who have played the part, if it were possible to obtain a complete one, would be prodigious; even an incomplete one would be very long, and it would include many forgotten names, with, of course, a few that still retain some luster of traditional renown. Authentic intimation, sometimes becoming description, of the manner in which *Hamlet* was dressed and acted by eminent actors of the past did not begin to glide into contemporary records until about two hundred years ago, and until a recent time it remained meager. Instructive particulars relative to that subject are accessible, however, and it will perhaps serve a good purpose of study to gather them into a brief chronicle.

The first representative of *Hamlet* was Richard Burbage, concerning whose performance no specific information has been found. The part was also acted in Shakspere's lifetime by Robert Taylor, and it is recorded that Shakspere personally imparted to Taylor his views of the manner in which it ought to be played, that Taylor performed it "incomparably well," and that Sir William Davenant, who had seen Taylor's performance, described it to Thomas Betterton.

The performance of it by Betterton,

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which is, to some extent, specifically depicted by Colley Cibber, provided the traditional method of acting it—a method which, more or less diversified, has survived to the present day. Betterton's performance, in 1661, appears to have been illumined by transcendent genius. One remark about it indicates its superlative excellence: "When I acted the *Ghost* with Betterton," said the famous Barton Booth, "instead of my awing him, he terrified me: but divinity hung round that man." Betterton was twenty-six years old when he first played *Hamlet,* but he seems to have made the part his own at once, and all his life he was peerless in it. At or about the age of seventy he was still able to play it, and even then his performance elicited cordial commendation. Steele, in "The Tatler," praised it, signifying that the aged actor had not lost his vigor, but appeared as "a young man of great expectation, vivacity, and enterprize." The dress of the *Prince,* as presented by Betterton, according to an authentic portrait which hangs in the Garrick Club in London, was almost ecclesiastical, particularly in the detail of a conspicuous white neckcloth. One account of the great actor's appearance mentions, as parts of his *Hamlet* attire, a cocked hat, shoulder-knots, and a full-bottomed wig, trappings obviously and ludicrously inappropriate to the character.

Correct dressing on the stage came into vogue gradually and slowly. It has not been customary, and it is not now, to modify the dress of *Hamlet,* in the course of a representation of the play, so as to make it consistent with the varying conditions of the man portrayed in Shakspere's text. Prior to the time when *Hamlet* first enters, he has not seen or heard of the apparition of his murdered father. *Ophelia,* who subsequently describes the *Prince's* appearance and attire, is not present in his opening scene. In that scene he would be clothed in raiment befitting his rank and princely condition. He wears black, whereas the *King,* the *Queen,* and the courtiers have discarded mourning robes; but, although a settled melancholy possesses him, his apparel should not be disheveled nor his person unkempt nor his visage distraught. The final shock—the vision and impartment of the *Ghost*—is yet to come. The unhappy man, indeed, is weary of life and has contemplated suicide, but his mental balance has not yet been vitally disordered. It is not till after the awe and terror of the midnight encounter with the *Ghost* that he breaks down altogether, and comes before *Ophelia,*

> With a look so piteous in purport,
> As if he had been loosèd out of hell,
> To speak of horrors.

From that time his aspect naturally would be that of a man whom anguish, corroding the heart and distracting the mind, has made heedless of dress and appearance, except in as far as innate, habitual delicacy would involuntarily prompt care of the person. He suffers acutely and continuously. He is incarnate misery. *Ophelia's* description of him,

> With his doublet all unbrac'd;
> No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
> Ungarter'd, and down-gyvèd to his ankle;
> Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other,

suits with that condition. She, with cause, believes him to be mad, and later she laments to behold

> That noble and most sovereign reason,
> Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.

The general custom of the stage, however, has been to present *Hamlet,* throughout every scene of the tragedy, as "the glass of fashion and the mould of form." The reason for that custom is obvious: if he were presented as continuously in the condition described by *Ophelia,* he would be to the general public less an object of sympathy. A spectacle of abject misery becomes tedious to the multitude. The wretched are soon forsaken.

Actors habituated to deep study and to thought would naturally, in their dressing and acting of *Hamlet,* be influenced by the conclusions they reach relative to the question of his "madness." No Shaksperean student is warranted in assuming that *Hamlet* is a victim of "maniacal-depressive insanity" and in need of a strait-jacket, or, with all due respect to the ingenious arguments of Dr. Connolly, that Shakspere intended the character as "a study in madness." There is no reason

From James Egan's mezzotint of the portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE AS *HAMLET*

to believe that the poet possessed exceptional scientific, physiological, or medical knowledge, or that when he wrote "Hamlet" he wrote as an alienist. There is some reason to believe that he built "Hamlet" on the basis of an earlier and bad play on the French "Hystorie of Hamblet," contained in Belleforest's "Historie Tragique," of which there was an English translation accessible in his time. It is certain, from the testimony of all his works, that he thoroughly knew human nature. In *Hamlet* he exhibited a representative image of pathetic experience, common in a greater or less degree to the human race, and the human race has therefore continuously manifested intense interest in it. John Philip Kemble noticed that any volume of Shakspere which had been habitually read would show signs of having been more frequently opened at the play of "Hamlet" than at any other. Commentators who maintain that *Hamlet* is drawn as consistently sane have pushed their contention to excess: that impassioned thinker and caustic writer Charles Reade, for example, intimated that a belief in *Hamlet's* "madness" is a symptom of insanity in the person who entertains it. But what are the facts? *Hamlet,* noble and gentle, a prince, invested with extraordinary charm, and placed at the summit of his social world, loving and beloved by a girl of singular spiritual and physical beauty, is suddenly stricken by the mysterious death of his father, whom he idolizes. He suspects foul play. He knows himself deprived of his royal inheritance. He sees his mother wedded with indecent haste to his uncle, whom he dislikes and instinctively suspects. He is prone to melancholy, and that predisposition, accentuated by bereavement and affliction, prompts him to brood on suicide and death. In that woeful condition he is confronted by a spirit from beyond the grave, apprised that his father has been murdered, that his mother has committed adultery with the murderer, to whom she is now married, and that the murderer wears the crown; and he is enjoined to execute revenge. Such an accumulation of anguish and horror, descending like an avalanche upon an already broken spirit, and bringing with it an overwhelming access of doubt and perturbation, might well be expected to paralyze the will. This it does, and the conduct of *Hamlet,* thereafter, under the stress of that awful experience, conclusively manifests a condition which would be fairly designated as "intermittent compound-confusional insanity," involving morbid emotional and mental disturbance "consequent upon shock." The wretched man wanders in the borderland between reason and madness. The scene with *Ophelia* is a heartrending exhibition equally of hopelessness of love and despair of reason. The projects of revenge contemplate not only slaughter of the bodies of his enemies, but provision for the eternal damnation of their immortal souls. *Claudius* is to be slain in such a way that "his heels will kick at heaven" and his "damn'd and black soul" go to "hell." *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern* are to be killed without allowance of even time for shrift. To infer that the condition and proceedings of *Hamlet* are invariably sane is surely somewhat to misapprehend the purport of the tragedy.

David Garrick, when acting *Hamlet,* whom he represented as a sane man assuming insanity, wore a court-dress of his time, that of King George III. His impersonation of the *Prince,* first given in 1742, has been the theme of much comment. There is emphatic testimony that it was princely in spirit and consistent and sustained in execution. Particular emphasis was laid by Garrick on the expression of filial love, and he caused an effect of prodigious emotion by his delivery of the passionate speeches, such as the passage beginning "Oh, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!" At the climax of the play scene, when *Hamlet* wildly vociferates the lines

> For some must watch while some must sleep,
> So runs the world away!

he pulled out a white pocket-handkerchief and, walking rapidly about the stage, twirled it spasmodically in the air. That "business" was long afterward repeated by Macready, with whom it seems generally to have been thought original, and it was for using that "business," not inappropriate, though rather finical, that Edwin Forrest hissed Macready at the Theater Royal, Edinburgh, in 1846. Barry Sullivan, in a later time, employed

After the painting by Benjamin Wilson

DAVID GARRICK AS *HAMLET*

that handkerchief expedient to express *Hamlet's* "idleness." In the interval between the time of Betterton and that of Garrick, *Hamlet's* counsel to the players was not spoken on the stage, but Garrick restored it. His treatment of the play in general, however, was not judicious. The tragedy is long, and for representation it must be cut. Garrick for a time omitted the *Grave-diggers;* and he discarded mention of the fatal catastrophe that befalls *Ophelia,* rejected the expedient of poisoning the *Queen,* causing her to become insane from remorse, and introduced a combat between *Hamlet* and the *King,* in which the *King* was killed. His version, as a whole, was a mutilation.

Robert Wilks, Spranger Barry, Thomas Sheridan, and John Henderson, all of the period extending from the time of Queen Anne into that of King George III, gave performances of the *Prince* which were variously commended, without being minutely described. Barry's musical, sympathetic voice was extolled, and the extraordinary ability of Henderson, who must have been extraordinary, since he excelled equally in *Hamlet, Falstaff,* and *Shylock,* was warmly celebrated.

John Philip Kemble was the first exceptionally conspicuous representative of *Hamlet* (1783) subsequent to the time of Garrick. The portrait of him in that character, an artificial, somewhat absurd picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence, is well and widely known in the engraving by H. Dawe. It is said that Jackson, the English pugilist, remembered as Lord Byron's preceptor in boxing, stood for the figure in that painting. The *Prince* is represented standing—and the pose is stately—presumably in a burial-ground in the

neighborhood of the castle of Elsinore, which is shown in the distance. His left hand holds a skull. His arms are drooping at full length. His eyes are upturned in a manner incongruous with either mournful reverie or passionate rhapsody. He is arrayed in a suit of black raiment, consisting of a hat with two plumes and several feathers in it, a doublet slashed at the waist, knee-breeches, stockings, low shoes with rosettes on them, a wide sword-belt across his right shoulder, sustaining a heavy sword, a ribbon about the neck, from which is pendent the Danish Order of the Elephant (instituted about 1448), a capacious cloak trimmed with fur, and the Order of the Garter. He wears a loose, open collar, and outside of it something which seems to be a ribbon of esses. His cuffs are white. According to Kemble's biographer, his *Hamlet* wore a black-velvet court-dress, a star on the breast, an order pendent to a ribbon, the Garter, a mourning sword, deep ruffles, and black shoes with buckles on them. His face was clean shaved and his hair was powdered.

Kemble indicated the "madness" of *Hamlet* as assumed, and whenever he feigned distraction, he disheveled his hair. The pervasive quality of his performance appears to have been the loneliness and dignity of immedicable grief, and especially he expressed filial love. When he uttered the word "father," in speaking *Hamlet's* adjuration to the *Ghost,* he simulated affectionate feeling so well as often to move the auditor to tears. As he spoke that word, he sank to his knees, and upon the disappearance of the *Ghost* he repeated that action. Hazlitt wrote at one time that Kemble played *Hamlet* like a man in armor, but at another time that his *Hamlet* had not been surpassed. Leigh Hunt, an astute observer of mental and spiritual complexities of constitution in actors, wrote that Kemble was best in characters that are occupied with themselves and their own importance. However that may be, his impersonation exerted a greater influence upon the tradition of the part inherited by all his successors in it than has been exerted by any other performance of *Hamlet.*

Among those successors, native born, on the English stage, all of whom have passed away, were Charles Kemble, Charles Mayne Young, Edmund Kean, William Charles Macready, Junius Brutus Booth, Charles John Kean, Barry Sullivan, Gustavus V. Brooke, Henry Irving, and Wilson Barrett. About each of those names, particularly when associated with *Hamlet,* there has been a lively surge of conflicting critical opinion. Each has been a prominent figure as the *Prince,* and each has been earnestly extolled and as earnestly condemned. The *Hamlet* of Charles Kemble lives in the illuminative words of his famous daughter Fanny—"an image of a distracted intellect and a broken heart." His ideal seems to have been absolutely true, his expression of it inadequate except in parts. Young and Macready were scholars in the character, the latter excelling in the expression of a profound and thrilling sense of *Hamlet's* preternatural experience. Edmund Kean, superb in *Richard* and *Sir Giles,* seems not to have achieved equal greatness in *Hamlet.* Indeed, a very old man who had seen him in all the great parts that he played told me (in 1877) that his only entirely consistent, sustained impersonation was that of *Sir Edward Mortimer,* in "The Iron Chest." The elder Booth was deficient in princely grace, but irresistibly winning by reason of exquisite sensibility. The younger Kean, whom I saw often, and found admirable, in various characters, in *Hamlet* was mechanical, unsympathetic, and uninteresting. Sullivan was elderly, hard, and dry; Brooke far too robust. Wilson Barrett undertook to represent the *Prince* as a lad of eighteen, whereas he is distinctly shown to be thirty years old, and, since the actor was obviously a middle-aged man, stocky in person and metallic in style, the endeavor was unfortunate.

Henry Irving gave a great performance of *Hamlet.* The ideal was true, the execution firm and sustained. Irving was a man of vast imagination and acute sensibility. He could be stern; he could, and did, hate; he was revengeful, when he had been injured; but his heart was very tender. A more lovable man never lived. He knew human nature through and through, and his charity for its infirmities was unbounded. His magnanimity was supreme. He possessed essentially a princely nature, and his conduct of life was marked by invariable no-

bility of purpose, vast breadth of vision, quick sympathy with mankind in all aspirations, struggles, and sufferings, and a passionate, unflinching, unswerving devotion to the highest ideals. In his art he was conscientious, laborious, and thorough. Being what he was, he could exment, in their assumption of *Hamlet*—Edwin Booth and Henry Irving.

Irving dressed *Hamlet* in a close-fitting doublet of black silk, black-silk tights, low, black shoes, and a black, armhole cloak edged with fur. The doublet was girdled by a belt incrusted with jewels,

From an old print

CHARLES KEAN AS *HAMLET*

actly comprehend *Hamlet*, and he could, and did, act it, with marvelous fidelity to the Shaksperean conception. The defects of his performance were superficial. His treatment of the wonderful third act of the tragedy, the supreme test, was perfect in every detail, a model and a monument of dramatic art. Within my knowledge, only two actors have entirely justified themselves, to exigent, comprehensive judgand from the belt depended a dagger and small pouch at the right side, and a sword at the left. Around the neck was a gold chain, to which was attached a miniature of the dead king. Irving wore his own hair, which was abundant, carelessly parted in the middle, as was Kemble's way, and a very slight mustache. The complete effect of his appearance was that of combined simplicity, refinement, ele-

gance, and a romantic, poetic wildness. His personality, expressed in his aspect, riveted attention. The eye followed him; the mind dwelt upon him; the imagination was absorbed by him.

In Irving's ideal of *Hamlet* the elements were combined of assumed madness and involuntary, sporadic derangement. The *Prince,* as impersonated by him, was not at any time calmly poised, though at all times he manifested that perfection of repose which consists in the steadiness of intense, continuous excitement—burning emotion, concentrated at the topmost height of vitality. The pervading spirit of the impersonation was innate, ineffable sweetness of temperament contending with bitterness of feeling engendered by wrong, outrage, and the frenzy of terror and doubt precipitated by preternatural visitation. No other actor of our time made *Hamlet* so entirely lovable. The effect that he created in the play scene was electrical. In the closet scene he made no use of pictures, leaving them to the imagination. The pathos of his acting in that scene, as also in the casket scene with *Ophelia,* has not been equaled, and it could not be surpassed.

The use of pictures of the elder *Hamlet* and *Claudius* has given rise to much diversity of practice. The old custom of the English stage was, in the closet scene, in which *Hamlet* rebukes his sinful mother, for the *Prince* to produce, out of his pocket two miniatures, "pictures in little," one of his uncle and one of his father, and on them to deliver his passionate descant. In 1794 that custom was first discarded. *Hamlet* continued to wear a picture of his father, but not that of his uncle, while Queen Gertrude wore a picture of her new husband, *Claudius,* attached to a bracelet on her arm, and her chamber wall was embellished with a half-length painting, as large as life, of the elder *Hamlet,* her husband deceased. Pictures of *Claudius* seem to have been from the first worn by *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern.*

The first performance of *Hamlet* on the American stage was given by Lewis Hallam at Philadelphia, in July, 1759, and in November, 1761, he acted it at a theater in Beekman Street, New York. Beekman Street was then known as Chapel Street, and the theater was then a new one. Hallam has had many successors. Particular account of them would fill a large volume. A glow of renown still lingers on impersonations of the *Prince* by Thomas Abthorpe Cooper, James William Wallack, George Vandenhoff, James E. Murdoch, Edwin Forrest, Edward Loomis Davenport, Edwin Booth, and Lawrence Barrett.

Edwin Forrest esteemed himself, and was esteemed by his admirers, a great representative of *Hamlet.* He wore in that part a black doublet and over that a short, black cape. The doublet was edged at the neck with white, was buttoned down the front, and was fastened around the waist by a belt. The cape, open in front, was allowed to hang loose, and was looped across the chest by a double cord, to which were appended several tassels. Black-silk tights and low shoes with buckles completed the dress. Forrest wore his own hair, slightly curled. His face was clean shaved except for small, short, black side-whiskers, a short mustache, and a small tuft just under the lower lip. His neck was bare. His person was conspicuously stalwart. His calves were huge. His face was pale, and his eyebrows, naturally dark, were blackened. He was, at the first revealment of *Hamlet,* "discovered" seated under a small canopy at the right of the scene, the *King* and *Queen* being seated under a large canopy in the center. He spoke in a deep voice. Being a resolute, formidable, athletic man, of combative disposition and truculent aspect, he was as little like *Hamlet* as it would be possible for any person to be. His excellence as an actor, when in his natural and proper sphere, was eminent, and was duly recognized. The power, passion, authority, and art of his personations of *Othello, Lear, Coriolanus, Spartacus, Virginius, Febro, Aylmere,* and *Damon,* for example, were in the highest degree convincing and admirable; but his temperamental as well as physical unfitness for *Hamlet* was so radical and obvious as to be painful. The moment he was seen in that character, all possibility of any illusion of poetry, pathos, tenderness, and grace was forestalled. He spoke the words, he did the usual "business," and sometimes in his burly way he was personally interesting, but he was completely unsuited to the part. In the opening

scene of the Presence, his head was held erect, his dark, glowing eyes were fixed defiantly on the *King,* his hands were clenched on the arms of his throne-chair, his demeanor was that of menace, not of melancholy, and it was evident that if any "clouds" hung upon him, they were thunder-clouds. His delivery of *Hamlet's* first line, "A little more than kin and less than kind," was firm, deep, reverberant, and it needed only a sonorous profane expletive to make it superlatively Forrestian. Forrest possessed a magnificent voice, and he was well aware of it. He could convey the musical quality that is inherent in certain words and cadences of words as well as any actor of his time, unless, perhaps, it was the elder Booth, whose voice, though less resonant, was incomparably more various. In the stage "business" of Forrest's *Hamlet* there was no salient trait of novelty. He had seen and acted with Cooper, who followed the example of Kemble, and he had seen and acted with Edmund Kean, whom he ardently admired; he knew the tradition and for the most part he followed it. His death-scene was needlessly "realistic," and he was accustomed to say that a man as strong as himself could not expire without decided manifestations of physical agony. There was a coarse streak in the nature of Forrest, and it showed itself on occasion in his acting.

From the engraving by T. Woolnoth after a drawing by T. Wageman

JAMES WILLIAM WALLACK AS *HAMLET*

Edwin Booth was essentially a tragedian, and although he liked to act comedy, believing and declaring that it helped to impart flexibility to his style, he never brilliantly succeeded in it. He possessed the princely mind, the gloomy temperament, the introspective propensity, the contemplative disposition, the moody manner, and the slender yet nervous physique that are appropriate to the character of *Hamlet.* He could be genial and even gay when in company with an intimate friend, but in general he was reserved and silent. His mind dwelt almost continually on solemn themes. He was constitutionally a melancholy man: even his smile, though very sweet, was sad. On one occasion, speaking to me about the murder of Lincoln by his brother John, he said: "All my life I have thought of dreadful things that might happen to me, and I think there was no horror that I had not imagined, but I never dreamed of such a dreadful thing as that." He was deeply religious in the broadest sense of that word, and he was credulous of the possibility of spiritual apparitions. He told me that he believed he had seen the face of his first wife (Mary Devlin) looking in at him through a car window, in the night, when he was traveling from New York to Boston, in 1863, to be present at her death-bed, where he arrived shortly after she had died. Such was his temperament, and, possessing that temperament, he was peculiarly fitted to act such parts as involve grief, gloom, and the element of the preternatural. He was born to act *Hamlet.*

Many years ago Booth told me how it happened that he undertook to play that part, and in my "Life" of him I have told the story, which has been much copied.

He was in California with his renowned father, and they were to act together in "Venice Preserved," for Edwin's "benefit," the father as *Pierre,* the son as *Jaffier.* When Edwin had dressed himself for *Jaffier,* he entered his father's room. The elder actor, looking at him, mused a moment, and said:

"You look like *Hamlet.* Why did n't you play that for your benefit?"

"I will," the youth answered, "if I ever have another."

Later the chance came, and Edwin, remembering that promise, acted *Hamlet,* and continued to act it all his life. It was the last part he ever played. No actor of the sixty years from 1850 to 1910 has more completely entered into and expressed the soul of *Hamlet* than he did. His only peer in the acting of the part was Henry Irving, and in the elocution of it he had no peer.

Edwin Booth, following his father's example, used many of the readings and "business" expedients of Kemble. The elder Booth had also used some of them; as, for example, the stress of pathos in uttering the word "father," when invoking the *Ghost* to speak, and the expressive emphasis on the word "you" in *Hamlet's* question, addressed to *Horatio,* "Did not *you* speak to it?" Other Kemble readings used by Edwin Booth were (to *Horatio*): "I 'll change *that* name with *you*"; "And for my *soul,* what *can* it do to *that?*" He employed the "business," devised by Kemble, of greeting *Bernardo,* obviously a stranger to *Hamlet,* who enters with *Horatio* and *Marcellus* in the scene of the colloquy about the apparition, with a courteous but markedly formal manner. Kemble, when making *Hamlet's* exit, following the receding phantom, allowed his right arm to droop, so that the sword, held by the right hand, was trailed behind him. The stage usage had been to present the point of the sword toward the specter. Edwin Booth reversed the sword, so as to present the hilt, which, being in the shape of a cross, might be supposed protective against a spirit possibly evil which had assumed "a pleasing shape," and, as far as I can ascertain, he was the first to do so. The business was certainly original with him.

One of Edwin Booth's important innovations was intelligent treatment of the use of the skulls in the churchyard scene. The *Grave-digger* is making a grave for *Ophelia,* and as he digs he throws up several bones and skulls. Booth caused him to pause in his labor, to look carefully at one of the skulls to which had adhered a fragment of soiled leather,—the tattered remnant of a fool's cap,—to pat it in a kindly, jocose way, and to lay it aside, and later when he said, "*This* skull has lain in the earth three and twenty years," to take it up and designate it as "Yorick's skull." Prior to Booth's invention of that expedient, no means had been provided of discriminating between the several skulls that were thrown out of the grave.

Edwin Booth, like Macready, and indeed like the majority of actors, held the opinion that the "madness" of *Hamlet* is assumed. The question of *Hamlet's* "madness" appears to be largely one of definition. What is meant by the word "madness" when associated with this character? The inevitable consequence of the terrible experience which befalls *Hamlet* in his condition of exaggerated sensibility and morbid gloom would be a shock, almost destructive of perfect sanity in any organization, certainly productive of temporary frenzy in one as tremulous as his. The "madness" of *Hamlet* is a distraught condition of the nervous system in which he will vacillate, doubt, believe, brood, dream, suffer, resolve, hesitate, be strong at one moment and weak the next, accomplish nothing, and wither in despair. Edwin Booth aimed to present *Hamlet* as consistently sane. "I do not consider *Hamlet* mad," he said, "except in craft." Nevertheless, when he acted *Hamlet,* an instillation of "madness" found its way into the performance, and made it wonderfully effective, because absolutely true. It is the word "madness" against which so many minds recoil.

Lawrence Barrett, early in his professional career, was much influenced by the acting of Edwin Booth, with whom, as leading man, he was associated at the Winter Garden Theater in 1863, and when, in the following year, at New Orleans, he appeared as a star, he directly and admittedly imitated Booth as *Richelieu* and *Hamlet,* though later he matured his style and became distinctively individual. He was a great interpreter of poetic

ideals of human nature. Parts in which specially he excelled—*Cassius, Yorick, Gringoire,* and *Lanciotto,* for example—are those in which passion at times breaks loose in tumult of action and splendid eloquence. He rose to a noble height in a terness of feeling—"the torture of the mind." The business of allowing *Hamlet* to perceive that the *King* and *Polonius,* "lawful espials," are eavesdroppers in the *Prince's* scene with *Ophelia,* was used by him,—as it had been by all previous per-

From a photograph by Sarony. In the collection of Mr. Evert Jansen Wendell

EDWIN FORREST AS *HAMLET*

Forrest discarded this costume and habitually dressed the part as described in the text.

character which has long been discarded in our theater, that of *King James the Fifth,* in "The King of the Commons." As *Hamlet* he followed in the beaten track, dressing and acting the part according to the example of Booth. His final method in it, though, was his own, and it was characterized by continuous tremor of nervous excitement, restless movement, and strongly accentuated bit-

formers of the *Prince,* at least, in our time, except Fechter,—and that was a blemish on a scene in which he reached a supreme altitude of passion and pathos. Such a girl as *Ophelia* could not succeed in acting deceit. *Hamlet,* at that crisis, intuitively surmises treachery somewhere, and he is at once shocked into a paroxysm of "madness" on perceiving the poor girl's attempt at a duplicity which well nigh

breaks her heart. There are few situations in Shakspere more agonizing, and Barrett was touchingly true in his interpretation of its agony.

The actors from Continental Europe who, in their professional tours of America, have presented themselves as *Hamlet*, have invariably failed to show anything more than a faint, shimmering semblance of Shakspere's conception of that character. Each has presented an ideal of it, and each, in doing so, has exemplified more or less efficiently the resources of trained executive art; but in every instance, however meritorious in execution, the ideal has been conspicuously wrong. The predominant, pervasive characteristic of the Continental method of acting is "realism." *Hamlet* has been assumed on the American stage by many Continental actors, chief among them being Bogumel Davison, Charles Fechter, Tommaso Salvini, Ernesto Rossi, Ludwig Barney, Friedrich Haase, Adolf von Sonnenthal, Ernst von Possart, Jean Mounet-Sully, and Sarah Bernhardt. The performances given by the German actors, although generally tedious, are remembered as more nearly consonant with Shakspere than those given by actors from Italy and France. The presentments of *Hamlet* by Fechter, Mounet-Sully, and Sarah Bernhardt, considered as attempts to portray the character delineated by the English poet, were fantastic and sometimes ludicrous.

Fechter, who mostly turned "Hamlet" into prose, told Lester Wallack, by whom the fact was mentioned to me, that, in his opinion, the *Prince's* soliloquy on life and death ought to be omitted in the representation, because an impediment to the action. He spoke it, but he spoke it rapidly and unimpressively, as though "making a few remarks," not at all as though an overburdened soul were uttering itself in an involuntary, irrepressible strain of thought. Indeed, the predominant characteristic of his performance was a striving after "realism." Fechter was an actor of great ability in romantic drama, such as is typified by "Ruy Blas," "Monte Cristo," "The Corsican Brothers," "Obenreizer," and "The Lady of Lyons." He was an artist of the French school, the original representative of *Armand Duval*, in "La Dame aux Camélias," and on the Paris stage he gained brilliant distinction, following in the track of Frederick Lemaître. He spoke English, but his speaking of it was broken and much marred by a singsong cadence, and his delivery of English blank verse, accordingly, was abominable. At the time of his advent on the American stage he was a stout person, of gross aspect, and incapable of looking like *Hamlet*, even had he been capable of speaking English verse. His acting of the *Prince*, as of all other parts in which he appeared, was authoritative and expert. As *Hamlet* he presented an impetuous, tremulous, lachrymose, highly explosive Frenchman. He wore the customary suit of solemn black, with a heavy gold chain about his neck, to which was attached a miniature of the *Prince's* deceased father. He made the face fair and somewhat florid, disfiguring it with a finical mustache and a very small, two-pointed beard. His purpose was said to be imitation of the appearance of the conventional portrait of the Christ. His eyelids were reddened, as though from excessive weeping. On his head was a wig of flaxen hair, to signify that *Hamlet* was a Dane, it being incorrectly supposed that all ancient Danes were of the blond type. E. L. Davenport wore fair hair as *Hamlet* many years before Fechter appeared. Fechter's "business" throughout the performance was expositive of a purpose to be "natural" and to illustrate the behavior of every-day life. His delivery of the text was colloquial. In the *Ghost* scenes he was manifestly familiar with specters, as is customary with Continental actors, indicating neither awe, terror, nor patnos, and in the churchyard colloquy with the *Grave-digger* he seated himself on a convenient flat tombstone and nursed one of his knees, with the nonchalance of a *Rip Van Winkle*. Fechter's performance, nevertheless, was much commended, admirers of it not hesitating to declare that the audience had now seen the part for the first time correctly represented. Fanny Kemble tells an anecdote of a conversation which occurred at a London dinner-table, at the height of the Fechter fever in that city. One of the diners, a gentleman, asked a lady whether she had seen Fechter as *Hamlet*. "No," she replied, "I have not; and I do not think that I should care to hear the English

blank verse spoken by a foreigner." The inquirer gazed thoughtfully upon his plate for a moment, and then he said, "But *Hamlet was* a foreigner, was n't he?"

Tommaso Salvini, the most notable of

From a photograph by Sarony. In the collection of Mr. Evert Jansen Wendell

EDWIN BOOTH AS *HAMLET*

the Italian actors, appearing as *Hamlet,* presented a stalwart, puissant, dominant, capable man, who would have disposed of *Uncle Claudius* without the least hesitation or difficulty in the twinkling of an eye. His massive frame, his leonine demeanor, his iron firmness, and his aspect of resolute, overwhelming executive faculty, combined to make him the literal opposite of everything that *Hamlet* is or means. He wore the customary black garments and did the conventional stage "business." We met in his dressing-room at the old Academy of Music immediately after he had given his first performance in America of *Hamlet.* The late Maurice Grau, then his manager, made us acquainted with each other, and we exchanged greetings. The man whom I saw

From a photograph in the collection of
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FRIEDRICH HAASE AS *HAMLET*

From a photograph by Sarony

CHARLES FECHTER AS *HAMLET*

From a photograph, copyright by Von Bosch

JEAN MOUNET-SULLY AS *HAMLET*

From a photograph, copyright by Lafayette, Ltd.

SARAH BERNHARDT AS *HAMLET*

—he had not yet laid aside the black-velvet stage-dress of the melancholy Dane—looked like a gladiator. His performance, although mechanically efficient and worthy of a thoroughly practised actor, had been a complete failure, as it continued to be. In parts that he comprehended, such as *King Saul, Conrad,* and *Niger,* Salvini was a great actor; but he could not, and never did, act Shakspere's *Hamlet.* His published remarks on the part,—if his performance had been insufficient,—show that he did not even understand it; for he designates the *Prince* as "the *adipose, lymphatic,* and *asthmatic* thinker of Shakspere," a notion derived from words spoken by *Queen Gertrude* in the fencing scene: "He 's fat and scant of breath." The right reading of that remark, as long ago suggested, is probably, "He 's *faint* and scant of breath." All that is said in the play, descriptive of *Hamlet,* aside from that single observation, indicates a man of exceptional personal beauty, marred, indeed, to attenuation by the ravages of melancholy, but essentially retentive of nobility, symmetry, and involuntary elegance. In the fencing scene, notwithstanding that he has "been in continual practice," the *Prince* becomes momentarily heated and wearied by exertion in combat with a superior swordsman whom he feels to be playing with him. Nothing could be dramatically gained by suddenly describing "the glass of fashion and *the mould of form*" as a "fat" man. At the moment the obvious purpose is merely to effect a pause for the introduction of stage business as to the "drink." A silly conjecture has long been current that the line was provided to make the situation comportable with a fat actor, but that is too trivial for serious consideration. Whatever else *Hamlet* may be, he is neither adipose, lymphatic, nor asthmatic. It may be true, as readers are frequently informed, although no evidence of such a truth has been presented, that the Latin races dramatically excel the Anglo-Saxon in artistic feeling and capability, but, meanwhile, it might be rational to remember, in considering the character of Shakspere's *Hamlet,* that, such as it is, it was drawn by an Englishman and that, like all his characters, it is essentially English. Also it might be wise to observe the decisive fact that *Hamlet* is a poetical figure in a poem.

It is singular, but it is true, that Salvini evinced a deeper insight into the subject of *Hamlet,* and a more definite grasp of it, in the awful solemnity of his assumption of the *Ghost* than in his laborious performance of the *Prince.* He acted the *Ghost* only once (April 30, 1886), at the old Academy of Music, in association with Edwin Booth as *Hamlet,* by way of returning a compliment to Booth, who had acted *Iago* to his *Othello.* In his personation of *Hamlet,* as in every other performance that he gave, he manifested, to the delight of all competent observers, his thorough knowledge and absolute command of the technicalities of his art and of the means of creating stage effect. Rapid transition was one of his favorite expedients, employed in sudden assumptions of posture, quick turns of the head, abruptly suspended movements, and swift, piercing glances, as well as in "business." He did not, as so many Continental actors have done, when trying to act *Hamlet,* place particular stress on innovations,—as when Fechter omitted *Horatio's* attempt to drink the poison, in the last scene, and as when Rossi caused the exclamation of *Polonius,* "Look if he have not changed color and have tears in his eyes," to be made as applicable to *Hamlet* and not to the *Player.* He had seen Irving as *Hamlet* before he ever played that part in England or America, and he had observed the "business" used in Irving's production of the tragedy, and, to some extent, he copied what he had seen. One bit of business which I believe was invented by him was the making of the *Prince,* a moment before his death, endeavor to draw *Horatio's* head close, so as to kiss him, and, being blinded by the mists of death, to search, feebly, with a tremulous hand, for the face of that dear comrade, his only friend in all the world. According to the custom of Continental actors who have appeared as *Hamlet,* he turned his back upon the *Ghost,* when freeing himself from *Horatio* and *Marcellus,* as they endeavor to restrain him from following that apparition. His finest action, though it was not original, was shown in the play scene, at the tremendous climax of which, as the affrighted *Claudius* flies from the throne, he sprang wildly up from the floor, where he had been lying, tore asunder the leaves of the manuscript which he had been feverishly

gnawing while the play was in progress, scattered them in the air, and, with a voluble outburst of frenzied, exultant rage, fell into *Horatio's* arms. That manuscript "business" was invented and first used by Kemble, and was copied by later actors, among them Fechter. The element that Salvini contributed to it was that of tremendous energy.

Many women have appeared as *Hamlet,* incited to that adventurous endeavor by the romantic allurement of the part, and encouraged in it by the critical approbation, which has been mistakenly urged, that the character is more feminine than masculine. It is difficult to understand why *Hamlet* should be considered feminine, seeing that he is supereminently distinguished by a characteristic rarely if ever discerned in women; namely, that of considering consequences, "of thinking too precisely on the event." The propensity to love, to depend upon another heart for affection, sympathy, and happiness, is no more characteristic of woman than it is of man. It can be doubted, furthermore, whether woman is nearly as capable as man has often shown himself to be, and as *Hamlet* shows himself to be, of forming and cherishing and adoring even to idolatry an ideal of celestial loveliness and excellence in a human being of the opposite sex. *Hamlet* is a man of essentially sweet, gentle, affectionate, passionate nature, and in no way feminine, unless it be feminine to be of an exquisitely sensitive temperament.

Mrs. Siddons, it is recorded, acted *Hamlet,* and was admired in the part by audiences in Edinburgh and in Dublin, but she never acted it in London, and no particular account of the performance has been found.

Among the female actors of *Hamlet* the most conspicuous, on our stage, have been Charlotte Cushman, Charlotte Barnes (Mrs. E. S. Conner), Fanny Wallack, Clara Fisher, Eliza Shaw, Alice Marriott (Mrs. Robert Edgar), Susan Denin, Mrs. Emma Waller, Mrs. F. B. Conway, Mrs. Pomeroy, Anna Dickinson, and Sarah Bernhardt. Miss Cushman played *Hamlet* only a few times, and with no striking effect. On one occasion, in Boston, she wore the costume of Edwin Booth; and Lawrence Barrett, who was in the cast that night, wrote that "she gave a novel color to that complex character." The several female *Hamlets* whom I have seen were either affectedly and unpleasingly mannish or experimental, confused, indefinite, and completely ineffective.

Among contemporary representatives of the *Prince* the most notable are Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Herbert Beerbohm-Tree, F. R. Benson, and H. B. Irving, in England, and Robert Mantell and Edward H. Sothern, in America. Mr. Benson has not visited America, and H. B. Irving, when he was here in 1906, did not present "Hamlet." Mr. Robertson's impersonation is highly intellectual, permeated by a very delicate and winning spirit, and admirable for a pure and fine delivery of the text. The most effective "all round" performance of the character now to be seen on the American stage is that given by Mr. Sothern. In point of elocution it is not comparable with that of Mr. Robertson, and its inherent defect is hardness—the absence of sensibility as evinced in the voice. Mr. Sothern, however, uses an ampler and more satisfactory text, preserves more of the old and good stage "business," justified by long experience, and he does not strive to accelerate the action of the part or in any way to apply a colloquial method to the speaking of it. His ideal has much changed for the better since he first played the part in 1900, and his execution of it is more evenly sustained and productive of a much more symmetrical image than of old. The public will no doubt one day see an English-speaking actor as sympathetic and impressive in *Hamlet* as the best whose performance has been recorded: but that genius is not likely to arise in America until after our theater has been liberated from the control of a commercialism which deadens the ardor and hinders the growth and development of fine actors, dissipating all atmosphere of romance, and evermore feeding and stimulating a public taste for ignoble and frivolous things.

[The next paper in this group will deal with the presentations of *Macbeth.*]

"SUN AND MOON TO ME, O LITTLE ROSE"

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

Author of "Under Rocking Skies," "The Call of the Sea," etc.[1]

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLES J. POST

LOVE flowers in a day on the West Coast: a lifted glance, a half-averted smile, a serenade under a darkened window, a rose flung from a lattice, and the mischief is done. There rounded cheek and melting eye make up the lover's world, and heart and mind are not considered.

I had slept the clock around after the ball at which the Señora Pascala had disclosed a daughter, the Señorita Manuela Pascala, in her whom we had known as the Señorita Alvarez, her duenna, and it was not until the second night that I went ashore. A norther had been blowing, and the wind was still loud in the trees as I made my way to the patio of the Fonda Pascala, and found the group of my friends sitting in the moonlight about a table at the edge of the arcade. The Señora Pascala and her daughter were there, and Captain Miranda, Passos, Barzilla, and Schwartz. They had the look of those who listen intently. Even before I spoke, the señora lifted a warning finger to her lips and beckoned me to a seat at her side.

"'Sh!" she exclaimed, and averted her face again, and I, too, waited, listening.

Over the edge of the glass-imbedded wall the dry pods of a tibet-tree rattled together in the gusts that blew up from the sea; the water gurgled softly in the shallow run sweeping down through the patio from the far hills; and once a step went past on the flags outside, with the steady tap-tapping of a cane. Then love spoke—the love of the tropics, undoubting, unashamed, and persistent.

It came with a preparatory sweep of an unseen hand across the strings of a guitar, and then a voice outside was lifted in song. The words were in English:

Sun and moon to me, O little rose,
Please to cast this way once with your eye,
Not with anger look to cause me die,
But so tenderful to make repose.
I am destitute of eat and sleep,
And so weakly tiresome with the walk,
Hunting longly where you hidden keep,
See how pale my face is to the chalk!

I must win or die. Which please' best?—
See me jumping like young sheep to play?
Or, with candles round me, laid away,
Mother, sisters, crying on my vest?
'T is for you to make the laugh or weep.
Lady, quick, then, while the long night goes,
Give some sign before you go to sleep—
Sun and moon to me, O little rose!

"Ah," sighed the Señora Pascala, "so beautiful and unhappy like that, it make me to cry myself! And so ver' sad not to know you going get loved by somebuddy you want to get loved by! 'T is two night' he remained to that spot, sometime' singing, and the remainder leaning to that wall, ver' sorrowful. I think he going to become ver' much tired."

[1] Previous stories in this group, and having separate interest, are: "The Lady and the Earthquake" in THE CENTURY for February, 1910; "The Heart that was Agitated," July, 1910; "The Widow's Chaperon," December, 1910.

"He says he is—in the song," I replied dryly. "Who is it?"

The señora shook her head.

" 'T is not certain, Señor," she replied —"not *ver'* certain. 'T is to my lit', small daught' he sing that music, and she is in the ver' great frightfulness to behol' him from the window, she is so scart it shall not be that one she think. Ah, Señor, 't is ver' sad to be woman, and know not who shall come to make the love!"

"Who does the señorita wish it to be?" I asked.

"*Think* it to be, not wish," she said reproachfully. " 'T is ver' indelicate to wish it to be anybuddy, but proper to think you know who 't is, yas. Tha' 's ver' much more diff'rent, you un-'stand?"

"Well, who does she think it is?" I persisted.

"Somebuddy she behol' to that mask' ball where we go. He follow like the shadow to her."

"Everybody was following you like a shadow," I declared. "What was this one like?"

"It was before the unmasking, so we behol' not his face. He was *simpatica* and sigh ver' much, and he was lit', small man; but, Señor, he *made* you behol' him. Some small mans are like that, you know."

"I know," I acquiesced; "but suppose—" Then I ceased, for outside the mysterious stranger was singing again.

I looked for the señorita, but she had disappeared, and it was not until the song was over that she returned to the patio, stealing swiftly to a chair by her mother's side. In the moonlight I could see that her face was tremulously smiling and the white rose she had worn in her hair was gone. By the quick, uplifted look of her eyes I knew that the señora also missed the flower, and I saw the glances of the two meet and their hands furtively clasp. It was clear to me that the singer was the one he was thought to be, and I had a curious sensation of seeing how love begins in unfamiliar lands. It was like watching an evening primrose unfold, so wholly was it merely a physical phenomenon.

Drawn by Charles J. Post

"LISTENING PENSIVE-EYED TO THE SONG"

He came the next night and the next, and we grew accustomed to the absences of the señorita. We knew that she was at the barred window above, listening pensive-eyed to the song and perhaps at times dropping a rose to the street below.

Then the youth began to haunt the vicinity by day, and I had a pleasant impression of a dark, poetically handsome face, with friendly eyes. He was small and slight, as the señora had said, and in his air of complete assurance I readily understood what she had meant when she said that he made one behold him. He used to eye me curiously as I went in and out of the fonda, and seemed often on the point of speaking; but it was not until one day as I was on the way with Barzilla to lunch at the Fonda Marina with Captain Miranda and Passos that he really ventured into the presence of any of us. We were approaching the plaza as we caught sight of him standing on the corner and

gazing up and down the street, and with an exclamation Barzilla drew me into an alley.

"The little pig!" he hissed. "Shall he be always under the feet to be kicked!"

"Well, he 's in no danger of that if you run away like this," I assured him.

"Hola!" exclaimed Barzilla, "you desire to behol' me accomplish the killing, Señor? I escape because of that reason."

I was naturally surprised, therefore, when, as a few minutes later we four sat at table, to see a look of pleased surprise come over Barzilla's face as he rose to stretch forth a hand to some one approaching behind me, and, turning, saw the youth of the serenade. Barzilla affectionately introduced us.

"Señores, permit me to make you acquaint' with the Señor Casanova, son to the Señor Casanova, Secretar' to the Presidente. This Señor Casanova is likewise secretar' to his father. It runs to the family, because of the genius both in the writing and the speaking. Señor Casanova, be pleased to be acquaint' to my other dear friends." He named us impressively.

The Señor Casanova showed his pleasure, after the greetings, by seating himself at the table—at the head—with the impressive air of a gratified host.

"Everything it is upon me, gentlemen, because of the honor," he said with the air of a prince. "What you have? The best to the house, of course. We maka the night. Tha' 's manner of spich, you un'stand, the idiomatic to the Bowery; I have some engage' to the night." He laughed and went through the motion of touching the strings of a guitar, taking us all into his confidence. Then he shook hands with us all again, lingering over mine as he added: "I have the honor to be highly acquaint' with your gr-reat nation, Señor Capitan,—gr-reatest to the earth,—and I know her both to the Broadway and Bowery by reason of my studiousness in your gr-reat city. There have I been student to the dentistry—six month student. *Zut!* I like it not, that dentistry; but what will you have? Must one not exist? We operate little revolush two years ago, and my father become implicate',—ver' much implicate',—requiring gr-reatest haste in departure. We arrive to New York upon the uppers to us,—tha' 's likewise the idiomatic,—deadly broken, you un'stand? 'T is necessaire to exist, is it not? So why not the dentist? Ver' well, I advance to the learn'; then we hear our little revolush she has succeed, and, *caramba!* do we wait? No, Señores; we fly, with the coat-tails ver' straight rearward, so gr-reatly is the hastening. Now behol' me secretar' in governments! Señores, what you have? The cocktail first for the imagination, yas? Certainly."

We had finished our luncheon and had settled to our coffee and cigars when Barzilla in a loud aside informed me that the Señor Casanova was "rising genius both in the oratoric and the poetic, causing highest prides to his country even to its farthest extents."

Having no false pride in commenting upon a remark that only in a Pickwickian sense was not meant for his ears, the Señor Casanova leaned across the table and affectionately shook Barzilla's hand.

"You do me highest honor, Señor, and I blush to the hearing," he said almost tearfully; "but shall I deny the saying, thereby declaring so dear a friend liar? *Hola!* no. I proclaim myself not so im*po*lite. Likewise I confess the genius to the music. I operate that also. Aha! you have hear', is it not so, gentlemen?" He sang softly the first line of the serenade we now knew well:

Sun and moon to me, O little rose!

"You recognize, gentlemen? Both are manufac' by me—music and langwitch."

Captain Miranda said that it was both sad and beautiful.

" 'T is the intensh," eagerly explained the poet. " 'T is proper to the broke' heart to be sad, but necessaire to be beautiful. You perceive the cause for that English langwitch, Señores? 'T is for the flatter', having hear' the señorita spick it to that ball. Aha, Señores, love she is ver' sad, but she is also wise."

"But," interposed Captain Miranda, with great gentleness, "is it wise, Señor, to make some love where 't is impos*sible*? Sad, yas; but wise, Señor?" He shook his head doubtfully.

"In the making only is the heart of great sadness," explained Casanova. " 'T is the habit. But in the succeed? Ah, is not that more diff'rent? Certainly."

Drawn by Charles J. Post

"WITH AN EXCLAMATION BARZILLA DREW ME INTO AN ALLEY"

"But if there shall be no succeed?" asked the captain.

The lover made no reply, but smilingly drew from his pocket a letter-case, and tenderly took from it three withered white roses. We, who watched knew without telling where the flowers had gone that the Señorita Pascala had worn in her hair. But Captain Miranda shook his head sadly.

"So far, perfectness," he admitted; "but, Señor, in three week' the Señorita Pascala shall sail for the Cape Verd with her mother. Is it poss*ib*le to think that mother shall desire to be tear so distantly from her daught'? No, Señor. You perceive the difficulties, the embarrassments?"

Casanova's face fell, but brightened again as he said:

"But, Señor, does love not laugh at the separateness? Has it not some wings? And at the returns--"

"There shall be no returns," declared Captain Miranda, gently. "I become husband to the mother hastily; therefore father to the daught' at similar time, you un'stand? I belong to Cape Verd; therefore no returns."

Casanova seized the captain's hand.

"Many congratulates, Señor," he cried, "but only to becoming husband. Is not that becoming father ver' unpleasant in the second-hand manner? 'T is embarrass' of richness—too much the good thing."

"But if I possess ver' large pleasure in that embarrass' of richness?" smilingly asked the captain.

"Then accept the more richness in son also," cried Casanova, joyously.

"Ah, and accepting the both, lose the one possessed!" replied Miranda. "You un'stand how that bird in the fingers is more greater than those two in the tree—on the other side to the world? You perceive, Señor? Yas, 't is not poss*ib*le. You shall sing the sad song—likewise ver' beautiful—under some more windows. 'T is more better, dear frien'."

They argued long, but to no purpose, and at last, as he rose to go, Casanova warmly shook the captain's hand.

"I shall make you second father to me, Señor, because of the gr-reat liking," he declared. "Perceive me honorable to fullest extents. Possessing some openness like the day, I declare the fair warn'. Shall I

now advance rearward from the operate', with tears and tearings of the hair, disclosing failure? No, Señor; I operate other manners. Some day, Señor, you shall look to behol' that daught', and behol'!" He kissed his fingers, then fluttered them above his head in the Portuguese manner of bidding farewell. "Good-by, far'well, come some diff'rent time! Señor, you shall perceive the bird is flew—the daught', you un'stand?"

"'T is of the great honorableness to declare the intensh, but, Señor, is it wise?" smilingly asked Captain Miranda.

"Wisdom she shall take care of herself, but honorableness she is still to us," grandly replied Casanova, as he smilingly bade us adieu.

Barzilla watched him go.

"The little, small pig!" he muttered. "The little pig!"

"But likewise ver' honorable señor because of the warn'," said Captain Miranda. "But, *caramba!* is that reason to shut the eye? No. I shall manufac' the prevent', but in what manner?"

"The *duello?*" suggested Passos, recalling to mind an episode in the captain's own strenuous courtship.

"No," replied the captain—"no. Are not the young of too great rashness? There might be kills, which are ver' sad among friends." Then all at once he broke into a chuckle, and I knew that he had hit upon a plan that pleased his artistic soul.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Can there be elopes without solitariness?" he replied. "No; in multiple lovers there is much safeness. The Señor Casanova shall possess some rivals."

He began to explain that we should all station ourselves outside the fonda that night, and, properly disguised, match the Señor Casanova's song with songs of our own, making his suit ridiculous; but before we could demur, Barzilla broke in eagerly.

"Ver' good to the plan, but poor to the execute," he declared. "Señor Capitan, leave all to me—everything. I shall procure some lovers who will sing with joy against the Señor Casanova. Come with me." And tucking the captain's arm in his, he hurried away.

THE air was chilly that night, with a heavy scud driving in from the sea, and Captain Miranda complained of the cold. So before the hour when the serenade usually began, we betook ourselves to the upper room from the barred windows of which the Señorita Pascala had usually watched alone for the coming of her lover.

It was later than usual when we heard the first preliminary sweep of a hand across the strings of a guitar, and then the clear, soft notes of

Sun and moon to me, O little rose!

Drawn by Charles J. Post

"'YOU UN'STAND HOW THAT BIRD IN THE FINGERS IS MORE GREATER THAN THOSE TWO IN THE TREE'"

Drawn by Charles J. Post

"THEN SUDDENLY THE SONG WAS LOST"

came up to us where we sat expectant and eagerly waiting.

Then suddenly the song was lost, for from a dozen quarters outside the fonda a dozen guitars tinkled and a dozen voices broke into song. Even my uninstructed ear was clearly aware that each singer had chosen a different serenade.

I saw the señora's face drop to her hands and heard her hysterical giggle as she cried:

"Oh, my dear lit' daught', you going get ver' much pop'lar, I think!"

But the señorita burst into tears.

"Pop'lar!" she wept. "You consider that pop'lar, to have some peop' make the fon of me!"

Then Captain Miranda rose and gravely jammed his hat upon his head.

"Caramba!" he exclaimed, "nobuddy is going to make the fon to my little daught'."

He strode toward the door, but the Señora Pascala threw herself upon him, and held him fast.

"Where you going at?" she demanded.

"To ask the explain," he replied gravely. "If no fon is declare'—"

"Fon!" sniffed the señora. "'T is to that young señor they make the fon!"

Captain Miranda turned and looked about at us.

"You all think in that manner?" he asked.

We assured him that we did.

"Then shall the hat be remov'," he declared, and composedly seated himself.

We could hear the street filling with people, and the sound of laughter and excited speech came up to us as we crowded to the window. With her face against the bars, the señora made excited comments on what was passing below.

"Ah!" she cried excitedly, "that Señor Casanova is ask' those peop' to relate the reason they perform like that by some lady's house. And they laugh and say they ver' much in the love." Then suddenly she uttered a cry of dismay, and we heard the crash of breaking wood and the shuffling of feet as the group surged about in the street. *"Caramba!"* she exclaimed, "he is brave, that Casanova! He burst his guitar on the head of that señor who laugh so much. Now he laugh no more, but only pull on that guitar around his neck. And the Señor Casanova he pull the diff'rent way. *Hola!* somethings shall happen!"

The throng outside had now become a

struggling mob, and up and down the moon-lighted street we could see fresh accessions hurrying to the scene.

"Aha!" cried Passos, "behol' me operate peacemake'!" He pressed his face to the bars of the window and shrieked wildly: "Viva el Presidente! Viva el Presidente!"

Outside a few took up his cry, and straightway there were hisses and groans, which speedily swelled to a mighty volume, yelled with an intensity of passion, of ferocity, that seemed murderous. Somewhere in the rear a voice bellowed something unintelligible to me, and straightway, as if swept by an invisible hand, the throng rolled up the street and turned into the broader thoroughfare that led to the plaza. There was something impish, almost uncanny, in the suddenly shifting scene.

Passos leaped to his feet, crying, "Come!" and rushed from the room, while we followed more sedately.

People were pouring from the houses and the narrow alleys, and, caught in the eager rush to reach the plaza, we, too, were carried on. As we debouched into the great square, from the high steps of the cathedral a voice came down to us, and looking up, we saw a man wildly haranguing the throng, while his arm swung constantly forward, as if hastening us on.

"What does he say?" I asked the señora, who walked in front of me. She turned her face over her shoulder.

"He say, 'Go ask the Presidente why he lif' those tax so ver' high. As' him what he going do with all those money.' Yas, tha' 's ver' correc'. Do I not know, who pay double for all thing'? *Caramba,* yas!"

Then Barzilla lumbered past us. His hat was gone, his face flushed. In his hand he carried a stone, which he lifted above his head at sight of us, crying:

"I will ask him with this—through his window. Pig! Robber!" He went on, excitedly roaring in Spanish and waving the stone above his head.

"*Caramba!* hurry!" cried the señora, again turning. Her face had caught the excitement. But Captain Miranda gravely took her arm.

"When the wren turn' hawk, 't is more better for those doves to fly home," he said, and gently turned her back.

"Ver' correc'," agreed Passos. "I am

Drawn by Charles J. Post

"THEY MARCHED US ACROSS THE NOW DESERTED SPACE TO THE PALACE OF JUSTICE"

for the Presidente, therefore shall I also go. Has he not his soldiers?"

But the señora was gazing wildly about her.

"*Hola!* but where is my lit' daught'?" she cried. Her voice rose in an agonized call, "Manuela! Manuela!" It sounded like a battle-cry.

"Perhaps she followed Barzilla," I suggested, and at my words she turned and struggled toward the palace, with us surrounding her.

Barzilla had reached the iron fence, still waving his stone aloft, and at sight of his warlike aspect, others began to dig at the cobbles surrounding the inclosure. For a moment he paused, set his feet firmly, drew back his arm, then gently touching the shoulder of one who was desperately prying at a stone, held out his own missile invitingly. An instant later the man had hurled it through a window of the palace.

Barzilla turned to us.

"He was the more stronger. 'T is more better to separate the labor—one to the carry, another to the throw," he said with dignity, and furtively wiped his hand on his coat.

At the sound of breaking glass the throng stood rooted an instant in a hush that was almost appalling, then broke and fled, while far off we heard the cry, "Los soldados! los soldados!" ("The soldiers! the soldiers!")

We, too, ran, skirting the palace inclosure and making for a narrow street in the rear, through which we could see the gleam of the moonlight on the sea far below—and ran straight into the arms of a file of troops wheeling into the plaza.

In a grim silence that heeded no explanations they marched us across the now deserted space to the palace of justice, and in the great hall locked us in with scores of other captives. For an hour they brought in fresh groups and then left us undisturbed, while the señora, sunken in dejected gloom on a bench, wept all night for her lost Manuela.

It was already daybreak when the outer door opened, and in a loud voice an official and dignified figure called for the Señora Pascala and Captain Miranda. Then I, Passos, Barzilla, and Schwartz, were called in turn.

As we stood, a hesitating group, for a moment in the corridor, it was with something of the aspect of the rising sun that the Señor Casanova came smilingly toward us, followed by Manuela herself and a stout but genial-faced señora. As the Señora Pascala and her daughter rushed into each other's arms, the Señor Casanova clicked his heels together and bowed profoundly.

"'T is to me to make the excuse and manufac' the release by reason of official posish," he explained proudly. "I followed you from the fonda, rescued the señorita when she became removed by herself alone, and rapidly advanced her to the house to my mother. She exten' the glad hand." He looked at me and smiled. "The idiomatic to the Broadway, you un'stand, designating joyfulness to meet," he explained. Then continuing his story, he added: "I rush to your house, Señora Pascala. You are separate from it. Aha! I obtain the hint: you are arres' by disturbance to peace! Having official posish, tha' 's deadly easy—the idiomatic, you un'stand? Now behold the freedom; likewise become acquaint' to my mother." He bowed and stepped back as the Señora Casanova smilingly advanced.

The Señora Pascala threw herself upon her broad bosom.

"Madonna!" she murmured, then turned and soundly kissed the Señor Casanova. "My dear—son!" she exclaimed proudly.

He kissed her in return, and drew himself up. There were tears in his eyes, I saw; but he laughed gaily.

"Aha!" he exclaimed, "I sing the *serena,* and thereby almost manufac' the revolush, but completely obtain the betroth'. *Hola!* how great is the love!"

"'T is the will of God," piously declared Captain Miranda, remembering his part in the affair, and shamelessly eager to shift the responsibility.

As we stepped out upon the high portico into the broad sunlight, we saw that the plaza was girdled by soldiers; but in the broad, open space a watching but decorous throng was still gathered. With a genial interest in any change from the tedium of their vigil, they cheered us wildly as we appeared.

The Señora Pascala turned to her daughter with a radiant smile.

"Behol', Manuela *mia,* how ever'buddy get delighted with that betroth'!"

For the first time in her life, perhaps, the señorita blushed.

From the painting in the Louvre, Paris

"THE BROKEN MIRROR." BY JEAN-BAPTISTE GREUZE

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS—XXI)

TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS

"THE BROKEN MIRROR"

BY

JEAN-BAPTISTE GREUZE

THE HOUNDS OF ASURBANIPAL

BY MARY ELEANOR ROBERTS

THE hounds of that dim king Assyrian
Strain ever at the leash, and loud and clear
Their deep-mouthed hunting-call we still may hear,
As when of old the young, wild asses ran
And the proud lion, chaff before his fan;
While, with firm-planted foot and leveled spear,
The king, erect beside his charioteer,
Led on the chase, a monarch and a man.
Cut loose the leash of ages. Let them bay,
Once more upon the flying quarry hurled;
Hurry them on with godlike brandishing.
Dead and forgotten? Dust and ashes? Nay,
Thy hounds deny it, crying through the world
The old salute, "Forever live, O King!"

The pictures from photographs by W. A. Mansell & Co. of the bas-relief in the British Museum

Drawn by George L. Tobin from photographs. Half tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

COUNT LEO TOLSTOI

Born, August 28, 1828; died, November 20, 1910

MARTIN LUTHER AND HIS WORK

THIRD PAPER: THE AWAKENING REFORMER

BY ARTHUR C. McGIFFERT

Professor of Church History in Union Theological Seminary, New York

IN the spring of 1512, Luther was back again in Wittenberg, enriched by the experiences of his Italian journey and prepared to give himself with new enthusiasm to his university work. He was already a marked man. That he had seen the sacred city greatly enhanced his reputation with his brother monks, and the signal favor of Staupitz naturally attracted attention to him. He was evidently proving his capacity, for new duties and responsibilities were laid upon him by his patron, and he was advanced rapidly to one position of influence after another.

In October, having completed the requirements and engaged in the customary disputations, he received the degree of doctor of theology from the University of Wittenberg. During his recent stay in Erfurt he had taken the degree of Sententiarius, which entitled him to lecture upon the "Sentences" of Lombard, the great theological text-book of the Middle Ages. The doctorate to which he was now promoted gave him the right to teach the whole subject of theology without limitations of any kind except those imposed by loyalty to university and church. The doctor's oath ran as follows:

> I swear obedience and due reverence to the dean and masters of the theological faculty, and promise to do all I can to promote the welfare of the university and particularly of the theological faculty; not to take the degree elsewhere; not to teach vain and foreign doctrines which are condemned by the church and hurt pious ears, but to inform the dean within eight days if I know of their being taught by any one; to maintain the customs, liberties, and privileges of the theological faculty to the best of my ability, God helping me, and the holy evangelists.

The degree was a costly affair, and, at the solicitation of Staupitz, the elector defrayed the expense. One of the earliest autographs of Luther we possess is his receipt for the sum of fifty gulden, which he had to walk all the way to Leipsic to fetch for himself, almost returning home without it, in his impatience at the red-tape involved. Unnecessary formalities always annoyed him, and if he had had his way, he would have made short shrift of the elaborate bureaucratic methods of the day.

That he took the doctor's degree in Wittenberg instead of in Erfurt brought down upon him the wrath of the authorities of the latter university, who felt that they had a claim on him as their own Magister and Sententiarius, and resented his going elsewhere for the highest degree. As a matter of fact, he ought to have obtained a dispensation from them before taking it in Wittenberg. His failure to do so, probably due to mere carelessness or forgetfulness, was thoroughly characteristic, for he often showed a disregard of the conventionalities and proprieties that made him many enemies. In this particular case, the bad feeling in Erfurt was overcome only after years, and as a result of humble apologies on his part and of the good offices of common friends.

Although it was the natural and obvious thing for a Sententiarius to take the doctor's degree, Luther did it very unwillingly, and only in obedience to the imperative command of Staupitz, who wished

PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE MARKET-PLACE AT WITTENBERG

At the left is the city hall, dating from the sixteenth century; in the background rise the towers of the city church, of which Luther was the regular incumbent; and at the right is College Street, leading to the Augusteum, a seminary for clergymen, and the near-by convent now known as the Luther House. The nearest statue in the market-place is that of Melanchthon, that of Luther being in the middleground.

to retire from his professorship and to make Luther his successor. It is this fact which explains the young scholar's reluctance. For the duties and responsibilities of his superior's chair he felt, as was not unnatural, scarcely qualified. At the age of twenty-eight to succeed his famous teacher and patron, whom he held in unbounded reverence, might well seem too large a task to almost any one, and the experiences through which he had passed in the Erfurt monastery had tended to lessen rather than to increase his self-esteem.

Despite his hesitation in these circumstances to take the degree, he was always proud of it. As a doctor of theology, he claimed that it was not only his right, but his duty, to teach the truth as he found it, and in later years he was continually appealing to it in justification of his innovations. That he had not sought the degree, but had taken it against his will, called thereto, as he later believed, by God, gave him all the more confidence in his course. "Who compelled the Lord to make me a doctor? Since He did it of His own will, let come what may!"

From an old print

GEORGE SPALATIN

In addition to his duties as professor, he also had regular preaching to do. Practice in preaching was a necessary part of his preparation for the doctor's degree, but greatly as he loved it afterward, when he was accustomed to find

the hour spent in the pulpit the most beautiful of all the day, he dreaded to begin, and Staupitz was obliged to use pressure to compel him to do so, dragging him into it by the hair, as Luther once remarked. Years afterward, talking to a young theologian who found preaching a great burden, he said: "Yes, my dear fellow, it was the same with me. I shrank from it just as you do; but I had to undertake it. I was forced to it, and I began in the refectory, before the brothers. Oh, how frightened I was! I had fifteen arguments with which I tried to persuade Dr. Staupitz, under this very pear-tree, to let me off, but they did no good. Finally when I said, 'You are trying to kill me; I cannot live three months,' he replied: 'Very well, in God's name. The Lord has large affairs on hand, and he needs wise men up yonder.' "

Despite his trepidation at seeing so many heads before him, as he once put it, the preacher's gift was his. Vivid imagination, picturesqueness of style, fluency of speech, personal magnetism, passionate earnestness, and an uncommon knowledge of the religious emotions born of his own heart-searching experiences—all these he had. It is no wonder that he made an impression upon those who heard him and that his reputation grew apace. He was soon in demand as a supply in the city church, and in 1514 he became the regular incumbent of its pulpit. The little town of Wittenberg had never heard his like before. Indeed, few towns had, for he was one of the great preachers of history. Beginning modestly, his power steadily increased until he held his congregations in the hollow of his hand. We have hundreds of sermons from his pen, after the first few years unconventional and unsystematic for the most part, often conversational and almost casual in style, but rich in matter, glowing at times with genius, and inimitable in their appeal to the heart of the common man.

During this period his influence in the Augustinian order was also steadily advancing. In the summer of 1512, he was made subprior of the Wittenberg convent, and not long afterward was placed in full charge of theological instruction within its walls. His success as a teacher was so great that young monks came in increasing numbers to put themselves under his tutelage, until he had to protest that the convent was overtaxed and could not accommodate all that were sent to him.

From an old print

THE LUTHER MONUMENT IN THE MARKET-PLACE AT WITTENBERG

In 1515, when only thirty-one years old, he was appointed district vicar of the order for a term of three years, and had to look after the interests and superintend the affairs of eleven monasteries. The knowledge and experience thus gained were of incalculable benefit to him. The administrative duties of the position were very onerous, and required him to be much

away from Wittenberg and to give his attention to all sorts of matters, from the appointment and removal of priors to the repair of buildings and the auditing of accounts. He was at once business manager of the convents under his charge and spiritual adviser to their inmates.

He was a strict disciplinarian, as is shown, for instance, by the following passage from a letter to the prior of a neighboring monastery concerning a brother who had committed some serious offense.

It is difficult for me to advise you what to do with him, for I am ignorant of your statutes. If they do not provide life imprisonment or capital punishment for such a crime, it seems to me that he should receive as severe a penalty as they allow, for it is not you who punish, but justice and law, whose minister, not lord, you are. Do not be dissuaded by the fact that you are as great a sinner or a greater. It is enough to confess this to God. Preserve humility and gentleness of heart toward him, but treat him rigorously, for power is not thine, but God's, while humility ought to be not God's, but thine.

At the same time he had a warm regard for his monks, and showed uncommon sympathy and kindness toward offenders.

JOHANN VON STAUPITZ

To avoid opposition to his friend Luther, Staupitz withdrew to Salzburg and became abbot of the Benedictine Convent of St. Peter, which owns this portrait.

Witness this letter to the Augustinian prior in Mayence:

I am sorry to hear that a certain brother, George Baumgartner, from our cloister in Dresden, who fled, alas! because guilty of shameful conduct, has taken refuge with you. I thank you for your faithfulness and kindness in receiving him, that the scandal might be stopped. He is my lost sheep and belongs to me; mine it is to seek him and to restore the erring one, if it please the Lord Jesus. So I beg you by our common faith in Christ and by the order of St. Augustine

that, if you can, you will send him to me to Dresden or Wittenberg, or will lovingly persuade him to return of his own free will. I shall receive him with open arms if he comes. He need have no fear of my displeasure. I know, I know, that offenses must come, and it is no marvel when a man falls, but it is a miracle when he recovers himself and remains steadfast. Peter fell that he might know he was human. To-day even the cedars of Lebanon fall, though while they stand they reach the heavens. Yes, even an angel in heaven fell,—a wonder it was indeed,—and Adam fell in paradise. So is it surprising that the reed should bend before the storm and the smoking flax be extinguished?

The amount of work entailed by his various responsibilities is indicated clearly enough in a letter to Lang, written in 1516.

I almost need two secretaries, for I do hardly anything the whole day long but write letters. It may be that I continually repeat myself in consequence; if so, you will understand why. I am lecturer in the cloister and reader at meals; I am daily asked to preach in the parish church; I am director of studies; I am vicar, which means being prior eleven times over; inspector of fishponds at Leitzkau; advocate of the Herzbergers' cause at Torgau; I am lecturing on Paul, and gathering material on the Psalms —all this besides my letter-writing, which, as I have said, takes the greater part of my time. Rarely do I have time to observe the hours of prayer, and I am plagued besides by temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil. Behold what a man of leisure I am!

You write that you began to lecture on the Sentences yesterday. I shall begin to expound the Epistle to the Galatians tomorrow, although I fear, with the plague here, I shall not be able to continue. Already it has robbed us of two or three, but not in one day. The smith opposite has just buried a son who was in good health yesterday, and another is infected. Yes, it is here, and is beginning to rage with violence, especially among the young. You counsel me to flee to you for refuge in company with Brother Bartholomew. But why? I hope the world will not come to an end, though Brother Martin perish. If the plague spread, I shall send the brothers away. As for me, seeing I have been placed here, my vows of obedience demand that I remain until ordered elsewhere. Not that I do not fear death, for I am not the apostle Paul, but only a reader of the apostle; but I hope that the Lord will deliver me from my fear.

Despite all the occupations to which he refers, he still had to discharge his religious duties as a monk. He was very punctilious about them. Seven times a day he was required to engage in his devotions, and they consumed much time. He once remarked that when it proved quite impossible, as it often did, to observe the canonical hours day by day, he would shut himself in his cell on Saturday and make up in a single day for all the omissions of the week. It is evident that, conscientious as he was, his life was no longer primarily that of a monk. He was a teacher, a preacher, and an administrator, and his various functions took him out into the world and brought him into as intimate contact with men and affairs as if he had never seen the inside of a monastery. He often lamented it, and longed for the quiet and seclusion of the Erfurt days; but there can be no doubt that he was far happier and his life far more wholesome as it was.

With all his labors, he was not without social recreation. His vivacity and enthusiasm, his contagious humor, his fascinating conversation, his novel way of looking at men and things, and his personal charm, all combined to give him warm admirers wherever he went, and in Wittenberg the circle of his friends was large and apparently included everybody worth knowing in the little city. An amusing note of invitation to his old and intimate friend George Spalatin, the elector's chaplain, gives us an interesting glimpse of the social side of his life.

Greeting. Come with the father confessor and his friend about nine o'clock. If the Lord Christopher, the ambassador, is with you, bring him, too. The duty of inviting him has been intrusted to our Otto. Farewell, but see that you also procure wine for us; for you know that you are coming from the castle to the monastery, not from the monastery to the castle.

It is this same Spalatin whose praise of Luther is the earliest explicit testimony we

have to his character and ability. Writing in 1514 to their common friend Lang, he spoke of Luther's extraordinary combination of the keenest judgment with great learning and purity of character. For many years he was an important figure in Luther's life. He had belonged to the humanistic circle in Erfurt, where the two first met, and for a long time was freer in his views than his friend, though he was cooler and more cautious, a man of the world rather than a religious zealot, and would never have thought of devoting himself to the work of reform. When the great controversy came, he stood with Luther, but he did what he could to restrain his impetuosity and to keep him from going too far. A tactful courtier and a wise counselor, he held an important place at court, and his influence with the elector was great. He did much to promote Luther's credit with the prince, and was commonly the medium of communication between the two. In fact, he was an invaluable as well as a dearly loved friend, and Luther's correspondence with him, covering many of the most critical years of his life, is one of our most important and interesting sources of information.

THE CITY CHURCH IN WITTENBERG (SEE ALSO PAGE 514)

The larger part of this church dates from the fourteenth century. First as "supply" and then as regular incumbent, Luther preached from its pulpit.

The famous painter, Lucas Cranach, who stood very high in the community and was for a time burgomaster of the town, though considerably older than Luther, was also one of his intimates. He was not merely an artist, but a prosperous business man, whose printing establishment and apothecary shop materially added to the financial returns from his studio. He had come to Wittenberg originally on Frederick's invitation to fill the position of court painter, and he was ultimately raised to the nobility. From his brush we have many faithful, if not inspired, portraits of some of the leading notables of the day, including the reformer himself, whom he painted frequently. With him and his family Luther enjoyed the closest friendship as long as he lived, and the stately home of the prosperous artist was one of his favorite resorts.

He was on terms of affectionate intimacy, too, with many of his colleagues, among others the brilliant and impetuous theologian Carlstadt, the more sober and solid Nicholas von Amsdorf, the punctilious and cautious ecclesiastical lawyer Jerome Schurf, and the liberal and cultivated jurist Christopher Scheurl. It was to the latter, who early left Wittenberg to become city councilor of Nuremberg, that Luther once wrote in a playful mood: "The money which I realized by the sale of the books you sent I have given, in accordance with your directions, to the poor —that is, to myself and the brethren, for I have never known anybody poorer than I."

In his relations with all his friends,

Luther's commanding personality asserted itself unmistakably. He dominated every circle to which he belonged, and his intimates, as time passed, recognizing more and more his superior genius and capacity for leadership, fell naturally, whether older or younger, into the position of followers. To be sure, many were offended by him, and thought him arrogant and overbearing, but in most of those who knew him there was steadily growing affection and loyalty.

Curiously enough, Luther never met the Elector Frederick, near as were the palace and the monastery, and intimate as were the relations of Luther with some of the members of the court. It was like him not to seek the acquaintance of his prince, for he was the last man to curry favor with the great. Frederick thought highly of him, and showed him many marks of favor. Soon after Luther's arrival in Wittenberg, he had been assured by Staupitz that the young scholar would yet be an honor to his darling university, and as early as 1512 he had heard him preach and been much impressed. But at first there was no reason for summoning him to court, and after Luther had gained world-wide prominence, the elector's native prudence kept him from identifying himself too intimately with the reformer's affairs.

From an old print

CHRISTOPHER SCHEURL, THE JURIST, A FRIEND OF LUTHER

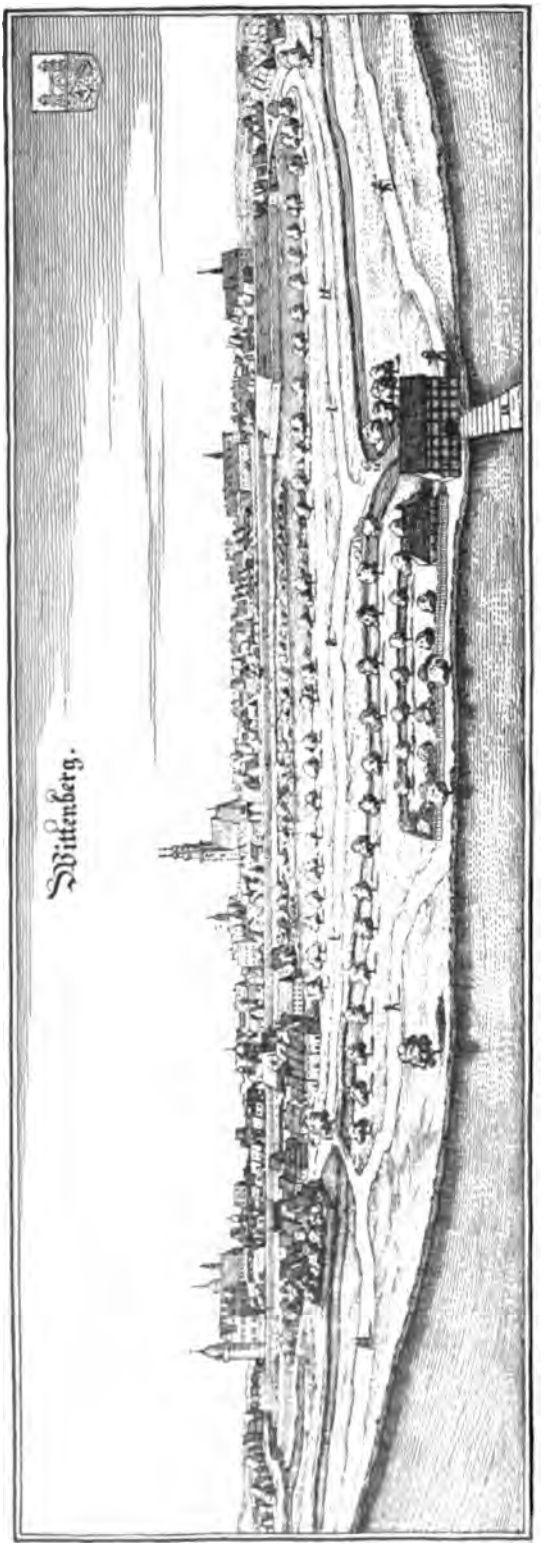
On Luther's part, natural loyalty was enhanced by genuine respect for his sovereign. Writing to Spalatin in 1518, he expressed his thanks "to the most illustrious prince for the fine and truly princely gift of venison which he sent our new graduates, and which I told them came from him. The mind of the most kindly and generous prince, as you justly call him, has pleased me especially, for man, too, loves a cheerful giver." Long afterward he said of him:

> The Elector Frederick was a wise, judicious, and skilful man, who hated all display, hypocrisy, and sham. He led a pure life and never married. Such a pious, God-fearing, prudent prince is a blessing from God. He was a true father to the fatherland, he ruled well, and was his own treasurer. He held his officials and servants to a strict account. When he visited one of his own castles, he paid for his food and lodging, like any other guest, that the stewards might not afterward put in exorbitant bills for his entertainment. Thus it came about that he left his land large treasures and supplies. He gathered in with shovels and gave out with spoons. He had the custom of allowing his counselors to express their opinions and then doing the exact opposite, yet with such reason that they could say nothing. This he did not learn, nor was he trained to it, but he had the gift naturally, and although many tried to influence and control him, he put out his horns and would have none of it. Often when his counselors gave him advice which seemed good, he yet obstinately refused to take it. Why he did so, only himself knew; but it was surely at God's suggestion, for he was born one of God's wonders.

But despite Luther's admiration for his prince, he did not hesitate to express himself frankly about him or to him. In the year 1516, in a letter to Spalatin, he remarked:

> Many things please your prince and glitter in his eyes which displease God. I do not deny that he is exceedingly wise in secular affairs, but in those pertaining to God and the soul's salvation I consider him, as well as Pfeffinger, sevenfold blind. I do not say this in a corner to malign them, nor do I wish you to keep it quiet. I am prepared whenever opportunity occurs to say it to their faces.

The following letter to Frederick himself, written something over a year later,



WITTENBERG ON THE ELBE, SAXONY (AFTER A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY ENGRAVING BASED ON DRAWINGS MADE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY)

At the left is seen the castle, and adjoining it the small tower of the castle church, to the doors of which Luther nailed his ninety-five theses. He and Melanchthon were buried in this church. In the middle of the picture rise the towers of the city church near the market place. At the extreme right of the picture are the Augusteum and Luther's house, near the Elster Gate, outside of which, in 1520, Luther publicly burned the Pope's bull of excommunication. A little to the left, now used as infantry barracks, is the old university, founded in 1502, where Luther in 1509 taught the Scriptures. Shakspere's *Hamlet* was a student here, and thence *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern* were summoned to distract the melancholy prince. As a fortress, Wittenberg was subjected to the rigors of war, and was not dismantled until 1875.

is characteristically direct and outspoken:

My most gracious and dear lord, Duke Frederick, Elector of Saxony; most gracious lord and prince. As your grace promised me some time ago, through Hirsfelder, a new gown, I now wish to remind your grace of it. But I beg, gracious lord, as before, that if Pfeffinger is to arrange the matter, he will do it in reality and not with fine speeches merely, for he can spin good words, but they do not make good cloth. Also gracious prince, that I may show my loyalty to your grace and earn my court dress, I have heard that your grace, after the collection of the present tax, intends to levy another and perhaps heavier one. If your grace will not despise a poor beggar's prayer, I entreat that this, for God's sake, may not be done; for I and many who love your grace are deeply distressed because the present tax has robbed your grace's last days of so much good fame and affection. God has endowed your grace with large wisdom, so that you see further in these matters than I, and perhaps any of your grace's subjects, but it may well be—so indeed God wills it—that great wisdom sometimes learns from less in order that no one may depend on himself, but on God our Lord alone. May He preserve your grace in health for our good, and afterward give your grace eternal salvation. Amen. Your grace's obe-

dient chaplain, Dr. Martin Luther of Wittenberg.

During all these years, despite multiplying duties and distractions, Luther's chief work, and that which interested him most, was his university teaching. The chair to which he was appointed in succession to Staupitz was a biblical chair. There were three regular foundations in the theological faculty, devoted to instruction respectively in Thomas Aquinas, in Gabriel Biel, and in the Bible. The last was undoubtedly due to Staupitz himself, and its establishment was very timely, in view of the growing interest of the age in biblical study. It was thus not on his own initiative that Luther took the Bible instead of the theology of the schoolmen as the subject of his teaching, though his taste and training made the work peculiarly congenial. As a rule, professors of theology preferred to give themselves to dogmatics and considered the teaching of the Bible rather the work of beginners. But Luther's interest was identical with that of his eminent predecessor, and this of course Staupitz well knew when he decided upon him as his successor.

The new incumbent interpreted the duties of his chair strictly, and to the end of his life lectured upon the Bible alone. At first he contented himself with expounding the text of the Vulgate, but he soon felt the need of going back to the original tongues, realizing, as he said, that "the farther from the spring, the more water loses taste and strength," and he therefore took up the study of both Hebrew and Greek with his friend Lang, who had long been an enthusiastic humanist and an accomplished linguist. Though Luther never became an expert in either language, he read both easily, and made large use of them in his biblical work. The energy of the man in thus acquiring two new languages while in the midst of the active work of teaching and preaching was genuinely characteristic.

His instruction was by no means scientific in character. The Bible was a practical book to him, and in his interpretation it was always its practical value upon which he laid chief stress. He treated the Old Testament in the most unhistorical fashion, finding types and prophecies of Christ in every part of it; and into the most unlikely passages both of Old Testament and New he read his gospel of the forgiving love of God revealed in Christ. But the very fact that he interpreted the whole Bible from a single point of view, together with his enthusiasm, his unmatched skill in rendering the text into the vernacular, and the novelty of his methods, made a tremendous impression, and he soon became the most popular teacher in the university, and gained an ever larger following among the students. They felt that here was a real man, who insisted on going to the heart of things, and was bound by no narrow conventions and traditional sophistries. Even his colleagues came frequently to hear him, and the famous Pollich predicted that he would yet completely revolutionize the teaching of theology.

To do this, indeed, soon became his chief ambition. More and more as time passed he grew impatient with the prevailing scholastic methods and with the schoolmen themselves, to whom they were due. Theology, he felt, ought to be vital and practical instead of philosophical and speculative, as they had made it. He had no quarrel as yet with their doctrines,—he was orthodox, as they, too, were,—but their spirit was not his. His exclusively practical interest in theology was typical of his general attitude. Speculation as such, science as an end in itself, truth for truth's sake, never appealed to him; only that which had some immediate bearing on life and character he felt to be worthy the attention of a serious man.

The presiding genius of medieval scholasticism was Aristotle, and Luther's growing distaste for the scholastic spirit and method resulted not unnaturally in a growing dislike for the great Stagirite. His formal logic he found empty and barren, and the matters which chiefly interested the inquiring mind of the Greek sage he cared little about, while for the questions he thought really important no satisfactory answers were to be found in the peripatetic philosophy. "Wilt thou know what Aristotle teaches?" he once exclaimed. "I will tell thee frankly. A potter can make a pot out of clay; this a smith cannot do unless he has learned how. If there is anything higher in Aristotle, do not believe a word I say." "In the universities," he remarked on another occa-

sion, "the Bible and Christian faith are little taught, and only the blind heathen Aristotle reigns. It pains me greatly that the damnable, proud, cunning heathen has led astray and fooled so many of the best Christians with his false words. God has plagued us with him because of our sins."

It is significant of his controlling interest that he ranked Cicero much higher than Aristotle. He says:

> Cicero handled the finest and best questions in philosophy: Whether there be a God? What God is? Whether He takes an interest in human affairs? And he holds that there must be an eternal Spirit. Aristotle was a skilful and cunning dialectician, who followed the right method in his teaching; but the facts and their meaning he did not elucidate, as Cicero did. He who would learn the true philosophy should read Cicero.

He was particularly pleased with Cicero's arguments for the existence of a God, while Aristotle's disbelief in divine creation and providence, and in the immortality of the soul, made him, as he thought, quite unfit to be a teacher of Christians. Luther at this time measured every writer by the standard of Christian orthodoxy, and, estimated thus, Aristotle could hardly seem other than a blasphemer. The detached and scientific attitude of the schoolmen, which enabled them to use the Aristotelian philosophy without being troubled with the religious beliefs of its author, was not his. His practical interest made such a frame of mind quite impossible.

He was by no means the first to attack Aristotle and the schoolmen. The revolt against traditional methods had begun long before his day and was steadily gaining strength, particularly where the influence of the new humanism was felt. But his opposition was exclusively religious and very unlike that of most of his contemporaries. The difference is seen in his complaint that the schoolmen, following their master Aristotle, make too much of human reason, while one of their chief faults in the eyes of the humanists was the irrationality and antiquated nature of their teaching. The difference is seen also in his condemnation of the naturalism of the pagan philosopher. That Aristotle emphasized human ability and free will instead of man's impotence and constant need of divine grace made his moral teaching, Luther thought, peculiarly dangerous and was the worst of his many sins. That the reformer thus reached by his own independent path a position very common in his day was characteristic of him. Over and over again the same thing happened, and in it lies one of the secrets of the tremendous influence he wielded.

In February, 1517, he sent his friend Lang a paper full, as he said, of blasphemies and curses against Aristotle, Porphyry, and the dogmatic theologians, which he asked him to show to his old teacher Trutvetter and others. He realized the radical character of his attitude and was aware that it would excite criticism, and both now and later, as his letters show, he was almost boyishly eager to know what his friends would say. In May he wrote to Lang, "Our theology and that of St. Augustine, by the grace of God, are making excellent progress and gaining control in our university. Aristotle is gradually declining, and his permanent extinction is not far off." This was no idle boast. He was actually winning over to his own point of view one colleague after another, and his influence in the Wittenberg faculty was steadily growing. But elsewhere he was naturally gaining a bad name for himself, and especially with his old teachers at Erfurt his reputation was not improving. They thought him over-proud and presumptuous, and were incensed to see him emancipating himself more and more from the traditions in which he had been trained and from the authorities whom he had been taught to reverence.

Meanwhile his interest in the reformation of theological study did not prevent him from concerning himself with many other matters needing betterment. As time passed, his eyes were increasingly opened to existing evils in one and another sphere, and wherever he found them, he was quick to attack them. He had the true reformer's conscience—the feeling of responsibility for others as well as for himself, and the true reformer's vision of the better things that ought to be. He was never a mere faultfinder, but he was endowed with the gifts of imagination and sympathy, which made him part of every

situation he was placed in, and with the irrepressible impulse to action which drove him to take upon himself the burden of it. In any crowd of bystanders he would have been first to go to the rescue where need was, and quickest to see the need not obvious to all. The aloofness of the mere observer was not his; he was too completely one with all he saw to stand apart and let it go its way alone. Fearful and distrustful of himself he long was, but his timidity was only the natural shrinking before new and untried duties of a soul that saw more clearly and felt more keenly than most. The imperative demands which every situation inevitably made upon him led him instinctively to dread putting himself where he could not help responding to the call of unfamiliar tasks; but once there, the summons was irresistible, and he threw himself into the new responsibilities with a forgetfulness of self possible only to him who has denied its claims, and with a fearlessness possible only to him who has conquered fear. He might interpret his confidence as trust in God, won by the path of a complete contempt of his own powers; but however understood, it gave him an independence and a disregard of consequences which made his conscience and his vision effective for reform.

As a preacher in the Wittenberg church he soon abandoned the all-too-common custom of delivering mere essays on speculative theology, and turned his attention to questions of immediate practical concern. The moral conditions of university life, and particularly the relations between the students and the young women of the town, left much to be desired. The citizens had not yet adjusted themselves to the new situation arising from the presence of hundreds of young and often unruly fellows in the quiet little city, and they found themselves helpless before the growing demoralization. Luther soon became familiar with existing conditions, and began to speak his mind about them in no uncertain terms. He denounced parents for the laxity of their discipline, and called upon the university and city authorities to take the matter actively in hand. He brought down upon himself the enmity of many, both for his plain speaking and his fancied invasion of the sacred liberties of university life; but he succeeded in bringing about a great improvement and won the lasting gratitude and confidence of the better citizens. Before long he was the most powerful influence for righteousness in town and university, and he continued to be to the end of his life.

But he did not confine himself to conditions in Wittenberg. In the spring of 1515 he was appointed to preach at the triennial convention of his order, meeting in Gotha, and instead of choosing some theological or philosophical theme appropriate to the occasion, which might give him opportunity to display his ability and learning, as most young men would have done, he preached a simple but effective sermon on the vice of slander, sadly prevalent in monasticism, as he knew from his own experience. His wealth of imagery, his command of epigram, and his power of invective, appear very strikingly in this discourse, but the most notable thing about it is the practical interest which dictated both selection of subject and mode of treatment, and his fearlessness in handling the conditions attacked. The sermon attracted wide attention and gained the favorable notice of one of the leading humanists of the day, the celebrated Rufus Mutianus of Gotha. It evidently made a strong impression also on the assembled monks, for it was at this convention that Luther was appointed district-vicar.

Meanwhile his thought was beginning to dwell upon the condition of the church at large and upon evils everywhere all too common. In an interesting letter written in reply to an inquiry from Spalatin as to his opinion of the merits of the famous Reuchlin controversy, which had been started by the Dominicans of Cologne, the great heresy-hunters of the day, he wrote:

My brother John Lang has asked in your name what I think of the cause of the innocent and most learned John Reuchlin against his Cologne rivals, and whether he is guilty of heresy. You know that I have a great esteem and affection for the man, and my judgment is liable to suspicion because I am not free and neutral. Nevertheless, as you ask me, I will say what I think, that there is nothing dangerous in what he says. I wonder greatly at his opponents, because they involve so plain an affair in difficulties worse than a Gordian knot, when he protests sol-

emnly and repeatedly that he is not in any way attacking the articles of faith, but simply expressing his judgment on another matter altogether. This absolves him in my opinion so completely from suspicion that even if he had made a collection of all heresies in his report, I should hold him sound and pure in the faith. For if such expressions of opinion are not free from danger, it is to be feared that these inquisitors will begin to swallow camels and strain out gnats, and will pronounce the orthodox heretics, whatever they say. What is it they are doing but trying to cast out Beelzebub without the finger of God? It is this I often mourn and lament, that we Christians are wise abroad and foolish at home. There are a hundred worse evils in all the streets of Jerusalem, and every place is full of spiritual idols. These intestine foes ought to be opposed with all our might, but we leave them alone and concern ourselves with foreign matters. It is certainly the devil that persuades us to neglect our own affairs for others which we cannot mend. I protest, is it possible to think of anything more foolish? Are there not enough terrible evils on which these unhappy men of Cologne may exercise their wisdom, zeal, and charity, that they find it necessary to start an inquiry about matters so remote?

The letter is instructive both for its outspoken defense of the famous humanist and Hebraist at a time when many liberals, for fear of consequences, hesitated to express an opinion, and also for the concern it shows for the moral and religious condition of Christendom.

In 1516, learning that the elector was thinking of having Staupitz made a bishop, he wrote to Spalatin urging him to use his influence against the plan, on the ground that the vicar-general was much too good for the position:

> Those happy times are gone by when it was a fortunate thing to be a bishop. Now there is no more miserable place, with its reveling and carousing after the manner of Sodom and Rome. You see this well enough when you compare the life and work of the old bishops with those of our day. The best of them are immersed in public wars, while their homes have become a very hell of insatiable greed.

The language is characteristically exaggerated, though it could be matched over and over again in the writings of the day. Such a judgment of contemporary prelates was altogether too sweeping and severe; but it shows the awakening spirit of the reformer, and contrasts most strikingly with the simple and devout faith of the Roman pilgrim. The traveling he was doing as district-vicar, and the responsibility the position laid upon him for the spiritual welfare of others, were opening his eyes as the Italian journey had not done, and he was becoming aware of evils to which he had hitherto been quite blind.

It was in the same year that he preached in the Wittenberg church a series of sermons on the Decalogue, taking occasion to attack in no uncertain terms many prevalent superstitions. Astrology, witchcraft, saint-worship, religious pilgrimages, and the popular beliefs current in every age concerning lucky and unlucky days, omens, signs, and charms, were considered in great detail and with an extraordinary wealth of illustration, furnishing us much interesting information about the popular beliefs of the time. Astrology he makes merry sport over, his lack of faith in it contrasting favorably with the credulity of many of the leading men of his day. "My dear Astrology," he calls it, "which would gladly be an art if its inborn folly did not prevent it." The existence of witches he could not doubt,—nobody did then,—and their punishment under certain circumstances he was in favor of; but he spoke disapprovingly of the excesses to which the belief was carried, and tried to distinguish between genuine and spurious manifestations.

His attitude toward saint-worship is especially instructive. He did not condemn the practice,—he was a loyal son of the church and recognized its legitimacy and value,—but he complained that it had degenerated into a mere selfish scramble after temporal goods, while the true adoration of the saints, consisting in imitating their perfections and praising God for His gifts to them, was almost wholly forgotten. "We honor them," he exclaimed, "and call upon them only when we have a pain in our bones or our head or when our pockets are empty." One saint, he went on to say, was invoked for protection against fire, another against pestilence,

From a miniature by Lorenzo da Voltolina, printed in E. Heyck's monograph on Luther

AN ITALIAN LECTURE-ROOM IN LUTHER'S TIME

another against thunder-storms, another against this or that illness—blindness, toothache, and the like. Each trade and occupation had its patron saint, and in looking to them for wealth or fortune all thought of higher things had been abandoned.

He was obliged to recognize that the church approved the practice of appealing to the saints for help in bodily distresses and temporal need, but he declared that she preserved the proper order, for she prayed first for grace and forgiveness of sins, and he protested that what he condemned was not the desire for earthly goods, but the putting them before everything else. The common abuse had gone so far, he believed, that it would be better if the festivals of the saints were altogether abandoned and their very names forgotten.

The custom of making religious pilgrimages, which had developed greatly during recent decades, he also criticized sharply and attributed its rapid growth to the devil. It had resulted, he complained, in the wide-spread neglect of household duties and of the ordinary means of grace, and had brought demoralization into many homes and communities. "If you have a wife or servants," he remarked, "who claim that they are driven by the Spirit to go upon a pilgrimage, hear my advice: take a good oaken cross and sanctify them with a few lusty strokes on the back, and you will see how the devil is exorcised by this finger of God." To be sure, he did not wish to oppose a time-honored practice which had been approved by the church. "Let any one go on a pilgrimage who feels compelled to, but let him learn that God can be served at home a thousand times better by giving the money the journey would cost to the poor, or to wife and children, and bearing one's cross with patience."

Luther was not the first to attack these and similar practices. Within a few years not infrequently voices had been raised in like criticism or condemnation, but his utterances were none the less significant of his own development. He was not simply

Then, as a light may dwindle till it seems certain to go out, all that was Marcus Harding seemed to Malling to dwindle. The large body, the powerful head and face, meant little, almost nothing, because the spirit was surely fading. But these moments passed. Then it was as if the light flared suddenly up again.

When dinner was over, Mr. Harding asked Malling if he would like to take a stroll.

"The sea air will help us to sleep," he said.

"I should like nothing better," said Malling. "Have n't you been sleeping well lately?"

"Very badly. We had better take our coats."

They put the coats on, and went out, making their way to the broad, grassy walk raised above the shingle of the beach. The tide was far down, and the oozing flats were uncovered. So still, so waveless was the brown water that at this hour it was impossible to perceive where it met the brown land. In the distance, on the right, shone the lights of Herne Bay, with its pier stretching far out into the shallows. Away to the left was the lonely island of Sheppey, a dull shadow beyond the harbor, where the oyster-boats lay at rest. There were very few people about: some fisher-lads solemnly or jocosely escorting their girls, who giggled faintly as they passed Mr. Harding and Malling; two or three shopkeepers from Whitstable taking the air; a boatman or two vaguely hovering, with blue eyes turned from habit to the offing.

The two men paced slowly up and down. And again Malling was aware of words trembling upon the rector's lips—words which he could not yet resolve frankly to utter. Whether it was the influence of the faintly sighing sea, of the almost sharply pure air, of the distant lights gleaming patiently, or whether an influence came out from the man beside him and moved him, Malling did not know; but he resolved to do a thing quite contrary to his usual practice. He resolved to try to force a thing on, instead of waiting till it came to him naturally. He became impatient, he who was generally a patient seeker.

"You remember our former conversations with regard to Henry Chichester?" he said abruptly, changing the subject of their discourse.

"Chichester? Yes—yes. What of them?"

"I wish to tell you that I think you are right, that I think there is an extraordinary, even an amazing, change in Chichester."

"There is, indeed," said Mr. Harding. "And—and it will increase."

He spoke with a sort of despairing conviction.

"What makes you think so?"

"It must. It cannot be otherwise—unless—"

He paused.

"Yes," said Malling; "unless—"

"A thing almost impossible were to happen."

"May I, without indiscretion, ask what that is?"

"Unless he were to leave St. Joseph's, to go quite away."

"Surely that would not be impossible!"

"I often think it is. Chichester will not wish to go."

"Are you certain of that?" asked Malling, remembering the curate's remark in Hornton Street, that perhaps he would not remain at St. Joseph's much longer.

The rector turned his head and fixed his eyes upon Malling.

"Has he said anything to you about leaving?" he asked, suddenly raising his voice, as if under the influence of excitement. "But of course he has not."

"Surely it is probable that such a man may be offered a living."

"He would not take it."

They walked on a few steps in silence, turned, and strolled back. It was now growing dark. Their faces were set toward the distant gleam of the Herne Bay lights.

"I am not so sure," at length dropped out Malling.

"Why are you not so sure?"

"Why do you think Chichester's departure from St. Joseph's impossible?"

Malling spoke strongly to determine, if possible, the rector to speak, to say out all that was in his heart.

"Can I tell you?" Mr. Harding almost murmured. "Can I tell you?"

"I think you asked me here that you might tell me something."

"It is true. I did."

NEW YORK AT NIGHT

FIVE PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. M. VAN DER WEYDE

From a photograph, copyright by W. M. Van der Weyde

THE SHERMAN STATUE AT THE PLAZA—HOTELS IN THE BACKGROUND

From a photograph, copyright by W. M. Van der Weyde

HIGH BRIDGE OVER THE HARLEM RIVER AND THE SPEEDWAY

Photographed, copyrighted by W. M. Vanderweyde.

J. Q. A. WARD'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON ON THE STEPS OF THE SUB-TREASURY

From a photograph, copyright by W. M. Van der Weyde

LOOKING NORTH FROM THE SINGER TOWER, CITY HALL PARK IN THE MIDDLEGROUND

From a photograph, copyright by W. M. Van der Weyde

LOOKING SOUTH FROM THE METROPOLITAN TOWER, UNION SQUARE NEAR THE MIDDLE OF THE PICTURE

SOME PORTRAITS AND AUTOGRAPHS OF WALT WHITMAN

From a photograph by Brady, New York. In the collection of Robert Coster

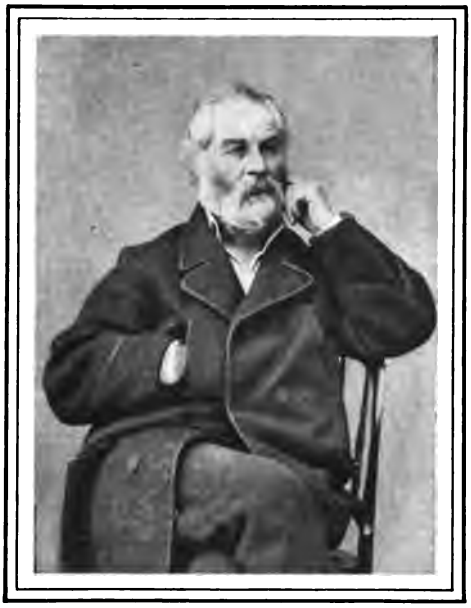
WALT WHITMAN

THE following poem by Walt Whitman, here reprinted in facsimile from the author's manuscript, has special significance in that it was written shortly before the breaking out of hostilities of the Civil War, as is evident from the reference to the "thirty-four stars" of the American flag. Mr. Horace Traubel, one of the executors of Whitman, believes that in this form it has not before appeared. In making his complete collection Whitman did not include it, but a portion of it in revised form was included as follows in "Leaves of Grass":

WORLD TAKE GOOD NOTICE

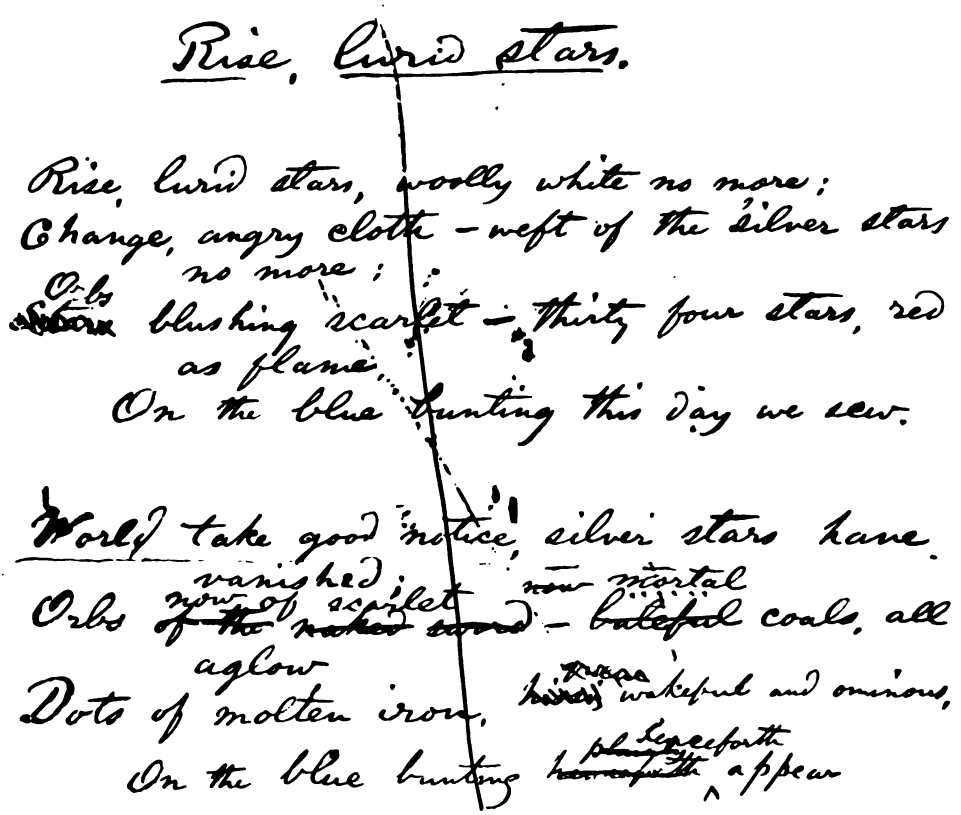
World take good notice, silver stars fading,
Milky hue ript, weft of white detaching,
Coals thirty-eight, baleful and burning,
Scarlet, significant, hands off warning,
Now and henceforth flaunt from these shores.

The reference to "thirty-eight stars" indicates that the second poem was written twelve years or more after the war. Comparison of the two poems is interesting as showing that after the war Whitman shifted some of the lines to a theme of larger scope, adapted to the changed state of affairs. The same broad spirit of nationalism characterizes the opening page of Whitman's published lecture on Lincoln, of which a facsimile is presented on a following page. Both these manuscripts are from the collection of Whitman's friend, Mr. J. H. Johnston. They have not before been reproduced. The two portraits also are from photographs hitherto unknown.—THE EDITOR.



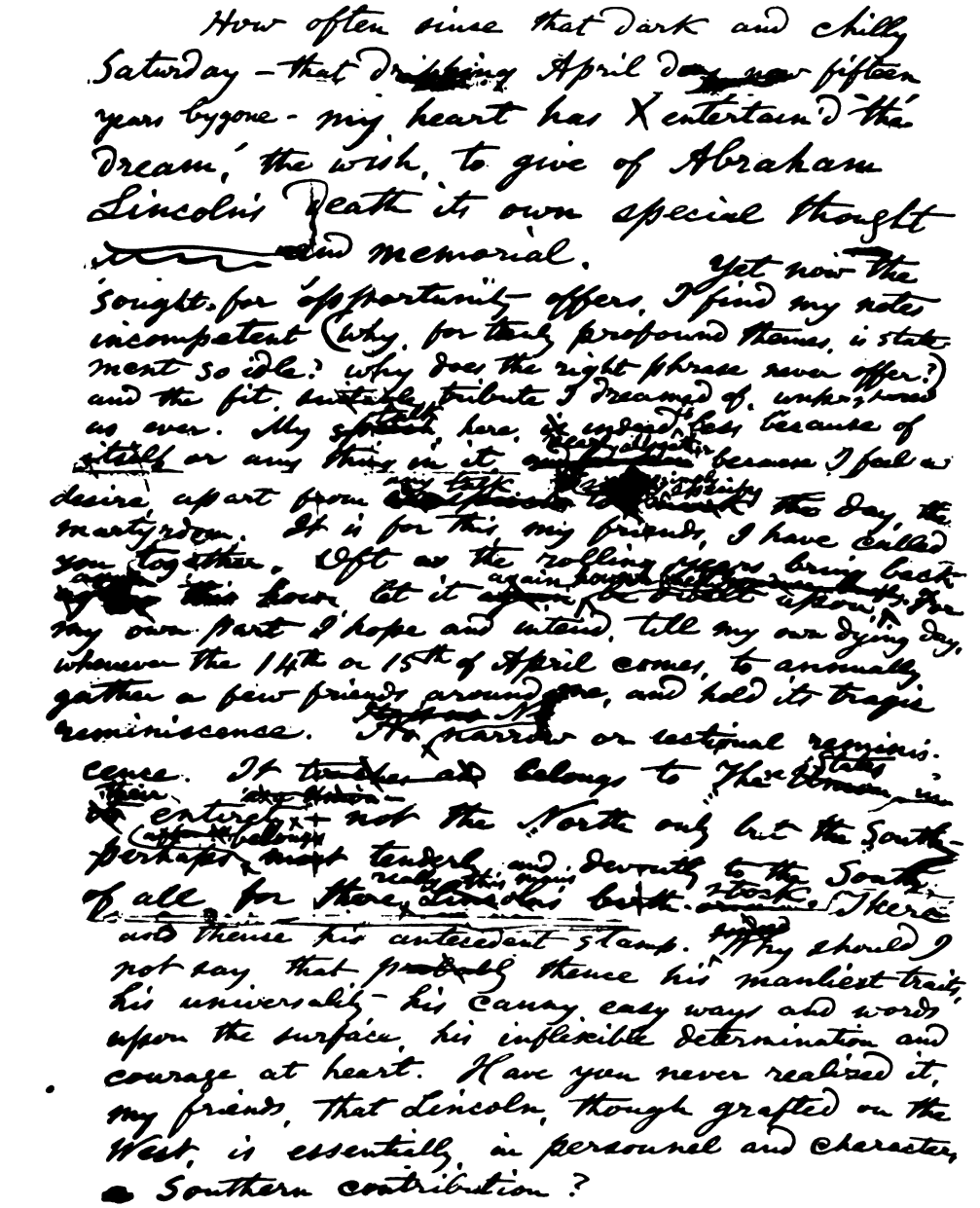
From a photograph by Gardner, Washington, D. C.
In the collection of Robert Coster

WALT WHITMAN


Rise, lurid stars.
Rise, lurid stars, woolly white no more;
Change, angry cloth – weft of the silver stars
no more;
Orbs blushing scarlet – thirty four stars, red
as flame
On the blue hunting this day we sew.
World take good notice, silver stars have
vanished
Orbs now mortal scarlet – baleful coals, all
aglow
Dots of molten iron, wakeful and ominous,
On the blue hunting henceforth appear

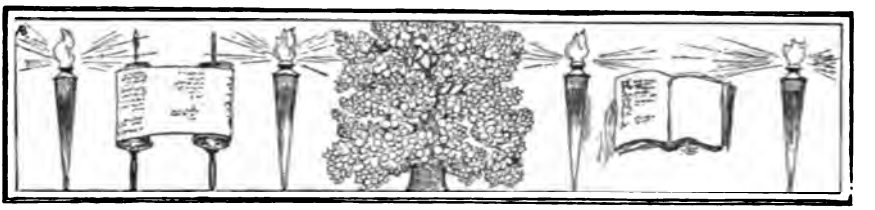
From the original manuscript owned by J. H. Johnston

"RISE, LURID STARS." A POEM BY WALT WHITMAN



From the original manuscript owned by J. H. Johnston

FIRST PAGE OF AN ADDRESS ON LINCOLN BY WALT WHITMAN



THE DWELLER ON THE THRESHOLD

A TALE OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH, IN SIX PARTS: PART FOUR

BY ROBERT HICHENS

Author of "The Garden of Allah," "Egypt and Its Monuments," "The Holy Land," etc.

THE first part of this novel, in the November CENTURY, introduces the reader to Evelyn Malling, noted for his interest in psychical research, who had just become acquainted with the Rev. Marcus Harding, rector of a fashionable church in the West End of London. The latter's wife is Lady Sophia, daughter of an earl, and his senior curate is the Rev. Henry Chichester, a former acquaintance of Malling. The opening chapters deal with the mental influence of the curate on his rector.

In the December number, Malling visits Professor Stepton, who has been having "sittings" with a famous medium, and who suggests that the two clergymen have had a success in psychical research which they do not understand and which has placed them in a serious predicament. In confirmation of this opinion Malling, dining with the curate, Chichester, finds him strangely improved in strength of will, while from Lady Sophia and her sister, Lady Mansford, he learns that the rector, Harding, is showing signs of mental deterioration, from all of which Malling infers that rector and curate have been holding experiments in secret which have resulted in strengthening the will power of one at the expense of the other. These incidents suggest the main line on which the story is developed and a problem dealing with psychologic mystery.—THE EDITOR.

VIII

"COULD you come down stay with me Saturday till Monday all alone air delicious feel rather solitary glad of your company Marcus Harding Minors Tankerton Kent."

Such was the telegram which Evelyn Malling was considering on the following Friday afternoon. The sender had paid an answer. The telegraph-boy was waiting in the hall. Malling kept him only five minutes. He went away with this reply:

"Accept with pleasure. Will take four twenty train at Victoria, Saturday. Malling."

Malling could not have said with truth that he had expected a summons from Mr. Harding, yet he found that he was not surprised to get it. The man was in a bad way. He needed sympathy, he needed help. That was certain. But whether he could help him was more than doubtful, Malling thought. Perhaps, really, a doctor and the wonderful air from the mud-flats of Tankerton—But here Malling found that a strong incredulity checked him. He did not believe that the rector would be restored by a doctor's advice and a visit to the sea.

That afternoon he went to Westminster, and asked for Professor Stepton.

"He is away, sir," said the fair Scotch parlor-maid.

"For long?"

"We don't know, sir. He has gone into Kent, on research business, I believe."

Agnes had been for a long time in the professor's service, and was greatly trusted. The professor had come upon her originally when making investigations into "second sight," a faculty which she

claimed to possess. By the way, she was also an efficient parlor-maid.

"Kent!" said Malling. "Do you know where he is staying?"

"The address he left is the Tankerton Hotel, Tankerton, near Whitstable-on-Sea, sir."

"Thank you, Agnes," said Malling.

"It is a haunted house somewhere Birchington way the professor is after, I believe, sir."

"Luck favors me," said Malling to himself, unscientifically, as he walked away from the house.

On the following day it was in a singularly expectant and almost joyously alert frame of mind that he bought a first-class ticket for Whitstable-on-Sea, which is the station for Tankerton.

He would involve Stepton in this affair. There was a mystery in it. Malling was now convinced of that. And his original supposition did not satisfy him. But perhaps Mr. Harding meant to help him. Perhaps Mr. Harding intended to be explicit. The difficulty there was that he also was walking in darkness, as Malling believed. His telegram had come like a cry out of this darkness.

"Faversham! Faversham!" the fair Kentish porters were calling. Only about twenty minutes now! Would the rector be at the station?

He was. As the train ran in alongside the wooden platform, Malling caught sight of the towering, authoritative figure. Was it his fancy which made him think that it looked slightly bowed, even perhaps a little shrunken?

"Good of you to come!" said the rector in a would-be hearty voice, but also with a genuine accent of pleasure. "All the afternoon I have been afraid of a telegram."

"Why?" asked Malling, as they shook hands.

"Oh, when one is anxious for a thing, one does not always get it. Ha, ha!"

He broke into a covering laugh.

"Here is a porter. You 've only got this bag. Capital! I have a fly waiting. We go down these steps."

As they descended, Malling remarked:

"By the way, we have a friend staying here. Have you come across him?"

"No, I have seen nobody—that is, no acquaintance. Who is it?"

"Stepton."

"The professor down here!" exclaimed Mr. Harding, as if startled.

"At the hotel, I believe. He 's come down to make some investigation."

"I have n't seen him."

They stepped into the fly, and drove through the long street of Whitstable toward the outlying houses of Tankerton, scattered over grassy downs above a quiet, brown sea.

"The air is splendid, certainly," observed Malling, drinking it in almost like a gourmet savoring a wonderful wine.

"It must do me good. Don't you think so?"

The question sounded anxious to Malling's ears.

"It ought to do every one good, I should think."

"Here is Minors."

The fly stopped before a delightfully gay, little, red doll's house—so Malling thought of it—standing in a garden surrounded by a wooden fence, with the downs undulating about it. Not far off, but behind it, was the sea. And the rector, pointing to a red building in the distance, on the left and much nearer to the beach, said:

"That is the hotel where the professor must be staying, if he is here."

"I 'll go over presently and ask about him."

"Oh," said Mr. Harding. "Bring in the bag, please, Jennings. The room on the right, at the top of the stairs."

Malling had believed in London that Mr. Harding's telegram to him was a cry out of darkness. That first evening in the cheerful doll's house he knew his belief was well founded. When they sat at dinner, like two monsters, Malling thought, who had somehow managed to insert themselves into a doll's dining-room, it was obvious that the rector was ill at ease. Again and again he seemed to be on the verge of some remark, perhaps of some outburst of speech, and to check himself only when the words were almost visibly trembling on his lips. In his eyes Malling saw plainly his longing for utterance, his hesitation, and reserve, the one fighting against the other, and a desire to liberate his soul. And at moments the whole man seemed to be wrapped in weakness like a garment, the soul and the body of him.

Then, as a light may dwindle till it seems certain to go out, all that was Marcus Harding seemed to Malling to dwindle. The large body, the powerful head and face, meant little, almost nothing, because the spirit was surely fading. But these moments passed. Then it was as if the light flared suddenly up again.

When dinner was over, Mr. Harding asked Malling if he would like to take a stroll.

"The sea air will help us to sleep," he said.

"I should like nothing better," said Malling. "Have n't you been sleeping well lately?"

"Very badly. We had better take our coats."

They put the coats on, and went out, making their way to the broad, grassy walk raised above the shingle of the beach. The tide was far down, and the oozing flats were uncovered. So still, so waveless was the brown water that at this hour it was impossible to perceive where it met the brown land. In the distance, on the right, shone the lights of Herne Bay, with its pier stretching far out into the shallows. Away to the left was the lonely island of Sheppey, a dull shadow beyond the harbor, where the oyster-boats lay at rest. There were very few people about: some fisher-lads solemnly or jocosely escorting their girls, who giggled faintly as they passed Mr. Harding and Malling; two or three shopkeepers from Whitstable taking the air; a boatman or two vaguely hovering, with blue eyes turned from habit to the offing.

The two men paced slowly up and down. And again Malling was aware of words trembling upon the rector's lips—words which he could not yet resolve frankly to utter. Whether it was the influence of the faintly sighing sea, of the almost sharply pure air, of the distant lights gleaming patiently, or whether an influence came out from the man beside him and moved him, Malling did not know; but he resolved to do a thing quite contrary to his usual practice. He resolved to try to force a thing on, instead of waiting till it came to him naturally. He became impatient, he who was generally a patient seeker.

"You remember our former conversations with regard to Henry Chichester?" he said abruptly, changing the subject of their discourse.

"Chichester? Yes—yes. What of them?"

"I wish to tell you that I think you are right, that I think there is an extraordinary, even an amazing, change in Chichester."

"There is, indeed," said Mr. Harding. "And—and it will increase."

He spoke with a sort of despairing conviction.

"What makes you think so?"

"It must. It cannot be otherwise—unless—"

He paused.

"Yes," said Malling; "unless—"

"A thing almost impossible were to happen."

"May I, without indiscretion, ask what that is?"

"Unless he were to leave St. Joseph's, to go quite away."

"Surely that would not be impossible!"

"I often think it is. Chichester will not wish to go."

"Are you certain of that?" asked Malling, remembering the curate's remark in Hornton Street, that perhaps he would not remain at St. Joseph's much longer.

The rector turned his head and fixed his eyes upon Malling.

"Has he said anything to you about leaving?" he asked, suddenly raising his voice, as if under the influence of excitement. "But of course he has not."

"Surely it is probable that such a man may be offered a living."

"He would not take it."

They walked on a few steps in silence, turned, and strolled back. It was now growing dark. Their faces were set toward the distant gleam of the Herne Bay lights.

"I am not so sure," at length dropped out Malling.

"Why are you not so sure?"

"Why do you think Chichester's departure from St. Joseph's impossible?"

Malling spoke strongly to determine, if possible, the rector to speak, to say out all that was in his heart.

"Can I tell you?" Mr. Harding almost murmured. "Can I tell you?"

"I think you asked me here that you might tell me something."

"It is true. I did."

"Then—"

"Let us sit down in this shelter. There is no one in it. People are going home."

Malling followed him into a shelter, with a bench facing the sea.

"I thought perhaps here I might be able to tell you," said Mr. Harding. "I am in great trouble, Mr. Malling, in great trouble. But I don't know whether you, or whether any one, can assist me."

"If I may advise you, I should say—tell me plainly what your trouble is."

"It began—" Mr. Harding spoke with a faltering voice—"it began a good while ago, some months after Mr. Chichester came as a curate to St. Joseph's. I was then a very different man from the man you see now. Often I feel really as if I were not the same man, as if I were radically changed. It may be health. I sometimes try to think so. And then I—" He broke off.

The strange weakness that Malling had already noticed seemed again to be stealing over him, like a mist, concealing, attenuating.

"Possibly it is a question of health," said Malling, rather sharply. "Tell me how it began."

"When Chichester first joined me, I was a man of power and ambition. I was a man who could dominate others, and I loved to dominate."

His strength seemed returning while he spoke, as if frankness were to him a restorative of the spirit.

"It was indeed my passion. I loved authority. I loved to be in command. I was full of ecclesiastical ambition. Feeling that I had intellectual strength, I intended to rise to the top of the church, to become a bishop eventually, perhaps even something greater. When I was presented to St. Joseph's,—my wife's social influence had something to do with that,—I saw all the gates opening before me. I made a great effect in London. I may say with truth that no clergyman was more successful than I was—at one time. My wife spurred me on. She was immensely ambitious for me. I must tell you that in marrying me she had gone against all her family. They thought me quite unworthy of her notice. But from the first time I met her I meant to marry her. And as I dominated others, I completely dominated her. But she, once married to me, was desperately anxious that I should rise in the world, in order that her choice of me might be justified in the eyes of her people. You can understand the position, I dare say?"

"Perfectly," said Malling.

"I may say that she irritated my ambition, that she stung it into almost a furious activity. Women have great influence with us. I thought she was my slave almost, but I see now that she also influenced me. She worshiped me for my immediate success at St. Joseph's. You may think it very ridiculous, considering that I am merely the rector of a fashionable London church, but there was a time when I felt almost intoxicated by my wife's worship of me, and by my domination over the crowds who came to hear me preach. Domination! That was my fetish! That was what led me to—oh, sometimes I think it must end in my ruin!"

"Perhaps not," said Malling, quietly. "Let us see."

His words, perhaps even more his manner, seemed greatly to help Mr. Harding.

"I will tell you everything," he exclaimed. "From the first I have felt as if you were the man to assist me, if any man could. I had always, since I was an undergraduate at Oxford,—I was a Magdalen man,—been interested in psychical matters, and followed carefully all the proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research. I had also at that time—in Oxford—made some experiments with my college friends, chiefly in connection with will power. My influence seemed to be specially strong. But I need not go into all that. After leaving Oxford and taking orders, for a long time I gave such matters up. I feared, if I showed my strong interest in psychical research, especially if I was known to attend séances or anything of that kind, it might be considered unsuitable in a clergyman, and might injure my prospects. It was not until Henry Chichester came to St. Joseph's that I was tempted again into paths which I had chosen to consider forbidden to me. Chichester tempted me! Chichester tempted me!"

He spoke the last words with a sort of lamentable energy.

"Such a gentle, yielding man as he was!"

"It was just that. He came under my influence at once, and showed it in almost all he said and did. He looked up to me, he strove to model himself upon me, he almost worshiped me. One evening,—it was in the pulpit!—the idea shot through my brain, 'I could do what I like with that man, make of him just what I choose, use him just as I please.' And I turned my eyes toward the choir where Chichester sat in the last stall, hanging on my words. At that instant I can only suppose that what people sometimes call the *maladie de grandeur*—the mania for power—took hold upon me, and combined with my furtive longing after research in those mysterious regions where perhaps all we desire is hidden. Anyhow, at that instant I resolved to try to push my influence over Chichester to its utmost limit, and by illegitimate means."

"Illegitimate?"

"I call them so. Yes, yes, they are not legitimate. I know that now. And he—but I dare not think what he knows!"

The rector was greatly moved. He half rose from the bench on which they were sitting, then, making a strong effort, controlled himself, sank back, and continued:

"At that time, in the early days of his association with me, Chichester thought that everything I did, everything I suggested, even everything that came into my mind, must be good and right. He never dreamed of criticizing me. In his view, I was altogether above criticism. And if I approached him with any sort of intimacy, he was in the greatest joy. You know, perhaps, Mr. Malling, how the worshiper receives any confidence from the one he worships. He looks upon it as the greatest compliment that can be paid him. I resolved to pay that compliment to Henry Chichester.

"You must know that although I had entirely given up the occult practices—that may not be the exact term, but you will understand what I mean—I had indulged in at Oxford, I had never relaxed my deep, perhaps my almost morbid, interest in the efforts that were being made by scientists and others to break through the barrier dividing us on earth from the spirit world. Although I had chosen the career of a clergyman,—alas! I looked upon the church, I suppose, as little more than a career!—I was not a very faithful man. I had many doubts which, as clergymen must, I concealed. By nature I suppose I had an incredulous mind. Not that I was a skeptic, but I was sometimes a doubter. Rather than faith, I should have much preferred to have knowledge, exact knowledge. Often I even felt ironical when confronted with the simple faith we clergymen should surely encourage, sustain, and humbly glory in, whereas with skepticism, even when openly expressed, I always felt some part of myself to be in secret sympathy. I continued to study works, both English and foreign, on psychical research. I followed the experiments of Lodge, William James, and others. Myers's great work on human personality was forever at my elbow. And the longer I was debarred from continuing the practices which had such a fascination for me,—self-debarred because of my keen ambition and my determination to do nothing that could ever make me in any way suspect in the eyes of those to whom I looked confidently for preferment—the more intensely I was secretly drawn toward them. The tug at my soul was at last almost unbearable. It was then I looked toward Chichester, and resolved to take him into my confidence—to a certain extent.

"I approached the matter craftily. I dwelt first upon the great spread of infidelity in our days, and the necessity of combating it by every legitimate means. I spoke of the efforts being made by earnest men of science—such men as Professor Stepton, for instance—to get at the truth Christians are expected to take on trust, as it were. I said I respected such men. Chichester agreed,—when did he not agree with me at that time?—but remarked that he could not help pitying them for ignoring revelation and striving to obtain by difficult means what all Christians already possessed by a glorious and final deed of gift.

"I saw that though Chichester was such a devoted worshiper of mine, if I wanted to persuade him to my secret purpose,—no other than the effort, to be made with him, to communicate with the spirit world,—I must be deceptive, I must mask my purpose with another.

"I did so. I turned his attention to the subject of the human will. Now, at

that time Chichester knew that his will was weak. He considered that fact one of his serious faults. I hinted that I agreed with him. I proposed to join with him in striving to strengthen it. He envied my strength of will. He looked up to me, worshiped me almost, because of it. I drew his mind to the close consideration of influence. I gave him two or three curious works that I possessed on this subject. In one of them, a pamphlet written by a Hindu who had been partly educated at Oxford, and whom I had personally known when I was an undergraduate, there was a course of will-exercises, much as in certain books on body-building there are courses of physical exercises. I related to Chichester some of the extraordinary and deeply interesting conversations I had had with this Hindu on the subject of the education of the will, and finally I told a lie. I told Chichester that I had gained my powerful will while at Oxford by drawing it from my Hindu friend in a series of sittings that we two had secretly undertaken together. This was false, because I had been born with a strong, even a tyrannical, will, and I had never sat with the Hindu.

"Chichester, though at first startled, was fascinated by this untruth, and, to cut the matter short, I persuaded him to begin with me a series of secret sittings, in which I proposed to try to impart to him, to infuse into him, as it were, some of my undoubted power—the power which he daily saw me exercising in the pulpit and over the minds of men in my intercourse with them.

"What I really wished to do, what I meant to do, if possible, was to use Chichester as a medium, and to try through him to communicate with the spirit world. I had taken it into my head—no doubt you will say quite unreasonably—that he must be entirely subject to my will in a sitting, and that if I willed him to be entranced, it was certain that he would become so. But my own entirely selfish desires I concealed under the cloak of an unselfish wish to give power to him. I even assumed, as you see, a highly moral purpose, though it is true I suggested trying to effect it in an unconventional and very unecclesiastical manner.

"Chichester, though, as I have said, at first startled, of course eventually fell in with my view. We sat together in his room at Hornton Street.

"Now, Mr. Malling, some of what I have told you may appear to be almost contradictory. I have spoken of my *maladie de grandeur* as if it were a reason why I wished to sit with Henry Chichester, and then of my desire to communicate, if possible, with the spirit world as my reason."

"I noticed that," observed Malling, "and purposed later to point it out to you."

"How can I explain exactly? It is so difficult to unravel the web of motives in a mind. It was my *maladie de grandeur,* I think, that made me long to use my worshiper Chichester as a mere tool for the opening of that door which shuts off from us the region the dead have entered. My mind at that time was filled with a mingled conceit, amounting at moments almost to an intoxication, and a desire for knowledge. I reveled in my power when preaching, but was haunted by genuine doubts as to truth. My egoism longed to make an utter slave of Chichester,—I nearly always lusted to push my influence to its limit,—but my desire to know made me conceive the pushing of it in a direction, in this instance, which would perhaps gratify a less unworthy desire than that merely of subjugating another. The two birds and the one stone! I thought of them. I loved the idea of making a tool. I loved also the idea of using the tool when made. And I pretended I had only Chichester's moral interest at heart. I have been punished, terribly punished.

"We sat, as I say, in Hornton Street, secretly, and of course at night. My wife knew nothing of it. I made excuses to get away—parish matters, meetings, work in the East End. I had no difficulty with her. She thought my many activities would bring me ever more and more into the public eye, and she encouraged them. The people in the house where Chichester lodged were simple folk, and were ready to go early to bed, leaving rector and curate discussing their work for the salvation of bodies and souls.

"At first Chichester was reluctant, I know. I read his thoughts. He was not sure that it was right to approach such mysteries; but, as usual, I dominated him

silently. And soon he fell completely under the fascination peculiar to sittings."

Again Mr. Harding paused. For a moment his head sank, his powerful body drooped, he was immersed in reverie. Malling did not interrupt him. At last, with a deep sigh, and now speaking more slowly, more unevenly, he continued:

"What happened exactly at those sittings I do not rightly know. Perhaps I shall never rightly know. What did not happen I can tell you. In the first place, although I secretly used my will upon Chichester, desiring, mentally insisting, that he should become entranced, he never was entranced when we sat together. Something within him—was it something holy? I have wondered—resisted my desire, of which, so far as I know, he was never aware. Perhaps 'beneath the threshold' he was aware. Who can say? But though my great desire was frustrated in our sittings, the desire of Chichester, so different, perhaps so much more admirable than mine, and, at any rate, not masked by any deceit, began, so it seemed, to be strangely gratified. He declared almost from the first that, when sitting with me, he felt his will power strengthened. 'You are doing me good,' he said. Now, as my professed object in contriving the sittings had been to lift up Chichester toward my level,"—with indescribable bitterness Mr. Harding dwelt on these last words,—"I could only express rejoicing. And this I did with successful hypocrisy. Nevertheless, I was greatly irritated. For it seemed to me that, when we sat, Chichester triumphed over me. He obtained his desire while mine remained ungratified. This was an outrage directed against my supremacy over him, which I had designed to increase. I gathered together my will power to check it. But in this attempt I failed.

"Nothing is stranger, I think, Mr. Malling, than the fascination of a sitting. Even when nothing, or scarcely anything, happens, the mind, the whole nature, seems to be mysteriously grasped and held. New senses in you seem to be released. Something is alert which is never alert—or, at all events, never alert in the same way—in other moments of life. One seems to become inexplicably different. Chichester was aware of all this. At the first sitting nothing happened, and I feared Chichester would wish to give the matter up. But, no! When we rose from our chairs late in the night, he acknowledged that he had never known two hours to pass so quickly before. At following sittings there were slight manifestations such as, I suppose, are seldom absent from such affairs,—perfectly trivial to you, of course,—movements of the table, rappings, gusts of what seemed cold air, and so forth. All that is not worth talking about, and I don't mean to trouble you further with it. My difficulty is, when so little, apparently, took place, to make you understand the tremendous thing that did happen, that must have been happening gradually during our sittings.

"At the very first, as I told you, or nearly so,—I wish to be absolutely accurate,—Chichester began to be aware of a strengthening of his will. At this time I was almost angrily unaware of any change either in him or in myself. At subsequent sittings—I speak of the earlier ones—Chichester reiterated more strongly his assertion of beneficent alteration in himself. I did not believe him, though I did believe he was absolutely sincere in his supposition. It seemed to me that he was 'suggestioned,' partly perhaps by his implicit trust in me, partly by his own desire that something curious should happen. However, still playing a part in pursuance of my resolve not to let Chichester know my real object in this matter, I pretended that I, too, perceived an alteration in him, as if his personality were strengthening. And not once, but on several occasions, I spoke of the change in him as almost exactly corresponding with the change that had taken place in me when I sat with my Hindu friend.

"All this time, with a force encouraged by the secret anger within me, I violently, at last almost furiously, willed that Chichester should become entranced.

"But at length, though I willed furiously, I felt as if I were not willing with genuine strength, as if I could not will with genuine strength any longer. It is difficult, almost impossible, to explain to you exactly the sensation that gradually overspread me; but it used always to seem to me, when I self-consciously exerted my will, as if I held within me some weapon almost irresistible, as if I forced it forward, as if its advance, caused by me,

could not be withstood. I now felt as if I still possessed this weapon, but could not induce it to move. It was there, like a heavy, useless thing, almost like a burden upon me.

"And Chichester continued to assert that he felt stronger, more resolute, less plastic.

"Things went on thus till something within me, what we call instinct, I suppose, became uneasy. I heard a warning voice which said to me, 'Stop while there is time!' And I resolved to obey it.

"One night, when very late Chichester and I took our hands from the table in his little room, I said that I thought we had had enough of the sittings, that very little happened, that perhaps he and I were not really *en rapport*, and that it seemed to me useless to continue them. I suppose I expected Chichester to acquiesce. I say I suppose so, because till that moment he had always acquiesced in any proposition of mine. Yet I remember that I did not feel genuine surprise at what actually happened."

Mr. Harding stopped, took a handkerchief from his pocket, lifted the brim of his hat, and passed the handkerchief over his forehead two or three times.

"What happened was this, that Chichester resisted my proposal, and that I found myself obliged to comply with his will instead of, as usual, imposing mine upon him.

"This was the beginning—" the rector turned a little toward Malling, and spoke in a voice that was almost terrible in its sadness—"this was the beginning of what you have been witness of, my unspeakable decline. This was the definite beginning of my horrible subjection to Henry Chichester."

He stopped abruptly. After waiting for a minute or two, expecting him to continue, Malling said:

"You said that you found yourself *obliged* to comply with Chichester's will. Can you explain the nature of that obligation?"

"I cannot. I strove to resist. We argued the matter. He took his stand upon the moral ground that I was benefiting him enormously through our sittings. As I had suggested having them ostensibly for that very purpose, you will see my difficulty."

"Certainly."

"My yielding seemed perfectly natural, perhaps almost inevitable. The point is that, without drastic change in me, it was quite unnatural. My will was unaccustomed to brook any resistance, and troubled itself not at all with argument. Till then what I wished to do I did, and there was an end. I now for the first time found myself obliged to accept a moral bondage imposed upon me by my curate. The term may sound exaggerated; I can only say that was how the matter presented itself to me. From the moment I did so, I took second place to him.

"We continued to sit from time to time. And the strange, to me inexplicable, situation rapidly developed.

"To put it before you in few words and plainly: Chichester seemed to suck my will away from me gradually but surely, till my former strength was his. But that was not all. With the growth of his will there was another and more terrible growth: there rose in him a curiously observant faculty."

Again the rector took out his handkerchief and wiped his brow.

"A curiously critical faculty. How shall I say? Perhaps you may know, Mr. Malling, how the persistent attitude of one mind may influence another. For instance, if a man always expects ill of another—treachery, let us say, bad temper, hatred, fear, inducing trickery, perhaps, that other is turned toward just such evil manifestations in connection with that man. If some one with psychic force thinks all you do is wrong, soon you begin to do things wrongly. A fearful uneasiness is bred. The faculties begin to fail. The formerly sure-footed stumbles. The formerly self-confident takes on nervousness, presently fear.

"So it came about between Chichester and me. I felt that his mind was beginning to watch me critically, and I became anxious about this criticism. Like some subtle acid, it seemed to act destructively upon the metal, once so hard and resistant, of my self-confidence, of my belief in myself. Often I felt as if an eye were upon me, seeing too much, far too much, coldly, inexorably, persistently. This critical observation became hateful to me. I suffered under it. I suffered terribly. Mr. Malling, if I am to tell you all,—and I feel that unless I do no help can

come to me,—I must tell you that I have not been in my life all that a clergyman should be. There have been occasions, and even since my marriage, when I have yielded to impulses that have prompted me to act very wrongly.

"Now, Chichester was a saint. Hitherto I had neither been troubled by my own grave shortcomings nor by Chichester's excellence of character. I had always felt myself set far above him by my superior mental faculties and my greater will power over the crowd, though, alas! not always over my own demon. I began to writhe now under the thought of Chichester's crystal purity and of my own besmirched condition of soul. All self-confidence departed from me; but I endeavored, of course, to conceal this from the world, and especially from Chichester. With the world for a time no doubt I succeeded. But with Chichester—did I ever succeed? Could I ever succeed with such an one as he had become? It seemed to me, it seems to me far more terribly now, that nothing I did, or was, escaped him. He attended mentally, spiritually even, to everything that made up me. At first I felt this curiously, then anxiously, then often with bitter contempt and indignation, sometimes with a great melancholy, a sort of wide-spreading sadness in which I was involved as in an icy sea. I can never make you fully understand what I felt, how this mental and spiritual observation of Chichester affected me. It—it simply ate me away, Malling! It simply ate me away!"

The last words came from Mr. Harding's lips almost in a cry.

"And how long did you continue the sittings?"

Very quietly Malling spoke, and he just touched the rector's arm.

"For a long while."

"Had you ceased from them when I first met you?"

"On Westminster Bridge? No."

"Have you ceased from them now?"

The rector shifted as if in physical distress.

"Chichester constrains me to them even now," he replied, like a man bitterly ashamed. "He constrains me to them. And is that goodness, righteousness? I said he was a saint; but now! Is it saintliness to torture a fellow-creature?"

Malling remembered how once, and not long ago, he had asked himself whether Chichester's mouth and eyes looked good.

"Have you ever told Chichester what grave distress he is causing you?" said Malling.

"No, never, never! I can't!"

"Why not?"

"A great reserve has grown up between us. I could never try to break through it."

"You say a great reserve. But does he never criticize you in words? Does he never express an adverse opinion upon what you say or do?"

"Scarcely ever—after it is said or done. But sometimes—"

"Yes?"

"Sometimes—often I think—he tries to prevent me from saying or doing something. Often he checks me with a look when I am in the midst of some speech. It is intolerable. Why do I bear it? But I have to bear it. Sometimes I exert myself against him. Why, that first day I met you—you must have noticed it—he tried to prevent me from walking home with you."

"I did notice it."

"Then I resisted him, and he had to yield. But even when he yields in some slight matter it makes no difference in our relations. He is always there, at the window, watching me."

"What do you say?"

Malling's exclamation was sharp.

"That sermon of his!" said the rector. "That fearful sermon! Ever since I heard it I have felt as if I were the double within that house, as if Chichester were the man regarding my life in hiding. Why you—you yourself put my feeling into words! You suggested to Chichester and my wife that if the man had stayed, had spied upon him who was within the room, the hypocrite –"

He broke off. He got up from his seat.

"Let us walk," he said. "I cannot sit here. The air—the lights—let us—"

Almost as if blindly he went forth from the shelter, followed by Malling.

"It 's better here," he said. "Better here! Mr. Malling, forgive me, but just then a hideous knowledge seemed really to catch me by the throat. Chichester is turning my wife against me. There is a terrible change in her. She is beginning

to observe me through Chichester's eyes. Till quite recently she worshiped me. She noticed the alteration in me, of course,—every one did,—but she hated Chichester for his attitude toward me. Till quite lately she hated him. Now she no longer hates him; for she begins to think he is right. At first I think she believed the excuse I put forward for my strange transformation."

"Do you mean your nervous affection?"

"Yes."

"Just tell me, have you any trouble of that kind, or did you merely invent it as an excuse for any failure you made from time to time?"

"I used it insincerely as an excuse. But I really do suffer from time to time physically. But physical suffering is nothing. Why should we waste a thought on such nonsense?"

"In such a strange case as this I believe everything should be taken carefully into consideration," observed Malling in his most prosaic voice.

The rector's attention seemed to be suddenly fixed and powerfully concentrated. The feverish excitement he had been displaying gave place to a calmer, more natural mood.

"Tell me," he said, "do you think your knowledge can help me? I am aware that you have made many strange investigations. Is there anything to be done for me, anything that will restore me to my former powers? Will you credit me when I declare to you that it was only by making a terrible effort that I was able to get away from Chichester's companionship and to come down here? If I had not said that I meant to do so while you were in the room, I doubt if I should ever have had the courage. There is something inexplicable that seems to bind me to Chichester. Sometimes there have been moments when I have thought that he longed to be far away from me. And it has seemed to me that he, too, would find escape difficult, if not impossible."

"You wish very much that Chichester should resign his curacy and go entirely out of your life?" asked Malling.

"Wish!" cried Mr. Harding, almost fiercely. "Oh, the unutterable relief to me if he were to go! Even down here, away from him for a day or two, I sometimes feel released. And yet—" he paused in his walk—"I shall have to go back—I know it—sooner than I meant to, very soon."

He spoke with profound conviction.

"Chichester will mean me to go back, and I shall not be able to stay."

"And yet you say it has occurred to you that possibly Chichester may be as anxious as yourself to break away from the strange condition of things you have described to me."

"Have you," exclaimed Mr. Harding—"have you some reason to believe Chichester has ever contemplated departure?"

Malling moved slowly on, and the rector was forced to accompany him.

"It has occurred to me," he said, evading the point, "that possibly Henry Chichester might be induced to go out of your life."

"Never by me! I should never have the strength to attempt compulsion with Chichester."

"Some one else might tackle him."

"Who?" cried out Mr. Harding.

"Some man with authority."

"Do you mean ecclesiastical authority?"

"Oh, dear, no! I was thinking of a man like, say, Professor Stepton."

As Malling spoke, a curious figure seemed almost to dawn upon them, sidewise, becoming visible gently in the darkness; a short man, with hanging arms, a head poked forward, as if in sharp inquiry, and rather shambling legs, round which hung loosely a pair of very baggy, light trousers.

"And here is the professor!" said Malling, stopping short.

IX

THAT night when, very late, Mr. Harding and Malling returned to the red doll's house and let themselves into it with a latch-key, they found lying upon the table in the little hall a brown envelop.

"A telegram!" said the rector.

He took it into his hand and read the name on the envelop.

"It 's for me. Malling, do you know whom this telegram is from?"

"How can I, or you, for that matter?"

"It is from Henry Chichester, and it is to recall me to London."

"It may be so."

"It is so. Open it for me."

Malling took the telegram from him

and tore it open, while he sat heavily down by the table.

"Please return if possible difficulties in the parish Benyon ill need your presence Chichester."

Malling looked down at the rector.

"You see!" Mr. Harding said slowly.

"What do you mean to do?"

Mr. Harding got up from his chair with an effort like that of a weary man.

"I wonder where the railway-guide is?" he said. "Excuse me for a moment, Mr. Malling."

He went away into the drawing-room, and returned with the railway-guide open in his hand.

"Malling," he said, using the greater familiarity he had for a moment discarded, "I am about to do a rude thing, but I ask you, I beg of you, to acquit me of any rude intention toward yourself. I have been looking up the Sunday trains. I find I can catch a good one at Faversham to-morrow morning. There is a motor I can hire in the town to get there. It stands just by the post-office, where the road branches." He paused, looking into Malling's face as if in search of some sign of vexation or irony. "With a large parish on my hands," he went on, "I have a great responsibility. And if Benyon, my second curate, is ill, they will be short-handed."

"I see."

"What distresses me greatly—greatly—is leaving you, my guest, at such short notice. I cannot say how I regret it."

He stopped. Purposely, to test him, Malling said nothing, but waited with an expressionless face.

"I cannot say. But how can I do otherwise? My duty to the parish must come before all things."

"I see," said Malling again.

Looking greatly disturbed, Mr. Harding continued:

"I will ask you to do me a very great favor. Although I am obliged to go, I hope you will stay, I entreat you to stay till Monday. The professor is here. You will not be companionless. The servants will do everything to make you comfortable. As to food, wine—everything is provided for. Will you stay? I shall feel more at ease in going if I know my departure has not shortened your visit."

"It is very good of you," Malling replied. "I 'll accept your kind offer. To tell the truth, I 'm in no hurry to leave the Tankerton air."

"Thank you," said the rector, almost with fervor. "Thank you."

So, the next morning, Mr. Harding went away in the hired motor, and Malling found himself alone in the red doll's house.

He was not sorry. The rector's revelation on the previous night had well repaid him for his journey; then the air of Tankerton really rejoiced him; and he would have speech of the professor.

"I shall lay it before Stepton," he had said to Mr. Harding the previous night, after they had parted from the professor.

And he had spoken with authority. Mr. Harding's confidence, his self-abasement, and his almost despairing appeal, had surely given Malling certain rights. He intended to use them to the full. The rector's abrupt relapse into reserve, his pitiful return to subterfuge, after the receipt of that hypnotizing telegram, had not, in Malling's view, abrogated those rights.

When the motor disappeared, he strolled across the grass with a towel and had a dip in the brown sea, going in off the long shoal that the Whitstable and Tankerton folk call "the Street." Then he set out to find the professor.

His interview with Stepton on the previous night in the presence of Mr. Harding had been rather brief. Stepton had been preoccupied and monosyllabic. Agnes had been right as to his reason for honoring the coast of Kent with his company, but wrong as to the haunted house's location. It was not in Birchington, but lay inland, within easy reach of Tankerton. When he met Malling and Harding, the professor was going to his hotel, where a motor was waiting to convey him to the house, in which he intended to pass the night. His mind was fixed tenaciously upon the matter in hand. Malling had realized at once that it was not the moment to disturb him by the introduction of any other affair, however interesting. But his suggestion of a meeting the next morning was thus welcomed:

"Right! I shall be at home at church-time—as you 're not preaching."

The second half of the sentence was directed to Mr. Harding, who said nothing.

"And you might give me a cup of tea in the afternoon," the professor had added, looking at the rector rather narrowly before shambling off to his hotel to get the plaid shawl which he often wore at night.

"With the greatest pleasure. Minors is the name of the house," had been Mr. Harding's reply.

Whereupon the professor had vanished, muttering to himself:

"Minors! And why not Majors, if you come to that? Perhaps too suggestive of heart-breaking military men. Minors is safer in a respectable seaside place."

The professor had been up all night, but looked much as usual, and was eating a hearty breakfast of bacon and eggs in the cheerful coffee-room when Malling arrived. He scarcely ever ate at orthodox hours, and had frequently been caught lunching at restaurants in London between four and five in the afternoon.

"Where 's the rector? At church?" was his greeting.

"The rector has gone back to London," replied Malling, sitting down by the table.

"What about my cup of tea, then?" snapped Stepton.

"I will be your host. I 'm here till to-morrow. Any interesting manifestations?"

"A rat or two and a hysterical kitchen-maid seem to be the responsible agents in the building up of the reputation of the house I kept awake in last night."

"I believe I have a more interesting problem for you."

The professor stretched out a sinewy hand.

"Cambridge marmalade! Most encouraging!" he muttered. "Have the reverend gentlemen of St. Joseph's been at it again—successfully?"

"I want you to judge."

And thereupon Malling laid the case faithfully before the professor, describing not only the dinner in Hornton Street and his interview with Lady Sophia, but also the two sermons he had heard at St. Joseph's, and the rector's lamentable outburst of the previous night. This last, having a remarkably retentive memory, he reproduced in the main in Mr. Harding's own words, omitting only the rector's reference to his moral lapses. During the whole time he was speaking, Stepton was closely engaged with the Cambridge marmalade, and showed no symptoms of attention to anything else. When he ceased, Stepton remarked:

"Really, clergymen are far more to be depended upon for valuable manifestations than a rat or two and a hysterical kitchen-maid. Come to my room, Malling."

The professor had a bedroom facing the sea. He led Malling to it, shut the door, gave Malling a cane chair, sat down himself, in a peculiar, crab-like posture, upon the bed, and said:

"Now give me as minute a psychological study of the former and actual Henry Chichester as you can."

Malling complied with this request as lucidly and tersely as he could, wasting no words.

"Any unusual change in his outward man since you knew him two years ago?" asked the professor, when he had finished.

Malling mentioned the question as to the curate's eyes and mouth which had risen in his mind, and added:

"But the character of the man is so changed that it may have suggestioned me into feeling as if there were physical change in him, too."

"More than would be inevitable in any man in a couple of years. And now as to his digestive organs."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Malling.

The apparent vagaries of his companion very seldom surprised him, but this time he was completely taken aback.

"Are they what they were? Assuming, on your part, a knowledge of what they were."

"I don't know either in what condition they are now or in what condition they were once."

"Ah! Now I must draw up a report about last night. I 'll come for that cup of tea to Minors—might almost as well have been Majors, even granting the military flavor—about five."

Malling took his departure.

At a quarter to five he heard the click of the garden gate, and looking out at the latticed window of the hall, he saw the professor walking sidewise up the path, with a shawl round his shoulders. He went to let him in, and took him into the tiny drawing-room.

"An odd shell for Harding!" observed

the professor. "More suitable to a bantam than to a Cochin-China!"

"It does n't belong to him."

"Nor he to it. Very wise and right of him to go back to Onslow Gardens."

A maid brought in the tea, and the professor, spread strangely forth in a small, chintz-covered arm-chair, enjoyed it while he talked about oysters and oyster-beds. He was deeply interested in the oysters of Whitstable, and held forth almost romantically on their birth and upbringing, the fattening, the packing, the selling, and the eating of them—"with lemon, not vinegar, mind! To eat vinegar with a Whitstable native is as vicious as to offer a libation of catchup at the altar of a meadow mushroom just picked up out of the dew."

Malling did not attempt to turn his mind from edibles. The professor had to be let alone. When tea was finished and cleared away, he observed:

"And now, Malling, what is your view? Do you look upon it as a case of transferred personality? I rather gathered from your general tone that you were mentally drifting in that direction."

"But are there such cases? Of double transfer, I mean?"

"Personally I have never verified one. When you spoke of the reverend gentlemen for the first time, I said, 'Study the link!' There will be development in the link if—all the rest of it."

"There has been development, as I told you. The link is on his side now."

"That 's remarkable, undoubtedly. Has it ever struck you that Harding was almost too successful a clergyman to be a genuinely holy man?"

"What do you mean?"

"There 's a modesty in holiness that is hardly adapted to catch smart women."

"You used to go to hear Harding preach."

"And d' you know why I liked his sermons?"

"Why?"

"Because he understood doubt so well. That amused me. But the man who has such a comprehensive understanding of skepticism, is very seldom a true believer. One thing, though, Harding certainly does believe in, judging by a sermon I once heard him preach."

"And that is?"

"Manicheism. Chichester, you say, was a saint?"

"He was, if a man can be a saint who has a certain amiable weakness of character."

"And now? You think he would be a difficult customer to tackle now?"

"Harding finds him so."

"And Harding was an overwhelming chap, cocksure of himself. Chichester must be difficult. Shall I tackle him?"

"I wish you would. But how? Do you wish me to introduce him to you?"

"Let me see."

The professor dropped his head and remained silent for a minute or two.

"Tell me something," he at length remarked, lifting his head and assuming his most terrier-like aspect. "Do you think Harding a whited sepulcher?"

"Possibly."

"And do you think his saintly curate has found it out?"

"Do you think that would supply a natural explanation of the mystery?"

"Should you prefer to search for it in that malefic region which is the abiding-place of nervous dyspepsia?"

"How could—"

"Acute nervous dyspepsia, complicated by a series of sittings under the rose, might eat away the most brazen self-confidence. That 's as certain as that I wear whiskers and you don't. Shall we do an addition sum? Shall we add Chichester's discovery of secret lapses in his worshiped rector's life to the nervous dyspepsia and the sittings? Shall we do that?"

"And Lady Sophia?"

"There 's a sunflower type of woman. The rising sun can't escape her inevitable worship."

"The change in Harding may be a natural one. But there is something portentous in the change in Chichester," said Malling. "You know I 'm a rather cool hand, and certainly not inclined to easy credulity. But there 's something about Chichester which—well, Professor, I 'll make a confession to you that is n't a pleasant one for any man to make. There 's something about Chichester which shakes my nerves."

"And you have n't got nervous dyspepsia?"

"Should I be even a meliorist—as I am—if I had?"

"I must know Chichester. It 's a pity I did n't know him formerly."

"I don't believe that matters," said Malling, with intense conviction. "There is that in him which must strike you and affect you, whether you knew him as he was or not."

"So long as I don't turn tail and run from him, all 's well. I will tackle Chichester. In the interests of science I will face this curate. But how shall I approach him? As in golf, the approach is much, if not everything."

He sat thinking for some minutes, with his eyebrows twitching. Then he said:

"The question is, Should the approach be casual or direct? Shall I describe a curve, or come to him as the crow comes when making for a given point—or is said to come, for I 've never investigated that matter? What do you say?"

"It 's very difficult to say. On the day I dined in Hornton Street, Chichester certainly wanted to tell me something. He asked me to dine, I am almost sure, in order that he might tell it to me."

"About the sittings with Harding, no doubt."

"That, perhaps, and something more."

"But he told you nothing."

"Directly."

"Do you think he would be more or less likely to unbosom himself now than he was then?"

"Less likely."

"You might give me his address."

Malling did so. The professor wrote the address down on a slip of paper, pinned the slip carefully to the yellow lining of his jacket, and then got up to go.

But Malling detained him.

"Professor," he said, speaking with an unusual hesitation, "you know why I told you all this."

"In the interests of science?"

"No, in the interest of that miserable man, Marcus Harding. I want you to break the link that binds him to Henry Chichester—if there is one. I want you to effect his release."

"I 'm afraid you 've come to the wrong man," returned Stepton, dryly. "My object in entering into this matter is merely to increase my knowledge, not to destroy my chance of increasing it."

"But surely—"

"We shall never get forward if we move in the midst of a fog of pity and sentiment."

Malling said no more; but as he watched the professor shambling to the garden gate, he felt as if he had betrayed Marcus Harding.

(To be continued)

THE INTERRUPTED PEN

BY EVA MADDEN

Author of "A Consolidation in Fathers"

WITH PICTURES BY LOUIS FANCHER

FRÄULEIN Maria Bergmann, tall and thin, with her shabby blouse open at the neck, rose regretfully from the cushions of an old-fashioned, long sofa, in her equally old-fashioned and comfortable living-room. She laid down "David Copperfield," and turning her back upon a plate of tempting, sugary cakes, fragrant from recent baking, on the mahogany table close to her couch, she made her way to her writing-desk in a corner.

It was a fine old writing-desk, or, rather, secretary, of time-mellowed oak, carved fantastically, and boasting claw feet and endless drawers and pigeonholes. On its writing-flap lay piles of letters, of memoranda, of accounts, and to them Fräulein Maria applied herself.

For twenty-five years the secretary had stood there, and for twenty-five years Fräulein Maria had sat down at it to make out the bills, add up the accounts, and inscribe the hundreds of letters incident to her highly successful and overflowing "Pensionat for Well-Born German Daughters."

In one drawer of that secretary, moreover, lay piles of unfinished manuscript. There were six chapters of a novel to awaken and preserve German patriotism; there was a partly finished story for girls, a play in abeyance. Twenty poems awaited twenty other poems to make a volume, and, near them all, in an ancient leather case, was a pen, un-inked and gold-pointed. With that pen old Herr Pastor Bergmann had written his very orthodox sermons, and with it his daughter—but why rake up that buried subject?

With a very white hand, a beautiful, well-shaped hand, Fräulein Maria drew out letter-paper and envelops. There were six letters to be written for six birthdays of former pupils, and the correct and convincing expression of sentiment takes effort.

"My dear Elchen," wrote the curiously soft and white hand of Fräulein Maria, while her rugged-featured face, with its parchment-colored skin, its mocking eyes, its firm, kindly mouth, its nose almost Roman, made no attempt to conceal how the proceeding bored her, "My dear Gretchen," "My loving Lottchen," "Very dear Erchen," "My dear little Ann," "My dear Lucie," and the task was done.

"Gott sei danke!" muttered Fräulein Maria, and the white hand drew toward her a pile of accounts. That was different. The bored look vanished, the eyes narrowed, and keenly and steadily she added, subtracted, and divided as a cuckoo sounded the afternoon hours from the garden, and the voices of the well-born daughters at their lessons floated in from the school-rooms.

It was twenty-five years now since Maria Bergmann, then forty, and strikingly handsome, had appeared in that village, in one hand a carpet-bag, in the other an umbrella, her eyes taking in every item as she proceeded from the station toward the home of the Herr Pastor, of whom she desired to ask a few questions.

"Excuse me, gracious Fräulein," said a well-dressed, helpless-looking lady, a pink-cheeked daughter at her side, who had stopped before her in the quaint old street, "but can you kindly direct me to a school for my daughter, Dorothée here? My husband sent me to Frau Elmdorf, but, alas! she has no vacancy."

A keen, quick look flashed across the face of Fräulein Maria, banishing the baffling one of mystery which, constant, yet fleeting, hovered ever in its features.

"I am the mother of a Pensionat, gracious Frau," she answered promptly. "My house, I regret to say, is not quite ready, but to-morrow? Ach, ya, may I have your address, please?" and she assisted the helpless lady to discover a card in her satchel.

When her keen eyes read "Frau von Berstein, geb. Gräfin von Sternberg," she controlled her exultation. A "von," the daughter of a countess to begin with! Truly the good God helps them who set out to found Pensionats to help younger brothers and sisters.

Fräulein Maria never sought that Herr Pastor. On the way from the station her quick eyes had taken note of a rambling old house offered for rent with its garden.

She turned on her trail. What was easier than to make that house her own at an easy rent, to engage every available woman in the village to scrub and to wash, to buy furniture for a room or two, to despatch to young cousins offers of positions as teachers?

By six the next evening the helpless lady with the "von" before her name was saying "good-by" to her pink-cheeked and weeping daughter, and a Pensionat was opened with one pupil and one teacher, and all within forty-eight hours of the moment Fräulein Maria had said good-by to her Frau Pastor mother in a distant city!

The secretary she had bought at a sale in Magdeburg, and, when she had furnished her drawing-room, she had placed her unfinished manuscripts in its keeping. There they lay, the gold pen, in its shabby, old leather case, near them. When the Pensionat was in working order, she had meant to find time to write. She was sixty-five now, and had never found it. When her eye rested on that desk, it was to be reminded of letters to parents, of accounts, of birthday or Christmas greetings. It was her rule to write to all former pupils on those two occasions. The

Christmas letters had now to be begun early in November. If she ever gave thought to her manuscripts, a look of trouble for a moment would age her face, then a shrug of her shoulders, the couch, the cakes, and Dickens.

Fräulein Maria had always been in harness, but she wore it easily, and she never kicked over the traces until the day when the Herr Professor, full of his new oratorio, came coffee-drinking to her Pensionat.

Surely success had been hers. Looking back over that quarter of a century, it seemed to Fräulein Bergmann that her hands had been continuously extended to welcome parents with daughters. If all were not so well-born as the pink-cheeked daughter of the helpless lady, why, Fräulein Bergmann, with her whimsical smile, would quote Dickens's "Don't mention it!" They were the ones who paid, and paid well, since now and then they could room with a young countess or baroness, and boast of it.

The harness had slipped easily on Fräulein Maria as the eldest child of an overflowing parsonage. That the room might be more and the income increased, she had continued to wear it for pay as the girl companion to her querulous, exacting old great-aunt Madame Guttzeit.

Twenty years, by the aid of a will which recognized the inevitable, she had subdued her ramping individuality to the demands of that dreadful old "Tante Marthachen." Marthachen, indeed! How at first she had hated that endearing diminutive! But, as girlhood and time departed hand in hand in monotonous march, the seething fires of youthful rebellion died down under the ashes of ungratified desire, and even the ridiculous "Marthachen" became a matter of habit, and neither that, nor the un-German "Madame" of the past that the old lady would cling to, could irritate her. Lips, created for epigrams, humor, sarcasm, pressed themselves together in the safety of silence, and executive ability occupied itself with compelling feet, longing for a march to conquest, to walk softly from kitchen to drawing-room, forcing hands, quivering with capacity, to bear in coffee-trays, shake up feather-beds and pillows, and to knit pounds of wool into stockings.

Drawn by Louis Fancher

FRÄULEIN MARIA BERGMANN

"No, no, Auntie Martha," Fräulein Maria had insisted; "I will do none of that foolish fancy-work. Stockings? Ach, ya. They will help the dear mother."

And such had been her life until one night, two years before Aunt Martha said adieu to the world she fain would have lingered in forever, and departed to the one whose joys she was ever preaching and

shrank from sampling, those old fires of Maria's individuality burst through their ashes and blazed into a desire for expression.

She narrowed those eyes of hers on her internal agitation. She must remain with her Aunt Martha. It was inevitable. The boys were to be educated, Carl was entering the army. There was Ilse's wonderful voice. Yes, to love God, to honor the newly created Kaiser, to obey your parents, especially your father, to work for your younger brothers and sisters, especially your brothers, was the accepted duty of a German pastor's eldest daughter. No alternative in that day was possible.

Then a thought struck her—a strange, illuminating, inspiring thought that sent her to her writing-desk for pen and for paper.

"The Pastor's Nest," she wrote for her title. Why not? From childhood she had told tales to her brothers and sisters. Why not to the world, and for money?

From ten every night, after she had arranged the feather-bed over the paralytic old limbs of Aunt Martha, and, bending low with a "Sleep well, Auntie," had kissed the wrinkled cheeks and patted the old head on its *keilkissen,* until the cathedral clock sounded one, her pen flew across sheet after sheet, and, when she said her last "Sleep well" to her departing tyrant, she had a thousand pen-earned *marks* in her writing-desk. Her salary she had sent home to its uttermost *pfennig.*

"No, no," she said to the relatives who would arrange for a new situation, "we need more money now. Wilhelm must marry, Gretchen must have her dot, Ilse go to Berlin for lessons. I will arrange," and seizing the carpet-bag and family umbrella, she had departed to found a Pensionat, as, the deed accomplished, she wrote her startled mother, "in a village near enough to a fashionable region for parents to boast, and enough on its edge for food to be at moderate prices."

And success had been hers. She owned the old, rambling house, much enlarged and improved, and the large garden; she had money invested; every younger Bergmann of the parsonage had been launched; every dowerless cousin had been educated by her and paid as a teacher until marriage; and in the cemetery of her old town a handsome monument marked the graves of her parents.

Fräulein Maria, however, at sixty-five was still adding figures and writing letters, active Pensionat mother of many well-born daughters, and still teaching.

As she piled up the six addressed letters and returned the account-book to its pigeonhole, the click of the latch of the garden gate sent her hastily to her balcony. Peering through the swinging front curtain of Virginia creeper, she looked down and saw Lischen, in a fresh muslin gown of blue, a lace-trimmed, dainty kerchief, and a brown hat with pink roses, as neat, fresh, and spotless as her Aunt Maria was careless, advancing from the entrance.

"Lischen!" she called.

The new-comer, startled, looked up almost reluctantly, revealing the very pretty face of a young woman in the late twenties, with exquisite pink-and-white complexion, brown eyes, and abundant hair to match them.

"Come up to me for a moment, dear child," she added, and then returning to the drawing-room, she chuckled, her eyes alive with humor. The sofa inviting her, she sank back amid its cushions, and was drawing up an old crocheted shawl over her feet, when Lischen, minus hat and gloves, entered with movements of great primness, her face a study as her disapproving eyes followed the fall of Aunt Maria's belt to the floor, noted her open-necked blouse, her tumbled hair, her hand reaching for "David Copperfield." She looked controlledly forbearing, on her face that air of martyrdom with which the careful regard the easy-going. Why would not Aunt Maria fasten the neck of her blouse? And just look at the spots down its front! That belt Lischen herself had purchased for Aunt Maria just a week before, and now just see it crumpled up there under the sofa! And that dreadful "David Copperfield"!

Lischen hated the English; their ways; their women, so independent and untidy; their king; their conquests; and, above all, their writers. Not that she could read or speak English; but why must Aunt Maria be always chuckling over that dreadful Dickens? Were there no German authors?

Fräulein Maria looked at her eagerly.

"Has she gone, Lisa?" she asked.

"Yes, Aunt Maria." There was an echo of tears in the voice of Lischen.

Fräulein Maria chuckled and chuckled again.

"Thank heaven!" she exclaimed fervently. "That makes six, does it not, my child?"

Lischen nodded. She dared not risk speech.

Again the chuckle.

"One from Bremen, Lisa? One from Dessau, yes? From Halle? Berlin? Dresden? *Du liebe zeit!* But we shall make new acquaintances all over our beloved Fatherland! And the other, my child?"

Her eyes narrowed humorously, her thin lips mocked with amusement.

"Frau Fenthal is from Halberstadt." Lischen opened a drawer of a table, her face down, and drew out a neat, white dimity apron. "Fräulein Becker is from Hanover." Raising her head, she tied on the apron with deft fingers, and controlled with effort her inward fury.

"Ach, ya, that is it," agreed her aunt, amicably, and then, her face melting, she offered her plate of sugary cookies. It was her way of dressing the wounds she had tortured.

But Lischen declined them.

"If you do not want me, Aunt Maria," she said, "I will take my work into the garden."

"Go, my child; go," said the old lady, kindly, "and slip a cake or two in your pocket. As for those creatures, my dear, don't mention them!"

Drawn by Louis Fancher

LISCHEN IN THE GARDEN

Lischen took a cake gingerly, and, her aunt's eyes returning gladly to the account of Miss Janet and the donkeys, she escaped in silence. She was thankful for that. Like all people of her coloring, she cried easily and she was desperately wretched. Taking her embroidery, a neat roll of colored stitching for trimming, she made her way to the pleasant old-fashioned, easy-growing garden, as lax and comfortable as its owner. Why will people trim up lawns when the long grass struggling with the roses is so pleasing? When little tables set under drooping branches of fruit-trees are so inviting? The memory of the garden of Fräulein Maria's Pensionat lingers like some day of ease amid weeks of strenuousness. It was springtime when Lischen sat at her embroidery, and petals floated from cherry-trees like drifts of snow across the terraces. The laburnums showered their "rain of gold," the lilacs drooped branches of fragrant white or purple, and up and down the rose-grown old walks cackled the chickens. The air was sweet and pungent with the fresh pine scent from the near-by forest, and on it sounded the buzz of bees, the notes of the cuckoo, and the droning voices of the well-born German daughters.

On one side of Lischen rose a

birch, as slender and as graceful as a maiden of the fairy-tales, clad in robe of silver and tenderest green; on the other, a larch swayed its gentle tassels to invisible music. The green of the larch, the fine-cut foliage of the birch, were neither more exquisite than the pink-and-white of Lischen's complexion; but Lischen, delicate and Dresden-China like, had neither mobility nor imagination. The larch and the birch were not her sisters. She was always Lischen, with well-dressed, well-brushed hair, neat gown, dainty kerchief, well-kept hands, and busy fingers. In fact, "well" could preface every adjective describing Lischen Bergmann. She was well-dressed, well-behaved, she spoke well, she played well, she embroidered well, and she taught well. In spite of this excellence, however, she was not happy, and since the cause of her trouble was her Aunt Maria, each chuckle echoing from the room above was so much irritation, and the tears swelled and dropped as Fräulein Maria went on chuckling over Miss Betsey, Mr. Dick, Janet, and the donkeys.

If a nature so well-behaved as Lisa Bergmann's could have hated anything other than the English, at that moment it came most dangerously near that act toward her excellent Aunt Maria.

The trouble was this: the entire family—Lisa's father, the imposing Herr Colonel; the uncle who looked like Victor Emmanuel II; the Frau Pastor Aunt; Aunt Ilse; the twin uncles; the grown-up cousins; Lischen; and Lischen's brothers —had all gone to Kitty Brinkhorst's wedding. Kitty was the granddaughter of old Aunt Martha. Fräulein Maria had declined, and therefore she had been the subject of discussion, and all the relatives, root and many branches, had decided that, since she was now five and sixty, it was time she should rest and, to do so, sell the Pensionat. At the same time, nodding toward Lischen, they decided that she was to inherit it. "We will pay half for her," they announced, "and seek a partner who will join with her."

And then Lischen had grown prettier than ever at the very thought. It had always been understood that, in the end, she was to have the Pensionat, and in that expectation she had served there from her early girlhood. And now the moment had come! How she would improve it! Youth, confident of its powers, cried out only for its chance, and Lischen, planning day and night, had arranged every item mentally. In the hall was to hang a well-selected set of rules. A capable gardener was to come to the rescue of lawn and roses.

The old drawing-room, with its wall-paper of colossal flowers, its ancient mahogany furniture, its untidy shelves of English novels, its happy, harmless air of old-fashioned German comfort, at the touch of modern decoration mania was to become an apartment with half-white, half-tinted walls, with hardwood floor, and rugs of tints, well blended. Of all the old-time prints in their narrow, black frames, the photographs of old pupils ornamenting its walls, only one was to remain. Even Lischen felt sentiment over "Queen Louisa at Tilsit." New teachers were to preside over the classes, the girls were to enjoy rigid supervision, the daily program would become a model of decorous routine. Such order! Such cleanliness! No more of that happy-go-lucky, learn-if-you-will, play-if-you-like environment. No, no; there was to be no better-kept Pensionat in Germany.

Fräulein Maria received the family decision in silence. Her eyes, it is true, for a moment had narrowed, her lips moved ominously, then she had smiled that strange smile of hers, and, addressing the Herr Colonel only, had said in that enigmatical way of hers, "Very well, dear brother; find the partner," and then had resumed her Dickens. Once a year she read him through. Just then she was in the middle of "Our Mutual Friend" and chuckling over the Boffins.

Had the relatives understood Fräulein Maria as well as Fräulein Maria understood the relatives, the world of men and women, and how to conduct a successful Pensionat, they would not have rejoiced so quickly when she merely said, "Find a partner."

Not understanding her, they had begun the search, and it was a year and a half now, and Fräulein Maria was still in her room shouting out orders to servants and well-born daughters, and chuckling over "David Copperfield."

Lisa's tears dropped, and would have

deluged her embroidery but for the instinct of neatness which saved it. She would so much have liked Fräulein Quadfässel for her partner. She had been the first to arrive with a view to becoming the partner.

She was tall and elegant, traveled and well-dressed. She was fond of order and system, and had ideas of how to run a Pensionat identical with those of Lischen. How pleasantly Fräulein Maria had welcomed her! Lischen in the garden grew rosily pink at the memory of girls flying here and there to wait on her, of Aunt Maria passing sugary cakes, of the deep consultations, the inspecting of the books, and then the finale.

"Yes, dear ladies," Fräulein Bergmann had said, her eyes looking kind and gentle, "I will give you my only child, my dear Pensionat, for—" Then she named a sum which surprised them by its moderation. "Only"—her eyes suddenly narrowed, her mouth altered expression—"I will sell it on the one condition"—Lischen and Fräulein Quadfässel waited eagerly—"that all my teachers remain here."

It was indeed a bomb, thrown by a lady on whose face was an expression of one laughing at life itself and the antics of its actors. Lischen and Fräulein Quadfässel, who, heads together in the garden, had planned to dismiss every old teacher, protested, raged, argued.

"No, no," said Fräulein Maria, her eyes reproving them, "because I, the Pensionat mother, retire and take my ease, must my good, faithful teachers, my dear Fräulein Hedwig, our dear Lucie, our English lady Miss Branwell, Mlle. Bargy—all of them—suffer? No, no, my dear ladies; never!"

And nothing could move her.

"It is terrible, my dear, dear Fräulein Lischen,"—Fräulein Quadfässel held fast her hands,—"but such a Pensionat would be impossible. All the old influences—ach, ya, but we cannot." And so she went, and Fräulein Maria chuckled.

"Ah, my dear Frau Semch, welcome, welcome!" And Fräulein Maria threw open her doors to a plump, motherly looking person sent from Dessau. Fräulein Maria at once began confidentially: "Make yourself at home, dear lady," she urged. "It is a noisy spot, is it not? But what can you expect of an old woman like me? When I began this school, dear Frau Semch,"—Fräulein Maria went on confidentially,—"I said to myself, there must be two parties to every trouble. If one worries, the other need not. It was a question as to which it was to be, the creatures,"—a white hand waved comprehensively in the direction of the high-born daughters learning household arts, music, languages, and German feminine deportment generally,—"or—" She touched herself significantly as she narrowed her mocking eyes. "And, dear Frau Semch, I said, 'Let it be the creatures.' Come, now, forget them in a good cup of coffee."

Frau Semch morally drew back aghast. "Heavens, what principles!" she thought, while, "Thank you very much," she said feebly as to the coffee.

Fräulein Maria insisted upon her seeing everything.

"Show Frau Semch the garden, my dear Lischen," she commanded, and in that garden, in the part given over to the vegetables and well hidden by a dividing-hedge from the part about the house, she came upon a hole in the outside fence, and, struggling through that hole, was the young granddaughter of Gräfin von Sternburg, and behind her, Herr Pastor Merseberger's Hilde. Through the hole they vanished down the hill toward the confectionery.

Lischen blushed and apologized hastily.

"Aunt Maria will not have it mended," she said.

Frau Semch stared.

"She knows of it?"

"Ach, yes." Lischen grew pinker. "She says it takes out the devil in them!"

Frau Semch waited, stupefied.

"Aunt Maria, Frau Semch, says girls must have mischief," went on the miserable Lischen. "If *she* gives it to them, she knows just what they are about. They think, you see, Frau Semch, that she does not know of the hole, and their idea of mischief is to steal through when she sleeps after dinner and get to the confectionery and buy cakes and whipped cream. Once in a while Aunt Maria discovers them there, and we have a great scene, and all are fined for the poor. That gives it zest, she says. They can come to no mischief, for Frau Brandt at the confectionery has orders to oversee them. Only they do not know it."

"Goodness me, what principles!" gasped Frau Semch.

"When I am Pensionat mother," said Lischen, confidently, "it will be different."

"I am sure of that," said the lady from Dessau.

She was very earnest. She had never kept a Pensionat, but she had the principles of the strongest, and her heart ached and indignation throbbed as she sank to rest that night amid her feather-bed and pillows.

She awoke near midnight with a start.

"What can that be?" she exclaimed.

She sat up in bed, her plump face eager, apprehensive and frightened. A step was passing her door, another, another! They were mounting the stairs toward the upper stories, feet after feet. A light flashed through her keyhole, under her door, then silence and darkness.

Amid her feathers, the plump lady cowered in terror. Robbers? She called, but no one answered. To open the door, that was impossible. An hour or so later, again came the steps, giggles sounded, doors opened, and closed again gently.

"A midnight feast," Lischen confided in stern disapproval at morning coffee.

"But, my dear Fräulein Lisa,"—the lady from Dessau eyed her sternly,—"your aunt must have heard. The noise was quite audible, was n't it?"

Again Lischen blushed.

"She did, but she says girls must eat forbidden fruit now and then to be happy. She breaks up these midnight parties only about one in every half-dozen, and says that furnishes the spice for the pudding."

"Mein Gott!" the lady from Dessau ejaculated, "such principles!"

When the moment for stating the terms of purchase came, she was very eager. Not too soon, she told Lischen, could they rescue these young souls to discipline and conscience.

Drawn by Louis Fancher

THE HERR PROFESSOR

"I will sell my Pensionat, dear Frau Semch," announced Fräulein Maria, very amicably, "on the lowest of terms, even lower than I offered that cre—that lady from Bremen; but"—she smiled childishly—"you must permit me, the old Pensionat mother, dear Frau Semch, to live here. I have no other home, and the Pensionat is my child, my only daughter. Would you have me abandon her? No, no; you and my dear Lischen shall live here and conduct the school, and I will be its grandmother." She laughed happily.

Frau Semch was scandalized.

"I would not, I could not, live in peace with your aunt for a month," she told poor Lischen, whose face was eager with pleading. "No, no, I have principles."

And so to Dessau she had returned. Lischen, embroidering in the garden, dropped a tear to her memory, and thought miserably of Fräulein Schubert.

She had been even more energetic, and, in addition, very learned and full of good intentions, and she had shaken her head vigorously over the Pensionat and the well-born daughters.

"We will revolutionize the whole place," she said with lively ardor, and began at once by ordering Erna Brandt to fetch a better wiped plate at supper, and with Fräulein Bergmann, too, at the table. But Fräulein Maria had eyes which saw everything, and yet saw nothing, and she went on with her tea and sausage.

With the idea of discussing the affair with an outsider, Fräulein Schubert strolled up to the inn on the mountainside above the town, and, sipping her coffee in its garden, casually inquired of the plump landlord if he knew Fräulein Maria Bergmann, and she pointed to the rambling old house in the garden of which were strolling the well-born daughters.

"Know Fräulein Maria Bergmann! Mein Gott! yes!" said the Herr Landlord, his face alive with interest.

"Does she make a success of her school, Herr Landlord?" The lady looked at him inquiringly.

He laid one fat forefinger on a swelling nostril, and winked and nodded.

"Twenty-three ladies, gracious Fräulein, have come to our village to start Pensionats. Three and twenty, yes, indeed; and how many have succeeded?" He paused impressively. "Fräulein Maria Bergmann," was his answer. "And why?"

Again he laid his fat finger on his nostril.

"She understands human nature. Give people what they want," he went on, "not what you think they ought to have, and they are always willing to pay for it. Who knows that better than I, a landlord? And what is it people want?" He touched his nose significantly, "Pleasure, food, and flattery. You understand, gracious Fräulein? They get all three at that Pensionat. Every birthday, every holiday, every Sunday evening, there is amusement. There are concerts, walks, picnics. No dull times there, no. At the right moment the Pensionat takes a walk, it dances, it gives a play, it has a ball for the carnival. As for food, there is plenty, plenty, and much sweet. Not always the freshest rolls, the latest-baked cakes, but what will you? Things come cheaper the second day, and there can be much more of them. And flattery?" How the Herr Landlord chuckled! "Go down there yourself, gracious Fräulein, and find out how good, how clever, how beautiful you are; that is," he added, "if Fräulein Maria desires you to believe it."

He laughed.

"And who pays for it all?" Again his finger on his nose. "It is the parents who pay. My cousin was cooking-mistress there, and I know. Each girl treats the school on her birthday, each girl pays for her own excursion. Good. Each girl brings all she needs in her room. Good. Each girl pays for every book she uses, a little, perhaps, but a hundred pfennig make a mark, is n't it so? And remember, gracious Fräulein, the young girls do all the work. They cook, they clean, they wash, iron, wait on the table, of course. That is as it should be in a German Pensionat. They are there to learn to be housewives; but it saves money, and each girl, too, pays a fee for the maids, and what more do you want for wages, tell me? And they are never opposed, never nagged, but praised, praised, praised until they are ashamed not to deserve it; and when they leave, the whole school goes to the station in a weeping procession, the girl going home bearing a bouquet, and blaming her parents for taking her away from such happiness."

There was a worried, disturbed look on Fräulein Schubert's face as she descended to the village. If running a Pensionat required all that, why—

That evening Fräulein Bergmann, raising her head after asking the Herr Jesus to be their guest at supper, remarked cheerfully:

"We have good news, my children." Then she smiled at a certain blond-haired daughter. "Our dear Gertrude has received good news. Her sister Herta, once our Pensionat sister also, is engaged."

Such clapping! Fräulein Schubert's nerves vibrated.

"And to-night, my children," went on the Pensionat mother, "we will celebrate the beautiful occasion."

Again the clapping!

Fräulein Schubert, nervous lady, never forgot that evening. A great bowl of punch was brewed, toasts were drunk, songs sung, and then followed dancing. Unchecked, the girls rollicked on, until, her temples throbbing, her poor head almost bursting, Fräulein Schubert excused herself to bed. On sounded the piano, on

Drawn by Louis Loucher

"IT WAS A FINE OLD WRITING-DESK"

danced the girls, songs sounded, laughter rose, and no one but Fräulein Schubert, praying for quiet, minded it.

Next day she looked draggled and weary, and Lischen's heart sank like that of a painter as he sees the buying look vanish from his caller's countenance.

That night a dreadful thing happened. Although Fräulein Bergmann was righteously angry and interrogated the whole household, the culprit was never discovered

Fräulein Schubert, tired and weary, sinking early to rest amid her feathers, sprang up with a cry. She tore off her feather-bed and her sheet, to discover beneath them a layer of dried, rolling beans and peas!

"I am sorry, dear Fräulein Lischen," she said feebly, "but I do not think that I am just the person to undertake a Pensionat for young girls."

And so she had gone, and others had followed her until, on that spring afternoon, Lischen had conducted the sixth to the station, routed like the rest by Fräulein Maria. A year and a half had gone by since the search for the partner had begun. And she was still chuckling over Dickens in her living-room, and Lischen weeping in the garden, and so it might have continued had not the Herr Professor, humming his song, opened the garden gate with a "Good day to you, ladies!"

He was stout and tall, his blond hair in a musical shock, and he laughed at the girls, and he complimented Lischen, and he smiled on the teachers, and the whole place in a moment was electrified.

He was a genius, too, was this Herr Professor, a composer and famous pianist. He admired Fräulein Bergmann greatly because, he said, she was the cleverest woman he knew, and nobody in all Germany knew her Luther's Bible as she did. As they sat at coffee on the balcony, the Herr Professor suddenly pushed back his cup.

"Listen, Fräulein Bergmann, listen," he cried, and, running into the drawing-room, which boasted the best piano and also opened upon the balcony, down crashed his fingers on the keys. Into the garden, echoing with the voices of the well-born daughters at tennis, floated out the notes of some supreme tragedy, a voice now wailing, pleading; a second thundering, cursing.

"Hear, O Israel, hear!" began the bass voice of the Herr Professor; then off it trailed into humming for lack of words to end it.

"What is it, Herr Professor?"

Fräulein Bergmann stood in the door, her face quivering, and on it the look of a prophetess. The every-day lassitude, the easy-goingness, had vanished from her figure.

The Herr Professor wheeled round on the piano-stool.

"My new oratorio. Good, is n't it? But I have no libretto," he said abruptly.

Across Fräulein Maria's face flashed the same look that had banished its brooding mystery at the question of the helpless lady.

"Who could write it, I wonder?" asked the Herr Professor, impersonally, for he knew nothing of the pen which had suffered interruption.

As promptly as she had answered the helpless lady, Fräulein Maria said:

"I, Herr Professor; I. Give me the subject."

The Herr Professor questioned her ability no more than had the helpless lady, and in a moment their heads were together over the pages of Fräulein Bergmann's Bible.

It was a great afternoon. They talked, they discussed, the piano thundered, they searched the Scriptures, they read, they argued, and when, the Herr Professor gone, Lischen, smiling over his compliments, came to consult her Aunt Maria, she found that lady, with collar awry, hair-pins falling, belt unloosened, waving her hands to check her.

"Don't bother me, Lischen," she cried. "I am busy! And keep the creatures away, please, please! Only keep away the creatures!"

The gongs sounded, the classes moved, the routine reached supper, and Fräulein Maria read on, oblivious of all but Israel. Unrebuffed, ladies from Halle, Dessau, Hamburg, Bremen, might have reformed and marched off with the Pensionat. A great heroic procession—all Israel it was—was moving before her eyes. She heard the wail of Rachel weeping for her children, she beheld the aged hands of Isaac blessing Jacob, Esau was sounding his great and exceeding bitter cry, Moses was advancing with his host behind the flaming pillar. She was alone in the mystery of the desert. There was Israel hanging the harp on the willow, like a golden background, the glory of Babylon; David was smiting Goliath. There, in that old-fashioned German sitting-room, Vashti trailed through in her spurning; the Queen of Sheba came up to prove Solomon with questions; Hiram, King of Tyre, sent his servants; and wailing, threatening, thundering through it, sounded the voice of the prophets.

Then suddenly inspiration separated the characters of the one drama chosen, and Fräulein Bergmann breathed freely, while, from the garden, swept in breezes sweetened not by new-needled firs and opening lilacs, but by the fragrance of Solomon's lily-of-the-valley and "spikenard and saffron; calamus and cinnamon . . . myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices" of Arabia.

"Awake, O North Wind; and come thou, South—blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out!" sang the poor, interrupted old pen of Fräulein Bergmann.

"Behold the Lord is my Salvation, behold the Lord Jehovah is my Song!" cried her paper, and the old lady, who knew her Holy Writ as she knew her Dickens, sat on at her ancient secretary, sonorous, Hebraic-like blank verse pouring forth from the gold pen of her orthodox Herr Pastor father like waters of a pent-up stream overflowing. The dam had broken, and the waves of the suppressed soul of this strange woman were pouring forth in a stream which was to sweep away every mooring.

"For the love of the dear God, Lischen, keep away, keep away, please, please!" she cried, if her niece so much as approached, and the Pensionat went motherless to meals and to lessons, and no familiar old voice invited the Herr Jesus to be its guest in the long dining-hall.

When the Herr Professor returned, words and music rejoiced in their union, and, on the following morning, Aunt Maria, in hat and gloves, summoned Lischen.

"Here, dear child, here," she cried—"here are the papers for the sale of the Pensionat. Have that dreadful woman from Bremen, have any of the dreadful

creatures; let them sign them. Please yourself, Lischen. I am going to Leipsic," and she caught up her satchel and umbrella. *"Lebewohl,* my child, and I will write you."

The Herr Professor and his wife found her lodgings in Leipsic, and she despatched Elisa a post-card.

"Send me, dear child," she wrote, "my whole set of Dickens at once, and my boxes with my clothes when convenient."

Lischen sent them all at once, but by freight because it was cheaper.

Then she turned to Fräulein Quadfässel, already there from Bremen.

"Come now," she said happily, "we will clean and put in order the whole place, shall we not?"

Drawn by Louis Fancher

TO YOUTH GROWN OLD

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

WHAT canst thou give, O Gifted, in return
For all the splendors that were shown to thee?
How oft at sunrise thou in ecstasy
Didst see the sky and autumn maples burn!
Thou canst recall perhaps when thou didst learn
That God had made thee like to Him, and free
To be thyself, and gave thee hope to be
Fit for the heights for which thy soul didst yearn:
And now, at sunset, eyes upon the ground,
Thou hast forgot, and know'st not gratitude.
Ah, dwell upon the glory in thy day—
Its red and gold; think not upon the mound
That shall inclose thee, lest to thee intrude
Self-pity and self-love to gloom thy way!

Copyright by Joseph Beifeld

"SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE"

"WHEN THE PIE WAS OPENED THE BIRDS BEGAN TO SING"

PAINTED BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

FROM THE ARTIST'S WATER-COLOR SKETCH (IN THE COLLECTION OF AUSTIN M. PURVES) OF THE DECORATION PAINTED IN OIL FOR THE HOTEL SHERMAN, CHICAGO

MOTHERING ON PERILOUS

(KENTUCKY MOUNTAIN SKETCHES)

III. THE FIGHTINGEST BOY

BY LUCY FURMAN

Author of "Stories of a Sanctified Town"

ONE day when there was room for just one more at the small boys' cottage by sleeping three in a bed, a man came in, bringing a little boy who looked seven, but was said to be eight, and who wore funny long trousers and a black felt hat, and had thick, fair hair and large, poetical, dark-blue eyes. Mr. Wyatt, the man, said he had already been over to the Big House to see the heads of the Settlement School about taking Jason, and that they were willing, if Miss Loring was. Miss Loring looked at Jason, loved him, and longed for him, but hesitated on account of his extreme youth. She felt that mothering the other eleven, in addition to teaching outdoor industries and music, gave her about all she could accomplish. Seeing her waver, Mr. Wyatt added that he was particularly anxious to get Jason into the school because there was no home for him now, and nobody to take care of him. Miss Loring had already noticed that Mr. Wyatt appeared gloomy and oppressed, and his dark look as he said this led her to jump to a conclusion. "Oh," she said pityingly, "you 've lost your wife?"

Mr. Wyatt gazed at her a moment, speechless, then answered in a thick, strange voice, "Yes, I 've lost her."

She saw in a flash that it was something worse than death, and answered in confusion: "Why, of course we 'll take the dear little fellow. I shall be delighted to have him."

As he was leaving, Mr. Wyatt informed her that Jason was very pyeert about learning, and, he added candidly, about meanness, too, and he hoped she would not spar' the rod. Miss Loring put a protecting arm about little Jason at the word. The rod, indeed, for that angelic-looking child!

This, however, was when she had lived at the cottage only a week, and the boys were still upon their good behavior—better than human nature can possibly keep up.

When flies did begin to appear and buzz in the ointment, Miss Loring was not too much surprised to find that her "little pet," as the other eleven called him, had his faults, too; but it was a satisfaction to her that they leaned to the side of virtue, all coming under the head of that besetting sin variously known as "ambition," "pride," and "high-mightiness." He burned to excel, to do mighty deeds; in short, to play the man.

Nothing angered him so much as to be regarded as a little boy. After Miss Loring had spent more than an hour rummaging through the friendly barrels in the Big House attic for some dress-up clothes for him, he scornfully refused to wear them when Sunday came, saying that the pretty sailor blouse was "sissy" and that short breeches were not "for men."

Another time, while they were making gravel walks, and hauling gravel in wheelbarrows from a bank in Perilous Creek just below the garden, Miss Loring, feeling that the wheeling and the shoveling were too heavy tasks for Jason, had given him a little, broken-handled pick, and told him to help Killis Blair, who was loosening up the hard gravel with a big mattock. A few moments later, when Killis laid down his mattock to get breath, Jason

snatched it, and, throwing it over his shoulder, whacked away with it joyously, though it weighed about as much as he did. When Miss Loring told him to put it down, he went right on as if not hearing; and when at last she took it from him by force, he threw himself down in the water and howled like the lost. Miss Loring had to leave about that time to oversee another gang of boys at work on the new well-house, and when she returned to the creek, Jason was nowhere in sight. Geordie Yonts had the little pick, and was making lazy passes at the gravel with it. To her "Where 's Jason?" Geordie replied languidly: "He said he were n't a-goin' to do little-boy jobs; that he was aimin' to leave 'less'n you give him big jobs, like wheelborrows. I told him he could take mine a while—that I were willin' to trade jobs with him."

"I don't doubt you were," said Miss Loring, somewhat sharply.

"He 's got the nerve to do it all right," continued Geordie, imperturbably. "By dogs! you ought to 'a' seed him fight two of them little day-schools at a time yesterday! Gee-oh! any boy that can fight like that ought to labor some, and would have to, if he were n't a pet."

When Jason returned with the wheelbarrow, Miss Loring saw that he handled it and the heavy shovel in a most professional manner, and from this time on, she tried to humor his lofty desires, finding it difficult, however, to select jobs that would injure neither his pride nor his person.

Jason also turned out to be a notable singer. One evening at the cottage, when Geordie had been picking his little homemade banjo, and Absalom singing, "Wild Bill Jones," "Lonesome Road," and "Poor Goin's," in the pause that followed, Jason suddenly lifted up a silvery voice in the lovely old English ballad, "Barbary Allen," which he sang from beginning to end. He said his granny had taught it and other song-ballads to him. After that, he sang not only at the cottage, but sometimes at the Friday-night parties at the Big House he would be permitted to sit up late and sing "Barbary Allen," "Turkish Lady," and "Loving Nancy" for the general pleasure, being accompanied on the dulcimer by Beldora, one of the big girls.

One day, when the boys were all working on the slope about the Big House, filling, raking, and rolling it for the sowing of blue-grass, in a moment of mental aberration Miss Loring told Jason to go over to the school-yard and pick up the paper and trash. He marched off without a word. Half an hour later, Joab Atkins, the kitchen-boy, sauntered out to say, "I seed Jason Wyatt a-steppin' up the road when I was over killin' chickens."

"Run, oh, run after him!" said Miss Loring to Taulbee Bolling, her eldest. "What in the world can have possessed him to go away?"

"Don't you mind him a-sayin' he aimed to leave if you give him little-boy jobs?" Geordie reminded her; and his surmise was proved correct when Taulbee finally overtook the proud child on his way home to Spraddle Creek, and brought him back with difficulty.

His silence in this instance was characteristic: he never bragged or even hinted, before or after. To "do the deed, let others tell the tale," was his way.

The nearest he ever came to bragging was one night shortly after his return, when he pattered in just before study-hour to tell Miss Loring good-night. He rolled up his sleeve and poked a sturdy little arm at her. "Just feel my muscle," he said. "Oh, I 'm *so* nervy!" He looked so pink and sweet that she gave him a good hug and kiss before letting him go.

"Dad burn such a pet!" cried Hen Salyer, scornfully.

"He pine-blank is nervy, though," said Keats. "I seed him lay out three at a time of them little day-schools at recess this morning. Dag gone my looks! if ever I see the beat!"

Miss Loring thought it probable that Keats was exaggerating; still, she considered it best to say something on the subject, so at noon she put her arm about Jason, smoothed down his hair, and said, "Jason dear, I want you to remember that it 's a sin for little boys to fight one another."

She wished that she had made it more emphatic when, on the following Sunday, while she was playing the organ down in the church-house in the village, Jason slipped out under the benches and fought the little day-school boys in the street for a solid hour before he was dragged in by

Taulbee, covered with mud, but glowing in the silent, white-hot joy of having whooped out four at a time. He had this remembrance to comfort him during an afternoon in bed.

He bore Miss Loring no malice for the punishment. He even meditated giving her a present when he could find something suitable. Killis Blair, whose mother sometimes gave him money, had, with what all the boys felt to be magnificent generosity, given Miss Loring a nickel's worth of sugar and crackers the Saturday before (sugar and crackers being to the mountain children what ice-cream sodas and chocolates are to the pampered youth of cities). Jason had viewed the presentation with a swelling heart and a determination not to be outdone in large and generous deeds. Tuesday, after school, Miss Loring was surprised to see him coming into the cottage with a small watermelon in his arms. "I brung you sump'n better 'n Killis," he said. "Look a-here what I got for you!"

"Thank you, dear, very much indeed. What a lovely present! Where did you get it?"

"I found hit."

"Where?"

"Over yander in the school-yard."

"Did n't it belong to somebody?"

"No. Hit was jest a-growin' there all by hitself on a vine."

"But there was no vine there yesterday," said Miss Loring, with a shocked look on her face.

"Well, there were to-day—jest the prettiest little vine ever you seed, with three yaller blossoms, and this here melon on the tip-eend. And I brung it to you. Hit 's gooder 'n sugar and crackers."

Miss Loring was horrified. She seized Jason firmly by the wrist, and walked him over to the school-house, where Miss Goodrich, the young primary teacher, was just locking her door. "Do you know anything about this melon?" Miss Loring inquired sadly. "Why, yes; it must be the one Cynthia Marlow lost at noon. She left it a minute by her bucket of beans and corn-bread, and when she got back, it was gone."

In the course of time Jason coldly admitted that he had hidden it under a rock in the branch until school was out. His manner toward Miss Loring was chilling and resentful. She had proved unworthy and unappreciative of his favors. He had plenty of time to meditate upon the sharpness of ingratitude during a long and supperless afternoon in bed.

Passing through the school-yard from a music-lesson at the Big House next morning, Miss Loring saw Jason heading a procession of ten little boys, marching them down to the workshop, and keeping them strictly in line. He did not need to use the little stick he carried. Evidently they were in a state of abject vassalage. Therefore she was not greatly surprised to hear Nucky Marrs say that night after supper, when he ran in from shinny to have a "broke" ankle tied up:

"That air Wyatt young 'un is jest a-chawin' up and spittin' out them little day-schools. He 's got 'em scairt to death. This morning at recess I seed him whoop out five at a time. Yes, sir, by Ned! five of 'em was on him, and if he did n't lay out the last one! He 's the fightingest boy you got."

"I thought you were that," said Miss Loring.

"Dad burn ole Heck! if ever I seed the day I could whoop out five of my size at a time! I wished I could! Three 's the most I ever done. I wished I knowed how he done it, by dogs!"

Miss Loring, too, wondered how he did it. It seemed perfectly incredible; but from the mouth of many witnesses she gathered that it was indeed true.

With his soaring spirit, it was now to be expected that Jason would seek new worlds to conquer in the shape of bigger boys than himself. When he had first arrived, Miss Loring had admonished the other cottage boys never to tease, worry, or fight him, because he was so little, and hitherto they had obeyed her. Jason now began to make unmistakable advances to Hen Salyer, who was nine, and only half a head taller; and Hen, unable to resist temptation, might have been sadly worsted had not his big brother Keats come to the rescue. As it was, Jason gave the Salyers a lively battle, and enormously increased their respect for him.

The next most promising antagonist among the cottage boys was Iry Atkins, the "pure scholar," ten, and very thin and puny-looking. Jason's intentions in regard to Iry became known to Miss Loring

in the following way: one afternoon when all the boys were out working at flower-borders, Nucky spoke up, apropos of nothing, " 'F I had a boy 't would n't fight, I 'd take him out and tie him to a good sapling and fill him so full of bullets the buzzards would n't eat him."

Having observed an excess rather than a lack of the "fighting-edge" since her scholar, hotly. "I hain't fit him 'cause I 'm a-mindin' her. She said for us not to fight him, 'cause he 's little. I can fight as good as you can, dag gone you!"

"Let 's see you, then, dad burn you!"

Iry rushed upon Nucky with murder in his eye, and Miss Loring and Taulbee had a hard time separating them with a switch and a hoe-handle.

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

THE FIGHT BETWEEN IRY AND JASON

arrival on Perilous, Miss Loring saw no point in this remark, and let it pass in silence.

Nucky spoke again. "You got one," he said accusingly—"you got a boy 't won't fight."

"I?" asked Miss Loring, incredulously.

"Iry Atkins yander. Little Jason Wyatt 's been a-pickin' on him for three days, and he 's a-feared to fight him back, by Ned!"

"You 're a liar!" spoke up the pure

Miss Loring was pleased with the pure scholar's conscientious obedience, and longed to remove the interdict she had in the first instance placed upon him for Jason's protection; but, after sober reflection, she decided that it had better remain now for his own.

That night was Jason's bath-night. Two boys bathed out in the wash-house in the cottage yard every week-night, and it was a delicate matter selecting the two who were to bathe together, as the occa-

sion was recognized as a favorable one for settling scores. For instance, if it had been Nucky's and Iry's time to bathe that night, Miss Loring would have let one of them swap times with another boy. Keats Salyer usually bathed when Jason did, as he was very kind-hearted, and willing to help Jason carry the hot water from the big kettles in the yard to the tubs in the wash-house, and even to wash Jason's back for him. When the two boys came up into the sitting-room after their baths, wearing their fresh nightgowns and looking startlingly clean, Miss Loring handed Keats a pair of scissors. "Do you mind cutting Jason's toe-nails for him?" she asked. "I have noticed that they are dreadfully long."

To her utter confounding, Jason threw himself on the floor, kicking and beating it violently, and letting out terrific yells.

"What on earth!" Miss Loring exclaimed. "Why, it won't hurt you, Jason. Or, if you 're afraid Keats will hurt you, I 'll gladly do it myself."

The howls and yells increased, if possible.

"He hain't a-feared of bein' hurt," said Keats; "he jest don't aim to part with them toe-nails."

"Why?" inquired Miss Loring.

"He needs 'em in his business. He fights with 'em. I found it out that day him and Hen fit. He tried it on me, the feisty little skunk! That 's the way he lays out the day-schools five at a time: he gouges out the eyes of two with his thumbs, and butts and bites another, and rakes the shins of two more with his toe-nails, and whoops out five as easy as fallin' off a log."

Miss Loring gasped. "Well, they certainly must come off then," she declared sternly. "You hold one leg, and Killis the other, and Taulbee his arms and head, and I 'll cut them off."

And thus surprised of his secret, and bound by the Philistines, the little Samson was shorn.

NEXT morning while the boys were making their beds before breakfast, Miss Loring called the pure scholar into her room. "Iry," she said, "how much muscle have you got?" Iry bared a small skeleton arm, on which a creditable little knot of muscle rose as he flexed it.

"You are really a pretty good fighter, are n't you?" she asked.

"My paw 'd knock me in the head if I were n't," said Iry. "He would n't have ary boy could n't fight."

"Very well. I told you once or twice not to fight Jason Wyatt. I think I made a mistake in doing so. Next time he picks on you, fight him back."

AT noon playtime, Nucky came running in from the back yard with bulging eyes. "That air little Iry is a-givin' Jason the best whoopin' down yander in the stable-lot ever you heared tell of. Jason he got to feistin' around him ag'in, and he just grabbed him unexpected and laid him out, and now he 's a-chokin' the life out of him!"

"Good!" exclaimed Miss Loring. She hurried down with Nucky to see the combat. All the other boys miraculously gathered, too. Jason tried all his tricks one after another, but could not once free himself from Iry's relentless grasp. Both his arms were pinioned, one by a leg, one by an arm of Iry's; his head was held down by the dreadful hand at his throat. Only his legs were free, and they, alas! were useless; his toes passed wildly but harmlessly over Iry's neck and ears and head and face, the weapons with which he could have done such damage being gone.

Not until he had held out to the very verge of suffocation, and almost bidden defiance to death itself, did the conquered conqueror at last cry for mercy, and, being let up, crawl off under the corn-crib, away from the vulgar gaze, to sob out his rage and shame in peace.

THE SURPRISING MADAME DUBOSC

BY LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH

Author of "An Old Maid's Corner," "Hezekiah's Wives," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

V

ALPHONSE and I entered my cool little salon together; but instead of picking up his portfolio, as I had supposed he meant to do, he begged permission to sit down, his soft hat crushed in both hands.

He was very limp, and even as he looked at me his eyes were blank, as though a curtain had been dropped between all outward objects and his inner vision. Men who are disappointed and hurt, and who do not wish another to encroach on grounds once held in common, will sometimes look this way. When they are angry, it is another affair. Then the straightened glance is like the polished barrel of a rifle along which deadly beams are shot. Recognizing the difference in Alphonse, I waited for him to speak.

"It is terrible, terrible!" he said, as if to himself.

"What is terrible?" I answered coldly when no other word followed.

"My shock," he said, rousing himself sufficiently to cross one knee and disengage his right hand from the hat still crushed in the other. "You are very good to let me come in here and talk to you. Knowing Americans as I do, I was sure you would be generous, for I have lived a long time in your country and have learned to respect its women."

I made no reply, nor did he speak for a moment. The foot that was crossed, however, began to beat the air with slow and steady strokes. I grew impatient, and, in unconscious imitation of this foot, tapped the arm of my chair with my fingers. The movement brought him partly to himself; his foot ceased beating, and lifting his hand, he drew it across his forehead. It served to clear his vision, and the dullness of his eye was succeeded by a questioning gaze as he said:

"You think me foolish. I may be, but I have just had an ideal shattered."

"Other people have ideals shattered, too," I replied curtly; for he suddenly seemed to me foolish indeed, and his whole attitude preposterous. "When you have lived as long as I have, you will know that ideals are things we create for ourselves, and we have no right to go under when we discover our mistakes."

"Not ideals like mine," he rejoined slowly, "that have been part of my very existence."

"Yes; like anybody's," I interrupted, with scant courtesy, wishing the interview over. He must have understood; for he rose at this, strode several times up and down my salon, and with his back to me stopped before the window. I knew by the lifting of his shoulders that he was trying to get himself in hand again. It took him some time. When at last he turned and stood before me, he was erect and once more strong, the Alphonse whom I had thought so delightful in the morning.

"It is not manly," he said, and smiled down at me. "I had no business to lose my self-control, nor even to have been so astonished when I found you here this morning. May I sit down once more and tell you what it was all about?"

"That depends on what you have to tell me," I hesitated, for I was sick of it all and feared a torrent of excuses about his treatment of Madame; but as he was in my house, I could not turn him out. He, too, seemed in doubt, gazing long at

me before he answered, with laughing eyes:

"I will use discretion; you can trust me for that."

"Then tell me," I said, and grew angry at myself, thinking that I had yielded to a charm that had already wrought such havoc.

"How good you are!" he answered, still smiling down at me. "One can always count on an American."

"But pray do not stand," I suggested, by way of parrying further personalities and steeling my heart once more against him.

His smile vanished at my implied rebuff, and as he took the chair that I had indicated, he became strangely thoughtful, sitting for a long time with lowered eyes. I had just made up my mind that he had decided to say nothing when he began slowly:

"Perhaps I am wrong to presume on your hospitality in this way, but it would mean much to me to have you listen to my story, though to make you understand I shall have to go back to my student-days in the Quartier, when I first met Madame Dubosc, the widow of a rich Russian, who had left her his fortune. She was living at that time in a house near the Bois, filled with curios, and was entertaining on a lavish scale, gathering brilliant men about her. To me, an inexperienced youth, she seemed the most bewitching woman in the world, and the most winning, an ideal such as a man can have but once in his life. I was a year younger than she." Again he paused, as if not knowing how to go on, and once more his foot tapped the empty air, while I sat waiting.

"In those days," he resumed at last, straightening his shoulders to the effort, "although I was quite unknown, a mere beginner in my art, I always had a place at her table. The talk I heard was part of my own education. New plays were discussed, new buildings, new pictures, Madame making it a point to dispute every opinion that was offered, yet growing only more and more enchanting in her excitement as the discussions went on. You heard me laugh this morning when you told me how she fought the carpenters when they built this house. It was because I was so happy. I thought I was going to find her again just as she was in those long-gone days, in her dainty clothes and her high-heeled satin slippers, insisting joyously on her own way in everything. The vision of her came back to me: the old, gay, mad fights she had with young architects who submitted their plans to her. And they were all glad to submit them, young and old, the distinguished and those who had their reputation to make. I remember how, when some point arose, she would spring up from her table and rush off for the drawings. That poor Lolotte was a puppy then, in those very same silver bells, and would run and bark after her, catching at her trailing robes as though it were all meant for a frolic. With the blue plans in her hands, Madame would come back, push the glasses away in front of her to make room for them on the cloth, bending over them with a 'No, you are all wrong; it must be done this way,' and seizing anybody's pencil who happened to be near, she would draw new lines here and there. It was an unforgetable picture. Beautiful as she was at all times, she was most beautiful at these, her eyes dancing, her teeth shining, her gay, defiant laughter ringing out with her staccato insistences, as her guests gathered about her, some of them applauding her suggestions, others eager to dispute them, so as to urge her on. Sometimes they would think they had the best of her in a proposition, but she was never outdone. Her pretty, jeweled hand would go up to her forehead; she would pause a moment, then her face would suddenly brighten, and a new solution was hers. She was always right, far cleverer and far more ingenious than them all. It was she who helped the great Michet win his first prize. He loved her; we all did. Every heart went out to her, she was so generous, so intelligent, so full of enchanting surprises; but I gave her my whole devotion. I wanted to win fame for her, to take her away from the glamour about her, to guard and shield and protect her. I told her so; emptied my heart to her, promised that, whatever came, I asked but one thing —to serve her to the end. At first she only laughed at me, calling me *bon enfant,* just as she did to-day; patting my cheeks when I ventured a tenderness; defying me with her laughter when I approached too near making me more her slave than ever. I was sure that she was

some great princess in disguise, she was so *grande dame,* though the rumor was that she was peasant-born, coming from somewhere on the other side of the forest. I was going there to-morrow."

"Then Madame *was* a peasant!" I broke out, bending forward in astonishment, the scene of the fagots suddenly flashing before me. It explained so much.

"So they used to say," he continued without heeding my ejaculation. "Maquin painted her in a blue blouse, with the most exquisite of bare feet. The picture made his reputation. He declared he came across her when making a wood interior for the Salon; I was sure he lied, and hated him. She was never anything but grande dame to me. Yes, grande dame, whatever she did. And how good she was! Sometimes, when she thought I needed encouragement, she would put on one of her wonderful large, black hats with tossing feathers, and, mounting my five flights of steps, would sit for me. Those were the happiest hours of my life, and she was never so bewitching as when alone with me among my brushes, declaring me the best of all her friends. In her gay, intimate laughter, as she looked up in my face and told me how she eluded the others who wanted her to sit for them, and how many had asked her, declaring her poses so intelligent and her costume so lovely, there was a subtle flattery that filled my veins and swept me off my feet. I gave myself up to it; I drank it all in; I believed. Then the next day I believed nothing. I was wild with jealousy. I could not stand it when I saw her good to some one else, as she had been to me; for she was good to them all, good to everybody, good even to that poor, golden-haired Clotilde, who had begun to sit for Maquin, who has painted her copper-colored locks for years in wood-scenes that Madame declared were all wrong. She was never afraid to say what she thought; never afraid of anything, indeed, except perhaps her debts, and she had many, for she was running through her fortune at an alarming rate, indulging every extravagant whim, even that of helping most of the poor people she knew."

"And then?" I asked, as he paused with reminiscent eyes.

"Ah, then!" He shrugged. "I don't know whose fault it was. I had many models, of course; among them a young girl with blue eyes and a profusion of what Madame called 'treacherous gold hair.' Madame detested blondes. One day she surprised the girl in my studio. There were words, an awful scene, in fact, I protesting, and Madame refusing to listen as she flung herself out of the door. When she did not come back for several days, I went to her *hôtel.* It was closed. Madame had disappeared, leaving no trace behind her, and all the light of Paris went out for me. After that I heard of her from time to time at Monte Carlo, then at Nice, and then again in Russia. But no letters ever reached me. They used to say she did not know how to write."

"She does, though," I broke in. "The spelling is phonetic, never twice alike; that 's all. And she has written you. But go on," I added, absorbed in the story, and eager now to hear it to the end—so eager that I forgot all about the anguish of Madame and his own part in her pain.

"Well, after that," he resumed, re-establishing himself with a deep-drawn sigh, "I struggled it out in Paris for a while, then in desperation I gave up. When they offered me a mural painting to do for one of your new Western buildings, I went to America, and I have lived there ever since—for twelve years or more. Though my boyish affection went, I have never forgotten her, but kept her apart from all the others in my mind. When they talked to me as they will do in your country about the women of France, of whom they know nothing, I grew angry, thinking that I knew one who had risen supreme, untouched by all that which the world condemns; for I expected magnificent things from her, that, with her genius and her ability, she would make for herself a great place in the world. And then"—he shrugged again, even the corners of his mouth going up under his twisted mustache—"then I came back and found her—yes, found her—in carpet slippers and that awful red wrapper, cooking for you!"

"Now I understand. Forgive my not doing so at first," I said, a wave of self-reproach sweeping through me.

"But you cannot quite understand all my feeling yet," he interrupted. "Even to me, now, as I talk to you, my attitude grows more and more foolish. Let me

tell you the rest. I grew what is considered rich in America; I painted many portraits and invested well. They called me home and gave me this," and he pointed to the red ribbon in his buttonhole. "I opened a studio. One day poor Clotilde, deserted by Maquin, and dying, stumbled in, bringing me her boy to educate. We talked of old times, and she told me that Madame was living in great splendor in her own country, with a house all to herself. Then the past, with its glamour, came back with a rush. I thought of her beauty and her goodness to me, her generosity and my own neglect, my never having written to her in so long, my never having done anything a man might do. I determined to find her and explain. Remembering how she loved pretty things, I went out and bought her a jewel for her hair. I have it in my pocket now."

"A jewel for her hair!" I cried.

"Yes, a jewel. But what do I find when I come here? That what she needs most is not a jewel. It is really a clean apron!"

"But Madame would prefer the jewel," I said when I had recovered myself sufficiently to speak. "She adores them, and already has ever so many hidden in her bureau drawers. And you must have noticed those wonderful huge pearls in her ears."

"Yes, I remember when that scoundrel Maquin gave them to her. They are false."

"False!" I gasped. "Those pearls false! Why, I have been in awe of them ever since I came."

We were now both staring hard at each other. I did not know what was in his mind; in mine there were unanswerable questions. Whatever his thoughts, they were slowly traveling to meet mine along a glance which never swerved. Surmises arose in it, and died out unanswered; doubts flickered and faded; disappointments were brushed aside; and then, as we continued to stare, our thoughts met. Nor do I know how it happened, but by right of some inheritance in us both we seemed somehow, at last, to be standing on common ground. A faint glimmer of a smile shone first out from his eyes, compelling one from me. The humor of the whole situation, in which both of us had met an overthrow, began to make its appeal. The atmosphere grew clearer with it. Simultaneously we broke into peals of laughter.

"Well, only another of life's bubbles pricked," he said in rippling cadences.

"But what a lovely bubble it was," I rejoined, "so full of color and vivacity!"

Then simultaneously as we had laughed, we both grew ashamed of our merriment. The situation was too serious for sport.

"After all," he went on gravely, "it may have made me a better man, taught me a certain sympathy for all women. Gratitude is a jewel in itself, and a man who wears it in his heart has at least a light to live by."

"And I must not forget to be grateful, either, for Madame has been very kind to me," I answered, with another rush of self-reproach, inspired by his allegiance to her finer qualities. I owed her as much as the man had rendered; the mere bond of womanhood compelled that. Yet, oddly enough, out of sheer nervousness, no doubt, and even with the signs of wreckage all about us, I wanted to keep still to the safe level of laughter, and groped blindly about my mind, catching at odds and ends of memories with which to rouse him to a lighter mood, as one would do, who, escaping from a sinking vessel, seeks first to recall random impressions, to keep off the vision of the greater horror.

"Oh, yes, she has been very kind, unfailing," I repeated; then added with forced gaiety: "She loves to scold me, though, when I am kind on my own account, without consulting her. The first time it was about a cake I gave a poor neighbor's dog. 'Such a sin!' she said reproachfully. 'Dogs can eat anything, and so many children are hungry.' But when the morning after I caught her making the same little fellow a cup of hot *café au lait* with sugar in it, she only glared at me, declaring: 'Dogs have feelings, too, and he was shivering with cold. His master is too poor for anything but cider, and dogs hate cider.' Then she shooed the dog off, and, looking at me, said sternly: 'But it is all Mademoiselle's fault, anyway; she taught him to come. Now he will expect coffee every day.' And he always gets it. She won't let anything suffer. It was the same thing with that kiosk that you see from my window, the one with the slate roof and the weather-

vane. She built it to shelter a pheasant that she bought from a wretched old poacher of a woman who spends half her life in prison, and who had just trapped the bird. Madame was so sorry for the penniless woman that she paid ten francs for the pheasant, and then three hundred francs to the carpenters for the kiosk. The kiosk being empty, I asked her one day where the pheasant had gone. 'I was obliged to kill it,' she answered sharply. 'I love my animals, but I must live. To have fed it all winter would have cost me the eyes of my head. Mademoiselle is like all Americans; she knows nothing about money.' "

My subterfuge had failed. Alphonse did not laugh as I had expected. The mere ghost of a smile, without merriment in it, flitted across his face, and his eyes had grown graver, as if he had not listened, but was once more studying me as he had done at our first meeting. I grew uncomfortable. Yet when he spoke he was dispassionate enough.

"Apparently Madame has given you enough to think about."

"Very much," I answered, with a toss of my head, trying still to be merry.

"And if it is not impertinent, might I ask you how you happened to come here?"

"Why, yes," I answered, and paused suddenly, torn by two conflicting emotions: one, an inexplicable desire to tell him my side of the story, even as he had told me his, and so in some way to set myself straight; the other, a dread of my own disloyalty to Madame, knowing that what I said would only mark dividing-lines between us, and no woman has *that* right where another woman is concerned. Yet the quiet scrutiny in his eyes was compelling, conquering, and driving me irresistibly on. "I came to work," I began again, "to write. A friend who, with her daughter, had spent a night here, knowing I wanted a quiet place, sent me Madame's card, describing her as a brisk, industrious woman who would look after me, and the place as ideal for writing. So, despite family protests, I came alone, expecting that in solitude I should have my chance. Instead, I was plunged at once into a series of bewildering excitements that drove every other idea out of my head," and I went on to give him a history of my stay. I told him about the Monster next door, and the warning from his wife, and then about Madame's confusing talk of other days; yet how, as time went by, despite it all, I had grown to believe in her solid worth, thinking her erratic, but admiring her courage and her genuine kindness, and, most of all, her talents. About her prayers and her anguish I said nothing. These I could not touch upon with any man.

Drawn by May Wilson Preston

"FOR ONE MOMENT HE PAUSED BEFORE THE SKETCH"

"Don't you see," I hurried on, despite his many ejaculations—"don't you see what it has all been—how confusing? I never suspected that she was peasant-born, not understanding, as you do, French distinctions. I thought her just reduced in circumstances and bravely struggling to pay her debts, as I was struggling to keep my own head above water. And now here at last you come, a man who has lived in my own country, who knows the shades of meaning to all my words—and hers, and now you," I added, making a great effort to bring my talk back to the level of laughter again—"now you have shattered my last stronghold, since you have destroyed my faith even in those pearls."

He did laugh at this, throwing his head back, those same delightful notes rolling out from his full chest. I determined to keep him on this plane, and laughed again. His instincts were keen, and he asked me no more questions.

"I am glad you can be merry," he said gaily. "It is best, wisest, certainly." Curi-

ously enough, in his tones I felt more sympathy than humor, as though in some miraculous way I had been reinstated. He might have been a priest absolving me.

"And now," he went on, as he rose, picking up his portfolio, "I must thank you again for your patience in listening to me, a stranger. It has helped clear my confusion of mind and to make easier the duty before me. I realize that, for all I thought loyal in me, I have never been just to Madame. Mine was to have been the man's way of paying an old debt. She deserves a greater consideration, all the tenderness one can give, for she has superb qualities. Her dishes should be done by this time. If you will excuse me, I will go down to her house." As he spoke, he placed his hand instinctively over his left waistcoat pocket. The jewel for Madame was there.

I watched him on his way through the narrow hall. For one moment he paused before the sketch hanging there, with its lost souls wandering on wind-swept shores. Then with a sigh he turned down the flower-bordered path leading to Madame's.

VI

No sooner had he gone than all the doubts of her that I had held at bay with boastful laughter surged back and well-nigh overwhelmed me. To stay alone and fight them was beyond my strength, and putting on my hat, I hurried out. I had need of the forest, with its eternal verities.

Pursued by the taunting questions which his story had suggested, I went to the woods, pushing on through fern-brakes higher than my head, now a crisp and russet brown. The leaves of the beeches showered me with gold as I passed, screeching pheasants flew out from the underbrush, with whirring wings, and squirrels scampered up the tree-trunks to cling and stare down at me. But I met neither man nor woman until, on a hill-top, I came upon the wood-cutters at work, deer grazing quietly beside them—those same deer that three times a week seventy hounds are starved to chase.

The sun was an hour above the horizon when I reached the highest point. Below me, in its slanting rays, lay endless, undulating stretches of forest-land, shining like some opal brought from Mexico, with its flames of red flashing from among the purples. Above the dried leaves where I sat brooded the giant trees, the wings of a protecting mother infolding me in quiet. Sight of human things was shut away, hidden under that mantle of glowing color. I heard only the patter of rabbits out for their afternoon gambol and the carol of late birds settling themselves for the night. In all that vast stretch I alone was troubled.

Till the sun began to dip into the purples, as into a sea, I sat there trying to find myself. Then slowly, as if the great ones inhabiting those trees had veritably a message for me, came the secret of the universal peace. It was I who had brought confusion, as mankind always must. Everything about me was expressing peace, because everything was growing along its appointed way. And Madame, left so far behind me? She, too, was growing, if I could but see it. She had had her way to follow. It might not be my way, any more than the way of the rabbits was the way of the trees. But it was hers. Her soul had been sent out on it, just as the soul of every living creature about me had been sent. She had only tried to break a general law by rising out of peasant soil on the wings of pleasure and ambition. And she had fallen. The law could not be broken. It had broken her.

"Poor Madame!" I said to myself, contrite and humbled, as I rose for one last look at the fast-fading colors. "I, too, have been wrong, for I have dared to judge."

My heart, quickened by new appreciation of a diviner law, was full of her as I picked my way down through the deepening shadows of the steep hillside. I would be more tender, helping her to wider visions, even as my forest vigils had helped me. If sympathy could resuscitate her, that sympathy should be hers. There would be rough places ahead for her, for Alphonse would have gone by this time, and she be left once more alone; but I would stand by her. I wished that I could have seen him before he went, to have told him how sorry I was that I had laughed, how ashamed, now that my own awakening had come. But I knew that no art of hers could have held him. That art was gone.

Yet had it gone? I asked myself, arrested by the thought. She was a French woman and was possessed of many devices. Nothing had robbed her of the engaging poise of the head on the shoulders, nor the sapphire eyes that could still snap and sparkle. Even those hands, now stained by work, had she not told me herself how extraordinary they were, a week's rest only being required to make them white again? And then in her care-free moments how agreeable she could be! How much she had to tell of interesting foreign places! How ready in speech she was, how responsive to humor, how quick to grasp another's faltering ideas, and how appreciative of any courtesy! Under its influence she expanded like a plant freshly watered.

Surely, if she tried, if she would let herself be once more that other self that had once bewitched him, content might yet be hers. He knew her life, and he had loved her despite everything. The old glamour might not be his again, but might not something even better be built out of the present? Would he not try to build it? Would he not feel compelled to do it, when once he realized how supreme had been her faith and her fidelity in him? The right stuff was unquestionably his. He had declared his loyalty, and Frenchmen did not look at things as we did.

How happy she will be! I thought, as I began again to pick my way down the dark hillside, my mind in a whirl of new and strange imaginings for her.

Drawn by May Wilson Preston

"I PICKED MY WAY THROUGH THE DEEPENING SHADOWS OF THE STEEP HILLSIDE"

When I reached her house at last it was long after dinner-time. No light was in the kitchen. Through the tight-closed shutters of the dining-room, though, I caught the glimmering of a lamp. Alphonse was still there!

What a joyous ending it all was, Madame happy at last! I would not disturb her. The moment was too sacred for intrusion. Perhaps she was even wearing the jewel he had brought her for her hair, smiling at the attention in that quick, pleased way of hers.

On tiptoe I started for my own house. Then something held me, something so deathly still about those closed shutters, so unusual, that, alarmed, I paused, stole nearer, listened, peeped into the empty kitchen, and went inside, groping my way to the dining-room.

Madame was alone! She sat drawn up by the table on which the lamp stood, dressed in her old red wrapper and pearls, unchanged even for the painter's visit; the ragged straw hat thrust back. On the table where the light fell full lay—I rubbed my eyes to see if I were right—yes, there lay her pack of dingy cards; the king in position, the treacherous blonde now on the farther side.

She heard me enter; but did not lift her eyes.

"Vite!" she called —*"vite!* He is going to get well, is coming."

Down from my celestial heights I fell headlong, my exalted vision blotted out.

"Mademoiselle must look," she repeated, as I did not move. "See." She pointed to the signs. "There is the news for me. Monsieur is coming!"

"Coming!" I cried in bewilderment.

"Yes, the cards never lie, and I have waited and believed." This time her eyes were full on mine, and I saw again, intensified, the old, strained look of the animal in pain.

My heart thumped: I felt it in my throat. Had I gone crazy or had she? Yes, certainly she had lost her wits. The meeting with Alphonse had been too much for her. With an effort I summoned my courage, drew nearer, my eyes on hers, and laid my hand on her shoulder, and said firmly, as one would to a delirious patient:

"Alphonse was here this afternoon, Madame. You remember—you found him in my salon."

"Alphonse! Why should Mademoiselle speak of him?"

Now I was sure that her wits had gone, and that if I lost my self-possession, she would gain control of me. Fixing her eyes with a steadier gaze, I said firmly, as before:

"You are glad he came, are n't you? He told me how he loved you!"

"Bah! Loved me! He knows nothing about love, a *bon enfant,* as he always was, with charm, making any one believe who was not clever. Mademoiselle has found how agreeable he can be? She likes him?" She raised her brows in question.

I read jealousy in the question, not afflicted reason, and grew hot with anger.

"I know all about it, Madame," I said, throwing prudence to the winds. "Why try to deceive me?"

She sprang up, transformed by wrath.

"Moi!" she cried, pointing to her breast with the air of a tragedy queen. "Me deceive you? What do you mean, Mademoiselle?" For the first time since I entered her garden gate she addressed me as an equal. I had touched on her one great pride, that of truthfulness. A certain respect for her arose in me, but I was still too angry to yield a point, and answered coldly:

"You prayed for Alphonse, Madame, that day at the church."

"No, I prayed for Monsieur," she answered firmly.

"But is not Alphonse Monsieur?" I stammered.

With her hand like that of a tragedy queen still pointing to her breast, she faced me square. Then the hand slowly dropped, and wave after wave of conflicting emotions passed over her face. Surprise gave way to question, question to dismay, dismay to disgust. Finally everything vanished in an outburst of laughter.

"Ah, *ma pauvre* Mademoiselle! It has always been so—never understanding. And Mademoiselle has thought—" Again she laughed—"Mademoiselle has thought —But it is too droll! Come with me."

She seized the lamp, and, shuffling briskly ahead, led the way into her bedroom, where the crucifix hung above the cat and the kittens nestling in her satin quilt. Too shaken and bewildered to think, I waited while she fumbled among the laces in her bureau drawer, drew out a bunch of keys, and, going to the wardrobe, unlocked it. Then with a vigorous fling she threw the door wide, holding the lamp above her head.

"Now Mademoiselle can see who Monsieur really is," she said proudly, pointing to a portrait cut from some newspaper and pinned on the back of the door.

I went nearer, bent my head, and saw the picture of a man of sixty, with gentle, benignly deep-set eyes, broad, untroubled brow, and white beard, a man without romance, not of the world, as Alphonse had been, a man of the people, rather, but whose features bore the stamp of honesty and strength. Underneath I read that he was a manufacturer of silks, and had given a hospital to his town, his portrait being published in honor of the occasion.

So this was Monsieur!

She waited for me to speak. I could not. I was as one who, roused from nightmare, doubts for an instant even the awakening hand. My delusions still gripped me; it was not easy to shake off their hold, yet all the time Monsieur's gentle eyes were slowly drawing me out of my bewilderment to where I saw things as they were.

But what did she mean to him? I suddenly wondered. What *could* she mean? Again I was lost in a sea of confusion.

"Mademoiselle finds much to admire in the picture. It does not astonish me."

"Very much," I answered in a dazed way. "When was it taken?"

"Long ago, before my poor Monsieur was ill."

"I am glad he is getting well," I said in non-committal tones, my mind not yet steadied to this new development. Then I glanced up at her. The mirth had faded; the old strained look was back again.

"It is I who am glad, Mademoiselle,"

Drawn by May Wilson Preston

"I WENT NEARER, BENT MY HEAD, AND SAW THE PICTURE OF A MAN OF SIXTY"

she replied gravely, "or it will be too late."

"Then he does not live far from here?" I rejoined.

"A day's journey by train."

"Only a day's journey!" I answered. "And you have never been to ask how he is?" She was locking the wardrobe door when I asked the question.

"How could I go?" she asked despairingly. "Monsieur has a horrible maiden sister, the blonde."

"What difference does that make when a man is ill? He has been kind to you," I managed to reply. "Take him some of your roses. I would go to him if I were—"

My words were never finished.

"Mademoiselle would go!" she cried, creeping closer, as if making ready to spring at my suspended speech. "Mademoiselle would go!" And with the lamp held to my face she peered into it with the look of one who in the darkness has caught sight at last of something precious. "Does Mademoiselle mean it?" She peered deeper. "Ah, if she would go, then I should really know how Monsieur is, why he does not come, and does not write. Mademoiselle will go?"

Her gaze, lighted by the lamp, was piercing me through, carrying its mad appeal to where resistance was unavailing. Everything faded before it. I saw only the mortal pain.

"I will go, Madame." I said it automatically, not knowing what I said, not thinking.

She dropped her head forward and tried to speak. The relief of my promise was like a sudden freshet in the spring breaking up the winter's ice. Her features twisted, and her lips, unable to articulate, parted and closed.

"*Le Bon Dieu* will bless you for this," she murmured at last, and crossed herself.

I had no chance to think to what stu-

pendous folly I had committed myself when she turned and set her lamp down among the cracked ivory brushes and powder-puffs of her wash-stand. A memory must have lingered there, what, I shall never know, for at the sight of something on that stand she stood still, her back to me. It gave me time to recover myself. What was this surprising creature going to do now?

What she did do was to turn abruptly, holding her hands behind her on the stand, as if to support herself in a new determination.

"I have reflected," she began in slow staccato. "It is not right, this thing I have asked. It is like going myself, and I have promised."

"Promised what, Madame?" I ventured, still groping.

"Promised, whatever happened, to wait until he came to me. Mademoiselle will see now that I keep my word—that I am a lady and a good woman," she added, throwing her head defiantly back.

"I am sure you are a woman of your word, Madame, and that all you can do is to wait."

"Ah, that is easy for Mademoiselle to say. She does not know how very difficult it is becoming. I am always gay before her; I do my best to hide my troubles. I laugh, I cook; but my debts! They are always before me, and have mounted to my eyelids. The butcher will give me no more meat. I had to kill the black rabbit to-day. The house in which Mademoiselle lives is not yet paid for. I have already a notice from the *avocat*. It is now a fortnight, and the time is up to-morrow. They will seize her house."

I was lost again, floundering in bewildering seas.

"But what has Monsieur to do with this, Madame?" I cried.

"What has he to do with it? Everything. Monsieur will pay my horrible bills."

"But, Madame," I cried, clutching at any spar to save myself from sinking, "that—that certainly—that is not why you prayed to St. Anthony for his recovery? Why you were so worried over the cards?"

"Is not why I prayed! *Mais certainement!* That treacherous blonde, his maiden sister, wants the money for herself. Monsieur told me so. But I have his promise, and he never lies. We shall be married the very day he comes."

THE END

A LIGHTED HOUSE

BY KATHARINE METCALF ROOF

TO the orchestral thunder of *Wotan's* wrath the curtain slowly fell upon the second act of "Die Walküre," only to rise again after the final note disclosing *Brünhilde* supported upon each side by the unhappy pair she had befriended, to her own doom and the ultimate downfall of the gods. *Brünhilde* smiled response to the applause, her native radiance sympathetically subdued by the somber influences of the preceding act. *Sieglinde* showed less ability to rise above her grief. *Siegmund,* having been resuscitated from recent death, wore an aspect of unqualified tragedy. To him, since his demise must now go into musical effect, *Brünhilde* was seen to pass on the tribute, although this was only her second appearance in the rôle of the goddess.

The little ceremony having been repeated to their satisfaction, the audience gave themselves over to social intercourse, while the hard-working orchestra crawled out of its little hole of exit into regions presumably less restricted behind and beyond. Angelica, reluctantly withdrawn from association with the gods, turned with a perfunctory smile to her escort, a

young newspaper-man who had come by the tickets in the honest exercise of his profession. Sam Porter! What could it all mean to him, this divine, mad music of earth and sky, this whirlwind conflict of the passions of gods and men, this overwhelming, crashing, heart-tearing music! What could all this mean to Sam Porter! Angelica was acutely aware of the incongruity of their presence there together. Sam was an old friend of her husband's; he was not of her sort. Indeed, the most casual observer might have detected their lack of homogeneity. Sam, Angelica would have told you, was aggressively robust, irritatingly subject to humorous perceptions of the cruder sort. Angelica's intellectual and emotional ideal was subtlety. Sam, for his part, would have described Angelica as bloodless. But Sam's interest in classification was ordinarily satisfied with the selection of a few obvious characteristics. In an unanalyzed way he realized that Angelica, with a mind furnished almost exclusively with derived ideas and sensibilities, was yet consumed with a restless desire for self-expression. In Sam's mind the perception had resolved itself into a hurt sense that old Peter, who was the best sort in the world, somehow pathetically got nothing out of it. Yet Sam was a generous soul, and knowing that Angelica, whether upon a real or a fictitious basis, reckoned music as "her art," he had remembered her when the tickets of the overworked musical critic had passed into his hands. Angelica, on her side, was grateful. That did not alter the fact that after an hour in Walhalla it was an effort to make conversation with Sam Porter. Eventually she relapsed into the simple method of thinking aloud:

"Ah, what a life—to live that music!"

Sam glanced at her, his ready smile covering his thought, "How she hangs on to that idea of her voice!" Aloud he said, "A life of good, solid, hard work."

But the light did not fade from Angelica's face. "One could work indefinitely for such an end!"

With an involuntary consideration of her small chin and the droop of her thin lips Sam registered a mental doubt.

"I would give the rest of my life to be five years in Bergmann's place!" Angelica declared passionately.

"She is a much-to-be-envied woman," Sam agreed, in his easy vocabulary; "and she is very real."

"You know her!" cried Angelica. The idea of ruddy Sam in connection with *Brünhilde* was plainly both incongruous and distasteful.

Sam nodded, not entirely in the dark as to her thought. Angelica's subsequent reflection was practical and direct, but not her expression. She had long since discarded the short cuts of conversation. And feeling no curiosity to examine any such crudely colored likeness of a goddess as Sam's mind might furnish, she pursued her own analysis.

"She is the *Brünhilde* of one's dreams for 'Die Walküre.' Her voice is the very embodiment of youth. I am not entirely convinced that she can rise to the tremendous catastrophe of 'Die Götterdämmerung.'"

"Possibly not yet," Sam assented. Angelica smiled absently. She was mentally elaborating her impression of Bergmann's *Brünhilde* for the future appreciation of comprehending feminine friends. But Sam's next remark caught her attention: "She is too happy."

"Yes," Angelica agreed pensively; "one must, I suppose, be filled with a divine discontent to reach the heights."

"The heights of popular, commercial success," Sam reflected, "in the arts, at least, are not usually scaled by the unworldly." Angelica stared. It was not precisely the sort of comment she had expected of Sam. "But what difference does it make? If you could see her—" He broke off, suddenly realizing that Angelica was incapable of seeing what he had seen in Hilda Bergmann. "She is like a field of daisies under a blue sky, all white and gold with sunshine—the way it looks when you are a little chap." Sam was thinking aloud now. He did not expect his simile to convey anything to Angelica and indeed it was sufficiently remote from Angelica's conception of the soul of *Brünhilde*. But his remark at least served to make an obvious opening for the introduction of the suggestion Angelica had refrained from making the moment before.

"I should like to meet her," she said.

Sam, with his instinctive kindness, responded, "That ought to be easily managed."

When the final curtain had fallen upon

sleeping *Brünhilde* encircled by the flames of the fire-god, the audience poured out of the great opera-house filled with varied emotions—the exaltation of the music, anxiety concerning probable delays in the securing of the carriage, anticipation of drafts in the lobby, puzzled Philistine misunderstandings, and the worry of unsettled questions. Points of view toward the new *Brünhilde* ranged from patronizing comparison with the maturer *Brünhildes* of other days to the wildest hyperbole. Of the latter class was Angelica, whose thought was always in advance, and whose pride was her openness to new impressions. Then, after all, Angelica was a musician in appreciation, however partial and imitative might be the majority of her perceptions.

"I shall never forget that look on her face when she gave *Sieglinde* the sword. It was like white light." Angelica's pale face was aglow, the drawn, discontented lines for the moment obliterated. Then she caught sight of patient Peter waiting in the lobby, and Sam was not too unobservant to see how the glow faded when her husband greeted her in his cheerful, practical voice: "Well, have you two musical cranks had enough? *I* call this a long opera."

Angelica scornfully noted the indiscriminate grouping of herself with Sam. She had long since given up expecting perceptions from Peter.

"Have you had to wait long, Peter?" she inquired courteously.

"Oh, that 's all right," returned Peter, easily. "I did get here a bit early. My own fault. You told me 11:45."

Angelica turned to Sam, thanking him again punctiliously. Then a faint resuscitation of the light came into her eyes as she added, "You won't forget that promise—about Bergmann."

"Some day next week," Sam promised cordially. He stood a moment looking after them while Peter with competent arm steered his wife through the elbowing crowd and vociferous callers of carriage-numbers. "Blest if I know what old Peter sees in her! Guess it 's only because he 's the sort to stick to any woman he 's tied up to," was Sam's reflection.

Meantime Angelica, seated beside her husband in the crowded up-town car, felt the magic of the music and the spell of *Brünhilde's* inspired young voice slipping from her, as such things did vanish in Peter's too solid presence.

"Enjoy yourself?" Peter beamed upon her.

Angelica's delicate brows contracted. "Of course I enjoyed it very much."

Then Peter caught sight of a popular restaurant, gaily lighted. "What do you say to stopping off and having something to eat?"

Angelica's face plainly showed her disgusted rejection of the idea. "No, thank you; I don't care for anything."

Peter apologized. "I keep forgetting what an ethereal creature you are." Then he made another effort to meet Angelica on her own ground. "What was the opera like? Tell me about it."

All the lines of discontent and weariness had returned to Angelica's forehead and mouth. "Oh, Peter, what 's the use? You don't care anything about it, and you would n't understand."

"I 'm afraid I 'm not exactly what you would call musical," Peter admitted. A shadow rested upon his kind face.

Angelica laughed shortly. "No, you certainly are not." She shivered and settled down into her wrap.

Then Peter was all solicitude. "You don't dress warmly enough," he worried, trying to draw the delicate lavender affair more closely about her.

"Oh, I am all right," returned Angelica between boredom and exasperation. And after that Peter gave up his attempts at conversation.

Sam did not forget, and one day the wonderful word came to Angelica that she was to meet *Brünhilde* face to face. Mme. Bergmann had named an hour the following Sunday morning, Sam briefly informed her. As Angelica mounted in the elevator of the apartment-house which faced the park, she noted that *Brünhilde* lived on the top floor. Her face lighted with understanding. *Brünhilde,* of course, must live as close to the clouds as possible. It was with eyes filled with the vision of *Brünhilde's* radiant face and shining helmet, and with the Valkyrie cry in her ears, that she touched the bell beside a door the plate of which bore the name of *Brünhilde's* husband.

After a slight delay, her ring was an-

swered. The light was behind the figure of the woman who opened the door, so that it was a moment before Angelica realized with a little leap of the heart that it was *Brünhilde* herself who stood there evidently expectant.

How wonderful of her to begin it just this way! Then *Brünhilde* spoke: "You vill come inside, please."

The tone, it must be admitted, was a shock to Angelica. It was unexpectedly executive, businesslike. But the voice was delicious, with its low resonance and suggestion of overtones. Angelica stepped into the hall, and *Brünhilde* briskly led the way into the dining-room. In the strong sunlight that poured into the room, all her pink and gold Teuton coloring was revealed with the fresh vividness of a rose-garden in June. Angelica, white and meager beside her, stood tentatively, faintly confused by her reception. With a second sense of shock she perceived that *Brünhilde* had a large, white apron tied about her waist.

The prima donna looked her over frankly. "You may sit down," she said graciously, and Angelica, inexplicably deprived of words, seated herself.

Brünhilde then sat down opposite her, still regarding her scrutinizingly. "You come from Mrs. Green?" she began.

Angelica looked embarrassed. "No; my introduction was from Mr. Porter. He wrote me that you would be so very charming as to let me come to-day."

Brünhilde seemed not to comprehend entirely. "Yes, to-day. She say ten o'clock. You are a little late."

Angelica flushed. "I am so sorry. He wrote half-past eleven, I am sure."

"It is all right," *Brünhilde* reassured her soothingly, then she gave Angelica another keen look; but her tone was gentle. "I think you are not very strong. Do you think you can do already the vork?"

"The work!" exclaimed Angelica. Then her American brain, despite its studied habit of indirectness, perceived a misunderstanding. "Perhaps you do not understand who I am, Mme. Bergmann. A friend, Mr. Porter, asked permission to let me call. He said that you made the appointment for this morning, but perhaps there was some mistake."

Brünhilde's brow clouded. Even Angelica, with her perceptions attuned to the transcendental, could see that she looked like a puzzled child. "Porter," she repeated, and shook her head. "I make application at no such place."

The color rose again in Angelica's thin-skinned cheek. "It was Mr. Samuel Porter of 'The Record,' a newspaper-man. He is a friend of ours, and he said—" But she needed to explain no further, for a light had dawned in *Brünhilde's* eyes, and it was her turn to blush so overwhelmingly that Angelica forgot all else in the surprise of her naïve prettiness.

"You are the friend of Mr. Zam Porter. How I am so stupid! And my husband no doubt has written that you should come here to-day. I do not know if he has told me, I am so vorried. Oh, how you must think of me that I receive you so coldly!" Her color deepened as she seemed to realize the enormity of her error. She leaned forward and laid a hand vibrant with warm vitality upon Angelica's arm. "What do you now think of me! My husband makes for me the appointments, and to-day I am so egzited. The cook *und Hausmädchen* both are gone. You vill forgive me that I am so stupid?"

Angelica murmured courteous reassurances, but she was bewildered with the process of her readjustment. This young woman in the white shirt-waist and apron seemed to her like some pretty young *Hausfrau.* Where was *Brünhilde,* flashing out the glorious call of dawn from the mountain-tops, mystic *Brünhilde,* awesome vision of death? Then she felt again a pleading hand upon her arm and even Angelica's sluggish blood responded to that touch of life. She turned to meet Hilda Bergmann's singularly young eyes.

"It is like this. I tell you. I egxpect to-day both cook und *Hausmädchen* from the office of one Mrs. Green. She has promised, but they do not come. I myself get the dinner, for Sunday we have at noon like Germany. You are not offended that I think first you are *Dienstmädchen?* In America they dress often beautiful like the mistress und I egxpect her." She watched Angelica's face, hopeful of propitiation, yet appealingly apprehensive. Angelica smiled back. Even Angelicas must respond to Hilda Bergmann's smile. Then Hilda looked relieved. "Always we are

glad to know the friends of Mr. Zam Porter, he is so gay," she confided.

This was another shock, but Angelica's smile did not fade. Instead, she agreed conventionally, "Yes, is n't he?" Then she saw that *Brünhilde's* face had again clouded and that her mind had for the moment detached itself from consideration both of her guest and of Mr. Zam Porter.

"What, then, shall I do if no vone come? To-morrow night I sing *Brünhilde* in 'Siegfried.'" Angelica's face lighted, but the next sentence was like a dash of cold water. "Mr. von Stahlschmidt he send home a *gans*—a gooze. It is long time since I cook one. Und all alone I get the dinner."

Some belated strain of genuine girlishness may have risen in Angelica, or it may have been only that she foresaw an effective incident for subsequent relation. In any case, she suggested quickly, "Let me help you."

Hilda hesitated. "You are very good."

"I don't know much about cooking," Angelica confessed, "but perhaps I can be of some help, if you will tell me what to do. When our cook deserts us, Mr. Mayland usually goes to his club, and I make myself a cup of tea at home."

Hilda regarded her with disapproval. "That is not enough," she declared. "Und Mr. von Stahlschmidt vould not go to a club. Always he like to dine at home."

"It is much nicer, of course," Angelica's response was of such sympathetic insincerity as she did not ordinarily condescend to. "And you will let me help you, won't you?"

"Vould you really like?" Hilda's eyes questioned her with an expression unmistakably practical.

"I would love it," Angelica replied almost eagerly. Her spirits began to rise. If this was not the *Brünhilde* she had come to see, the episode at least promised to be what she and her kind term an "interesting experience."

Hilda rose. "Then you may peel, if you vill, the tomatoes." Without further parley she led the way into a spotless kitchen.

On the table lay the "gooze," already in the pan, his legs reversed from the position natural to them in life. A plate of tomatoes stood beside him awaiting Angelica's knife. This implement Hilda promptly supplied her with, turning a frowning consideration upon some sweet potatoes also laid out upon the table. She appealed to Angelica:

"They take not so long a time as other potatoes, I think?" Then evidently feeling that her ignorance required apology, she explained, "We do not have like these in Germany."

"I don't know, really," Angelica was obliged to admit.

"I am sure it is not so long," Hilda decided. "They do not go in yet. Mr. von Stahlschmidt like them very much. Anna she make them many ways, but to-day I think he have to have them cooked." She opened the oven door as she spoke, Angelica futilely urging, "Let me help you," and deposited the goose upon the floor of the oven, then rose, a little added color in her cheeks, and regarded Angelica with a smile of accomplishment.

"I make now the mayonnaise while you peel already the tomatoes."

Angelica watched while *Brünhilde* competently selected the ingredients of the salad from one cupboard, and a bowl, fork, and egg-beater from another. She had just seated herself, egg poised in mid-air, when something seemed to arrest her attention, and she sat motionless, listening.

"I think I hear the baby," she explained. "You vill excuse me vone moment." She left the room, but came back in a moment, smiling. "I think he just speak in his sleep. He is not yet avake."

"You have a baby?" Angelica inquired with perfunctory politeness. Children did not interest her.

Hilda smiled self-indulgently. "Oh, no; he is not baby. It is only how I like to call him. It is always so with mothers, don't you think?"

"I dare say," Angelica responded remotely. Hilda gave her a pitying look. "You perhaps have no children?" she inquired softly.

"No, I have n't any." Angelica's reply was unemotional.

Hilda's eyes remained upon her with a commiseration she was unable to conceal. "That is hard," she said. "But you shall have some day perhaps."

Angelica was again momentarily deprived of words. It would have been obviously impossible to tell Hilda that she

had never either missed or desired the possession of children. Hilda, with an evident reluctance to dwell upon the sad subject, reverted to the cheering topic of her son. "No, Max is not baby. He is one greadt big boy. He is four years already this summer."

Angelica, who never made even a pretense of discussing their offspring with her married acquaintances,—her friends were either unmarried or childless,—dropped the subject a little unceremoniously.

"Mme. Bergmann, I have been just longing to talk to you about your *Brünhilde*—your wonderful *Brünhilde*. I have been thinking about it ever since."

Hilda looked pleased, naturally. "You like it?" she smiled. "I love very much to sing it."

Angelica's eyes kindled. Both tomato and knife fell from her hands, a fact of which *Brünhilde's* eye took note. "It is so young, so spiritual, so mystic! When you stood there before *Siegmund,* it was as if you were surrounded by white light. And how you sang, *'Sieglinde sieht Siegmund dort nicht!'* " Angelica paused. She felt some obstacle to the flow of her rhapsodic expression. She was using the very words she had planned, but something was inexplicably lacking. Perhaps Hilda's English was not equal to her phraseology.

Then Hilda looked up from the bowl in which she was mixing salt and red pepper with the yolk of an egg. "She is sorry for *Siegmund* that he must die and leave *Sieglinde,*" she explained, but without stopping her work. "She feels how he vill be lonely in Valhal vithout her."

Angelica was dumb, baffled. This woman, who was able to communicate an impression so inspired, so exquisite, surely could not be so crude in her understanding of the great rôle. She made an effort to recover the lost glow. She looked away from *Brünhilde,* adjusting the egg-beater in the mayonnaise, and saw again in her mind's eye *Brünhilde* in her silver armor flinging out her glorious cry. Her recurrent thought slipped from her almost involuntarily:

"What a life—to sing that supreme music!"

It seemed as if the light whir of the egg-beater had kept the words from *Brünhilde's* ears. She stopped a moment, frowned into the bowl, then smiled. "It goes vell," she reported. "One must get first the start ridht." She added a few more drops of oil before she spoke again. "It is indeed beautiful to sing that music, but there is first much hard work." Actually Sam's prosaic words repeated by *Brünhilde* herself! And, as to Sam, Angelica responded: "But the work surely is nothing compared with the great end. To sing *Brünhilde,* to live one's life in Walhalla!"

Hilda paused again to add a few drops of vinegar to her dressing. She set the vinegar-bottle back upon the table and looked at Angelica with her clear eyes. "But the opera-house is not life," she said. "My life is here at home with my husband and my child." And in her beautiful voice, the dramatic voice of the great singer, even Angelica felt the simple sincerity that was its dominant note.

Angelica's face fell. "Of course, in another sense."

Hilda carefully removed the egg-beater from the dressing, scraped it, and laid it upon a kitchen plate. Then she rose and carried the bowl away to set it in the refrigerator. Returning, she took a look into the oven, turned the goose about, then remarking, "I think now is time for the potatoes," rapidly and deftly placed them in the oven. Then she faced Angelica with a smile, and Angelica, suddenly apologetic, realized that she had not finished peeling the tomatoes. But Hilda, after a brief consideration, decided that there were enough. "I take them. You vash here your hands. There is also a towel. Now we shall go in the other room."

Angelica followed, wondering if she ought not to go; but Hilda cordially drew forward a chair, and, sitting down opposite her, regarded her with her almost embarrassing childlike directness. "I think you yourself have a voice," she declared.

"I used to sing some before my marriage," replied Angelica.

Hilda nodded with self-congratulatory delight in her own acuteness. "I think so from the vay you speak of the oper'. And you think perhaps if you are opera-singer you are happier?"

"I can imagine no greater happiness than that," Angelica exclaimed devoutly.

Hilda looked at her, then dropped her

eyes. "You are perhaps not happy in your marriage." She was obviously unaware of there being anything unusual in her remark; but Angelica was not sensitive along this line. She hesitated merely for her choice of expression.

"My husband and I are not specially congenial."

Hilda repeated the last word questioningly, and shook her head. "I do not know that word."

"We are not in sympathy," Angelica explained. "We have not the same tastes. He does not understand the things I am interested in."

"What does he himself like?" Hilda asked.

"Oh, his work and horses and dogs," Angelica replied.

Hilda considered. "Those are nize things." She thought a moment. "He perhaps does not care for the oper'," she divined.

A look of reminiscent boredom passed over Angelica's face.

"He does not know one note from another," she said.

"That is hard," Hilda agreed sympathetically. "And vat, then, is his vork?"

"Oh, business," Angelica replied wearily. "I really don't know anything about it."

Hilda looked puzzled. "You know nothing of your husband's business? But I thought in America all vomen talk of such things vith their husbands. I think they are not like the vomen of Germany, who care more for the house?"

Angelica made a disclaiming gesture. "Some women are interested in such things, I believe. I am not."

Hilda was evidently thinking it over. "And you have no children," she reflected mournfully.

Angelica, forced to contemplation of the subject, evolved a new reflection. "I suppose that is rather hard for Peter, my husband. He is fond of children."

"Oh," Hilda breathed softly, pityingly, as if the thought of their deprivation actually hurt her. Angelica, unable to reject, could only again accept that tender, superfluous pity. Hilda, evidently feeling that further discussion would be intrusion, rose and went over to the piano.

"You like to have me hear your voice?" she offered.

The color rushed over Angelica's face. "You are very kind. I scarcely ever sing any more. I don't know what my voice will sound like." She had grown to have a melancholy enjoyment in the thought of herself as a muted instrument; yet underneath, the little smothered ambition and belief in her talent burned strongly. An eager light came into her eyes, but her conventionality remembered to protest, "It seems too much to let you do it."

For answer, Hilda picked up some sheets of music. "Here are the songs of Schumann, of Grieg, of Schubert. You know them, I am sure."

Angelica then selected "Widmung." She had never been inclined to nervousness in singing, and was scarcely so now, even when *Brünhilde* played her accompaniment. She did herself entire justice.

Hilda continued with some soft improvisation a moment after the song was finished, then she turned on her stool, and looked up at Angelica with her frank eyes.

"It is a nize little voice," she said. Her hand fell upon the ebony side of the piano. She picked it up again instantly, scrutinizing it keenly, then the spot where it had rested. Angelica, following the direction of her eyes, detected a faint bloom of dust upon the smooth, black surface. "That Hedwig she vas terrible," Hilda frowned. "All the time she vas vorse." Then she recalled Angelica. "It is a very nize little voice for the home. It is sad that your husband does not like music. You have also a nize sentiment for the music; but indeed it is not a voice for oper'—not ever."

She told the truth simply, perhaps a little more so in effect than if she had been speaking her own tongue, yet the straight truth as she would have wished it and conceived others to wish it. She leaned forward, aware that her words had not been what the other woman wanted and again laid her kind hand upon Angelica's arm. "Believe me, more often it is best for a voman to just live happy in her home."

"It is all very well for you to say that," Angelica's restless egoism flashed back. "You have everything. You do not just live the life of your home, however happy it may be."

"I am indeed fortunate," Hilda replied gravely, "with my beautiful art that I

love and my home; but what to me do you think is the applause in the oper' if my husband or my child is ill?"

Angelica was silent, frowning a little, her eyes resting upon the light clouds drifting past the window. She did not conceive the Valkyrie riding upon them at that moment.

Hilda watched her pityingly. "Tell me," she urged softly, "is your husband not kind to you?"

Angelica's frown deepened. "Oh, dear, yes, extremely kind—too kind."

The look in Hilda's eyes grew graver. "I fear then you do not love him," she said.

Angelica had no answer to this simple remark. It was a moment before she had framed a suitable response: "I am afraid we do not understand each other very well."

"Can you not try?" Hilda asked.

Angelica stared, then a smile of half-bitter amusement came upon her lips. "Try to understand *Peter!*" she said.

But Hilda had not heard. There was a sound of rapid little feet in the hall, and her face had grown suddenly radiant. "It is the little Max," she said. The next moment a rather large, white bundle had precipitated itself into her arms, and her cheek was pressed against the boy's hair, which was only a shade lighter than her own.

"Is he not a greadt big boy!" she exclaimed, a little breathless from the child's vigorous caresses. "Soon he is too greadt for me to hold." This thought brought a shadow into her eyes. Angelica saw her arms tighten about the boy. "But not yet," she whispered in German. Then she looked at Angelica wistfully. "Is it not hard how they must grow up and go 'vay from us!"

The little Max, realizing the presentation of an unpopular idea, rejected it passionately. "I do not grow up—never, never, *Mutterchen.*"

Hilda laughed joyously, kissing him. "You see how vell he speak English," she commented adoringly.

Angelica actually smiled response. Hilda returned to the graver thought of the preceding moment. "I don't like to think how he must go out in the vorld vithout me. I cannot stop it. Oh, I hope he is always a good man."

"Good man," echoed Max, whether as a declaration of honorable intention or in the effort to acquire English was not entirely clear.

Hilda laughed and let him slip down her knee, whispering mock threats in German, only to draw him up again suddenly. Angelica felt a stirring about her tight little heart. Something in the way Hilda's arms folded about the child sent a pang througn her. Had she perhaps never before realized motherhood in its simplicity? She entirely forgot in that moment that Hilda was *Brünhilde.*

Hilda looked up. "I think one should have always a baby," she proclaimed. "Already he is so heavy."

Before Angelica had contrived any appropriate comment upon this extraordinary theory, the outside door opened, and a man's voice called in German, "How then, my dearest, are you there?" and a different look came into Hilda's face. The man entered almost immediately, and had kissed his wife and child before he realized the presence of inconspicuous Angelica. Hilda drew back protesting softly, and presented Angelica as "The friend of Mr. Zam Porter." Then she went on to recount with reminiscent blushes the story of her own incredible mistake and of Angelica's kind assistance. In the middle of the recital an expression of consternation crossed her face and with an alarmed exclamation, "I forget that gooze!" she hastily left the room.

Von Stahlschmidt laughed as at a child's play. "Mme. Bergmann is an excellent cook, in addition to her other talents," he explained; "but it is not altogether fair that the kitchen should be intermezzo between 'Die Walküre' and 'Siegfried.'"

"She seems to enjoy it," was all Angelica found to say. A tame response from one who prided herself upon epigrammatic comment.

Von Stahlschmidt smiled down at the little Max, shaking the child's head with his hand through his hair. "She enjoys everything. She is full of what we call the joy of life."

"She is a wonderful woman," said Angelica. And with that human perception a portion at least of her dry little artificiality fell from her forever.

Von Stahlschmidt's voice was reverent. "It is I who know that," he said.

Hilda returned, smiling. "The gooze is not burned. I had fear."

"A cook comes this afternoon," her husband remarked with his hand upon her shoulder.

"You have helped so vell already," Hilda said to Angelica, "you should stay also und have dinner vith us."

But Angelica declined, realizing herself as outside of that picture.

"You must then come again," Hilda urged, escorting her to the door.

"The poor little voman she is not happy in her home," she confided to Von Stahlschmidt when she rejoined him. Then an expression of conscious penetration came into her face. "But I think I like to see her husband," she half whispered.

Von Stahlschmidt laughed and caught her in his arms. "Thou art so wise, my darling."

At the street corner Angelica unexpectedly met Sam Porter walking in the opposite direction. Realizing where she had come from, he turned back and walked on with her. She described the little visit after her own fashion, and if Sam did not specially care for the fashion, he did definitely perceive an unaccustomed touch of genuineness in the recital.

"What struck me most strongly was her incredible simplicity," mused Angelica.

"Dear little Bergmann!" exclaimed Sam. It was like Sam to call a *Brünhilde* little. "She may never reach the tiptop, but she will have had what is better."

Drawn by H. A. Mathes

"'I MAKE NOW THE MAYONNAISE WHILE YOU PEEL ALREADY THE TOMATOES'"

"What do you mean?" Angelica wondered. "She is at the top already."

"Musically, yes. But she will never, probably, be the idol of the big chromo-loving public—the kind of thing that means progressive augmented salary and having hair-tonics and cigars named after you."

Angelica was revolted. She could only exclaim, "I should hope not!" in tones of ill-disguised loathing.

"Yet many great and good artists have had that tribute," returned Sam, cheerfully. "And to make *Brünhildes* popular, there must be all kinds of doings that she is n't on to, and never will be. She is," Sam concluded, "too good and too happy. She lives in her little lighted house, and cannot see out at all. She does not even know of the struggle and bitterness going on outside. May nothing ever go wrong with that light!"

"She said," Angelica recalled, "that the opera was not life."

Sam gave her a brief look. "No more is it," he said. As he turned to leave her, Angelica made a startling observation. "I believe Peter might enjoy seeing her sometime."

It was, Sam surmised, probably her first attempt since the early days of their marriage to bring her life and Peter's together. Perhaps, Sam thought as he walked away, Angelica had lighted a little taper in that house to carry home with her —a small taper, but still a light.

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

A SACRIFICE TO MOLECH IN CARTHAGE

DRAWN FOR THE CENTURY BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

(SUPERSTITIONS OF THE PAST—V)

ACTING IN THE LYRIC DRAMA

BY MARY GARDEN

OPERA, the drama that is told in music, can make a stronger appeal to the emotions than the spoken drama. Nor is it necessarily less human. It is a wider employment of the resources of art, and therefore, in my opinion, a higher form of it. But the human quality is a thing found only in modern opera; it was not considered in the works of the earlier composers.

There are certain dramatic motives that seem to require the musical form. I prefer "Salomé" translated into music, and "Pelléas et Mélisande" seems to me peculiarly a musical idea. I do not feel that the spoken drama could possibly express Maeterlinck's conception as the operatic version of Debussy gives it to us. The music gives the tinge of poetry. In the play the feet are on the earth, so to speak; it is all too definite. It is a human story, of course, a tragedy that happens about us in every-day life; yet it is different. It comes to us through the imagination of a poet and a mystic. There is the touch of mystery in the character of *Mélisande*. In the realm of music it is in its right atmosphere.

The appeal of music drama may be less direct than that of the play, yet it goes deeper. Therefore it seems to me that it must reach a greater number of people than the older operas, which were only vocal feats; for those in the audience who do not respond to music are reached by the dramatic element, while those susceptible to music receive the dramatic idea, intensified by the music. An incident was told to me of some people in the audience at a performance of "Pelléas et Mélisande," —evidently unsophisticated in operatic matters, since they described *Lucia* as my best rôle!—who laughed through the first two acts of the opera; yet, as it went on, became gradually quiet and attentive, and finally ended in tears. One cannot predict what will reach an audience. I have been surprised to learn of the different kinds of people, many of them supposed to be unmusical, who have come under the spell of Debussy's opera.

Acting in the lyric drama differs in certain respects from the art of the theater. While the music assists in creating illusion, acting in opera presents certain difficulties not existing in the more natural form of the play.

In an opera like "Faust," having the purely musical construction of old-fashioned opera, it is more difficult to create the effect than in a modern work. Yet at the same time "Faust" has a human story that can never grow old and music that will live after many modern works are forgotten.

Another difference between opera acting and play acting lies in the fact that in opera—in Strauss and Debussy, as much as in Wagner—the time limit for action is a fixed thing. This constraint is slight in the majority of the modern French works, and even in "Salomé" the singer to a certain extent can select, emphasize, lead; but not in "Pelléas et Mélisande." The music of this opera is an orchestral pattern of which each piece must occupy its own place. If a thread of that pattern is displaced, the fabric of the whole is disturbed.

The psychology of acting cannot be analyzed beyond a certain point. It has been much discussed, but without decisive conclusion. The emotional and mental state must be different when the medium is music instead of speech; also it must differ with the actor. I can speak only of myself, and I cannot exactly describe my condition. I know that for the time being I *am* the character to the last note, till the curtain drops; then I am myself again. I

do not think of the conductor in that time, or of the audience, or of any of the technical questions involved. I simply live in that character. Yet all the time another part of my mind is going on foreseeing the next episode, the chain of incidents working toward the climax. It is strange; I cannot quite describe it. It is a thing entirely of the imagination, yet one translates one's own emotions into those of the type represented. Then there is the effect of the music upon me; for it works upon me as well as upon the audience. When *Valentin* dies, in the fourth act of "Faust," I am sometimes so overcome that I have to exercise my will to keep from becoming almost hysterical, from passing to the point where I could no longer control the effect. When he says to me, "Your hand has slain me . . . I die like a soldier," I cry "real tears"; for the moment I suffer *Marguerite's* despair. But it is the music that does this to me, the low chant of the chorus, the harmonies in the orchestra at that point. If I were acting the same scene in a play, I am quite sure that I should not be so strongly moved. I have no idea just how I should produce my effect without this influence of the music upon me. The music is in me, and I am a part of it, yet feeling and living in and with the human drama. I do not think I should care to act without the music; for while the public may think of me as laying special emphasis upon the dramatic side of opera, the inspiration, the feeling of a part, comes to me first through the music.

There are three elements in operatic interpretation—beauty and expressiveness of musical tone, the communication to the audience of the exact significance and color of the words, and the expression of action. The expression through tone is of course a part of the coloring that gives meaning to the words, yet often the utterance of every word in itself is important. For that reason I do not care to sing in Italian, a language I understand incompletely. Yet if it were not that the public demands the very high notes, the perfect colorature in the old Italian rôles, it would interest me to undertake them, for through the expression of face and voice I believe the feeling of the character and situation could be communicated even in those older more artificial operas. In Paris, when I sang *Ophelia* in Thomas's "Hamlet," which is an opera of this class, some of my audience were moved to tears by the mad scene.

I feel, too, that in these rôles—in all the classic rôles—one should not depart too much from tradition. The interpretation must retain its dignity. It seems to me better that one should fail on the side of too great reserve rather than on that of exaggerated expression. When it was announced that I was to sing *Marguerite* in Gounod's "Faust," I think people who associated me with the modern realistic French rôles expected me to do all sorts of sensational and startling things. But *Marguerite* is essentially simple. To play the part in any other way would be to fail in understanding humanly and artistically. *Marguerite* is not a modern type. "Faust" is not in any sense a modern opera.

The matter of making the part of the little juggler in the "Jongleur de Notre Dame" a woman's rôle instead of a man's, as originally written, has been much discussed. I am the only woman singer who has the permission of Massenet to sing this part. Certainly from the artistic point of view the assumption of a male rôle by a woman is not often successful. Yet in this particular case it seems to me that there is a certain delicate quality, an element of femininity in the boy *Jean*—more characteristic, perhaps, of the youth of Latin countries than of Anglo-Saxon ones—that makes it possible for a woman to take the part.

In studying the dramatic side of an operatic rôle, it seems to me one often needs to go further than the mere lines of the part set forth by the librettist. These sometimes, indeed, give rather slight material upon which to build a character. To get at the psychology, or the probable psychology, of such a character, one finds it well to consider the source of the libretto—the novel, play, or semi-legendary tale, whatever it is. Or it may be desirable to study the conditions that surrounded the character. In preparing the rôle of *Thaïs,* for example, I did not go to the story by Anatole France, because the woman presented in the libretto of Massenet's opera is not precisely the *Thaïs* of Anatole France. I read instead books describing the life and atmosphere of the

From a photograph ... copyright ... Mattieu — Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

MARY GARDEN AS "CARMEN"

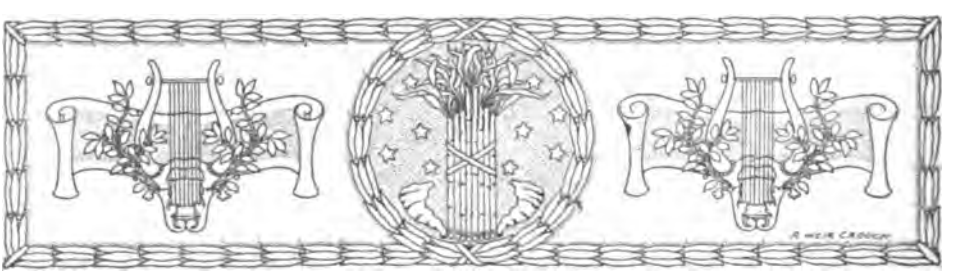
period in which *Thaïs* lived, feeling that in that way I could better get at the sort of woman she probably was.

In preparing *Carmen,* however, I am studying the novel by Prosper Mérimée upon which the opera-book was based. Mérimée's *Carmen* is not the character we usually see represented in the opera-house. *Carmen* was not the mere vulgar coquette she is sometimes portrayed. She was an *amoureuse,* it is true; she was a gipsy who knew no law, but not a coward or a girl who lied. She had courage in death, as she had in life and love. Brought face to face with death, she would not have been one to fly in weak panic. On the contrary, *Carmen,* when she must die, dies like a soldier.

A curious thing about the musical side of learning a rôle is the difference in the retentiveness of one's memory for the different kinds of music. Debussy's compositions are very difficult to learn, and his musical intention is so individual that in learning, as I recently have, some of his new songs, I attempt no more than the actual committing of the notes before seeing him. Yet, once mastered, his music remains fixed in my memory. It would not matter how long the interval between performances might be,—it might be years,—I know I should remember every note the moment I began to sing. The same is true of Richard Strauss's music; but with unimportant, unoriginal compositions, however tuneful, it is just the reverse. I forget them as one does a commonplace remark.

The fact that Strauss's music is revolutionary, wholly unlike all previous ideas of music, and the fact that the composer seems to have utterly disregarded all considerations of the art of singing, seems to have made some people feel that any sort of sound may be made by the singer, and that, in short, a voice and the possession of musical art are not necessary to the interpreter of a Strauss rôle. On the contrary, it is impossible to overstate the difficulties of learning a rôle in a Strauss opera. I spent virtually two years on *Salomé,* one summer at Versailles, the following winter, while in New York, I also worked at it, and again the next summer in Paris. It was extremely difficult to learn. To sing Gounod's music requires mastery of the art of singing, and employment of *bel canto,*—as *bel* as one can make it,—and bel canto assuredly has little place in the operatic compositions of Strauss; but of course the learning of the music of a rôle like *Marguerite* is child's play compared with Strauss's wild, strange intervals.

Personally, I feel that such operas as Gounod's "Faust" and "Romeo and Juliet" should be kept in the opera-house repertoire and cast with the best artists in the company. Also Thomas's "Hamlet," despite the fact that the rôle of *Ophelia,* until the moment of her madness, does not seem to me appealing. But it has interested me much to see the way in which Americans have responded to the new operas, given in a tongue not understood by many of them. For, in these works which verge closely upon drama, even if the story is known, many of the finer shades of meaning and expression must be lost. It is a proof of the intelligence and appreciativeness of Americans, and also seems to prove that a human drama, conveyed through the medium of music, is capable of making the widest sort of appeal.



From the original in the collection of Robert Coster

THE TWO SIDES OF A LINCOLN AND HAMLIN CAMPAIGN MEDAL
(TWICE THE DIAMETER OF THE ORIGINAL)

SIDE-LIGHTS ON LINCOLN

I. HIS CAMPAIGN SCRAP-BOOK

THE campaign of 1856 was one of the most acute and momentous struggles in the political history of our country. In the vigorous and progressive element which had broken away from the reactionary and futile policy of the Whig Party, not the least conspicuous and memorable figure was Abraham Lincoln, who only a short time before, as he himself has testified, had been awakened from years of inaction by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and now took his place in the advancing column, armed and equipped for the battle.

Among some papers that came into my hands a few years ago is the correspondence of Mr. Lincoln during this stirring and eventful period. The demands for him apparently came from every part of the country. Not only Washburne, Judd, Yates, Trumbull, and others of equal prominence in Illinois, made requisition for his help, but calls came from points far beyond the boundaries of the State. Joshua R. Giddings of Ohio and Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania, with both of whom he served in Congress, appealed to him.

"You may start on the one great issue of returning Kansas and Nebraska to freedom," wrote Giddings, "or, rather, of restoring the Missouri Compromise, and no power on earth can withstand you on that issue."

"Your noble speech at Jacksonville last Saturday," wrote J. B. Turner of that place, "fired anew all hearts, and strengthened all hands. You held a great audience in breathless attention for some three hours in sunshine and rain, with their umbrellas over their heads, still shouting, 'Go on!' "

To him who read aright the signs of the times, the mighty forces were then assembling, and the contest of 1858 was not far away.

About twenty-five years ago it was my good fortune to come across the evidences of Mr. Lincoln's careful preparation for what is now conceded to be the greatest forensic combat in American political history. At the request of Mr. Herndon, formerly Lincoln's law partner, I had gone to Springfield to join him in arranging for orderly preservation his very valuable collection of Lincolniana. Some papers were still stored in a room overlooking the court-house square. In a pasteboard box, lacking the lid, filled with a profusion of old papers, Mr. Herndon found a small book, and, after knocking off its coat of dust, sat for a time deeply absorbed in it. Presently he rose, and placing the book

TWO PAGES OF LINCOLN'S SCRAP-BOOK THAT WAS OF SERVICE IN HIS DEBATES WITH SENATOR DOUGLAS

in my hands, said: "Here is the greatest find of all, and I trust you will preserve it; for in its pages you will find carefully stored all the ammunition which Mr. Lincoln saw fit to gather as a preparation for his battle with Stephen A. Douglas." He thereupon explained that, seeing the contest of 1858 approaching, Mr. Lincoln took this book, originally a reference note-book, and began to paste on its pages newspaper-clippings, tables of statistics, extracts from Mr. Douglas's speeches, and other

EXTERIOR OF LINCOLN'S SMALL SCRAP-BOOK

similar data bearing on the great and absorbing questions then before the people. When this little storehouse of material became full, Mr. Lincoln fastened the clasp, put the book in his inside coat-pocket, there to repose during the campaign, and to be drawn upon whenever the exigencies of debate should so require.

There is a significance in the very order or arrangement of the material. The first item is a newspaper article containing the second paragraph of the Declaration of In-

dependence, beginning: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal," etc.

It was followed by a paragraph from a speech by Mr. Lincoln's great political exemplar, Henry Clay: "I repeat, Sir, I never can and never will and no earthly power will make me vote directly or indirectly to spread slavery over territory where it does not exist. Never while reason holds her seat in my brain—never while my heart sends the vital fluid through my veins—NEVER!"

Next in order comes the opening paragraph from his now famous house-divided-against-itself speech, accepting the nomination for United States Senator. There were fully two hundred clippings in the book, including tables of figures and a few written memoranda. Prominent in the collection were extracts from current editorials in some of the leading Southern newspapers, inserted, no doubt, to bring into relief the extreme side of the question. As these journals supported the policy of the National Administration then in power, we can imagine the zest with which Mr. Lincoln must have used these radical expressions in his attacks on slavery.

After the election in November, 1858, Mr. Lincoln wrote to his old friend Dr. A. G. Henry: "I am glad I made the late race. It gave me a hearing on the great and durable question of the age which I could have had in no other way; and though I sink out of view, and shall be forgotten, I believe I have made some marks which will tell for the cause of civil liberty long after I am gone."

Jesse W. Weik.

II. LINCOLN AMONG LAWYERS

One morning in the autumn of 1856 or 1857, while I was sitting at my desk in my law office in Chicago, a friend came in, accompanied by Mr. Lincoln, whom I had never seen before. Although I was a youngster and had been at the bar only a short time, I of course knew him by reputation as one of the distinguished lights, as well as one of the leaders in the State, of a political party rapidly growing in power and already dominating the northern half of Illinois. His personality, therefore, interested me. As he stood in the office that day, he was a tall, thin, sallow-complexioned, clean-shaven man wearing a rather shabby high hat, a well-worn frock-coat, and trousers of rusty black, a turndown collar, and a narrow, black-ribbon necktie. After the usual salutations, Mr. Lincoln expressed the desire to consult some of the books in the library, which he was cordially invited to do, and he thereupon drew up a chair to the book-shelves. He remained there reading for perhaps an hour, but finally rose and approached me with a book in his hand, which he asked if he might take away with him, as there were some things in it that he wished to read with more care than he then had the time to do. The book was "Littleton on Tenures," at that time out of print and very rare. My copy, which I had picked up at an auction sale, fully looked its age, for although it had once been bound in the best English law calf, time and hard usage had deprived it of one of its lids. The necessary assent being accorded, Mr. Lincoln put it under his arm, bade me adieu, and left the office.

I had quite forgotten about the visit when one day Mr. Lincoln again walked into the office and handed me the book with a brand-new cover on it, saying: "Tree, I have come to return you the book I borrowed, and I hope you don't mind my having had a new cover put on it. It is too good a book for the disreputable-looking one it had."

Thus began an acquaintance which not long afterward resulted in the law firm of Lincoln & Herndon becoming the business correspondents of my firm at Springfield, while, on the other hand, they sometimes called into requisition our services to facilitate the cases they nearly always had pending in the United States Court at Chicago. This is told only by way of introducing an incident that serves to illustrate Lincoln's modesty in placing a value upon his professional labor even at the very close of his legal career.

Sometime in 1859 we retained Lincoln & Herndon for a client of ours, resident in another State, in an action on a promissory

note for several thousand dollars. Following the usual practice of our office in like instances, I myself drew the declaration in the case before sending the papers to the Springfield attorneys.

A few months later, in the spring of 1860, I received a telegram from Mr. Lincoln to the effect that the case was to come to trial the next day and that he wished me to be present to assist in it. On arriving at Springfield the following morning, I went at once to Mr. Lincoln's office, and we went over to the court prepared to enter a legal contest. It turned out, however, to be a false alarm, the defendant virtually making default, and the court entering judgment for the sum claimed by the plaintiff. The judgment was subsequently paid by the defendant, and the amount was remitted to us by Lincoln & Herndon.

One morning in the following January, Mr. Lincoln, who in the meantime had been elected President, made his appearance in our office. He had on a spick-and-span new suit of black, with a brand-new high hat, and was altogether more smartly attired than I had ever seen him before. After a few moments of conversation, he said, "Tree, you know I am going to Washington, and expect to be absent four years, so I am endeavoring to arrange all my little business matters before I go, and I thought I would come in to see you this morning, and, if convenient, we might settle about the fees in the case in which we recovered judgment last spring and subsequently collected and remitted to you." I replied: "Certainly, Mr. Lincoln. What is the amount of your fees?" "Well," he said, "you know you paid us a retainer of twenty-five dollars, and I think seventy-five dollars more would be about right."

"But," I answered, "do you think that is sufficient for your services in the case?"

"Oh, yes," he replied; "there was not much to be done. You drew the declaration yourself, the defendant substantially made default, and after he paid us the judgment, we had only to buy a draft and remit you the money, and I think seventy-five dollars more is about enough for what we did in the case."

As the money belonged to our clients, which we were to disburse for the attorney's fees, and not to us, I could not argue the question of the sufficiency of them with him, although they struck me even at that time, when lawyers had not learned to make their charges so large as they have since, as extremely modest for the collection by suit of a sum as great as the one in question, especially as I knew he had prepared himself for a contest the morning we went over to the court together. I handed him a check for the sum named, and that is the last time I ever saw him in life.

Speaking of Lincoln as a lawyer, Leonard Swett, his contemporary and friend, once told me that Lincoln was not worth a cent in a case in which he did not believe. In this connection, he related an incident of Lincoln and himself being appointed by Judge David Davis to defend a man indicted for murder who was supposed to be without means to retain a lawyer. However, the prisoner had friends who were able to raise one hundred dollars for his defense. The money was turned over to Swett, who handed half of it to Lincoln. When they came to consult with the prisoner, Lincoln became convinced that he was guilty and that the only chance of saving his neck was to have him plead guilty and then appeal to the court for leniency. This was opposed by Swett, who was an extremely adroit criminal lawyer. The case, therefore, came to trial, but Lincoln, though present and sitting beside Swett, took no part in it further than to make an occasional suggestion to his associate in the course of the examination of witnesses. The outcome of the case, thanks to technicalities which unexpectedly appeared, and which Swett was not slow to take advantage of, was that the man was acquitted. When the jury rendered its verdict, Lincoln reached over Swett's shoulder, with the fifty dollars in his hand, and said: "Here, Swett, take this money. It is yours. You earned it, not I."

Lincoln's career as a lawyer shows him in an amiable light and as a man who cherished no malice; and this was equally true even in the midst of the most heated political contests. It was indeed a beautiful side of his character, for no man in politics was ever more frequently called upon, prior to his election to the Presidency at least, to drink to the dregs the bitter cup of political disappointment.

In the old Whig days in Illinois, as

well as for some time after the birth of the Republican Party, General U. P. Linder was a very prominent figure in the politics of the State on the Democratic side, and at one time occupied the position of attorney-general. He was without doubt the most brilliant orator in Illinois of his period. Often the darts of sarcasm which he hurled without mercy left rankling sores that did not easily heal. Lincoln, always found battling on the opposite side from Linder, was not exempt from his shafts, and doubtless had received more than one wound that hurt him for the moment.

A few days after the death of Lincoln, a meeting of the bar was called, very appropriately, in the United States Circuit Court room, where he was an enrolled member and which was the arena of many of his forensic struggles. Many tributes were paid to the dead President and, at the last, Linder rose. He seemed much affected. After speaking of his long acquaintance with Lincoln, and the fact well known to his auditors of having often crossed swords with him, he said there were one or two incidents that he thought it was proper to refer to—most painful incidents in his own life—which illustrated better than the most eloquent phrases he could make use of the kindliness and nobility of Lincoln's nature. Only a few years before the election of Lincoln to the Presidency his, Linder's, son had the misfortune to kill a man and was indicted for murder. It was at a period of great political excitement, and General Linder, as usual, was taking a prominent part in the campaign. There appeared to be a disposition in some quarters to secure the conviction of the son, with a view to the humiliation of the father. To this end, it was rumored that Lincoln had been retained to assist the prosecuting attorney of the county. Linder soon after met Lincoln in the street, and, after saluting him, said:

"Lincoln, I hear that you have been retained to assist in the prosecution of my boy."

Lincoln looked at him with that far-away gaze in his eyes that at times was so marked a feature in his expression, and simply replied, "Linder, do you believe me capable of accepting a retainer to prosecute your son for murder?" and immediately walked away. On the trial, with which, of course, Lincoln had nothing to do, the young man was acquitted.

The second incident related by General Linder was that, years afterward, when the Civil War broke out, the same son went south and joined a Confederate regiment. In the course of the fortunes of war he was captured and sent to the Old Capitol Prison at Washington. His father wrote to the President, asking the favor of his release and return home. Days and weeks elapsed, and receiving no response to his letter, Linder had given up hope of a favorable outcome to his request, when, on Christmas eve, he received a telegram from the President, saying: "I am sending your boy to you to-day as a Christmas present. Keep him at home."

Nothing which had been said at the meeting, though there were many fine tributes, spoke so eloquently of the fine side of Lincoln's nature as these two simple anecdotes related by his former political foe.

Lambert Tree.

III. HOW LINCOLN WAS CONVINCED OF GENERAL SCOTT'S LOYALTY

LETTERS threatening that, even if elected, he would never be permitted to survive his inauguration, began to reach Mr. Lincoln early in the autumn of 1860. Of course they invariably reached the waste-basket. But after the election in November these messages increased so materially both in violence and in numbers that the President-elect realized that he could no longer afford to ignore them.

Late in January, 1861, he sent for Thomas S. Mather, a young man in Springfield who was then Adjutant-General of Illinois. Mather was asked if he would be willing to visit Washington to ascertain what the real military conditions were. After Mather had consented, Mr. Lincoln directed him to call on General Winfield Scott, apprise him of the threats that had been received, and learn from him

what efforts were being made to protect the President-elect.

General Mather told the writer that he was charged to learn beyond doubt if General Scott was really and unreservedly for the Union in all circumstances. " 'Senator Seward, Mr. Washburne, and other good friends,' explained Mr. Lincoln, 'have certified to General Scott's loyalty, high character, and personal integrity, and he himself has written to me offering his services without reserve; but he is a Virginian, you know, and while I have no reason or evidence to warrant me in questioning him or his motives, still, I shall feel better satisfied if you will visit him in my behalf. When you call, insist on a personal interview, and do not leave till you have seen and sounded him. Listen to the old man and look him in the face, note carefully what he says and how he says it, and then, when you return with your report, I shall probably be well enough informed to determine with some degree of accuracy where he stands and what to expect of him.'

"Having reached Washington," continued Mather, "I learned that General Scott was sick at home. I went at once to his residence. The servant declined to take up my card, saying the general was too ill to receive any one. The next morning I reappeared, only to be told that the general was still unable to see visitors. Thereupon I drew from my pocket the letter which Mr. Lincoln had given me. 'It is very important,' I contended, 'and should be delivered at once.' In a few moments I heard something of a commotion in what I took to be the general's bedroom. I attributed it to the hasty preparations for my reception. Presently I was invited up-stairs into the sick man's chamber. There, propped up in bed by an embankment of pillows, lay the hero of Lundy's Lane, grizzly, wrinkled, and pale. His hair and beard were disordered, and his flesh lay in rolls across his warty face and neck. His breathing was labored and difficult. In his trembling hand lay Lincoln's letter.

" 'You may present my compliments to Mr. Lincoln when you reach Springfield,' he said in a wheezy voice, 'and tell him I shall expect him to come on to Washington as soon as he is ready. Say to him also that, when once here, I shall consider myself responsible for his safety. If necessary, I shall plant cannon at both ends of Pennsylvania Avenue, and if any of the Maryland or Virginia gentlemen who have become so threatening and troublesome of late show their heads or even venture to raise a finger, I shall blow them to hell!'

"I shall never forget the scene nor how profoundly the old soldier seemed to be wrought up," said Mather. "His trembling frame and flashing eyes betokened his unequivocal and righteous indignation at the perfidy of those of his countrymen who were so willing to destroy the Union which he had fought long and ardently to maintain.

"I reached Springfield and made my report to Mr. Lincoln. Of General Scott's positive and unreserved loyalty I myself entertained no doubt whatever, and I so assured Mr. Lincoln. This was of course very gratifying information. From this time forward, as far as I could observe, he gave the local situation in Washington no further concern, and went ahead with his preparations for the inaugural journey."

Jesse W. Weik.

IV. LINCOLN BREAKS McCLELLAN'S PROMISE

[THE following incident is from the journal of Dr. Horace Green, one of the foremost physicians of his day, who showed his patriotism by equipping a company in response to the call to arms.]

Monday morning, [June 17, 1862] At the solicitation of Gen'l Wetmore, & a Mr. Burns, I left early in the morning for Washington, for the purpose of doing everything in my power for the sick soldiers, many hundreds of whom I found at White House [Virginia], sick and wounded, and most inadequately provided for in hospital accommodations. Many were confined on steamboats, which were lying in the Pamunky River, a dirty, muddy stream, and were obliged to drink bad water; and others were in hospital tents, pitched on

muddy grounds, whilst the "White House" and grounds of Gen'l Lee, . . . a beautiful and extensive lawn, high, dry, and finely shaded, with an excellent well, or spring, of excellent water, & abundant, were carefully guarded by *our* soldiers, so that not a spear of its grass or a drop of its cooling waters could be enjoyed by our sick soldiers! (Certainly not without a special pass.) . . . I therefore, on reaching Baltimore, repaired to Washington, &, accompanied by Gen'l Wetmore of New York, called first on the Sec'y of War, Mr. Stanton, to whom I stated the case from a *medical* point of view. We also called on the Surgeon Gen'l, Dr. Hammond, and both of them admitted the propriety of the grounds being surrendered for hospital purposes. Still, neither of these gentlemen seemed willing or had the power to exercise the responsibility! I then requested Gen. Wetmore to introduce me to the President, whom I had never seen. Mr. Lincoln rec'd us very kindly, and heard my statements patiently, as well as those of Gen. W., who had introduced me as "high medical authority, Pres't of the New York Medical College," &c., "one who could state what he had seen in regard to the wants of our sick & wounded soldiers, and how much *they needed these very grounds,*" &c. All this *flourish,* however, had but little effect upon the President, for after hearing my brief statement, he immediately replied:

"Gentlemen, I understand all this matter perfectly well. It is only a political raid against Gen'l McClellan. Gen'l McClellan does not choose to give up these grounds, and a political party is determined that he shall be compelled to do it. There is no necessity that this property should be used for this purpose. I have within three days," continued the Pres't, "seen a telegram from Gen'l McC. to the Sec'y of War, declaring that there was plenty of grounds outside of the White House property suitable for hospital tents, and plenty of water elsewhere," and he repeated that the attempt to obtain these premises came from "a political party opposed to Gen'l McClellan."

I was slightly disturbed by this, but was determined not to be *put down* in this way. I said coolly, but decidedly:

"Mr. President, you must allow me to undeceive you so far as I myself am concerned. I, Sir, am no politician. I speak as a *medical man.* And so far from being opposed to Gen'l McClellan, he is the son of one of my old professors at Philadelphia, and I have always been his friend, and am so up to this hour. But I speak of what I *do know;* and on my reputation as a medical man I assure you, Sir, that our soldiers are dying there daily for the want of just such a place, and such accommodations as the grounds, especially those about the White House, can supply. At present the hospital tents are placed on the damp, low, and marshy grounds surrounding the place, where the sick and wounded are constantly breathing the malarious and damp atmosphere, and are drinking the muddy waters of the Pamunky—an atmosphere and water which would, in this hot weather, make a well man sick in less than a week."

"But," said Mr. Lincoln, "I am told that the house will hold only some 25 to 30 patients at the utmost."

"The house, Sir," I replied, "will contain many more than that number; for I examined, a few days ago, the entire house, and it contains room enough for double that number. But, Sir, we care nothing about having the *house.* It is the fine, dry, & shaded lawn about the house, and the spring of excellent water thereon, that are needed; for hospital tents of the present day, pitched on good ground, furnish the best & healthiest hospitals in use; and all the injury that would accrue to this place, to use the grounds for this purpose, would be the loss of the grass from shaving the lawn. And I believe, Sir, it would be the means of saving many valuable lives of your soldiers."

I saw that these remarks, uttered earnestly but respectfully, were the first that made any impression upon the President. He said:

"Well, Dr. Green, I will tell you the truth of the case. Gen'l McClellan promised Mrs. Gen'l Lee that those grounds should be protected from all injury, and that is the reason he does n't want them used."

I said: "I admire, Sir, the gallantry of the Gen'l in this matter; but, Sir, are our brave soldiers to die off like rotten sheep there because Gen'l McClellan chooses to protect the grounds of a rebel?"

"Well," said the President, "such is

the case. McClellan has made this promise, but I think it is wrong; I believe what you say in reference to this matter. He does n't want to break the promise he has made, and [with emphasis] *I will break it for him.*" And turning to Gen'l Wetmore and Mr. Burns, he said: "You, Gentlemen, say that Mr. Stanton will direct these grounds to be used for this purpose if the Surg'n Gen'l will make the requisition?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Wetmore.

"Then go at once and get and bring me these papers. This business must be settled now, done up at once!"

The result of this interview was that President Lincoln gave an order to Mr. Burns requiring Gen. McClellan to relinquish the White House & grounds to be used for hospital purposes, which order was complied with at once.

Horace Green.

V. HIS ANXIETY ABOUT SHERMAN'S MARCH

ONCE I was brought face to face alone with President Lincoln. As a young lieutenant I had been disabled from field-service by a wound received while in the Army of the Cumberland. I was ordered to Washington, and eventually to duty in the War Department as one of the assistants to the Adjutant-General. Occasionally I had had glimpses of the tall form of the President as he passed along the corridors of the old War Department building, but no more.

One somber afternoon about February 10, 1865, I had occasion to make a business call on Major Eckert, who was then in charge of the Government telegraphic work. As I entered, I supposed the room to be vacant until I discovered two persons leaning in the embrasure of a distant window. They were scrutinizing a paper, which, from its yellow color, announced it to be a manifold copy of a telegraphic despatch. One of the men, Major Eckert, approached, took my errand, and abruptly left for the operating-room. Then I saw the tall form of the President emerge from the concealing drapery, his high silk hat on, and his shoulders covered with a man's large tweed shawl of the fashion then common. He slowly advanced, still intent on the paper, and called out in a high, strident voice, "Where is Salkehatchie?"

"Major Eckert has gone out a moment, Mr. President," I said, "and I do not know, sir."

"There is a map on the wall," he said, still reading. "It ought to be northwest from Savannah, in South Carolina."

I looked in vain on the large common map of the United States, and so said. As he approached, his face was most solemn, almost mournful, anxious, and impressive with its large, prominent features lined and cross-lined with deep seams. I know I was visibly affected, for presently his eye caught mine, and his whole countenance lighted up with a lively smile. He then took off his hat, and pleasantly remarked, "This is out of respect to General Sherman's despatch and"—hesitatingly—"my eyesight." This kindly, gentlemanly act set me at ease. He also failed to find Salkehatchie.

Just then, Major Eckert returned, and Mr. Lincoln repeated his inquiry. The major produced a large-scale war-map of the region. While I held one end, and the major the other, the President found the place, and with face abstracted and in deep anxiety studied for some time the whole region. From the occasional remarks that he dropped I gathered that this was the first intelligence from General Sherman after his march was resumed from the sea about Savannah in his progress northward, and it was still problematical whether his immediate objective was Charleston or Columbia; also, that he was then obstructed, floundering in swamps and streams with high water. The distressful anxiety of the President as he endeavored to trace the footsteps of the army is vivid in my memory.

President Lincoln's habit of bringing relief from overwhelming cares by indulgence in humor is well known. One day a gentleman came direct from the White House to General Townsend's room, where I was, his face beaming with laughter. He had half a sheet of fool's-cap-paper, the ink on which had been so badly smeared as to be scarcely legible.

He said he had written this at the President's suggestion, hastily, in his presence, and had handed it to him without noticing that the ink had run badly. The President had worked over it a moment, and then had said, "Colonel, you will have to have this copied." But still retaining it, presently he began to laugh, saying, "No, we will keep it, because, you know, it reminds me so much of that little man out in Illinois whose legs were so short that when he walked in the snow his body obliterated his tracks."

Drawn by George Varian

LINCOLN AND THE MAP

How well I remember the scene of the lying in state of the President's body at night in the rotunda of the city hall in Chicago! Adjutant-General E. D. Townsend, my chief, was to go on guard duty from midnight until two o'clock, and as I was in uniform, he said it would be proper for me to stand by him, if I wished.

It was a most impressive scene. The stately emblems of woe, and the hour, would have evoked the due solemnity; but the tribute of the living as they continuously passed by the face of the dead, was even more imposing. They streamed by throughout the hours, with no vulgar curiosity, but moved as by a personal loss.

G. S. Carpenter.

POSTSCRIPT BY THE DAUGHTER OF THE LATE GENERAL CARPENTER:

Some days after President Lincoln's death, but before the arrival of the cortège in Chicago, Lieutenant Carpenter had the honor to be detailed to take the three boxes of Mr. Lincoln's private papers from Washington to Bloomington, Illinois. A sergeant and three men completed the escort, and the boxes were given over to Lieutenant Carpenter by Secretary Stanton in person. When the boxes were piled in the wagon preparatory to being taken to the train, Secretary Stanton said:

"Lieutenant, have you counted those boxes?"

"No, sir," answered Lieutenant Carpenter.

"Young man," replied Stanton tartly, "count them at once, and have the sergeant and the men count them after you."

The rest of the instructions were to deliver the boxes into the custody of the National Bank at Bloomington, and never for one instant during the trip to allow the boxes out of sight of two of the men of the escort. It is needless to say that thereafter the Lieutenant counted the boxes at every change of station.

Laura Balch Carpenter.

VI. LINCOLN'S READING AND MODESTY

It has generally been assumed by Lincoln's biographers and eulogists that in literature he was brought up on the Bible and a few law-books, that there were few other books in Illinois in his day, and that his style in his letters and speeches was a miraculous gift of some sort. But there were plenty of books in Illinois in Lincoln's day, as many people still living can testify, and as for Lincoln's reading, the following incident may prove suggestive: Poe's "The Raven and Other Poems" was published (in yellow paper covers) for the first time in New York in 1845. Lincoln knew of Poe's writings, or at least discovered Poe's genius in "The Raven" at that time, for he bought a copy of the book, and sometime in 1847 sent it to the wife of the congressman who sat beside him in the House of Representatives. The yellow cover bore the inscription, "Mrs. John Van Dyke, with the regards of A. Lincoln." That Lincoln read it there can be little doubt. He had recently been married, and perhaps was well disposed toward poetic sentiment. And then, again, he may have been reading poetry from his early youth. Who knows? Because an event is not recorded, can it be assumed that it never happened? Lincoln never

talked about his reading, being a modest man in all things; but certainly his speeches and letters are not those of an "unread" man. They are not filled with pedantic quotations, but they have a swing to them that shows a sense of style and a recognition of that quality.

As for Lincoln's modesty, it never showed in a more characteristic way than at the time of the Philadelphia Convention of 1856, when he received 110 votes for the Vice-Presidential nomination. The congressman who sat beside him in the House of Representatives, was a delegate to that convention, and in a speech he paid a high tribute to Lincoln,—"He did you great credit," wrote one of Lincoln's friends,—but he insisted that Lincoln was the man to head the ticket in 1860, and should not be nominated for second place in 1856. So the ticket was made up as Frémont and Dayton. Lincoln wrote at once to his eulogist, saying: "Allow me to thank you for your kind notice of me in the Philadelphia Convention. When you meet Judge Dayton, present my respects and tell him I think him a far better man than I for the position he is in, and that I shall support him and Colonel Frémont most cordially. . . ." Nothing could be franker or more modest than that.

John C. Van Dyke.

VII. TWO ANECDOTES OF LINCOLN

In June, 1887, at a dinner given by Mr. David M. Edgerton, formerly President of the Kansas Pacific Railroad, at Wyandotte, Kansas, John P. Usher, Secretary of the Interior under Lincoln, said:

"When the war broke out, I knew that the railroad from Baltimore to Harrisburg, the Northern Central of Pennsylvania, was bound to be good property, for soldiers and people devoted to the preservation of the Union traveling to Washington would necessarily be transported over it. The stock was then worth only a few cents on the dollar. I knew that from the necessity of the case it would advance in value to par or nearly so. I bought large blocks of it, and told Mr. Lincoln that if he would give me ten thousand dollars, I would make him all the money he wanted."

Being asked if Mr. Lincoln was inclined to do it, Mr. Usher said No. He himself considered the investment proper, but evidently Lincoln thought otherwise.

Another anecdote related to Mr. Usher ran as follows:

"While yet a young lawyer, Mr. Lincoln concluded to run for the State legislature, and in those days any one who desired to run for office had only to announce himself a candidate in the papers or at a public meeting. Mr. Lincoln rode to an adjoining town, where a political meeting was to be held.

"As he rode along the street, his attention was attracted to a new house, more pretentious than its neighbors. Erected upon the roof he noticed pointed iron rods, At the tavern he inquired their purpose, and learned that they were lightning-rods.

"At the meeting he found the person then speaking to be the owner of this house and his rival. The latter made so much sport of Mr. Lincoln that Lincoln's friends became discouraged and dejected. But as the meeting was about to break up, Mr. Lincoln rose and said that he would like to say a few words.

"Beginning modestly, he soon engaged and held attention, until, as he concluded, he added: 'My friends, I am a young man, and whether I shall live a few years or many I do not know, but I hope that while I do live I shall so conduct myself that it will not be necessary for me to put a lightning-rod on my house to save me from the vengeance of Almighty God.' He had struck the key-note, and he was carried from the meeting by his friends, and was elected."

Recorded by David Morgan Edgerton.

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"THE WORD OF A GIRL"

FROM THE PAINTING BY HARRY W. WATROUS

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

THE PROPOSED GRADUATE COLLEGE OF PRINCETON

WITH SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE HUMANIZING OF LEARNING

BY ANDREW F. WEST

Dean of the Graduate School, Princeton University

WITH VIEWS FROM THE ARCHITECTS' DRAWINGS

"To the Minnow every cranny and pebble, every quality and accident, of its little native Creek may have become familiar: but does the Minnow understand the Ocean Tides?"
THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE proposed Graduate College of Princeton, so long deferred, so lately discussed in public, and so soon to be put into operation, is in spirit and substance an institution for humanizing knowledge in the field of the higher liberal studies.

The old story in Montaigne has point to-day. One fine morning, while riding pleasantly across the plain, he met a company of gentlemen and bowed, saying, "Messieurs, good morning." And the leader of the company curtly answered: "We are not Messieurs. My friend here is a grammarian, and I am a logician." It was no place for Montaigne, merely one of the Messieurs. So he rode away in search of more humane companionship.

It is not a very long look from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century and the pages of Oliver Goldsmith. The lambent wit of his essay on "The Present State of Polite Learning," fit sequel to the tale of Montaigne, plays like a flame, illuminating and scorching the particularist scholars of his time, "the men who contributed to obstruct the progress of wisdom by addicting their readers to one particular sect, or some favorite science. They generally carried on a petty traffic in some little creek; within that they busily plied about, and drove an insignificant trade; but never ventured out into the great ocean of knowledge."

Another forward look. We open at a venture the little book "Education et Instruction," written at the close of the nineteenth century by Brunetière, incisive, crystal-clear as only good French can be, and lively in its attack on the narrowness of our *"idées particulières"* when severed from the *"idées générales."* Not only the knowledge needed for a specialty, he contends, but the knowledge and moral qualities which underlie and connect all specialties, are what make the scholar who is a man, and thereby the man who is to be the best scholar. "As for the particular ideas, our own—here is the most individual, and in consequence the most eccentric thing in us. But the general ideas—here is the truly human in us, and consequently that in us which is the most truly social."

The history of scholarship is punctuated with sharp comment like that cited above. It is not the comment of foes of knowledge, but of friends. And our present American scholarship could add many new instances as themes for the critic's pen—examples of men who are shut up in their *"idées particulières,"* and shut off from the general humanity of knowledge. I recall, among other like cases, a doctor of philosophy in philology who had never heard of Tennyson's "In Memoriam," an archæologist almost totally ignorant of the most elementary facts of science, and a chemist who inquired sincerely for the meaning of "Empedocles," apparently not sure whether it was a plural or a fossil. The gossip of university circles would fill pages with such "modern instances," and they may be collected, like

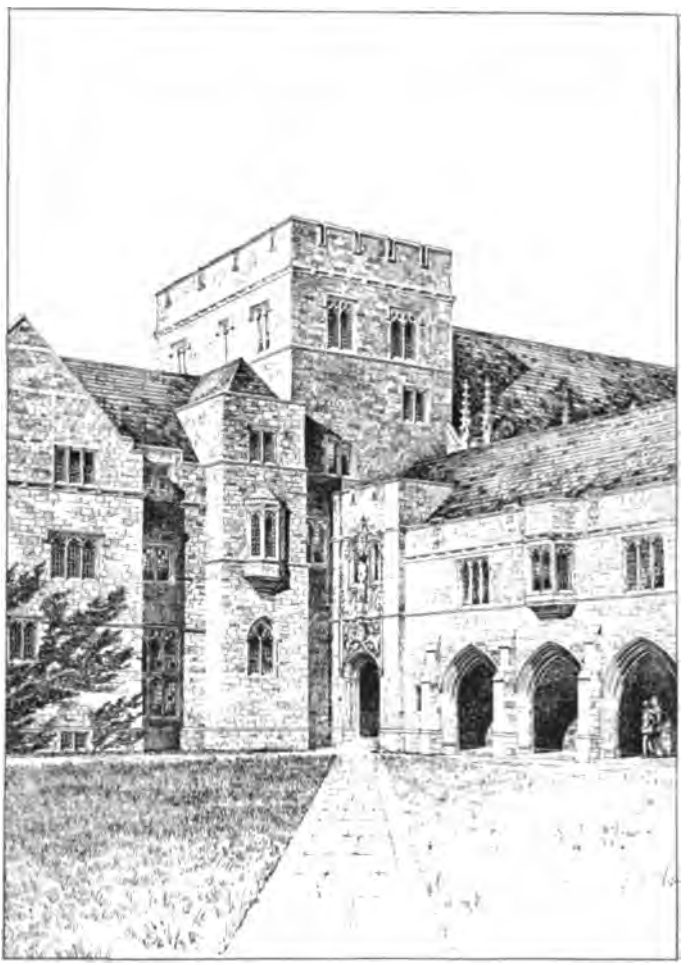
Drawn by E. C. Peixotto from the plan of the architects, Messrs. Cram, Goodhue & Ferguson

THE GROVER CLEVELAND MEMORIAL TOWER

GENERAL VIEW OF THE GRADUATE COLLEGE (MESSRS. CRAM, GOODHUE & FERGUSON, ARCHITECTS)
At the left, Thomson College, and at the right the kitchen group and Procter Hall, with the Cleveland Tower in the middle background.

curios, at any large educational gathering. It is the break-up of knowledge into pieces, the resulting dissevering of sympathy and dehumanizing of scholarship, the lowering of tone which comes from losing one's view of knowledge in its unified grandeur, the wisest principles." And to this utterance there are many echoes.

What place and use has the graduate school in a university? What is it for? The question cannot be answered in a sentence or a page. The medieval world, un-



A CORNER OF THE QUADRANGLE, SHOWING THE NORTH CLOISTER AND A STAIRCASE TOWER (MESSRS. CRAM, GOODHUE & FERGUSON, ARCHITECTS)

and the literal "provincializing" of learning, that needs attention now, and not least in our graduate schools. At any rate, the belief that something serious is the matter is prevalent among those who may be presumed to know of what they speak. "It may be doubted," writes President Lowell of Harvard University in his first annual report, "whether the graduate schools in American universities are conducted upon justly overpraised and dispraised in turn, gave us, among other things, the universities, a priceless inheritance. Paris, the mother-school, developed and delivered to the future a full model, imperfect in operation, but sound in theory both on the side of the professorate and of the students. It was a four-facultied university of professors combined with residential colleges of students. The French Revolution abol-

ished old Paris and changed its old-time university. To-day the four-facultied university survives as a system in Germany, and residential colleges of students remain chiefly in England. The truth at the heart of this history is that a university is a community, and a community made up of teachers and learners, an actual *respublica litteraria* (to quote an old name for the University of Cambridge), and that in this established and continuing society lies the safety of learning as a self-perpetuating force and the promise of learning as a usable force in the world. In this home dwells a comradeship of knowledge. Here, better than elsewhere,

PROCTER HALL, THE REFECTORY (MESSRS. CRAM, GOODHUE & FERGUSON, ARCHITECTS)

the young scholar may attain to enlarged vision and power. For his high vocation, as the philosopher Fichte said in a famous address to the students of Jena, is nothing less than acquirement of "the most widely extended survey of the actual advancement of the human race in general, and the steadfast promotion of that advancement." The true scholar is thus to be more than a learner, more than a teacher, more than a discoverer; he is to be a guide to his fellow-men.

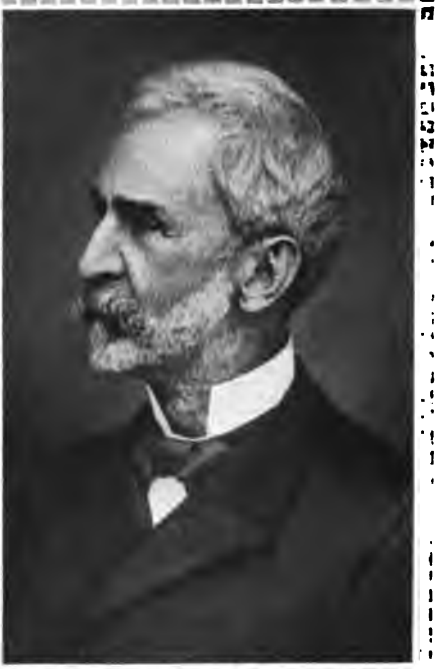
In the four-facultied university of arts and sciences, law, medicine, and divinity, the central and regulative body of studies consists of the so-called liberal arts and sciences organized in the faculty of that name. This body of studies alone is the nearest approximation we have to a system of pure knowledge of universal value. It represents to us, as no other studies can, the sum of things best worth knowing by men who seek knowledge for its own sake and in order to guide their lives in accordance with the highest ends. In America the preliminary stage of this knowledge is represented, in intention at least, by the undergraduate college course, the historic and proper root of every true American university.

The second or higher part of liberal knowledge, the flowering of the collegiate root, belongs to the graduate school. Here, if anywhere, the standards of pure knowledge are to be maintained for their own sake and for the sake of the good they will do to all other kinds of knowledge, whether professional, technical, commercial, political, or industrial, and thus most usefully serve the need of the world. To determine, inspect, certify, and maintain these standards—the weights and measures of knowledge—is the highest intellectual duty of a university, less only than the supreme duty of subordinating all to the moral end. If the general principles thus simply outlined are sound, it becomes a question of moment to ascertain whether the condition of graduate studies and the life of graduate students is in accord with these convictions.

Like civil liberty, the higher liberal knowledge is always in peril and always worth fighting for. Just now it is facing the perils of deterioration and dismemberment. Among the forces that threaten it the commercial spirit is probably the strongest. It means the pursuit of only such knowledge as "pays," the absorption in material ends, the rating of a living as higher than a life. This spirit, not satisfied with engrossing the business life of the country and at times menacing its political integrity, seeks to affect every part of our education. Its attack is made on the foundations. Wherever it enters side by side with purely liberal studies in the college course, it starts to drive them out or else forces them to be taught in a utilitarian way, virtually giving them the alternative of deterioration to escape extinction. The truth that all high-minded knowledge is in the best sense useful is torn and twisted into the half-truth of "service," the doctrine that only knowledge of obvious use is worth having. Under this notion, historical, social, and political studies come to be pursued as a kind of "contemporary topics" of "live interest"; the study of literature, even of our own, is narrowed to the most recent periods, thus shutting off depth of background; philosophy descends into the nursery of "child psychology," and the great fundamental sciences are neglected except in their most practical applications. Other knowledge is of "no use." Wherever this spirit enters professional schools, it tends to modify injuriously the sciences which underlie the professions, so that, for example, in some quarters pure mathematics is thought to be unsuitable for the engineer and pure biology to be unsuitable as a foundation for medicine. "Modified" mathematics or "modified" biology is the resulting hybrid. And hybrids are sterile. No great wave of utilitarian influence has ever swept unchecked into universities without disaster to liberal studies. There is plenty of money to be had for commercial, industrial, and technical education, and it is money very well spent so long as these valuable forms of training are well organized for their own ends and are not put into a relation destructive to liberal education. There is little danger that utilitarian studies will lack friends and money. The danger is to the other studies.

Another threatening force is unenlightened specialization. It breaks the structure of higher knowledge into fragments. That the scholar should be in some important sense a specialist is true. That he should be only a specialist is a calamity to

GROVER CLEVELAND



ISAAC C. WYMAN

WILLIAM COOPER PROCTER

M. TAYLOR PYNE

FOUR PROMOTERS OF THE GRADUATE COLLEGE

himself and others. True specialization has its indispensable value in the exact determination of particulars and in accurately relating particulars to the general. But the man who is only a specialist is an intellectual fraction. He is no longer a whole-minded man, and whole-minded men are what our scholarship most needs. A preliminary sound training in liberal studies is the best guarantee we have that the intending scholar of good native capacities is likely to be whole-minded, that he will be a citizen not only of the place where his special work lies, but of the commonwealth of knowledge. What has been happening these twenty years or more? Erratic men of mediocre or inferior general powers have been flocking into their specialties. What liberal training they may have had is weakened by disuse. They have intensive knowledge of one thing, which is very well indeed, with extensive ignorance of most other things, which is not well at all. Their sharp intensity of vision along some little lane of knowledge seems to blind them to all the scenery outside. They are thus isolated from the general world of knowledge, and often from their fellows in the same department. It is not uncommon to find philologists who know little and care less about the parts of philology outside the inclosure of their specialty, to say nothing of their almost total neglect of knowledge outside of philology. The same is true of specialists in mathematics, biology, history, psychology, and almost every branch of the higher learning. Such isolation cuts men off from community of sympathy. It reduces and even annuls their power to act together for the common good. It breaks up the army of knowledge into a mob of blindly colliding subdivisions. It makes it difficult to rally and marshal the army for the next advance.

From this evil flows another, namely, the loss of simplicity and universality in the scholar's powers of expression. Our literature of learning is to-day overloaded with tractates and books of all sorts written in a tone of formidable and solemn pedantry. The writer is caged and mastered by his restricted theme. His language, or rather his dialect, becomes technical, arid, and lifeless. His book has, and can have, few readers even among scholars whose work is in or near his own department. This makes it hard to maintain a reciprocal reading interest which shall connect the parts of a department and, what is more important, connect the various departments with one another.

Still another untoward result follows. The fractionally minded scholar is not naturally capable, or at least is not easily capable, of whole-minded judgments, which are the only ones fundamentally sound. If, as Huxley said, scientific insight is nothing more than "highly trained common sense" applied to scientific questions, then highly trained common sense, just another name for sound judgment, is the one thing needful to all sensible scholarship. Good sense naturally goes with large vision. The man who has taken a sweeping view around the horizon is the one best able to discern the place and size of one or another segment of the scene, and the scholar already trained in studies of universal value is the one who can be depended on most surely to possess the wide-ranging and well-balanced view.

On the individual side, then, we need scholars who know well some part, and can also see the whole. No doubt this kind of scholarship may be attained in a way by individual study alone. But is not thus attained in the best way, nor is it likely to be retained in vigor. Most young scholars need an added stimulus. The "shy recluse" of Arnold's poem or the possessor of what Milton styled "a fugitive and cloistered virtue" may succeed in being whole-minded in purpose, but does not know how to connect himself with men. He is socially a fraction, perhaps even a zero. Let us emphasize the truth that because a scholar is a human being he is also a social being. No doubt he must generally do his best thinking by himself. Yet he cannot live to himself alone or by himself alone and fulfil his duty either to himself or to his fellowmen. Isolation is not freedom. To do his part as a scholar he must take part as a scholar in the give-and-take of a social life—in the smaller world of scholars and in the larger enveloping world of men outside.

His movement in the nearer world of scholars does not mean merely that a student of American history, for example, should be interested in American history as a whole or in modern history as a whole,

or even in the whole of history, but that no highly important range of thought, even though it be strange to him, should be inaccessible. And it means emphatically that our student of history, no matter in how small a part of it, should be in friendly companionship, especially during the plastic time of his training, with students in the other fields—with men of science, philosophy, and letters. Here the magic influence of man on man turns thinking into living, and into living in a large and magnanimous way. It does much for the specialist by broadening his sympathies. It may do more by refreshing his energies through the recreation he can get out of excursions into regions and scenery far different from the place where his thoughts must dwell for most of his time. It is this which enables him again and again to bring new lights of reflection to play on his specialty—high lights and half-lights, in gleams and flashes from near and far, and to brighten himself as well as his studies. Variety is the cure for monotony. It is in fact the adventurous spirit, this free roving and ranging, the restless sweep of observation, the traveler's and explorer's instinct, which is also a mark of the highest minds both in science and literature.

Personal intercourse with scholars whose work lies in fields otherwise foreign is accordingly the best preventive against errors of judgment which are otherwise sure to be made by the man who is solely a specialist. So long as the whole is greater than any part, this will remain true. Still, it is not enough, even if it were practicable, that the students of each single part of knowledge should know the students of each other separate part without knowing something more. It would amount merely to massing the particulars, to casting all the broken pieces into a confused pile. We are speaking here of scholars who have or at least desire to have the general, unified view, the men who realize that the final value of specialization is in relating the particular to the general. The parts of a tower or temple may be thrown down into a heap by an earthquake. All the parts are there, but the tower or temple is gone, and makes a heap of ruins. So it is with the ruins of knowledge. It is in getting a view of knowledge as an ordered whole, first from one angle and then from another and another, part to part, function to function, and all assembled in clear unity, that the scholar is released from specialistic constraint and brought out into the daylight of enlarged vision. This is the release his widening acquaintance in the diversified world of scholars will bring to every man who has real capacity for freedom. The time of times for this comradeship is in his student days. If he misses it then, he may miss it forever.

It is somewhat discouraging to think how much certain devices of university organization are unfavorable to the intimate intermingling of graduate students with professors and with one another. The departmental organization of faculties, a source of strength in many ways, is a source of weakness here, for the reason that both professor and student often think of themselves as merely "departmental men." The arrangements for regulating the student's work, the slavery to routine, the absurd pressure put on men to secure the doctor's degree,—as though it were the chief end of their training,—the excessive mechanism for "safeguarding the degree," the accumulation of "credits," the general worship of machinery, and the commercializing of the degree itself until it has almost come to be an employment badge, like a "union card,"—these are some of the things that are cramping and mechanizing energies that ought to be unconstrained and are cutting off young scholars from free converse in things intellectual.

Now, among the things in this life that ought to be freest are the natural movements of the human mind in study and the interchange of sympathy among scholars. When and where is there to be a place for this if not at the graduate stage and in the studies so well named "liberal"? And "liberal" they truly are, for they are the studies which supremely enfranchise, universalize, and elevate human thinking the world over. It is in the higher ranges of these that labor becomes joy to young men, and it is here the glorious saying of Aristotle finds fulfilment: "Pleasure perfects labor, as beauty crowns youth." Let all rules and mechanism that hamper this be swept away! Machine-made scholarship is generally mediocre. It is not what we need. Of one thing we may be sure, that

it is only by unrestricted fellowship that the highest personalities will be attracted and happily developed—the men who may be depended on later to spread the friendship of knowledge wherever their influence extends.

There is a larger society in which our scholar ought to live and move, the general society of men, the largest world in which he can give and receive influence. The tribe of scholars, at its best, is still a tribe with tribal limitations. It has its "idols." To generalize the exclusively scholarly point of view, to make it less clannish, less complacent, less "cocky," less priggish, less unsocial, less pedantically solemn, the scholar needs to know the world of men his knowledge is to serve. More scholars fail in life because they do not understand their fellow-men than because they do not understand their subjects of study. The theme is too vast to dwell on here. Yet it is at least in place to say in passing that any theory of a graduate school which virtually restricts its student membership to intending professors and teachers is a theory which is sure to lessen its usefulness. For there are other men who ought to have a chance at higher liberal studies—men who are to serve their fellows with trained intelligence outside of the professor's chair. The presence of this second body of students living and intermingling with the others is good for both classes. It mediates to the intending teacher some knowledge of the world of men outside; it mediates to the others some knowledge of the standards of scholarship. The two together are needed to constitute the fuller fellowship. This is the fruitful and profitable community of students in higher studies. It is the young scholar so circumstanced who is at last being put on his way to be more than a learner or a teacher or a discoverer. It is he who is being actually and wisely equipped to be a guide of men.

On the basis of such convictions the Graduate College of Princeton was planned. In spirit and substance it is to be a new institution planted in the midst of the present Graduate School, to take root there and gradually transform it into something higher. It is an answer to our needs and a prophecy of our hopes. It is American in being an outgrowth of our life, and catholic in its welcome to all influences consistent with its nature. It is democratic in offering equal opportunity to all who are fit to take advantage of it, but not in guaranteeing that all are of equal or sufficient fitness. No such institution as this is planned to become yet exists in our land, and very few like it in foreign lands. In some ways its model is what might be styled the Honours Colleges in English universities. Have we forgotten that in one little entry hard by the great tower of Trinity in Cambridge there were housed as students Sir Isaac Newton, Macaulay, Thackeray, and Tennyson? Have we forgotten Christ's College, the student home of Milton and Darwin? Have we forgotten the work of Jowett at Balliol, or the bright earlier time in Oriel, immortalized in the lines of Matthew Arnold—

For rigorous masters seized my youth,
And purged its faith, and trimmed its fire,
Shew'd me the high, white star of truth,
There bade me gaze, and there aspire.

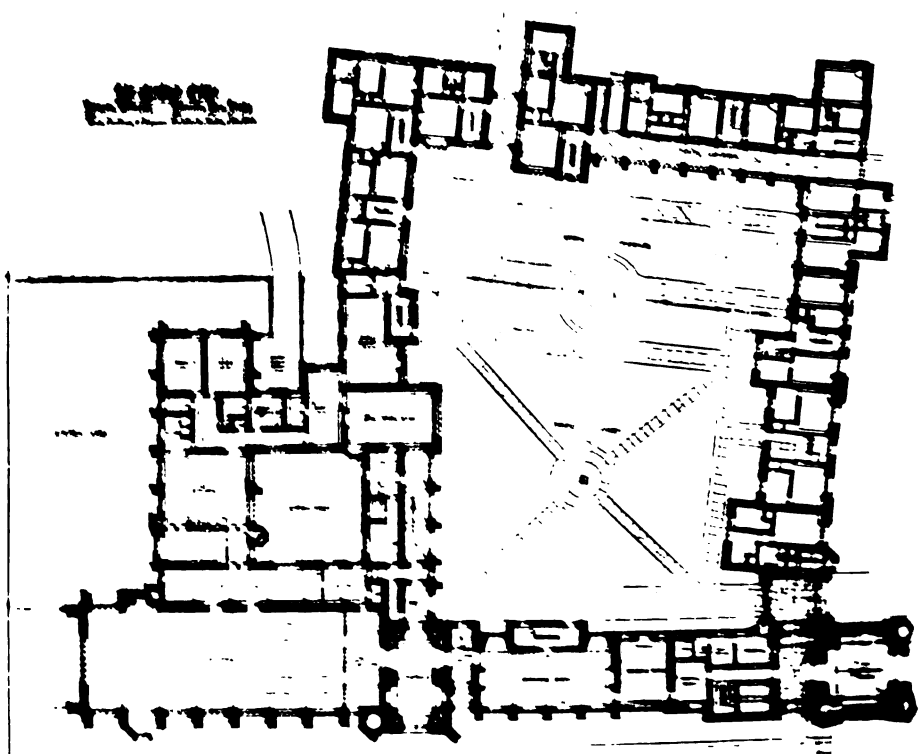
Let us cross the channel and stroll on the south side of the Seine, where once stood residential colleges of the old University of Paris. Only the Sorbonne visibly perpetuates to-day even the name of any of them. But think of the Ecole Normale Supérieure, not far away, the great residential graduate college of France, more brilliant in its record than any other. With only about one hundred students, graduating some thirty a year, it has done more than any other school to give tone to the best French thought. Here Laplace and Lagrange laid the foundations of modern astronomy. Here a great chapter in the history of mathematics was written. Here Pasteur taught, enough glory in itself for any place. And as we review the roll in physics and chemistry and history and philosophy and literature, and in the public service of France, it is with a feeling akin to despair of ever being able to match such a record in any American school.

And what of the great universities of Germany? While it is true there is as yet no residential college for university students there, it is with the liveliest satisfaction we read that at the centenary celebration last October the thoroughly modern University of Berlin, premier school of the

[illegible] world, received gifts for [illegible] of residential colleges.

[illegible] American universities have [illegible] for the physical and [illegible] graduate students. Here [illegible] a dormitory has been set apart [illegible] As a rule, however, they [illegible] to shift for themselves.

best endowment of Cambridge. Scenic beauty in a university is more to its students than a passing enjoyment. It becomes an unfading picture, to be kept among the treasures of life-long affection. Goldwin Smith was no sentimentalist, and yet at fourscore he could write these words of memory about Magdalen Col-



which does not yet exist, a residential college devoted solely to the higher liberal studies; a home of science and philosophy, of literature and history. The convictions on which it is based have already been outlined. Some remarks on the plan of operation may help to make its intent clearer.

Three elements compose the Graduate College. Foremost is a body of first-rate professors, to be added to others now in the faculty, interesting men, scholars of high power, eminent in their subjects, and able to waken young men. Do we need to say this is the capital A in the alphabet? If so, let it be said again and underscored, because it would be absurd to say anything else. The second element is a company of students of high ability,—not a huge crowd, but a moderate number,—living as a community in the buildings of the Graduate College. Quality first, quantity afterward. Experience will settle the working limit. The important thing is that they make a student community of high type, sufficient in number to develop a society where every man may know his fellows, find the variety he needs, and not be lost in a crowd.

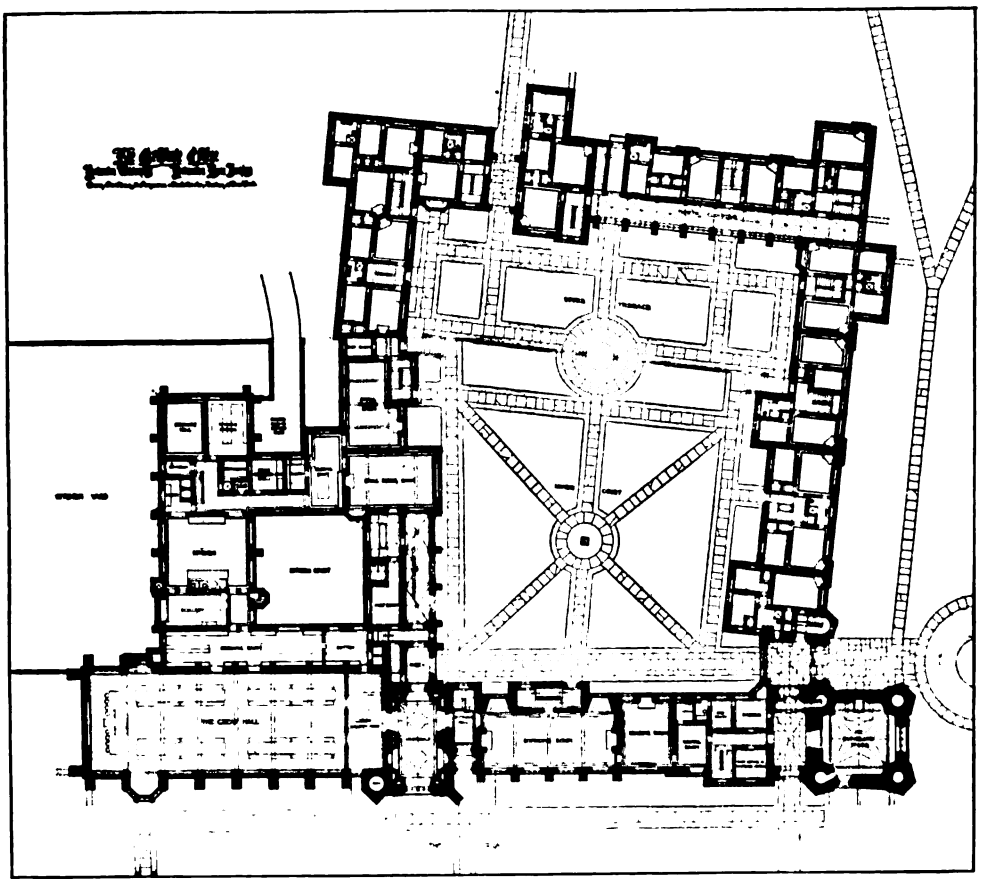
The sole test of admission is mental and moral worth. To make social eligibility a test would be unjust and silly. What is wanted is strong, interesting young men with scholarly instincts. "The workman is greater than his work," so runs the old proverb. We want the best men first; the best work will follow. This is the one straight road to achieving excellence in anything. We are hunting for men first, specialists second. How are we to get them? For it seems as hard to get the fit students as the fit professors. But, given the right professors, it can be done, and done surely in one way. We have already had individual cases of students of high promise who were attracted, one by one, by the preliminary experiment conducted for five years with scant means on a small scale in a graduate house. Men love to study in surroundings where knowledge is visibly and socially honored.

There will be room for "many men of many minds." The general range of the higher liberal knowledge is to be attempted as far as means permit. The scholars who are to be professors or teachers for life will probably compose the major part of the family. But there will be others. There will be room for the intending lawyer or doctor or minister or engineer or architect who can give a year or so to the liberal studies underlying his future calling. Men may be trained here for the diplomatic and civil service. Still others, we hope, may be trained as writers. Future authors, investigators, and discoverers, the men who want to study economic, social, or governmental problems, the student of historic art, the entire range of seekers in the pure sciences, the philosophic thinker, the lover of literature, the explorer of history—such as these will find a welcome here. It is much to expect, but not too much to desire.

The third element is the buildings, the material home wherein this community shall find the realization of its desires. The conditions of student life in Princeton are distinctive. They are not urban or suburban or rustic, but rural. Here is almost the only large old college in a very small town. Its dominant college tradition is well-rooted and comparatively pure. The Graduate College will be the flowering of this root. Whatever may be true of other subjects, liberal studies at least take on new charm amid old associations and find a natural home in the peace and sylvan beauty of rural life. It is intended to make the buildings beautiful. For this purpose the so-called collegiate Gothic has been chosen, not "modified" Gothic, nor hotel Gothic, but the exquisite Perpendicular type so lovely in the few remaining examples in English colleges. Quadrangles shadowing sunny lawns, towers and gateways opening into quiet retreats, ivy-grown walls looking on sheltered gardens, vistas through avenues of arching elms, walks that wind amid the groves of Academe—these are the places where the affections linger and where memories cling like the ivies themselves, and these are the answers in architecture and scenic setting to the immemorial longings of academic generations back to the time when universities first began to build their homes. If you want to know what a student is, do not ask first what he knows or even what he believes, but find out what he loves. Here is the real man. Get hold of that, and you get hold of him. Do the finer minds love the rigors of study and "the joy of elevated thoughts" in an American boarding-house so well as in surroundings which appeal to their imagina-

German-speaking world, received gifts for the establishment of residential colleges.

Thus far American universities have made little provision for the physical and social welfare of graduate students. Here and there a dormitory has been set apart for the purpose. As a rule, however, they have been left to shift for themselves.



GROUND-PLAN OF THE GRADUATE COLLEGE

Much needs to be done. If the best results are to be had, their standard of social living should not be that of a boarding-house, a hotel, a club, or a dormitory. It should be the quiet dignity of a home of learning. If the higher teachers of the nation should be trained in a place and society worthy of their calling, why should they not dwell in a beautiful, even in a stately, home? The loveliness of King's College Chapel, which appealed so deeply to Milton and Wordsworth, is part of the best endowment of Cambridge. Scenic beauty in a university is more to its students than a passing enjoyment. It becomes an unfading picture, to be kept among the treasures of life-long affection. Goldwin Smith was no sentimentalist, and yet at fourscore he could write these words of memory about Magdalen College: "My heart has often turned to its beauty, and often the sound of its sweet bells has come to me across the ocean." It was really to him, as he said, "a little Eden in a world where there are none too many of them." Plain living and high thinking are not harmed by good architecture or helped by unlovely surroundings.

The object of founding the Graduate College, however, is not to erect fine buildings or to create scenery. It is to create in America a valuable institution

which does not yet exist, a residential college devoted solely to the higher liberal studies; a home of science and philosophy, of literature and history. The convictions on which it is based have already been outlined. Some remarks on the plan of operation may help to make its intent clearer.

Three elements compose the Graduate College. Foremost is a body of first-rate professors, to be added to others now in the faculty, interesting men, scholars of high power, eminent in their subjects, and able to waken young men. Do we need to say this is the capital A in the alphabet? If so, let it be said again and underscored, because it would be absurd to say anything else. The second element is a company of students of high ability,—not a huge crowd, but a moderate number,—living as a community in the buildings of the Graduate College. Quality first, quantity afterward. Experience will settle the working limit. The important thing is that they make a student community of high type, sufficient in number to develop a society where every man may know his fellows, find the variety he needs, and not be lost in a crowd.

The sole test of admission is mental and moral worth. To make social eligibility a test would be unjust and silly. What is wanted is strong, interesting young men with scholarly instincts. "The workman is greater than his work," so runs the old proverb. We want the best men first; the best work will follow. This is the one straight road to achieving excellence in anything. We are hunting for men first, specialists second. How are we to get them? For it seems as hard to get the fit students as the fit professors. But, given the right professors, it can be done, and done surely in one way. We have already had individual cases of students of high promise who were attracted, one by one, by the preliminary experiment conducted for five years with scant means on a small scale in a graduate house. Men love to study in surroundings where knowledge is visibly and socially honored.

There will be room for "many men of many minds." The general range of the higher liberal knowledge is to be attempted as far as means permit. The scholars who are to be professors or teachers for life will probably compose the major part of the family. But there will be others. There will be room for the intending lawyer or doctor or minister or engineer or architect who can give a year or so to the liberal studies underlying his future calling. Men may be trained here for the diplomatic and civil service. Still others, we hope, may be trained as writers. Future authors, investigators, and discoverers, the men who want to study economic, social, or governmental problems, the student of historic art, the entire range of seekers in the pure sciences, the philosophic thinker, the lover of literature, the explorer of history—such as these will find a welcome here. It is much to expect, but not too much to desire.

The third element is the buildings, the material home wherein this community shall find the realization of its desires. The conditions of student life in Princeton are distinctive. They are not urban or suburban or rustic, but rural. Here is almost the only large old college in a very small town. Its dominant college tradition is well-rooted and comparatively pure. The Graduate College will be the flowering of this root. Whatever may be true of other subjects, liberal studies at least take on new charm amid old associations and find a natural home in the peace and sylvan beauty of rural life. It is intended to make the buildings beautiful. For this purpose the so-called collegiate Gothic has been chosen, not "modified" Gothic, nor hotel Gothic, but the exquisite Perpendicular type so lovely in the few remaining examples in English colleges. Quadrangles shadowing sunny lawns, towers and gateways opening into quiet retreats, ivy-grown walls looking on sheltered gardens, vistas through avenues of arching elms, walks that wind amid the groves of Academe—these are the places where the affections linger and where memories cling like the ivies themselves, and these are the answers in architecture and scenic setting to the immemorial longings of academic generations back to the time when universities first began to build their homes. If you want to know what a student is, do not ask first what he knows or even what he believes, but find out what he loves. Here is the real man. Get hold of that, and you get hold of him. Do the finer minds love the rigors of study and "the joy of elevated thoughts" in an American boarding-house so well as in surroundings which appeal to their imagina-

tion and affections? The amenities of life are worth something even to the young scholar. The joy of surroundings that keep him buoyant means doubling and trebling his power.

The table-talk and after-dinner talk of cultivated men is no small part of a liberal education. In the Graduate College, at least, the art of conversation need never die. Another means of perfecting our students will be travel. Whenever desirable, any of them may be sent to some university abroad for particular study. The college will again and again be visited by one and another as he returns. Expeditions may be organized here. As they come back with their treasures of art, science, or history, the Graduate College will be a welcome place for working out the results and preparing them for publication. That visitors of distinction will come to the college is certain. The students will thus be in the way of meeting famous men of other universities and lands—some of them, we hope, as visiting professors in residence. Where the cosmopolitan touch is felt, provincialism vanishes.

Fourteen years ago, when Princeton took her university name, the proposed Graduate College was first sanctioned. The bread has been cast upon the waters. After many days and many vicissitudes the college which started out as a paper project is returning as a fact, thanks to the devotion of its friends. Americans are often accused of being over-practical. So they are. They also react the other way. Somewhere within them is a strain of imagination which needs only the occasion to show itself as unselfish enthusiasm. It is so with those who have sustained this undertaking, and they are many and noble. Only a few can be mentioned here. The project appealed earliest to the practical benevolence of Mrs. Swann, a long-time resident of Princeton, who left to the Graduate College the greater part of her estate. I name four others. It appealed strongly to Mr. Procter, a devoted son of Princeton and a highly capable man of affairs as well. It appealed to the late Mr. Wyman, an alumnus who had never returned to his old college, and yet toward the end of a very long life, which had been keenly engrossed in acquiring wealth, found in the Graduate College the one object that attracted him irresistibly. So he left it virtually all his means. It appealed to Mr. Pyne, the present chairman, and has seemed to him the worthiest consummation of the system of liberal studies in the loved university to which he has given the best of his life. It appealed to his predecessor, the first chairman, ex-President Cleveland, a man not susceptible to superficial enthusiasms, who never wavered, fair weather or foul, in his fidelity to the cause. "Speaking for myself," he wrote a year before his death, "I want to say to you that I have never been enlisted in a cause which has given me more satisfaction or a better feeling of usefulness." Mrs. Swann's gift will be visibly embodied in Thomson College. Mr. Wyman's bequest will bear his memory onward for centuries, and the college will stand on part of the old battle-field of Princeton, where his father, a stripling, fought under Washington. And the traveler, hurrying past Princeton, will see on the western sky-line a memorial tower, solid, straight, aspiring, to remind him that this is the college to the inception of which Mr. Cleveland gave the best effort of his closing years.

Amid the rush of academic machinery, the voice of wisdom is often unheard. Yet wisdom, old or new, is still the same. It may be well to pause here an instant to listen to the quiet words of a thousand years ago, of Alcuin, teacher of Charlemagne, to his little band of students on the dignity and glory of learning:

> It is easy to point out to you the path of wisdom, if only ye love it for the sake of God, for knowledge, for purity of heart, for understanding the truth, yea, and for itself. Seek it not to gain the praise of men or the honor of this world, nor yet for the deceitful pleasures of riches; for the more these things are loved the farther do they cause men who seek them to depart from the light of truth and knowledge.

There is something old-fashioned, even a bit commonplace to some, in the sound of these words. Yet they are wise, for they hold in essence the one final answer both to sordid materialism and narrow provincialism in education. They are not outlived yet, nor has any age even lived up to them fully. Could a school of higher studies have a higher impulse?

THOMAS BRACKETT REED

THE STATESMAN, THE WIT, AND THE MAN

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

United States Senator from Massachusetts

IN the preface to his edition of Shakspere, which is as entertaining as it is neglected, Dr. Johnson says in his finest manner: "The poet of whose work I have undertaken the revision may now begin to assume the dignity of an ancient and claim the privilege of established fame and prescriptive veneration. He has long outlived his century, the term commonly fixed as the test of literary merit."

I have often thought that if the period of time fixed by Dr. Johnson as the test of literary merit were applied in certain other directions, it might be productive of good results. For instance, if the lapse of a century were made the condition precedent for the erection of statues and monuments, we should not only be spared some painful works of art, but we should not have so many bronze figures the originals of which in much less than a hundred years require explanation. Local pride, personal affection, and the first outburst of grief are not always safe guides in determining either literary merit or the permanent position of any man in the history of his time. In the first few months or years after a man's death it is difficult to get a true historical perspective, and the natural feelings of the moment are apt to distort our vision. These natural feelings, however, are not to be denied, and the temporarily distinguished will continue to receive their share of monuments which certainly ought to be no more enduring than the fame of their subjects.

Yet, after all, these lasting memorials of the ephemeral are only a part of those which either decorate or cumber the earth. Many, perhaps most, would be erected even if Dr. Johnson's test of literary merit were strictly enforced. The instinct of humanity for the really great, for the man who has made an ineffaceable mark on the history of his time, who has done a great deed or rendered a lasting service, is generally sound and true when death has once set all things even. This is conspicuously the case with the statue of Mr. Reed which has recently been unveiled in Portland with appropriate ceremonies and with an admirable address by Mr. McCall of Massachusetts.

Thomas Brackett Reed was a really great man, and he was also a remarkable man—remarkable and unusual both in intellect and character. He left a deep mark on the history of his time, and he rendered a very great public service in rescuing the House of Representatives from the condition of helpless inanity into which it had fallen and by which the right of the majority to rule and the responsibility, without which representative government must fail, had both been well-nigh destroyed. Rules devised originally to facilitate business and to give reasonable protection to the rights of the minority, which under old and less crowded conditions had been suitable and unabused, had gradually been perverted until public business was at a standstill, and the power to arrest all action had passed to an irresponsible minority, a contradiction of the first principles of free government. Neither the evil nor the cure was peculiar to the United States. The House of Commons passed through the same ordeal and was rescued in the same way, with one important difference. In England the quorum of the Commons consists of forty members, so small a number that it was useless as an opening for obstruction. With us a majority quorum is required, and refusing a quorum was the chief means of thwarting action. Mr. Reed met the difficulty by boldly counting those present to make a quorum whether they voted or not. It required nerve and courage to do it, and his action unchained a storm. He did not falter for a moment,

and carried his point, destroying the chief stronghold of obstruction at a blow. He was right in common sense as well as legally and constitutionally. The Supreme Court sustained him, and he had the satisfaction of seeing his political opponents adopt his rules.

The fact was that the old parliamentary systems in both England and the United States, which were adapted to simpler conditions of business, society, and politics, were not only outworn, but had become a menace to free government. Mr. Reed destroyed the evil and established a new system. He had the loyal support of all his party associates; but it was he who did it, he alone, and I know of no other man then in public life who could have done it. His great ability was well known, but the patience, the calm, unflinching courage, the force of character which he displayed through all those trying weeks and months, and which were less generally understood, compelled the admiration even of his opponents.

I followed and watched him through all that session of bitter conflict and stormy attack. Not only did he exhibit throughout the qualities I have mentioned, but, although he was capable of wrath and strongly combative, I never saw his good nature fail or his ready wit turn, as it might well have done, to anger and fierce denunciation. I remember that, one evening, when obstruction had been employed for hours to prevent a vote, and everybody was tired and in a bad temper, I went up to the Speaker's desk and asked how long this business was to last. Mr. Reed, perfectly unruffled, turned around with a pleasant smile, and said: "We shall get a vote in about an hour. Springer has only two more pieces in his repertoire."

My friend and colleague, Governor Greenhalge, in one of the many heated debates of that winter quoted Tennyson's famous lines, and never were they more aptly applied than when he referred to Mr. Reed as

> One still, strong man in a blatant land,
> Whatever they call him, what care I,
> Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one,
> Who can rule and dare not lie.

Not only was he at that moment the "still strong man," but he was then and always a man who "dared not" and could not lie either to himself or to others. No leader was ever more loyally followed by his party or more deeply respected by the House at large than was Mr. Reed; yet he never stooped to curry favor with the House nor did he hesitate to rebuke it. I remember well on one occasion when he thought that the House was acting or was about to act in a cowardly manner, his telling them in the phrase of the Weather Bureau that he had never regarded the House as a "courage center," but that this special weakness went beyond all limits.

The reform of the rules was a great achievement, preëminently the achievement of a statesman of high order, who looked before and after.. The word "statesman," however, especially in connection with Mr. Reed himself, cannot be used without at once recalling his famous definition. I happened to sit next to him in the House, and he showed me the letter asking him to define a statesman, and his reply, "A statesman is a successful politician who is dead." The epigram was published, flew over the country, and has become a familiar quotation. But the sequel is less well known. The correspondent who asked the question telegraphed as soon as he received the answer, "Why don't you die and become a statesman?" Mr. Reed handed me the telegram, and said: "Here is my answer: 'No. Fame is the last infirmity of noble mind.'" It was extremely unsafe to enter with Mr. Reed upon the exchange of sallies and retorts, so beloved of Mrs. Wilfer's copperplate engravers.

The first time I met him was in 1881, at Worcester. He had come to address our State convention, but the news of Garfield's death had just arrived, and it was felt that nothing should be done except the absolutely necessary business, and that, after adopting appropriate resolutions, the convention should at once adjourn. To Mr. Reed, who had come from Maine on our invitation to make a speech, the situation was a difficult one, but of course he assented to the wishes of the committee. I can see him now as he sat in the little anteroom, looking like a giant, and seeming to fill the room with his presence. His personality, both physical and mental, was so large and so powerful that when, in any connection or for any reason,

I recall him or anything he said, I not only see him with the utmost vividness, but the whole scene rises in memory, whether it was in the Capitol or in a house, on the street or in the country, in a crowd or in solitude, that the incident occurred. Memory is dominated by that commanding figure and by the sense of power and force which went with it.

After that first meeting, I met Mr. Reed from time to time, and in 1884 I recall coming across him one day in State Street just after the nomination of Mr. Blaine. The break in the Republican party had begun, and I asked Mr. Reed what he thought of the outlook. "Well," he said, "it is a great comfort to think that the wicked politicians were not allowed to pick the candidate and that the nomination was made by the people. The politicians would have been guided only by a base desire to win."

After this I saw Mr. Reed more and more frequently until I went to Congress in 1887, and after that I was with him every day and became not only intimate with him, but very fond of him; for he was capable of inspiring the warmest affection in the friends to whom he was attached. The general public, which fully recognized Mr. Reed's great intellectual force, which delighted to repeat his witticisms, and which rejoiced in his powers in debate and in seeing him overwhelm his

THOMAS B. REED AT THIRTY YEARS OF AGE

antagonists, did not realize, I think, and perhaps it was impossible that they should realize, the warmth of his affection, the loyalty of his nature, and the tenderness and sympathy shown not only to those for whom he cared, but for all who sorrowed or were heavy-laden. I have no doubt that these qualities which were so apparent to me were hidden to the world by the reserve characteristic of the race from which Mr. Reed sprang—a race which shrinks from any easy or noisy display of emotion, but whose feelings are perhaps deeper and stronger because habitually repressed.

For Mr. Reed was a typical New Englander in the fullest sense of the word. He was typical in every way, in his intellect, in his character, in his reserve, in the depth of his feelings, and in his independence of thought and action. He came rightly by it, for he was of pure New England stock. He was a lineal descendant of George Cleve, or Cleaves, the first settler in the Portland region, and took a keen delight in that old Puritan's troubles with the constituted authorities.

He was born, brought up, and educated in Maine, and was as representative of his State as he was of his race. I believe the house in which he was born still stands. At all events, it was in existence not long ago, and while he was Speaker some one sent him a photograph of it. His secretary and successor in Congress, Mr. Allen, brought it to him and said, "That 's a pretty good house to have been born in."

Mr. Reed looked at it and said, "Yes, Amos; but, you see, I was not born in all that house," pointing to an addition made since his time.

"Even then," said Mr. Allen, "it is a pretty good house to have been born in."

"Yes," said Mr. Reed; "but still I was not born in more than two or three rooms of it."

There, in the city of his birth, he went to school, and thence to Bowdoin College, and then after a year or two of teaching he entered the navy for service in the Civil War. When the war ended he went to California with a vague plan of settling in that new country. He used to tell with intense delight of his examination for admission to the bar of California. A young Southerner came before the judge for examination at the same time. The judge asked the Southerner if the legal-tender acts were constitutional, and the young man answered without a moment's hesitation, "No." Then the judge turned to Reed and asked him the same question. Mr. Reed with equal promptness answered, "Yes."

"Very well," said the judge, "you are both admitted. Two men who can answer that question without hesitation ought to be admitted to any bar."

Mr. Reed did not remain long in California. He returned to Maine, began the practice of the law in Portland, rose rapidly to the front rank of his profession, became attorney-general, and in 1876 was elected to Congress from the Portland district. He had been ten years in Congress when I became a member, and was the recognized leader of the Republican minority.

On the first day after we had been sworn in, the usual drawing for seats took place. I was standing beside Mr. Reed behind the rail, and we waited patiently while all the names seemed to be called out except ours. It was painfully evident that we should be among the last and should draw very poor seats. I said to Mr. Reed that our luck seemed pretty bad. "Yes," he said; "the great trouble with this system is that it is so diabolically fair."

For six years I served with Mr. Reed in the House, and during that time he was the leader of the minority and for two years Speaker. He was easily the greatest parliamentary leader I ever saw. I fully appreciate the truth of Emerson's doctrine of the force of understatement, but I cannot express my own belief in regard to Mr. Reed without also saying that in my opinion there never has been a greater or more perfectly equipped leader in any parliamentary body at any period. This conviction has only deepened with time and it seems to me now, when the contests in which he engaged have long since passed into history, that Mr. Reed possessed in the highest degree all the qualities necessary for leadership in a great representative body controlled by the party system, which is common to this country and to Great Britain.

In the first place, he was a master of parliamentary practice. He not only knew thoroughly the complicated Rules

of the House, but, what is even rarer, he was equally master of general parliamentary law and understood, as very few men do, the theory and philosophy of the system. His mind was at once acute and broad. Acuteness will make a man very effective on the countless points which arise from a complicated system of procedure; but mere acuteness is not enough to constitute a great parliamentarian. There must be in addition a knowledge of general parliamentary law and a full understanding of the fact that the system is not a haphazard collection of precedents, but that it rests upon broad principles, and aims at well-defined objects. These conditions Mr. Reed fulfilled in the highest measure, and it was his complete mastery of the whole science, as well as his intimate knowledge of the rules, which enabled him to carry through his great reform. It was essential to his success that the House should have no doubt of the fact that no one on the floor was the equal of the chair in dealing with a question of parliamentary law. It was in the chair that his powerful grasp of the subject and his immense knowledge came fully into play, for as leader of the minority he had no taste for obstruction or for making petty points which are such great temptations to the sharp but small practitioner. Yet although he did not indulge in little points himself, he fought in the minority as he did in power against any abuse of the rules, and he resented strongly any effort to achieve a partizan advantage by an improper ruling. Such efforts roused his indignation not merely from party interest, but because he could not endure violations of the general principles upon which all parliamentary law rests.

One day in a parliamentary discussion some one cited a ruling, and attributed it to Mr. Carlisle, for whose great abilities both as a lawyer and as a parliamentarian Mr. Reed, like all the rest of us, had the highest respect. Mr. Reed at once rose. "That ruling," he said, "was not made by the Speaker. When the Speaker permits such a ruling as that to be made, he yields the chair to the gentleman from Illinois. He has too much respect for the rules of this House and for parliamentary law to make such a ruling himself."

But it was as a leader in debate that Mr. Reed was at his best. He was the finest, the most effective debater that I have ever seen or heard. His readiness was most remarkable. I never saw him at a loss. He had a greater power of stating a case unanswerably in a few words than any man I have ever known. His presence of mind never failed, and I do not recall an occasion when he was obliged to explain or retreat from a position suddenly taken, a mishap which may happen to the best and most competent of leaders. With his exceptional capacity for terse, forcible, and lucid statement was joined the unrivaled power of retort for which he was famous. His mind worked with astonishing rapidity, and his natural originality of thought enabled him always to take the unexpected in an unexpected way. When he stood up, waiting for an opponent to conclude, filling the narrow aisle, with a hand on a desk on each side, with every trace of expression banished from his face, and looking as if he had not an idea and hardly heard what was being said, then he was most dangerous. Then I knew that, like Lord Thurlow, who was said, when he rose from the woolsack, to have looked like Jove when he grasped the thunder, Mr. Reed was ready to launch a bolt which would make its victim remember that day's battle with lasting regret. The House of Representatives, like the House of Commons, loves and follows the man who shows them sport, and that Mr. Reed never failed to do. Whether it was the condensed, lucid statement to which it was an intellectual pleasure to listen, or fun in which he abounded, or ridicule of which he was past master, or wit and sarcasm which cut and scarred when it fell like the lash of a whip, the House was never disappointed and was well aware of the fact. One of his retorts, so well known that it is a household word, illustrates his quickness as well as any other. Mr. Springer of Illinois was declaring with large and loud solemnity that, in the words of Henry Clay, "he had rather be right than be President." "The gentleman need not be disturbed," interjected Mr. Reed; "he never will be either." Hardly a day passed that a repartee of this kind did not fall from his lips, and they belonged to that small class of witty retorts which cannot in the nature of things have been prepared and which fly out on the spur of the moment like the sparks from an anvil.

Drawn by A. I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES IN SESSION—A WITTICISM FROM THE CHAIR

He was particularly strong in debate under the five-minute rule, which puts a debater's powers to the severest test. To make a point and an effective statement in five minutes demands much skill. Mr. Reed had himself a perfect conception both of the difficulties and opportunities of the five-minute debate. I remember his saying to my friend John Russell of my own State, a very clever and most delightful man: "Russell, you do not understand the theory of five-minute debate. The object is to convey to the House in the space of five minutes either information or misinformation. You have consumed several periods of five minutes this afternoon without doing either."

Mr. Reed was a strong partizan, as most men of vigorous natures are, in the conflicts of party he was very formidable, and his attacks upon the opposite party were severe and always pushed home. But what stirred his wrath was anything which seemed to him mean or underhand. He was a good hater and he hated shams, humbug, and pretense above everything else. If he saw these qualities in a man, he was unforgiving. There was a Democratic member conspicuous in my time who, in Mr. Reed's opinion, came within this class. He was a large, fine-looking, and distinctly able man. It was said that he was unscrupulous politically, and he was certainly a dangerous antagonist. He spoke with an affectation of great frankness and honesty, and he was very fond of the words "candor" and "candid," which gave special offense to Mr. Reed. They had many encounters, and, able as our "candid" friend was, he was always worsted. I was standing by one day when he came over and expostulated with Mr. Reed on his severity, which led only to a frank expression of Mr. Reed's opinion of him and his methods. At last this member died and in due time was eulogized in both Houses. Just after the eulogies, some friends of mine came to Washington from Boston, and I had Reed and McKinley and some others meet them at dinner. The conversation turned on the subject of the recent eulogies. Mr. Reed gave his opinion and account of the deceased member in his usual incisive way, and then said: "There are those who believe that the spirits of the departed are all about us. I trust the spirit of —— is here to-night, for I should like him to hear once more the opinion of him and his performances which I have so often expounded to him in public and private during his life."

The wit and humor were not carefully kept for public use and for display in the exigencies of debate. Mr. Reed did not lay his "good things" aside for use only in public. They came as readily and generously in private and in talk with a single friend. I remember one which illustrates the readiness that never failed, and which I will venture to repeat.

It was after a dinner-party. The conversation had turned on gambling and betting. Mr. —— said, "It is a curious thing, perhaps, but I never made a bet on a horse, a card, or anything else in my life."

To this a senator replied with great earnestness, "I wish I could say that."

"Why can't you?" asked Mr. Reed. "—— did."

There was no one Mr. Reed respected more than Mr. ——, but that could not stay the jest.

Yet it would be a great misconception of Mr. Reed to suppose that the deep humor and the quick wit for which he was famous were his chief attributes, or that they were used merely to bring laughter or to furnish a telling retort in debate or conversation. They were only two of the weapons in his large intellectual armory, and, if the most frequently used, were by no means the most important. He could truly have said with Dr. Holmes:

> While my gay stanza pleased the banquet's lords,
> My soul within was turned to deeper chords.

In addition to the power of orderly, effective, unanswerable statement of a proposition, he could make a great argument on a great subject. He rose to the heights in the denunciation of wrong or wrong-doing and in the advocacy of what he believed to be right. In his long speeches, of which he was very sparing, the humor, the sarcasm, and the wit were all present, flashing out and illuminating his subject, but they went deeper than laughter, and carried profound reflection with them. One instance will suffice. In an article about the tariff he spoke of the attraction which free trade offered because it presents a number of convenient aphorisms,

and people like to feel that they have truth in a nutshell and can take it out and look at it and think that truth is simple. "The fact is," he continued, "that half-truths are simple, but the whole truth is the most complicated thing on earth." There the epigram strikes at the root of things and conveys a profound truth.

Photograph, copyright by C. Parker

THOMAS B. REED, WHEN SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

One other instance occurs to me which shows his power of illustration as well as the capacity for epigram. We had been hearing a great deal from the free-trade side of the "survival of the fittest" and the folly of attempting to set aside the great natural law by statute. Mr. Reed referred to this in his reply and said (I quote from memory):

Gentlemen are fond of talking about "the survival of the fittest," but they never complete the sentence. It is not the abstractly fittest who survive. The sentence really is, "the survival of the fittest to survive"; that is, the fittest for a given environment. If you cast a minnow and the magnificent bull of Bashan into the Atlantic Ocean, there is no question which is the nobler organism, the abstractly fittest, but the great bull of Bashan will perish and the minnow will survive in that environment.

The fact was that Mr. Reed had a mind of remarkable originality. He not only was an eminently independent thinker and a very strong and sound one, but he thought in his own way and framed his conclusions in a manner peculiar to himself. Every fact, every occurrence, important or unimportant, common or uncommon, was returned or reflected from

his mind at an angle quite different from that of other people. A very trifling incident will illustrate my meaning. He came one day to lunch with me in the Senate restaurant. We sat down in a cramped space at a very small table. In compressing himself into the corner, he overturned a glass, and the ice which it contained fell out on the floor. He picked up the glass, and, looking at me with his quizzical expression, said: "I don't care. It is n't my ice." There was nothing of consequence in either incident or remark, but the mental process and the angle of reflection were entirely different from those of other people.

I should like to say much of Mr. Reed as a great political leader and constructive statesman outside of Congress, as well as in the House. I should like especially to say something of him when he was a candidate for the Presidency. I supported him as strongly as I could, and had the honor of presenting his name to the convention at St. Louis. I was familiar with all the incidents of his candidacy, and I know how he declined to promise offices from the cabinet down or to spend money to secure Southern delegates. He lost the nomination, but he kept his honor pure and his high conception of public duty unstained and unimpaired. Unfortunately, the limits of space compel me to confine myself to this attempt to give an impression of him simply as the parliamentary chief, the leader and Speaker of the House, where his greatest fame was won. Yet I cannot close without a word about him as a man. He was many-sided; a great reader, deeply versed in English literature, and also in the literature of France, especially old France, upon which he used to work at night with a teacher in the busiest times of an exciting session. He was a lover of art and natural scenery and knew much of both. He liked to travel both at home and abroad, wandering about in cities and watching the people, for he was a close observer and always learning. No more agreeable companion ever lived. Like Dr. Johnson, he loved to sit and have his talk out, and no one was ever better to listen to or a better listener, for his sympathies were wide, his interests unlimited, and nothing human was alien to him. With the friends he cared for, and he was himself the most loyal of friends, he would sit or walk by the hour, talking of everything; and the talk was always fresh, keen, and suggestive, and the great, hearty, contagious laugh would come at intervals and carry every one with it.

To those who knew him best and loved him most it is sad to write of him as a figure in history, sadder still to think that the great nature, the wit, the humor, the sympathy, the deep laughter, the honest indignation, are now only memories.

COURAGE

BY OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

THE gray trees are bare;
(Oh, the flush in the skies!)
Winter 's in the hair;
(Oh, the spring in the eyes!)

The wind runs a-cold;
(Oh, the fire in the west!)
Love is growing old;
(Ah, the bud on her breast!)

Life numbers its year;
(Oh, soul without day!)
Come, Heart, we will wear
Our youth all the way.

HOW AMERICA GOT INTO MANCHURIA[1]

("THE TRADE OF THE WORLD" PAPERS)

INSIDE HISTORY OF AMERICA'S DIPLOMATIC FIGHT FOR THE OPEN DOOR AND EQUALITY OF TRADE

BY FREDERICK McCORMICK

IN her struggle with the powers, China finds them alined in two groups that divide China proper and Manchuria between them. Of the great powers with which she has had to contend most, Great Britain, France, and Germany are of the first group, while Russia and Japan, supported by their allies, form the second. On the basis of an understanding with France and Great Britain respectively that Russia and Japan shall be left unmolested in Manchuria, they pursue a negative policy in China proper.

China has been undisturbed in China proper since America's entry into its finance and development and the extension there of the common interest of all. Foreign danger to China has culminated in Manchuria because of the special rights claimed there by Russia and Japan, rendered invincible through respective alliances with France and Great Britain to protect those rights. The Manchurian allies therefore embrace Japan and Great Britain, Russia and France. They are the real obstacles to the principles to which America is committed in eastern Asia, and America is in conflict with them all.

The gravity of this situation, which for two or three years the press of the whole world has been almost madly trying to express, is due to the conflict of these special rights with the treaty rights of other nations. It is well known that China, in her treaties with all nations, has granted to each all the rights enjoyed by any one. But Japan and Russia say in effect: "The blood and bodies of our men are in this soil, and here, therefore, we have special rights, the tenures of which are secured by war. If you do not accept this claim, bring on your guns." America has never accepted it, and in 1909, after her seventy years of disinterested intercourse with China, this situation, with its complications, caused the American Government to take final steps for its solution.

PLAN OF STATE

BEFORE the diplomacy of the Hu-kuang loan was finished, aware that the principles of the open door and the integrity of China would owe their survival to the outcome in Manchuria, the American Government had under way, for the solution of that perhaps insoluble problem, what is diplomatically called a "plan of state," of which the invasion of the Hukuang loan was the beginning. January 6, 1910, Mr. Knox, Secretary of State, made the only reference to it yet given to the public, and he understated its importance in the following simple words: "The action of the Government in respect to the pending [Hu-kuang] loan was but the first step in a new phase of the traditional policy of the United States in China and with special reference to Manchuria." As will be shown, the second step was in Manchuria, and it was the most ambitious diplomatic project ever promoted by America in eastern Asia.

[1] See also in the January number "How America Got Into China," by the same writer.

Only events of which the world does not know explain this effort to solve the Manchurian question. America, through her treaties with China, and her agreements with the nations regarding the principles of her policy in China, was intimately connected with the Manchurian question before the Russo-Japanese War of 1904–05, and in 1909 found the basis of a "plan of state" in events connected with the Treaty of Peace signed at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1905. If not through President Roosevelt's mediation between Russia and Japan, America became involved in that question through an accessory secret financial agreement with Japan growing out of the greatest obstacle to peace, the indemnity question.

It has not been guessed that economic arrangements with American financiers facilitated the signature of peace on September 5. In August, 1905, when the peace negotiations came to a standstill in Portsmouth over the question of indemnity for Japan, President Roosevelt approached the Czar of Russia and secured from His Majesty the terms of Russia's ultimate concessions to Japan's peace demands. As is well known, they did not contain a money indemnity, and they narrowed down the difference between the belligerent nations to that of money alone. Marquis Ito perceived the trend of this diplomacy as well as did Baron Komura, Japan's envoy at Portsmouth. They knew that Japan could not decline peace before the world and continue the war for money only, and Marquis Ito, through Baron (now Viscount) Kaneko (Ito, represented by Kaneko, and President Roosevelt were moving spirits of the peace negotiations), had brought powerful sympathetic pressure to bear upon President Roosevelt on account of Japan's financial distress and the prospect of financial ruin that confronted her. Finally, to show the importance of the question of money in the conference, Ito, having given up the hope of indemnity, was contending that Russia should redeem Saghalin for $7,000,000. Besides Saghalin, there was only one other negotiable asset of the war—the railway taken from Russia.

AMERICAN FINANCE

WHEN Ito surrendered the hope of the conversion of Saghalin into cash, his resources were not exhausted. Before that moment an American closely associated with financiers who had coöperated in floating Japan's war loans was en route to Japan. August 31, 1905, Edward H. Harriman landed at Yokohama and proceeded by train to Tokio. In the first days of September he visited Marquis Ito, chief elder statesman and principal adviser to His Majesty the Emperor of Japan, and there was afterward signed, in October, a memorandum agreement for American lease and operation of the Russian railway in southern Manchuria which afterward became the South Manchurian Railway. September 5, 1905, the peace was signed at Portsmouth while Mr. Harriman was being received in audience by the Emperor of Japan and banqueted in Tokio by Baron Sone, Minister of State for Finance. In the light of Japan's subsequent hostility to America's plans in Manchuria, it can hardly be believed that this took place; yet it is a fact.

Mr. Harriman's errand was consummately masked in eastern Asia by the visit of Mr. Taft, then Secretary of War, to southern China, and that of the President's daughter Miss Alice Roosevelt, now Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, in the interior approaching Peking. What could be more diverting for a great but beaten statesman like Ito, or for a diplomat like President Roosevelt, who was turning bayonets into pruning-hooks and swords into plowshares, than a Secretary of War snubbed by a bumptious Chinese small official at Canton or more absorbing to men and governments alike than the daily adventures of the President's daughter? With such circumstances to distract attention, what more could diplomacy desire?

This remarkable agreement lies unnoted by the world and by every writer on the subject of the Portsmouth Treaty and of America's startling and unprecedented foreign diplomacy of 1909 in eastern Asia, which was largely based upon that agreement. Its importance has been greater in America's diplomacy than it was in the peace to which it contributed.

Following this agreement and the signing of peace, the greatest problems of political, industrial, and social progress for China developed in Manchuria. In the north she had to deal for the time only with Russia's passive policy; but in the

south was Japan, not only active, but aggressive, in promoting development of every kind, quickly forcing Russia as a matter of course to follow in her political, if not in her commercial, footsteps, and involving Great Britain and France. In this way came to the front many questions affecting boundaries, natural resources, trade, and especially railways and jurisdiction.

CHINA'S FOREIGN POLICY

CHINA'S statesmen perceived that the main issue in all this was China's sovereignty and integrity, and she prepared to institute the only consistent dealing with nations resembling a foreign policy which she has ever had. The line which she followed was dictated by her situation and problem in Manchuria. In 1905, at the end of the war, the northern terminus of her own railways was at Sin-min-thun, to the west of Mukden. April 15, 1907, Japan sold to China a military railway used during the war, thirty-five miles long, connecting these two places. This was in fulfilment of the terms of the convention negotiated at Peking by Prince Ching and Mr. Komura, December 22, 1905, to adjust the relations between China and Japan in Manchuria after the war. In the minutes of this convention is a reservation by Japan, binding China not to construct any competing line parallel with the railways of Manchuria that Japan had acquired from Russia by war, as well as the reservation of Japan's right to be consulted regarding new railways there.

China's commissioners to negotiate this convention with Mr. Komura included, among others, Yuan Shih-kai, assisted by Hsu Shih-chang and Tong Shao-yi, who had been a student at Columbia University, New York. The Manchurian Government was remodeled, and a new administration inaugurated in 1907. Hsu Shih-chang soon became a viceroy. Tong Shao-yi became governor at Mukden, and it was in this capacity that he negotiated the purchase of the railway to bring China's terminus to Mukden, and again pledged China to Japan's reservations.

Tong Shao-yi understood perhaps better than any Chinese official the importance of railways built and controlled by China in Manchuria as an offset or foil to the foreign railways existing there, which he saw were ultimately to control commerce and trade, if not administration. If China hoped to compete with Japan in the development of communications and to save a share of railway power in Manchuria, a strong policy in opposition to Japan and Russia must be adopted, and means taken to determine two things: first, the meaning of the Japanese terms of reservation and, second, the temper of Japan, who had begun to lay stress upon the fact that as a result of a great and costly war she had expended much blood and treasure for what she now held to be the few advantages she had in Manchuria. China, in other words, was face to face with the problem of testing Japan as a means of finding out what she herself could or could not do in her own provinces of Manchuria.

THE FIRST STEP

CHINA took bold action. Tong Shao-yi, with the coöperation of the viceroy, and apparently contrary to covenant, arranged with a British syndicate, Pauling & Company, for an extension of the Sin-min-thun Railway northward to Fa-ku-men, and this arrangement was sanctioned by the throne in Peking. By an oversight in the British legation in Peking, British interests were thus allowed to appear as the antagonists of Japan, and this the British Government had to repudiate to avoid international clashing. But the fat was in the fire.

Japan learned of China's action through the inadvertence of a small Chinese official in Tientsin, complained of unfairness, and formally protested to China against the construction of the line, on the ground that it was in proximity to the South Manchurian Railway and parallel to it, and therefore competitive. This position was supported by Japan's ally, Great Britain, who declared that the British contractors must satisfy Japan's objections. A portion of the British press attacked Sir Edward Grey, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the Government's Japanese policy in Manchuria, and the Anglo-Japanese Alliance itself, but failed in any way to alter the situation. China proved by this experiment that she could not build a railway within thirty-five miles of the South Manchurian Railway.

In her contentions with Japan, China

endeavored to get an authoritative statement from her neighbor defining some limit of the zone of Japan's railways in Manchuria beyond which China could build railways. In this she failed, although Japan laid down several plans for coöperation with Pauling & Company, but always with the object of making all railway construction part of her own system and contributory to it. China thereby learned that Japan expected to control all railway construction in southern Manchuria.

THE SECOND STEP

BEATEN, but undismayed, Tong Shao-yi began the second step in China's foreign policy. The Manchurian Administration at Mukden, the Peking Government approving, turned to the United States for help. It needed large sums of money for governmental and industrial purposes and for railways. The Administration decided to borrow at least thirty-five million dollars of American money, and with it to introduce American influence into Manchuria.

When this had been decided, but unconnected with it, the American Government restored to China a large part of its share of the Boxer indemnity, a sum almost sufficient to meet the requirements of the Manchurian Administration for administrative uses, and Tong Shao-yi endeavored to get it assigned for such use. It will be remembered that this money was largely to be set aside for the education of Chinese students in America, and the expenditure of it to be regulated jointly by America and China. A similar arrangement for its expenditure in Manchuria would have involved America physically in Manchurian affairs, and would have been a good diplomatic achievement for the Manchurian Administration. The suggestion, made in Peking, was unwelcome to the American Government, and a sharp passage-at-arms occurred. Mr. Rockhill, the American minister, regarded it as a mischievous, if not a dangerous, scheme for enlisting American aid. America avoided this complication, and it failed.

THE THIRD STEP

THIS, however, was only one of the many plans of Mr. Tong and his associates, among whom were Liang Tun-yen, and behind all Yuan Shih-kai. Seeing that he could not get the indemnity money assigned to use in Manchuria, under the guise of a special commissioner to Washington appointed formally to thank America for restoring it, he determined to revive some embryo American projects with respect to Manchuria (such as the Harriman scheme), and to institute new ones in the interest of both Manchuria and the Empire.

In its inception this was the whole object of Tong Shao-yi's mission, though it was accredited to Europe as well as to America.[1] In June, 1908, Mr. Tong resigned his office of Governor at Mukden. With imperial approval of his scheme and with a commission to thank America, with a spending allowance of perhaps two hundred and eighty thousand dollars, and with many valuable gifts from the Manchu ancestral palace at Mukden and elsewhere, he set out for Washington. Before he left Peking, its European opponents and detractors, the Manchurian allies, declared the mission, the object of which was apprehended, to be a political mistake, and its failure to be a foregone conclusion. Its fate seemed to justify their worst prophesies. It failed from a combination of circumstances so amazing that Machiavelli himself could not have foreseen them.

The unpublished story of this disaster to China's first attempt at a foreign policy is as follows: On the arrival of Tong Shao-yi on American soil, November 22, 1908, Japan took occasion to arrange with America the Root-Takahira Agreement, a measure intended to prevent misunderstandings about Manchuria. The strain between the two peoples of Japan and America had become so great that a pledge of mutual confidence between the two governments seemed desirable, and the approaching opening up of new relations between China and America furnished both nations with the desirable opportunity. The news of the consummation of this object was telegraphed by the Japanese from Honolulu to eastern Asia ten days in advance of its actual conclusion, November 30, 1908, causing a great shock to China and deranging America's diplomacy. In the Grand Council in Peking an inquiry

[1] The loan to China of $50,000,000 by the American banking group, signed at Peking October 27, 1910, a part of which is for industrial development in Manchuria, is the sequel of Tong-Shao-yi's mission.

was made into the basis of Tong Shao-yi's mission. The active head of the Chinese Foreign Office stated that the signing of the Root-Takahira Agreement at such a time was a rebuff to China and complained bitterly of it as an unfriendly act on the part of America. "Why," he inquired, "could not America have waited until after Tong Shao-yi's arrival?" The State Department cabled in haste to Peking to explain that the agreement was an additional surety of China's rights in Manchuria. The explanation was never so accepted by China. Yuan Shih-kai, who was sponsor for the mission, had many enemies at court, and was now finally discredited and later was dismissed. In the meantime the Empress-Dowager and Emperor died, furnishing the occasion for Tong Shao-yi's recall. America made a strenuous effort to save Yuan Shih-kai, enlisting Great Britain in the attempt, but failed. Tong retired, and for a year and a half remained in seclusion, so humiliated that he refused to see visitors, including Americans. Arrangements had already been drafted for the enlistment of American capital in Manchuria, and he would have succeeded but for the Root-Takahira Agreement. The "god of heaven," who had long dwelt with the Japanese infantry, seemed to China to have set his seal upon the banners of the Japanese diplomats.

IT now seemed to devolve upon America to take the initiative. After the war, the prestige of the so-called "war party" in Japan made it impossible that the provisions of the Ito-Harriman Agreement could ever be carried out. Had they been, the whole course of the Manchurian question would have been different and might have been solved. So far as China's plans were concerned, the possibility of retrieving this lost chance to neutralize the Japanese railway was forever gone. The American Government realized this as well as China. But the definite possibility remained to China of neutralizing foreign railways already in Manchuria by the creation of others with American capital. This was a time of vast conceptions, inspired by President Taft, and by the great ideas left by Mr. Harriman.[1] These ideas were shared by powerful American statesmen and financiers. As will be seen, the American Government did not for a moment forget the Ito-Harriman Agreement, signed in good faith by Japan.

AMERICAN ACTION

WITH the dawn of 1909, American action opened in China proper. The plan of the American Government, which had been developing through these complications and by the formation of China's larger policy, was now worked out. The attention of the world was focused on the fight over the two railway loans in China proper, and all Manchurian schemes were in abeyance during the whole summer of 1909.[2] In October, America took the initiative and proceeded to enter Manchuria in a physical capacity, as she had entered China proper. As in China proper, so in Manchuria, she employed the vehicle of a railway agreement. And precisely again, as was the case in China proper, she had in Manchuria only one such diplomatic asset with which to begin. This was an agreement of August 11, 1908, given by the Mukden Government to the American Consul-General Mr. Straight, providing for the use of American capital in the building of a railway extension from Tsi-tsihar to Aigun.

After the Hu-kuang loan, contentions had reached a state of deadlock, and when the attention of the powers was still obsorbed by them the American banking group, joining its rights by the Tsi-tsihar-Aigun Agreement with those of the British contractors Pauling & Company, suddenly signed with them, and with Hsi Liang, the new Viceroy of Manchuria, at Mukden on October 2, 1909, a preliminary contract for a railway system, extending from Kinchou, near the Great Wall of China, to Aigun, on the Amur River. America was to furnish the money. This contract carried further forward America's diplomatic basis for interference in Manchuria.

For ten years the Government at Peking had considered every possibility of continuing northward the railway outside the Great Wall, finished to Hsin-min-tun in 1902, which this scheme now solved.

[1] Mr. Harriman had worked out a complete scheme for a belt-line of the world.

[2] See the article "How America Got Into China," in THE CENTURY for January, 1911.

When the American banking group interested itself, the ground was all prepared. Na Tung, the chief Minister of Foreign Affairs for China, when approached, said significantly:

"Of course I can do nothing in the matter. Hsu Shih-chang, the Minister of Communications, is the one to see first."

This reply conveyed the precise intelligence that China wished the matter followed up.

When Hsu Shih-chang, who had been called from Mukden to Peking, was approached, he made precisely the same reply, and referred the agent of the American banking group to the Viceroy of Manchuria, Hsi Liang, who, he said, was the one to take action, since he was the only official who could bring the matter to the attention of the throne.

Within three days the contract was signed at Mukden. Hsi Liang, not to appear too eager, made a counter-proposal to the terms offered by the American banking group and Pauling & Company, and held the negotiations up a whole day. He twice sent deputies to the agent of the American group after submitting his counter-proposal, and complained that his terms must be accepted, because he had telegraphed to Peking notifying the Government that he had signed them. If the American agent did not agree immediately, he would forfeit his office. The American agent retorted that as the viceroy had changed the only conditions which the American agent had authority to sign, he could not sign. Moreover, he had himself telegraphed to America his intention to sign that very day and was in precisely the same predicament as the viceroy: he, too, would forfeit his place if he did not sign. A compromise was reached by which both sides saved their positions and "saved face."

RETALIATION BY THE POWERS

THIS is one of the best examples of the absurdity of Chinese indirectness. The Japanese had already once balked this enterprise. The urgency of the matter, due to the necessity of signing before the opponents of China's policy could interfere, could not, despite absolute orders from Peking, deter Hsi Liang from haggling.

The avidity with which China accepted American and British aid in her long-cherished scheme for a northern railway confirms the anxiety of her rulers and the acute Japanese and Russian pressure with which she is invested in Manchuria.

The project nearly doubled in importance that of the Hu-kuang loan. It became the most ambitious enterprise of industrial China. Its political importance may only be guessed from the political retaliation provoked from Russia, Japan, France, and Great Britain. All the great powers—Japan and Russia and their respective allies—whom America had not provoked in China proper were now challenged in Manchuria. In addition to the high personnel that she had opposed in the Hu-kuang loan fight, America now saw enrolled among her antagonists such world figures as M. Izwolsky, the foremost diplomat of Russia and the embattled minister of Russia's maligned and disparaged Foreign Office; M. Kokovtseff, who, as Minister of Finance, was a more powerful officer of state than Izwolsky; M. Korostovetz, Russian minister at Peking and the intrepid scout of Russia's new eastern empire; Prince Ito, perhaps the greatest Oriental since Confucius or Genghis; Marquis Katsura, the Premier and head of the "War Party" in Japan; Count Komura, Minister of Foreign Affairs and the genius of the "Greater Japan"; and M. Ijuin, the consul and clever Japanese minister in Peking. The Manchurian action of the American Government engaged all the great powers, even Germany, though she had less at stake than the others.

The Kin-chau-Aigun Railway was recognized by these powers and their statesmen as an alternative scheme to that of the Hsin-min-tun-Fa-ku-men project. It had been promoted by Pauling & Company, and the region of the line had been surveyed by them. Whereas the Hsin-min-tun-Fa-ku-men project had provoked only Japan, this assailed all the Manchurian allies. Russia and Japan almost sprang together, acting in unison. On October 12, 1909, M. Ijuin, the Japanese minister, formally notified China that while not intending to obstruct her plans, Japan would yet maintain her right to be consulted regarding projected railways in the region of Japan's railways in Manchuria. While not claiming the right to veto this railway, Japan reserved her decision regarding subsequent action, a dip-

lomatic warning. In this way she stepped aside to allow Russia to come forward.

Russia followed with similar representations regarding the Russian sphere of Manchuria and Russian frontier interests, complaining that China had not consulted Russia in the matter. The final blows of this trip-hammer-like opposition were felt by staggering China when the respective allies of these powers, Great Britain and France, sent their representatives in February to make "friendly" representations "advising" China not to proceed with the Kin-chau-Aigun Railway without considering the wishes of Russia and Japan.

Japan, who was only resting on her ever-ready arms, was instantly on her feet and in the arena. Ito, now a prince, had officially forgotten the agreement with Mr. Harriman and had become as faithful a servant of Japanese expansion as he had been a loyal opponent of it. Simultaneously with the signature of the Kin-chau-Aigun contract he became the Imperial Government's envoy to meet M. Kokovtseff, Russian Minister of Finance, at Harbin. However, the object of his mission, to cement the common interests of the two nations, was for a time defeated by his tragic death. October 26, 1909, he was murdered by a Korean assassin on his arrival at the Harbin railway station, and a gruesome note was thus struck by that strange race, the Koreans, who were themselves darkly opposing Japanese advance on the continent.

Japan, Russia, Great Britain, and France had now placed themselves against the joint Chinese, American, and British enterprise, and China, overawed, was looking for some miraculous escape from what she considered a dilemma.

AMERICA'S PLAN TO NEUTRALIZE THE MANCHURIAN RAILWAYS

SOME time before, however, the American Government, which could not have been unaware of at least some of the obstacles which the American banking group would encounter in this project, had delivered the chief stroke of its diplomatic plan. The preliminary agreement for the Kin-chau-Aigun Railway was signed at Mukden, October 2, 1909, and officially remained a secret. Just before Christmas day, 1909, the American Government, on the basis of the Ito-Harriman Agreement, the Kin-chau-Aigun contract, etc., formally proposed to the great powers the neutralization of all Manchurian railways by purchase and restoration to China, the purchase to be carried out by a loan by the powers. This grand conclusion of America's plan contemplated the largest financial transaction in China since the levying of the Boxer indemnity of $334,000,000. It was the largest political proposal in eastern Asia since Japan's reduction of Russia's eastern empire. It more or less defined the whole idea of the American Government as to what was necessary in order to perpetuate the open door and the integrity of China, to which the powers themselves had subscribed. It met China's struggling foreign policy, and completed Secretary Knox's "plan of state." As he said, January 6, 1910, "The proposition of the United States to the interested powers looking to the neutralization of the Manchurian railroads discloses the end toward which American policy in the Far East has been recently directed."

The effect of this proposal was to show clearly, what had been obscure before, namely, the magnitude of the opposition and antagonism to the principles to which America is committed in eastern Asia, and upon which depends the welfare of American interests in China.

The proposal became public January 5, 1910. The governments to whom it was addressed then replied. Great Britain, France, and Germany agreed with the proposal in principle, but intimated that political and other obstacles must be taken into consideration before aid could be rendered to make it effective.

OPPOSITION

TO the American Government perhaps the most disappointing, if not surprising, action came from London. The British Government not only refused to join in promoting the neutralization plan, but later refused to support China in sanctioning the Kin-chau-Aigun Railway contract. On the contrary, it was opposed. Sir Edward Grey, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, when appealed to in behalf of these efforts in the interest of the open door, to which his country was pledged, said regretfully, "I can do nothing."

TOPICS OF THE TIME

NEW POLITICS IN OLD BOTTLES

JOHN BRIGHT once declared it to be the duty of a statesman to endeavor to "make the past slide easily into the future." The sentiment is one that might well be laid to heart by our public men in a time of political transition like the present. Men speak of the changes, current and to come, as party changes, and in one sense such they are. In several States the party that has long been out of office now has the responsibility of a term of power. The party control of the House of Representatives has been changed for the first time in sixteen years. All this looks like a sharp break with the past, and at first the partizan aspect of it is thought of as the main thing. But, after all, parties are only the expression of the thoughts and wishes of the people, and it is in the public opinion which changes before parties change that we find the really significant forces which make for the disappearance of one set of ideas and the emergence of another. To render the passage from one to the other easy and reassuring is, Mr. Bright said, the statesman's task.

It may be objected that all political life is transition. No nation stands still or can do so. It is true that the watchword of ultra-conservatives has at times appeared to be that of Alison, the Tory historian, not too extravagantly burlesqued in the paraphrase: "Don't move; do nothing; and in everything consult your grandmother." But the attitude of stubborn resistance to change merely because it is change never is long persisted in, because it never long succeeds. Between those who would "let nothing alone" and those who would allow no alteration whatever there exists in every democracy a great middle body of opinion which believes in cautious progress. It would go heartily with Burke in praising those men in public life who, with the "disposition to conserve," have also the "ability to improve."

A mere transfer of the work of administration from one party to another may not deeply signify. Yet there have been times when it would have been momentous. There was a period in 1864 when the military outlook was so dark and the political so forbidding that Lincoln became persuaded that, as he expressed it in a secret memorandum, "this Administration will not be elected." In that event, his resolve was to do everything possible, in the interval between the election and the inauguration of a new President, to save the Union,—working in conjunction with the opposing Presidential candidate, McClellan, if that could be brought about, —since he feared that afterward the preservation of the Union would be impossible. The end thus proposed to himself by Lincoln might not have been attainable, but in his prescient contemplation of it he illustrated the lofty spirit of patriotism that ought always to dignify a political crisis: that is to say, he seized upon the thing that was public-spirited instead of what was merely partizan, and was willing that his party should meet with a check, or even be destroyed, provided that the country did not perish. It is given to few men in public life to rise to Lincoln's height, but at least they may imitate him afar off. When called upon in either nation or State to turn over the reins of power to leaders of another party, they may act so that the common good may be safeguarded and even enlarged. In that way, a time of political transition may serve to emphasize the temporary nature of party as compared with the permanent demands of government.

And even if we think of the forms and offices of government, they must seem of less account than the temper and attitude of the people. Only as the latter change is there a political transition that really counts. It was said of an English statesman that he lost office, but continued to hold power. His political ideas, that is, compelled acceptance at the hands of his successor. We might easily vary the old

America in seeking the neutralization of their railways by restoration to China. They noted that the preliminary contract for the Kin-chau-Aigun Railway, which was America's claim to railway interests which she had to offer in the scheme of neutralization, was a provisional and unratified document. This was true; it had never been ratified by the throne at Peking, and without ratification, such agreements in China have never been held to be valid. An embarrassing discovery was thus made.

As a matter of fact, the American Government had been misinformed. It was under the impression, when the Knox proposal was made, that the provisional contract had been ratified by the Chinese Government. The Manchurian allies had marshaled their whole opposition to prevent China carrying the Kin-chau-Aigun plan further. Great Britain, endeavoring to restrain Pauling & Company, opposed its ratification on her own behalf and that of Japan, and for the quietude of Manchuria at all costs. The whole burden of the Government's "plan of state" now bore upon this point, the responsibility of overcoming this opposition devolving upon Mr. Fletcher, the American Secretary at Peking, who had carried through the Peking end of the Hu-kuang loan diplomacy by which America had got into China proper. China had acquiesced in America's plans, but now that they had been repulsed, China was unwilling further to risk displeasure from the powerful Manchurian allies. Mr. Fletcher, however, convinced China that imperial sanction to the Kin-chau-Aigun contract was as necessary to China's integrity and dignity in the matter as to America's position, and January 21, 1910, despite nearly invincible discouragements of the Manchurian allies, China issued the necessary rescript of ratification. Thus America was saved from an awkward, not to say humiliating, position.

January 22, 1910, upon the heels of the rescript, and in accordance with representations previously made by both Japan and Russia, these two powers formally rejected the Knox proposal. But this action had no power to affect the closing position of either side. The Knox proposal was rejected, but America had got into Manchuria.

EPOCH-MAKING RESULTS

To sum up: American diplomacy, promoted by President Taft and directed by Secretary Knox, achieved these epoch-making results:

First: the effects of the invasion of the Hu-kuang loan by America freed France from the obligations of a financial agreement of 1903 with Great Britain whereby her participation in enterprises in the Yang-tse valley, Great Britain's sphere, was a concession from Great Britain in return for participation in the French sphere, and made her an independent competitor. France, Germany, and America were established in the Yang-tse valley and throughout China proper on the basis of equal opportunity. German, Russian, Japanese, and all other competition was legitimatized.

Second: America's plan of state secured for America a commercial and political position in Manchuria on the basis of physical interests similar to that obtained in China proper.

Third: it confirmed in the minds of the rulers in Peking China's infant foreign policy, which owed its initiative to American policy in eastern Asia.

Fourth: it discovered the true positions of Japan and Russia in Manchuria, and to an extent uncovered their plans so [illegible] the world knows where the Manchu[illegible]ies and all the other powers stand[illegible]

Fifth: it gave foreign a[illegible]heir largest sense to the Ameri[illegible]

America and China a[illegible]d gether, first, by comm[illegible] the necessity to Ch[illegible] integrity of terri[illegible] and freedom of [illegible] to the promotion[illegible] mitted; and, s[illegible] rewards and [illegible] ting China' [illegible] macy. T[illegible] Hu-kuan[illegible] the K[illegible] Ame[illegible] It [illegible] t[illegible]

TOPICS OF THE TIME

NEW POLITICS IN OLD BOTTLES

JOHN BRIGHT once declared it to be the duty of a statesman to endeavor to "make the past slide easily into the future." The sentiment is one that might well be laid to heart by our public men in a time of political transition like the present. Men speak of the changes, current and to come, as party changes, and in one sense such they are. In several States the party that has long been out of office now has the responsibility of a term of power. The party control of the House of Representatives has been changed for the first time in sixteen years. All this looks like a sharp break with the past, and at first the partizan aspect of it is thought of as the main thing. But, after all, parties are only the expression of the thoughts and wishes of the people, and it is in the public opinion which changes before parties change that we find the really significant forces which make for the disappearance of one set of ideas and the emergence of another. To render the passage from one to the other easy and reassuring is, Mr. Bright said, the statesman's task.

It may be objected that all political life is transition. No nation stands still or can do so. It is true that the watchword of ultra-conservatives has at times appeared to be that of Alison, the Tory historian, not too extravagantly burlesqued in the paraphrase: "Don't move; do nothing; and in everything consult your grandmother." But the attitude of stubborn resistance to change merely because it is change never is long persisted in, because it never long succeeds. Between those who would "let nothing alone" and those who would allow no alteration whatever there exists in every democracy a great middle body of opinion which believes in cautious progress. It would go heartily with Burke in praising those men in public life who, with the "disposition to conserve," have also the "ability to improve."

A mere transfer of the work of administration from one party to another may not deeply signify. Yet there have been times when it would have been momentous. There was a period in 1864 when the military outlook was so dark and the political so forbidding that Lincoln became persuaded that, as he expressed it in a secret memorandum, "this Administration will not be elected." In that event, his resolve was to do everything possible, in the interval between the election and the inauguration of a new President, to save the Union,—working in conjunction with the opposing Presidential candidate, McClellan, if that could be brought about, —since he feared that afterward the preservation of the Union would be impossible. The end thus proposed to himself by Lincoln might not have been attainable, but in his prescient contemplation of it he illustrated the lofty spirit of patriotism that ought always to dignify a political crisis: that is to say, he seized upon the thing that was public-spirited instead of what was merely partizan, and was willing that his party should meet with a check, or even be destroyed, provided that the country did not perish. It is given to few men in public life to rise to Lincoln's height, but at least they may imitate him afar off. When called upon in either nation or State to turn over the reins of power to leaders of another party, they may act so that the common good may be safeguarded and even enlarged. In that way, a time of political transition may serve to emphasize the temporary nature of party as compared with the permanent demands of government.

And even if we think of the forms and offices of government, they must seem of less account than the temper and attitude of the people. Only as the latter change is there a political transition that really counts. It was said of an English statesman that he lost office, but continued to hold power. His political ideas, that is, compelled acceptance at the hands of his successor. We might easily vary the old

saying of Fletcher of Saltoun about the ballads and the laws of a nation, and make it read: "Let who will hold the offices of a democracy, provided I may furnish its political ideals and driving forces." In the latter, so far as the United States is concerned, there has been a slowly accumulating change of which we seem now in a fair way to reap the results, no matter what party may be in the ascendant, or what leader in charge. The new ways of looking at certain things—at corporations, for example, and the national guarding of forest and mine and water-power—have come to us only after much turmoil and by dint of years of agitation. It took outcry and explosion to fasten the mind of the people upon them. But they have come to stay, and the policies which are wrapped up in them may be executed in a quieter spirit. If the nation is steady enough and patient enough, it may, under whatever party guidance, pass without shock or serious jar from the fiery forging of new tools to their peaceful and productive use in patriotic husbandry.

LAWLESSNESS IN SUPPORT OF A CAUSE

IT cannot have escaped the student of social conditions of America and Europe that there has been of late a remarkable widening of the area of lawlessness. The appeal through reason to the justice of one's cause is giving way in many directions to the contagion of violence. The sinister significance of these facts may well enlist the attention of educators, moralists, and statesmen and also arouse the average citizen to the fact that it is he, in the main, innocent though he is, who is the sufferer from the new tendencies.

In recent months intelligent women, having at heart the cause of winning for their sex actual participation in the making and administration of laws, have mobbed members of the English cabinet and committed other acts of lawlessness which seem to prove that woman's suffrage offers no guarantee of greater peace in the world or of larger respect for the main essential of public security.

In staid Canada a mass-meeting, called to protest against the management of Toronto street-car lines, on adjourning, reconvened in part, at least, as a mob bent on immediate punishment. The employees of the companies were not wilfully injured, but much property was destroyed, and the public rights were trampled upon with a zeal approaching the destructiveness of the recent strike riots in Columbus and Philadelphia. There is a probability that the lawless elements in the one case were exactly similar to those in the other two instances, and working for causes differing only in watchwords. But the spectacle of a mass-meeting called to protect the public interest ending in a wild riot presents disquieting features of the spirit of the time.

At both our military and naval academies, rightfully honored for fidelity and manliness, the strike of "silence" has been invoked to express general dislike for some officer in authority. This petty lawlessness was easily suppressed, but differed in degree and not in quality from the mutinous acts of the Brazilian sailors who recently turned the guns of their ships on their capital.

The idea of advancing a cause by this novel form of insubordination appealed also to the chorus of the Vienna opera-house, who, having grievances connected with wages, invoked the strike of "silence" while massed on the stage in costume. The spectacle of a conductor waving furiously at a dumb chorus might be an effective humorous incident in a play, but the management decided that it was unsuited to artistic discipline, and for the time, at least, dispensed with the chorus.

Following the strike of express drivers in New York, which abounded in criminal acts more than disgraceful to the second largest community in the world, school-boys in Jersey City established an imitative strike against their teachers for a cause that seemed dear to them, and proceeded to break the heads of boys who were disinclined to join them. The methods of these youngsters were of the most violent labor-strike pattern, and even of superior manliness, as there was no pretense that "outsiders and unthinking sympathizers" were doing the work for them.

Indeed, one must look to the cause of union labor for the main proof that lawlessness is a growing and approved means of propaganda. In these cases the cause has been advanced to the point of complete

reversal of the principle of equal freedom to labor. Lawlessness is directed by a class at their own kind, and even murder is treated as a natural incident. In December last, when the two months' old strike in Berlin was being threshed out in legislative halls, socialist members lashed themselves into fury over the so-called arbitrary conduct of the police in dealing with riots in which men who wanted to work were assaulted and their blood actually shed in the public streets. After a long series of destructive strikes in Spain, where the cause of "uplift" has been blended with the rainbow promises of socialism, thousands of men who have wanted to work according to their own free will have given up in despair and are emigrating in numbers depressing to Spanish industry.

In the New York express and taxicab strikes of October and November, "Unionism," as a cause, and also as a monopoly, was advanced to the position of first importance. The acts committed in its name proved either the helplessness or the indifference of the police, the most expensive and easily the finest-looking body of defenders of law and order in the world. To be sure, the problem they had to deal with is obviously so difficult that the mildest criticism may be unjust; but the facts remain that certain kinds of trade and traffic were almost paralyzed for a whole month; that women, making social calls, would suddenly find themselves in the midst of a wild mob where shots were fired; that the main avenues were the courses of sudden gangs pursuing wagons, as stags are chased by ruthless hunters; that a young man on his way to the country, with a fowling-piece in a leather case, was stabbed to death under the assumption that he was a strike-breaker; and that cabs went about the city with union placards as a guarantee that a vehicle had the privilege of the public streets without threat of injury or death! Surely the portent of facts like these is misunderstood by the average citizen, or the modern community has become so confused by the blending of a profession of good motives with the practice of methods that are subversive and tyrannous as to be impotent for its own protection.

Nor do the union leaders understand the portent of such facts. They disavow responsibility for them, but do not, either before or after, raise their voices against them; and they often extend aid to those apprehended in lawlessness. By denying the right to labor except under their auspices, they demolish the whole compact of freedom; but with a force that the union leaders do not measure, such lawlessness serves as a bugle-call to the country to save itself from creeping anarchy.

The average cause, new or old, has grown to be so sacred in the minds of people who are overstimulated and befogged by sensational newspapers which every twenty-four hours deluge them with the half-considered aspirations and the artificial troubles of the whole world, that the causes gain the appearance of being of greater importance than the foundations of society. The shortest road to failure for any and all of them must inevitably be the ready, immediate way of violence.

A HOPEFUL ENTENTE OF LABOR AND CAPITAL

IT is gratifying to be able to turn from contemplation of the brutal lawlessness attendant upon strikes and the selfishness of some phases of capitalism to recognize, in many directions, the new spirit of friendliness between employer and employee. On the part of the former this manifests itself in the accelerated tendency toward profit-sharing, old-age pensions, and compensation for injuries, while the conscientious workman who thinks for himself is coming to a clearer conviction of the advantage to him of honest, loyal, and continuous service. It has aptly been said that warfare between the man who owns and directs and the man who works for him is an unnecessary and illogical economic condition—one, in fact, which tends to the discouragement and to the harm of all concerned. The wisest counselors on both sides are giving up the working hypothesis of natural antagonism.

All real labor is constructive, no matter whether it is performed by the proprietor in his office, the foreman at his desk, or the workman at the bench.

In this country we have been too prone to accentuate the apparent differences, and have therefore created a class distinction. From this class distinction has arisen a

condition which makes possible the greedy employer who regards his workmen merely as machines, and the cunning, aggressive, self-promoting labor-leader who seeks to capitalize, for his personal benefit, the cause of his deluded followers.

Recently, it is pleasing to relate, there has come into the situation a new factor which promises a platform upon which both employer and employee can meet half-way, to the ultimate benefit not only of both, but also of the general public. This platform is the increasing demand for a radical change in our industrial liability and workmen's compensation laws. The movement is not new, the injustice of existing laws having been recognized by many; but what might properly be called a national insistence upon their improvement is comparatively of recent growth.

It is distinctly encouraging to note that to-day not only are the nation and the States interested in this humane movement, but individual employers' associations, and the great body of workmen as well, are giving the subject keen attention. New York State has already enacted a law which is considered radical by some and faulty by others, but is generally acknowledged to be an important step in the right direction. Massachusetts, Ohio, Wisconsin, Indiana, and New Jersey have bills of a similar nature under consideration, and many other States are showing signs of an awakening of interest in the enactment of legislation which will serve not only to lessen the appalling list of industrial accidents,—estimated at 500,000 annually,—but will give needed and just relief to the sick, the injured, and the destitute, and will also protect the employers' legitimate interests.

For a quarter of a century Germany has been conserving her industrial army. Her compensation and relief laws reach to every corner of the great empire and apply to every worker. Preventable accidents are reduced to the minimum. The injured workman is restored to his task as quickly as possible, and the destitute and the aged receive all needed relief. With Germany, industrial human waste is insufferable. It should be so regarded in our country. The movement afoot to-day means much for the welfare of the whole nation.

A POET WHO KEPT THE FAITH

STEDMAN'S SERVICE TO AMERICAN LITERATURE

THE recently issued "Life and Letters of Edmund Clarence Stedman" (New York: Moffat, Yard & Company), to which his granddaughter, Miss Laura Stedman, has given the three years since the poet's death, fills two large volumes; but no one who is interested in writing as an art will find it too long, because Stedman supplied so much of the material that it is virtually an autobiography. The work, admirably arranged and edited by Miss Stedman and Dr. G. M. Gould, reflects half a century of American literature, and is a mine of information. Stedman's letters are exceptionally important not only as affording glimpses of a vital and highly energized personality, but as expositions of the aims and methods of the literary art. Now and then a writer appears whose interest in his work is so intense that he becomes a spokesman for his craft, an authority on its practice. These two volumes present many aspects of a man who combined a rare power of concentration with a wide range of interests, and who was always thinking and writing about his art; so that his letters explain and complement his two critical estimates, his two admirable anthologies, of English and American poets, and his lectures on "The Nature and Elements of Poetry."

It is significant of a certain gallantry and loyalty which gave Stedman's life a fine fortitude that, although he was often absorbed for long periods in a business which was relentless in its demands on time and strength, he never for a moment lost faith in his ideals or lowered his exacting standards of craftsmanship. In the vortex of commercialism he kept the poetic faith without a single lapse into infidelity. He held bravely to the highest tradition of the prophetic office of the poet and his function as the custodian of the ideals of humanity; and it was part of his exacting creed that a poet's hand should be as truly consecrated as his imagination. He never put craftsmanship in the place of art, but he never divorced art from craftsmanship. In his conception of literature the vision revealed the task, and the task was well and truly performed only when it was radiant with vision. When Mr. Gilder

delivered an address on "The Divine Fire" Stedman wrote him an appreciative letter, in which he said:

Genius is the automatic power and working of the creative Deity within us . . . To make your fine sentence on Imagination quite complete, from my point of belief, I should put it thus: "for genius, *of which the highest servitor* is the imagination triumphantly at work," etc.

Writing to the "Editor's Study" in "Harper's Magazine," he said:

For the man who hath the most genius hath the most of God immanent in him—the most inspiration, insight, intuition, through which things "flash into his brain." . . . To stand up for genius, then, is to recognize the fact that all essential things are revealed through those most gifted with the "inward light"—all things of imagination, beauty, truth.

This uncompromising and exalted ideal of the spiritual origin of the poetic gift he reinforced and confirmed by an equally high ideal of the form and shape which a poet should give his vision. He wrote to a young poet:

There is not a masterly writer living who in early years could have been kept away from books, and from the *materia* of his craft, by authority or by any circumstance short of prostration or imprisonment. The richest training, the most insensate ambition, alone could not have made him what he is. Yet the natural writer can scarcely have too apt and thorough a training. . . . I was kept back years, in respect of style and accuracy, by rushing into work without sufficient equipment and in a time of loose writing,—by having no advantages beyond, in my earlier 'teens, the first half of a neglected college course. In some way I did get hold of the great books, and of those to which I was led, like any youth, plant, or animal, by an instinct for just the pabulum that suited my needs.

To Horace Scudder, who had spoken warmly of his work, Stedman wrote:

What does me the most good is your belief in the care and sincerity of my effort, your assurance that I have not neglected those minor matters of the law which are incumbent upon drudges and geniuses alike—for the neglect of which no amount of cleverness should be permitted to make amends. The gift of writing, the graces of wit, fancy, imagination,—these come by nature and are the good fortune, not the honest earnings, of an essayist or poet. But commend him justly for a scholar's accuracy, for conviction and honest purpose, and you pay him a tribute of which he has some right to be proud.

The heroic strain in Stedman's nature gave his tireless industry a quality of idealism as genuine and high as that which inspired his conception of his art. His work was largely done in the hours which most men give to rest:

It is simply what I 've been able to do, under the most baffling circumstances—the result of odd hours, filched from sleep or business, in fifteen years of struggling, ill-health; anxiety and—but no matter! Instead of having been written with consecutive industry, by a man who is at ease, it is the scattered lyrics of a man who has led, during this time, the most unliterary life of all American authors.

Through the long strain of these toiling years, in the shadow of great sorrows, Stedman never lowered his flag, but always stood for the dignity of letters and the mission of poetry, even in the face of the crassest Philistinism. There is no finer expression of his faith and practice than these sentences in a helpful letter to a young poet:

What I prize in you, and in your poems, is not your immediate propagandism—good as that may be,—but your purity, your *aspiration,* your *poetic gift,* and (I believe) your capacity for *growth and change.* My heart warms to these things, which I read in your face and between your lines. Now I have discovered one thing about art. It is not so much the material used, or the mission, as the *quality* of the workman and the gift perfected in his work. Only a poor artist, a false workman, blames his tools, or his subject, or his material. Another thing. An artist must lay hold of the universal mind—the cultured *and* the commoners.

In our busy country, engrossed by its material tasks, the chief of Stedman's great services to literature and to America was his resolute assertion of the essential and indestructible idealism of literature, and its great place as a custodian of the higher life of humanity. There are signs of a reawakening interest in poetry in this country. The renaissance can be hastened but little, for it will owe its quickening to large causes; but when it does come, it will owe much, both in the inspiration of the poets and in the hospitality of readers, to the fact that this one man for fifty years kept a steady flame alive upon the altar of the Muse.

CEPHAS BRAINERD

THE death of Cephas Brainerd in his eightieth year, December 15, 1910, removed a notable figure of the New York Bar, who was also a member and trustee of The Century Co., and its attorney.

Mr. Brainerd was born in Haddam, Connecticut, September 8, 1831, and as a young man came to New York, where he studied law and became a partner of Ebenezer Seeley and Truman Smith, formerly Senator from Connecticut. He was for years vice-president of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York and chairman of its committee on the amendment of the law, and in these offices, as in his general practice, he won the respect and esteem of lawyers and judges. He accepted cordially the dictum of Bacon that "every man is a debtor to his profession," and this debt he discharged by active and devoted work in the general advancement of the status of the legal profession in New York. This interest extended to international law, of which he was a close student. He was an active member and several times vice-president of the International Law Association and last summer visited London to attend its sessions. For twelve years he was a lecturer on international law at New York University. He was a strong advocate of peace and arbitration.

In 1852, at the age of twenty-one, he became connected with the Young Men's Christian Association movement. These were the formative days of the organization, and Mr. Brainerd's practical qualities and his devotion gave him an influential position in its counsels. He was for fifty years a member of the Board of Directors of the New York Association and for twenty-five years chairman of the International Committee and thus its leading adviser and executive. He was largely instrumental, in the early days, in giving definition to the scope of the organization, and it was his far-sighted counsel which held it firm to its central purpose of concentration upon work among young men at a time when well-meant efforts were made to divert it to the support of reforms and to evangelization pure and simple. He also was actively interested in prison reform and the improvement of the public schools.

From his early manhood Mr. Brainerd was active in political affairs and a student of political principles. He was one of the committee who invited Abraham Lincoln to New York on the occasion of the famous speech at Cooper Union, and in conjunction with C. C. Nott prepared an annotated edition of the speech to demonstrate Lincoln's soundness as a constitutional lawyer. He was for twenty-seven years a member of the Committee on Political Reform of the Union League Club, and at the time of his death and for the last fourteen years was chairman of the committee.

Mr. Brainerd had old-fashioned ideas of the supremacy of law and of the dignity of the courts, and high standards of public and private conduct. The resolutions on his death published by the Bar Association's committee on the amendment of the law rightly speak of him as "a striking example of the old-fashioned uncommercial lawyer" and as possessing "those sterling qualities of head and heart which stand for absolute integrity of character and for a complete and efficient assumption of all the responsibilities of life." His wide reading and his trained mind made him a wise and valued counselor in the affairs of The Century Co., with which he had been associated for more than twenty-five years. It is with a deep sense of personal loss that his associates of this company make this inadequate record of a man of salient individuality, just principles, and unusual worth.

OPEN LETTERS

ON AFTER-DINNER SPEAKING

From a Long-Suffering Listener to his Friend, Chairman of a Banquet Committee

My dear Frank:

Your letter, with the list of speakers, came yesterday. I had already received the formal invitation and sent my check. I shall be there, not merely for the interest of the occasion, but to see how you will carry off your new rôle of Discourager of Hesitancy when the coffee is served. I remember the firmness of discipline with which, as head coach, you pulled into shape that straggling team which won for us the championship of '96, but as yet you have had no experience in producing from a miscellaneous group of speakers, for the delectation of an audience who have nothing to lose but their interest, those "windy suspirations of forcèd breath" which pass for oratory. I am, as you know, an old hand at this bellows, and so, prompted by Christopher North's letter to Macvey Napier, when the latter succeeded him as editor of the "Edinburgh," I am going to give you some faithful advice on this important topic.

I am sure, after that alumni reunion in New York in '98 (*Eheu, fugaces!*) when you led the deafening applause which finally squelched our old stand-by, P. Q. R——, I need not remind you that the office of toastmaster is peculiarly a fiduciary one. Civilization in its last analysis is the capacity of being bored, and as a temporary autocrat it is your business to defend your subjects, the audience, who on their part, to be sure, owe you coöperation in your difficult rôle; but only up to a certain point. That five hundred well-meaning men (to say nothing of the ladies in the galleries) should be held for half an hour by the glittering eye or the glittering periods of some empty, rambling, or tedious speaker is not to be—though, to our shame, it often is—tolerated. Have you ever attended a large public dinner at which the admirable speaking was not marred by some exhibition of cheap wit or bad taste or exhausting prolixity? And here is an odd circumstance. Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge once said that nothing was so stubborn as a timid man when he felt himself at last upon rock foundation. So of your shy, reluctant speaker. Let him once sniff the incense of applause, there is no reining him in. In this regard, beware of S. T. U.

Of course you cannot open a school for postprandial oratory. The "elements" must be "kindly mixed," but you can only mix your own. Lowell (as reported by Brander Matthews) said that "a good after-dinner speech ought to contain a platitude, a quotation, and an anecdote." Almost anything with thought in it can be tolerated, if only it be brief, while scintillating wit too long continued tires like shuttered sunlight in a moving train. Intelligent men are not satisfied with mere humor: they like to feel when they go home that they have been in good intellectual company. We have many admirable speakers in this country, and I am glad to see several of them on your list. A. B. C. is scholarly without pedantry, and his graceful style allures the audience to consider the substance of his speech. I never heard him talk too long. D. E. F. has a pretty wit and the poet's enthusiasm. Is n't it noteworthy, by the way, that with all our supposed indifference to poetry, how a bit of the genuine article will illuminate the dark stretches of banquet oratory? The only distinctive cults in American after-dinner speaking are those of the obsolescent spread-eagle type, which lingers as a provincial tradition, and that of the concatenated anecdote, which has about as much constructive relationship as a queue of ticket-buyers at the box-office. At the moment, a procession of anecdotal non sequiturs may amuse, or may give relief to a barren predecessor, but in the retrospect it is likely to give the impression of *sauce piquante* with every course. I think

you will do well to drop M. N. O. He violates the first rule of the architect—to ornament construction and not to construct ornament.

Now, what is to be done? You cannot regulate the quality of the product, but you can do something—not much, to be sure—to regulate the quantity. Obviously, you can apprise your speakers that the limit allowed is to be only ten or fifteen or twenty minutes. They will cheerfully, even gratefully, agree to this condition—and pay no attention to it. You will lay emphasis in your opening remarks on the necessity of brevity, but this convention will receive as little credulity as the usual statement of the chairman at less formal dinners that "It was clearly understood that there were to be no speeches to-night," which everybody recognizes as the signal to make sure that his notes are in the inner left breast-pocket of his coat. Emerson has a happy phrase for a bore—"devastator of the day." Dr. van Dyke has aptly described your devastator of the night as a thief of the time of those who are to follow. Mark Twain shrewdly met the difficulty for himself by always claiming the second or third place on the program. But how are you to cope with it?

At a recent dinner in New York the chairman happily announced: "I desire to state that, in view of the long list of speakers, the committee of arrangements has provided *terminal facilities* not surpassed by those recently established by the Pennsylvania Railway." After a long course of chairmanship I can suggest nothing that you can do, my dear fellow, unless it be to have a large, striking clock prominently placed opposite the speaker as a *memento temporis*, and if your program does not run on schedule-time, to announce, in presenting each speaker: "It is now 10:57. The last train from the Grand Central Station leaves at 11:45. We have still three speakers whom we are all eager to hear. They have each confided to me that they must have at least half an hour. I leave them to the tender mercies of the audience. 'Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow!'"

My dear fellow, we have come to a pretty desperate pass in the impositions to which audiences are subjected by inconsiderate speakers. A friend of mine showed me the other day "A Collect for After-dinner Speaking: to be read in the Public Interest at Banquets as a Grace before Speech." You ought to get this.

If something of the sort were read at the appropriate moment, would it not be possible to create a respect for the rights of auditors in themselves as well as in the speakers which would put an end to the nuisance? Try it.

Believe me, this is no laughing matter.

Never more seriously yours,

Baddeley Boardman.

"THE ICONOCLAST OF SENSIBILITY" AGAIN

To an Architect who has Interested himself in Restraining the Abuses of Publicity

My dear ——

As you know, my sympathy has always been with your efforts to restrain the abuses of advertising in our city. But has it never occurred to you that the "God-made country," as Cowper called it, is in as much need of protection, in behalf of the sensibilities of sojourners and wayfarers therein, as the "man-made" town? I have just come back from a late September trip up the Connecticut valley, starting betimes in the morning from Springfield. Did you ever take that trip up that valley, through the autumnal haze, along the now-widening and now-narrowing "intervale," among the woods already reddening and yellowing for the autumn? If not, let me exhort you to it, in the interest of your collection of mental films, to be developed in your solitude and at your leisure.

I confess that I myself had never taken it before. Doubtless the eye "of little employment hath the daintier sense," and I might, nay, should, have missed much of my enjoyment had I been hardened to the varying phases of the unrolling panorama, like those of my fellow-voyagers, who never looked out of the window. But although the special journey was a novelty, I am inured to "excursions," being accustomed to radiate "septemvious," as Charles Reade has it, from New York. And in ascending the Connecticut, I became aware almost at once after leaving Springfield, certainly before reaching Northampton, of joyfully missing something which I had been in the habit of grievously meeting. What was it? Presently it occurred to me. It was the riparian advertising. Nobody shouted at

me from every coign of vantage—every bold cliff or gentle knoll—to eat his oats, to drink his tonic, to smoke his tobacco, to take his pills, to use his hair-dye, to wear his corsets or his "pants." My scenery was preserved and protected for my enjoyment instead of being employed as the field of these horrible exhortations. Every prospect was pleasing, and even man no longer "vile." He did not defile either nature or his own handiwork. The pill man and the hair-dye man and the corset man were banished not only from the rocks and the eminences, but from the barns. They tell me the same is true of the beautiful Housatonic valley: it is still a delight to the eye. You remember how the road to Philadelphia runs through a border of yelling signs, as often as not displayed upon the flanks or the gable-ends of the farmers' barns. As a sociological symptom, this is the saddest sight of all. For what can be the love of home, what the love of country, in the breast of an agriculturist, like him of central Jersey, who permits his farm buildings to be defiled with these proclamations? How can you expect him to fight for a home of which he permits the appurtenances to be thus "soiled with all ignoble use"? How can you expect his children to revere the memory of that degraded homestead? How much more blessed are the yeomanry of the upper Connecticut valley and their young than the Jersey farmers or the prairie farmers who permit these abominations! Not only are the farm-buildings shielded from offense in this happy and exemplary valley, but one sees along the river huge factories the walls of which, in the neighborhood of New York, would be seized as fields for advertising the products made within, so free from those proclamations that one has to ask what they are factories "of." The force of decency can no further go.

The evidence of civilization is so pervading and so without exception that one fancies there may be some statutory prohibition of the particular offense against civilization which is never committed here. An intelligent native explains to me that in fact there is a statute in Massachusetts in effect declaring that any advertising sign in the public highway is a public nuisance which anybody may abate, and that any sign affixed to any "fence, structure, pole, or other object which is the property of another," without the written consent of that other, is similarly outlawed and anybody may remove it. Over in Berkshire, I am told, there has been an effort to repeal this law, as to the highways, by providing for signs indicating distances "and other information," the other information being, of course, advertising of the wares of the erecter of the signs. Not only is there no prospect of his prospering in this nefarious attempt, but it is seriously questioned whether the "other," the "abutter," can give valid consents to the defilement of his own frontage on the public highway in which he has already given an easement to the public. Decisions in New York and Illinois are cited to indicate that he cannot. But it cannot be the statute of Massachusetts which restrains the unscrupulous advertiser, but the local public sentiment. Starting in Massachusetts, our route zigzags in and out of Vermont and New Hampshire, and in all three States one goes on equally and joyfully missing the defilements of nature and art which afflict him in the suburbs of his own city. It is the self-respect of the region which has wrought this beneficent thing.

Retracing southward the next afternoon by daylight the route which I had traversed northward in the dark, no sooner had we left Springfield than there appeared, in the lower Connecticut valley, all the familiar defilements in full force and effect. Not only are the nostrums proclaimed from the barn-tops, but the proclamations of them are placed with an unmistakable, though besotted and perverted, artistic sensibility. For nobody destitute of that sensibility could so accurately affront it by putting his disgustful hortatives just where they would obscure some otherwise interesting view, and where, by consequence, they would be most conspicuous and offensive. O Business, what crimes are committed in thy name!

What to do about it? Obviously the "ideal" thing to do is to educate other communities up to the standard of the upper Connecticut and Housatonic valleys. But that would be a long process, and, to say sooth, the tendency at present seems to be to educating them the other way, so tyrannous is "Business," and so tamely do most of us acquiesce in its tyranny. Statutes unsustained by opinion, it is coming to be recognized, are dead letters. But there is other than statute law. There is that "case law" which is the registration of the unwritten law. And from judicial decisions there come gleams of hope. Hear the Supreme Court:

> The State as quasi-sovereign and representative of the interests of the public has a standing in court to protect the atmosphere, the forests and the water within its territory, irrespective of the assent or dissent of the private owners of the land most immediately concerned.

Take this in conjunction with a still later decision by the United States District Court in Colorado, which granted a "Town company" a permanent injunction against a

"Water company" which was spoiling a cascade by diverting the water from it, the contention approved by the court being that

in playing its part in making scenic beauty, the water is already being put to beneficial use within the meaning of the law, and therefore is not subject to condemnation proceedings.

These two decisions are triumphs of civilization. Taken together, do they not go far toward establishing that there is such a thing as an optical as well as an olfactory nuisance? On this principle, the insensitive agriculturist might be prevented by his neighbors from effectively consenting to the defilement of his own barn. And what of the right of advertisers to destroy by electric lights on the New Jersey bluffs the evening beauty of the Hudson River scenery opposite the Riverside Drive and the tomb of General Grant? Is there to be no limit to the coneyislandizing of our great scenery? The whole subject seems to be worth the attention of the "House of Governors."

Meantime, I wonder if the situation is any better in England or France, and if so, by what means it has been brought about. Some of your English correspondents might tell us.

Very truly yours,
Mark Selby.

HUMOR IN THE REGENTS' EXAMINATIONS

BY IDA M. METCALF

EVERY high-school pupil, and every parent of such a child in New York State, knows the Regents' tests as a name of weighty import; but for the benefit of other readers, let it be explained that these are the uniform examinations given by the Department of Education of the Empire State. It goes without saying that among the three hundred thousand or so papers sent to Albany after the June examinations there are many answers not only somewhat startling, but also provocative of a smile from even the most ardent devotees of exact knowledge. The following article contains a few gems extracted from this mine of wisdom and folly, of fact and fiction, often oddly combined.

A question as to how some microscopic insects are harmful to man, and in what ways such noxious insects may be exterminated, brought out the answer: "Take a small insect like the ant and place it under a microscope. Sometimes it is very harmful to man, as it may make him sick when he looks at all its parts and sees things he never thought were there." Again, "The best way to get rid of insect pests is to step on them and kill them"; and, by way of illustration, "Snakes are noxious insects."

In reply to a question about the source and the process of manufacture of some common articles of commerce, we learn that "Sugar is made from linen rags," and that to make butter we must "Beat up some eggs in some milk and set it in the sun. When the eggs come to the top, scum it off."

The English papers are full of surprises. "Thanatopsis" and "The Raven" are instanced as famous allegories. A little girl's description of her yard contains the sentence, "Except for chickens, there was not a human being visible." A reference to "Hawthorne's Junglewood Book" inspires a passing smile, but many of the versions of "The Vision of Sir Launfal" and "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" found in the papers of a year ago were more pitiable than ludicrous. We were told, for example, that "Sir Launfal, a young man with his fortune still to make, went out to hunt for a valuable cup called 'The Grail,' which had been lost by a famous leaper," and that "Sir Launfal, returning from a vain quest for the Holy Grail, was met by an old man who said he could have told him where to get plenty of grails nearer home." We read that "The Ancient Mariner had a very warm and uncomfortable trip, though Death and Life-in-Death played cards with him." A brief biographical sketch stated that "George Washington married Martha Custis, and in the course of time became the father of his country."

The papers in English grammar offer numerous contributions to "the gaiety of nations," such as, "The subjunctive mode is used in poetry and in the Bible, as—'I go—they all go—for it is right that they go.'" Whether the quotation is poetical or biblical we are not told. In other papers occur: "The perfect tense means when at some fu-

ture time back you had done something and are still doing it now"; "the past perfect is, the thing had been done but something happened to it"; and "the present perfect tense denotes a thing begun in the present and continuing in the past." In the following sentence a choice was to be made between *have* and *has,* and the choice justified: "John or Henry *has* been at fault—because each are taken as separate individuals." So much easier is theory than practice.

In general, errors in mathematics are less obvious to the lay reader than those in English, but there is food for thought in the definition, "A straight line is one that starts at a point and runs in different directions"; also in the propositions, "A line that is parallel to one side of a triangle and perpendicular to another bisects the third side"; and "In a proportion, the sum of the consequents is to the sum of the subsequents of any consequence."

However, unconscious humor is not confined to the pupils. The teacher who prefixed to an answer the request, "Examiner please read before deciding," had little conception of the conscientious care with which the papers are read and pondered. The many plaintive pleas for special leniency in rating the papers of members of the senior class are a trifle puzzling, the natural assumption being that a higher rather than a lower standard of work should be exacted from these more advanced pupils. As for the frequent bewailing of lack of time in the case of pupils who have consumed three hours in writing the same number of pages, they are simply exasperating. One letter from a pupil, appealing from the rejection of a paper, was headed by the direction, "To be sent after my death." Evidence of the writer's demise was, however, lacking; and his plea that he needed the "counts" on that paper for admission to a dental school carried a certain implication of continued existence.

History, as demanding both knowledge of facts and facility in presenting them, probably inspires the largest number of truly original blunders. The Rosetta Stone was described as "the missionary who was captured by the bandits," the date of the "ascension" of Frederick the Great was referred to, and the story of Helen of Troy was narrated with countless variations, a Greek, a Roman, a Carthaginian, and a Teutonic nationality being impartially attributed to both Helen and Paris. The wooden horse, however, treated as the hero of the tale, usually played its baleful part with tolerable fidelity to the original. Some doubt would seem to be thrown upon the charms of the fair Helen by the statement, "Helen's former suitors promised that if she would not marry them, they would help her when she was in trouble."

Here is a lifelike characterization: "Robespierre was a man whom everybody loved. He had a generous, loving nature. His policy was to right the wrongs by means of writting book. Thus reaching the people." The same pupil, speaking of Russia, says: "The peasants [more often mentioned as pheasants] are slaves to the state and must get a transport (which are very seldom given) if they want to go outside of their land." Another says: "Robespierre ploted against Dante, successfully bringing him to the gillotine. In ploting for the people and against the people he probably had no equell. He proclaimed religion to be in the belief of a supream being and mortality." Certainly no one had reason to doubt of mortality while he was at the helm. The French Revolution is said to have been "a revolt against absolution," and it is asserted that "the French nobility would execute, put in prison, and arrest any personal enemy without letting him know anything about it." Asked to compare the recent uprising in Russia with the French Revolution, a pupil wrote: "The causes are about the same, they contrast quite general in many respects"; another: "The Russian recent disturbances in comparison to the French Revolution are, according my opinion, followings": A third writes of the period of the French Revolution: "Feudalism was downtrod before the Revolution and now absolutism arosed the people. The common people threw a dislike at royal family and clergy."

A question as to what country, at the time of the Renaissance, made the greatest progress in art and letters, what in exploration and invention, and why the pupil thought so, received some odd answers. Among these were: "Italy made the most progress in art and letter writing," "Danton wrote the 'Divine Comedy' at this time," "John Huss invented movable types," and "France made the most progress because the guillotine was invented there." Railroads, telephones, and automobiles are ascribed to the same period, the flying-machine alone appearing to be recognized as a palpable anachronism. A single list of Renaissance celebrities contained the names of "Rafoul, Goleoleo, Danty, Patrach and Boccasio." The pope is said to have "aided his barbarian friends by crowning and decrowning kings, and this made him real popular."

An account of the rise and fall of the Second Empire is thus condensed: "The second French empire arose, like the first, through selfishness, and fell because the leader was looking for too much glory,"

which may be taken as an illustration of the too general tendency to philosophize without any foundation of definite knowledge. The temptation to substitute prophecy for a clear statement of historical facts also proves irresistible to many of our young people, and accounts bristling with dates have been superseded by those the scene of which is laid in the comfortably vague period of "once upon a time."

Nothing derogatory to the general character of the work done in our secondary schools need be inferred from the foregoing excerpts, which are reproduced verbatim. Naturally, the absurdly incorrect statements are the most quotable. Those presented have been selected primarily because they are amusing, but they are also documentary evidence of the degree of confusion, misconception, and inarticulateness that may, and does, exist in the minds of some of our young people.

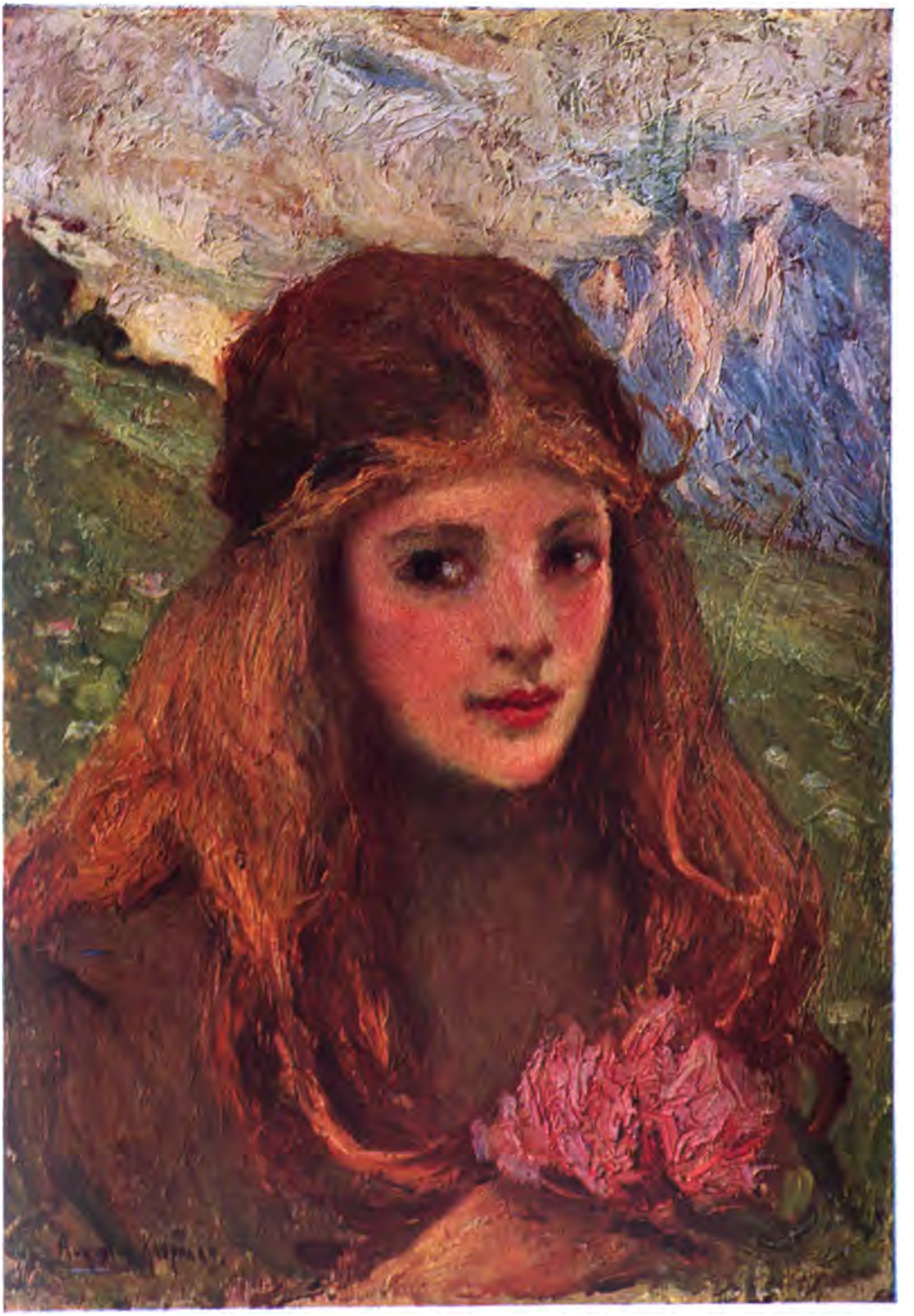
MYTHOLOGICAL ANIMALS

TEXT AND PICTURE BY OLIVER HERFORD

XI—THE SPHINX

SHE was half Lady and half Cat.
What is so wonderful in that?
Half of our lady friends (so say
The other half) are *Cats* to-day.
In Egypt she made quite a stir,
They carved huge Images of her.
Riddles she asked of all she met,
And all who answered wrong, she ate.
When Œdipus her riddle solved,
The minx—I mean the Sphinx—dissolved
In tears. What is there, when one thinks,
So wonderful about the Sphinx?

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK



ELLEN

FROM THE PAINTING BY AUGUSTUS KOOPMAN

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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MARTIN LUTHER AND HIS WORK

FOURTH PAPER: HIS ATTACK ON INDULGENCES

BY ARTHUR C. McGIFFERT

Professor of Church History in Union Theological Seminary, New York

THE pious Elector Frederick the Wise was an indefatigable relic-hunter, and his castle church of All Saints contained more than five thousand sacred objects gathered from all parts of Christendom. There still exists a catalogue of them, illustrated with drawings by the famous Wittenberg painter Lucas Cranach. A gruesome collection it was, for the most part,—a lock of St. Elizabeth's hair, a portion of St. Euphemia's head, two fingers and a hand of the Holy Innocents, a tooth of St. Beatrice, a piece of St. Juliana's leg, and the like,—but it had cost a large amount of time and money, and Frederick was as proud of it as any modern art-collector of his pictures and statuary. The church was a favorite place of pilgrimage, for large indulgence was to be gained from the sight of its holy treasures and from contributions to its support. On October 31, 1516, the eve of the anniversary of its dedication, Luther preached from its pulpit on the subject of indulgences, attacking their abuse in sharp terms, to the great annoyance of the elector. It was a characteristic thing to do. To criticize indulgences, even in the most guarded fashion, in the castle church on the day of all days when its stores of grace were dispensed in largest measure, was an act of boldness equaled only by its tactlessness. It is not surprising that the elector was offended. The only cause of wonder is that he seems not to have laid it up against the preacher, for we hear of his annoyance only through a casual remark of Luther's made long afterward, and we find the critic preaching again upon the same subject from the same pulpit on another festival in February, 1517.

He had already referred to the matter in connection with his strictures upon pilgrimages. "When it is evening," he had complained, "the pilgrims to this or that shrine, or to the celebration of this or that saint's day, return home with full indulgence; that is, full of beer and wine, full of unchastity, and other horrid vices." Even now he did not question the legiti-

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macy of indulgences, but he attacked the abuses to which they almost inevitably led on the part of the ecclesiastical authorities as well as of the people. Thus he said:

> Concerning indulgences, although they are the very merits of Christ and his saints, and are therefore by all means to be received with reverence, they are nevertheless made the most shameful agents of avarice. For who seeks through them the salvation of souls and not rather the contents of the purse? . . . Indulgences promote a servile righteousness, for they do nothing but teach the people to fear, to flee, to shudder at the punishment of sin instead of the sin itself, when they ought rather to be exhorted to love punishment and to embrace the cross. Would that I lied when I say that indulgences are rightly named, because to indulge is to permit, and indulgence is impunity and permission to sin, and license to avoid the cross of Christ.

Liable to such abuses as they were, in that age they served too important a purpose to be lightly dispensed with, for upon them religion depended in no small measure for support. According to current belief, they offered a way of reducing the amount of satisfaction for sin required in this life or in purgatory by counting to one's credit the superabundant merits of Christ and his saints. Theoretically they were given only to the truly penitent, who performed certain specified acts of devotion or self-sacrifice, most prominent among which was the giving of money to some sacred end. They thus supplied a most effective means of attracting the contributions of the faithful. Without them the erection of many a church, monastery, and hospital would have been impossible, and the permanent endowments of such institutions often consisted of the indulgence they were privileged to grant the pilgrims to their shrines or the contributors to their support.

Severely as the doctrine has been denounced by Protestant theologians, it was in reality only the recognition of one of the commonest of human instincts—the attempt to make amends for questionable conduct by religious practices. This is not confined to any one communion, but in the Catholic Church it is most encouraged. One of the striking things about Catholicism, it may be remarked in passing, and one of the secrets of its age-long hold upon a large portion of the race, is its extraordinary humanness, the way it recognizes and makes a place for common human impulses, putting even the least worthy of them to some use. It is inevitable that pernicious results will sometimes follow, and follow they did in the wake of the indulgence traffic as carried on in the later Middle Ages.

Looking back upon the situation, Catholics of to-day are as severe as Protestants in their condemnation of those results, and while indulgences are still given under certain conditions, granting them for money was long ago prohibited, and has since been unknown in the Catholic Church.

It was the money abuse that chiefly aroused the indignation of Luther and many other Catholics; for he was by no means the only one in his own or earlier days to criticize indulgences. Among others, his own superior, Staupitz, had spoken very sharply about them, a fact to which Luther later appealed in support of his own conduct. But all these criticisms left unmolested the underlying principles on which indulgences were based. Those principles were rooted in the very heart of traditional Catholicism; to attack them would have been to put oneself outside the pale of the historic faith. This was the last thing Luther thought of doing. As yet he was playing only upon the surface, all unaware of the volcanic depths beneath.

Meanwhile, in order to raise funds for the rebuilding of St. Peter's Church at Rome, Pope Leo X, following the example of his predecessor, Julius II, proclaimed a so-called "plenary indulgence," phrased in very sweeping terms and offering to the faithful the opportunity of securing remission of sin for themselves and reduction of punishment for their friends in purgatory.

The young Archbishop and Elector of Mayence, Albert of Brandenburg, a Hohenzollern prince, being in sore need of money to pay the expenses of his recent elevation to the archbishopric, made an arrangement with the pope whereby he was to superintend the traffic in a part of Germany, receiving half the proceeds in reward for his services. He engaged for his chief agent a Dominican

From the original painting in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence

LUTHER'S INTIMATE FRIEND, LUCAS CRANACH, THE ELDER, PAINTED BY HIMSELF

prior, John Tetzel, a man of learning and reputation and a preacher of great popular power, who had already abundantly proved his ability to raise money for sacred ends. He took general charge of affairs and appointed many other preachers to aid him in the work. Elaborate arrangements were made for the campaign, and everything possible was done to attract and impress the people. An eye-witness reports that when the agent appeared he was met by priests, monks, city councilors, teachers, scholars, men, women, maidens, and children, who escorted him in proces-

sion with banners, candles, and singing, the papal bull being carried in state upon a velvet or golden cushion, and a red cross being set up in the church, with the pope's arms above it. "In short, God Himself could not have been more magnificently received."

The parish clergy were directed to prepare their flocks for the approaching visit of Tetzel or his assistants, and they were carefully instructed both how to preach and how to deal with their parishioners in the confessional, that eagerness for the grace of Christ dispensed through the indulgences might be enhanced. We are inevitably reminded of the way modern revivalists have often planned their campaigns and had the ground made ready in advance. Indeed, the effects aimed at by Tetzel, and the methods employed to produce them, were not unlike those seen in great revival seasons to-day. To arouse the conscience and deepen the conviction of sin, and then to lead the awakened and anxious soul to look for help to a supernatural power—this was what he undertook to do, and he knew well how to do it.

It is true, the comparison between the indulgence traffic and the modern revival should not be carried too far, for the former was poisoned by the greed for gain inevitably attaching to it. But it must not be forgotten that, despite the evils shared with many such religious campaigns, and the greater evils peculiar to itself, it was still approved, as it had been for centuries, by multitudes of pious and God-fearing men.

But in Luther's day disapproval of it was steadily growing. As frequently happens, particularly in periods of social upheaval, when the public conscience is apt to be peculiarly sensitive, the excessive abuse of a time-honored practice, the legitimacy of which had hitherto been taken for granted, was leading men to question the practice itself, and many complaints of the harm it was doing both religiously and morally were heard even from devout churchmen and prominent ecclesiastics.

On economic grounds, too, hostility was spreading. The traffic, it was felt, was taking large sums of money from the pockets of the people without giving them any tangible returns. As a rule, every new papal indulgence was hailed with gratitude by the masses, and the pope only met the popular wish in proclaiming them; but this was the fifth witnessed by that generation, and many were beginning to realize that the thing had been overdone, and were growing heartily tired of it. There were still those glad enough to buy, especially women and children; but most heads of families were waxing impatient at having their hard-earned savings frequently drawn upon, and particularly hated to see their money, as in the present case, go to swell the coffers of the Fuggers, the great money-lenders of the day, who had advanced a large sum to the archbishop, and to whose reimbursement his share of the proceeds, as everybody knew, was to be devoted. It is noticeable that Tetzel had frequently to complain of bad coins given for the letters of pardon, with the evident intention of satisfying importunate wives and neighbors without incurring unnecessary expense.

The Elector of Saxony, unwilling to have his subjects pay the debts of the Elector of Mayence, and desiring to protect his own ecclesiastical foundations, refused to allow Albert's agents to enter his dominions; but in the spring of 1517, Tetzel appeared at Jüterbog, a small town lying just across the border, twenty miles northeast of Wittenberg. Many of Luther's flock found their way thither, and returned with letters of indulgence and with very exaggerated and demoralizing notions as to their efficacy. When he refused to accept them in the confessional in lieu of repentance and penance, he was complained of to Tetzel and threatened with prosecution for heresy and contumacy. Writing about the matter to Staupitz a few months later, he said:

I remember, Reverend Father, having learned from you, as by a voice from heaven, that there is no genuine penance except that which springs from a love of righteousness and God. Just when my heart was full of this thought, behold, new indulgences began to be proclaimed through the country in the most noisy fashion, while no effort was made to incite the soul to war against sin. The preachers neglected altogether the need of true penance, and emphasized in ways never before heard not so much as its least valuable part, which is known as satisfaction, but

From the painting by Lucas Cranach, in St. Petersburg

ALBERT, PRINCE OF BRANDENBURG, ELECTOR AND ARCHBISHOP OF MAYENCE
In 1518 he was made a cardinal by Pope Leo X.

the complete remission even of that. Finally they taught impious and false and heretical doctrines in so authoritative, not to say foolhardy, a manner, that if any one even whispered a contrary opinion, he was immediately denounced as a heretic, condemned to the flames, and declared worthy of eternal damnation.

A number of years afterward, in one of his typical polemic works, he gave the following account of the affair:

A PLENARY INDULGENCE, DATED GÖTTINGEN, JULY 1, 1517, ISSUED IN THE NAME OF ALBERT, ARCHBISHOP OF MAYENCE, FOR THE BENEFIT OF SEVERAL PERSONS NAMED RODT

This is an example of the indulgence proclaimed for the rebuilding of St. Peter's Church, Rome. The archbishop was authorized to retain half the proceeds of all indulgences issued in his name.

It happened in the year 1517 that a Dominican monk, John Tetzel by name, a great ranter, went up and down selling grace for gold as dear or as cheap as he could. The Elector Frederick had once saved his life in Innsbruck, for he had been condemned by the emperor Maximilian to be drowned in the river Inn, for his virtue's sake, you may well believe. This the man confessed frankly, being reminded of it by the elector long afterward when he began to slander us Wittenbergers.

I was at the time a preacher in the cloister and a young doctor fresh from the forge, ardent and merry in the holy Scriptures. When many people from Wittenberg ran after indulgences to Jüterbog and Zerbst, and I, so truly as my Christ has redeemed me, did not know what indulgences were,—as, for that matter, nobody did,—I began to preach gently that it was certain there were better things to do than buy indulgences. I had already preached against them to the same effect here in the castle, and incurred the Elector Frederick's ill will, for he was very fond of his castle church. But to come to the true cause of the Lutheran uproar, I let the matter go on as it would until news reached me of the shocking and horrible things Tetzel was preaching—as, for instance, that he had received such grace and

power from the pope that he could even forgive a person who had insulted the Mother of God, if the proper amount were put in the box; that the red cross of indulgence, with the pope's arms, when set up in church, was as powerful as the cross of Christ; that in heaven he would not change places with St. Peter himself, for he had saved more souls with indulgences than the apostle with his preaching; that there was no need of sorrow or repentance or confession of sins, if indulgences were bought. He sold indulgences also for future sins, and all was done in the most shameful fashion, for money's sake alone.

It may fairly be doubted whether Tetzel was as bad a character as Luther and many others thought, or preached the abominable things currently reported; but the impression he made upon the common people is not exaggerated in this account. The benefits of indulgences were magnified beyond all warrant, and in the effort to attract purchasers, assurances were given which could not fail to work mischief and promote moral callousness and indifference.

That Luther should feel profoundly outraged by the whole sorry business was inevitable. He was, above everything, downright and sincere, instinctively hostile to all duplicity and pretense, while the indulgence traffic, as appeared more clearly than ever in Tetzel's campaign, was through and through a sham; on the one side, greed for gain consciously masquerading under the form of regard for the people's good; on the other, the insidious and subtle self-deception of imagining that anything but reality counts in the moral realm—the effort to salve one's conscience by hollow acts of devotion and to escape by the payment of money the inevitable consequences of one's deeds. Clear-eyed and intolerant of all sophistry, Luther hated it with a growing hatred; and the pretended piety of the whole transaction incensed him only the more.

Religion was to him the most sacred of all affairs. For its sake he had long ago broken with his father and abandoned a career of great worldly promise, and in his religious life he had passed through the most agonizing and exalted experiences possible to a human soul. To make it a matter of buying and selling, to offer divine grace for gold, and to attempt to purchase the forgiveness and favor of God —all this was to befoul the holiest of all relationships; and, like the prophets of old, his pious soul waxed hot within him.

It would seem, in view of it all, that he must at once attack Tetzel with his wonted energy and disregard of consequences; but strangely enough, he held his peace. Quick as he had hitherto been to denounce any evil that confronted him, he now, in the face of the worst and most crying abuse yet encountered, took careful counsel with himself. Tetzel soon left the neighborhood and passed on to other places, but Luther continued to deliberate in silence. For more than six months, though plied with questions from far and near as to his opinion of the traffic, he made no sign, but set himself to study quietly the whole subject of indulgences. He saw clearly enough that the present campaign was far more demoralizing than anything he had preached against in the castle church; but it was carried on under the auspices of the primate of Germany and of the pope himself, and it would not do to attack it recklessly and indiscriminately. He must discover, if he could, the right and wrong of the whole matter.

His character and training made the situation peculiarly difficult. Had he been a humanist, he would have laughed the whole thing to scorn as an exploded superstition beneath the contempt of an intelligent man; had he been a scholastic theologian, he would have sat in his study and drawn fine distinctions to justify the traffic without bothering himself about its influence upon the lives of the vulgar populace. But he was neither humanist nor schoolman. He had a conscience which made indifference impossible, and a simplicity and directness of vision which compelled him to brush aside all equivocation and go straight to the heart of things. With it all he was at once a devout and believing son of the church, and a practical preacher profoundly concerned for the spiritual and moral welfare of the common people.

Here was a case where the ecclesiastical authorities he had always reverenced were sanctioning a practice which he saw had very demoralizing consequences. He could not wash his hands of the matter, and yet he could not grapple with it without involving the highest dignitaries of the

Drawn by Maxfield Parrish. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE DOME OF ST. PETER'S FROM THE VATICAN GARDENS

The new St. Peter's was begun in 1506 and consecrated in 1626. Its cost at the end of the seventeenth century was estimated at about fifty millions of dollars.

church he loved and honored. He must have suffered agonies during that critical summer of 1517, striving to reconcile positions essentially irreconcilable, struggling to keep his faith and yet be true to his conscience, which threatened it with shipwreck, and torn by the conflict of loyalties the inconsistency of which was becoming ever clearer to him. His distress can hardly have been less severe than in his convent days at Erfurt. But there was only one possible outcome for a man who had fought himself through the earlier crisis as he had done, and had since been standing for what he deemed right, maugre neighbors, students, colleagues, princes, and prelates. Wait as he might, he must ultimately throw himself into the conflict, whatever the consequences to himself or others.

But even when his mind was made up and the die cast, he proceeded in a way that seems at first sight as strange as his long delay. Instead of thundering against Tetzel from the pulpit or publishing a polemic pamphlet such as no one but he could write, or issuing an open letter to the archbishop calling him sharply to account, as he was quite capable of doing, he invited the theologians of Wittenberg and the neighborhood to a disputation. It was a common custom to celebrate important anniversaries of the castle church by theological debates, and on October 31, just a year after he had first preached upon indulgences from its pulpit, adopting the usual method of announcing such a debate, he posted a placard on the church door giving notice of the proposed disputation, and stating the theses which he intended to defend. There were ninety-five of them, written in Latin in his own hand, and they were preceded by this announcement:

> In the desire, and with the purpose, of elucidating the truth, a disputation will be held on the subjoined propositions at Wittenberg, under the presidency of the Reverend Father Martin Luther, Augustinian monk, master of arts and of sacred theology, and ordinary lecturer upon the same in that place. He therefore asks those who cannot be present and discuss the subject orally to do so by letter in their absence.

The theses themselves reveal at once the professor and the preacher. The Latin language and the method of argumentation proclaim the professor, but the vivid, direct, and often picturesque style betrays the preacher. He might elect to throw his criticisms into scholastic form, but he felt it to be no scholastic question he was discussing, and the earnestness of a practical appeal crept into the document in spite of him.

That he chose to bring the indulgence traffic to public debate does not mean that he was afraid to speak his mind categorically or was still in doubt about the right or wrong of the matter. On the contrary, he was quite clear upon all but a few minor and unimportant details. He desired a debate simply because he wished to give the demand for reform, already fully determined upon, the support of a formal university decision. Reinforcement, rather than enlightenment, was what he sought.

The subject of indulgences was very difficult and complicated. The church had never pronounced itself officially, and the opinions of theologians were greatly divided. Had he been troubled only by the flagrant abuses of venders and buyers, a debate would have been superfluous; but he had become convinced that both the practice and the principles underlying it were wrong, and that the evils could not be mended without laying the ax at the root of the tree. Upon such a question theologians alone were regarded as competent to express an opinion, and hence he appealed to them. He declared himself willing to yield completely if his theses should meet with defeat, but he was confident of his ground and sure they must prevail. He was therefore in earnest in his wish for a debate, and resolved to use as a weapon of reform the victory he was convinced would follow.

The theses themselves are abundant proof of this. There is no sign of doubt or uncertainty, no beating about the bush, no confusion of the main issue by irrelevant questions, but a direct assault both upon the theory and practice of indulgences. If hitherto he had criticized only their abuse, now he attacked indulgences themselves in the most outspoken fashion. He complained that they were nets wherewith to catch money, and hindered the proclamation of the true gospel. Christians should be taught, he went on to say,

PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE CASTLE CHURCH IN WITTENBERG

that he who neglects any one in need in order to save money for their purchase brings down upon himself the anger of God; and unless he has superfluous wealth, he is bound to keep what he has for the use of his own household instead of lavishing it upon pardons. Moreover, he so minimized their effects and limited their scope that they virtually lost all value.

The final blow was struck in the thirty-sixth and thirty-seventh theses, in the sweeping assertions: "Every Christian who feels true compunction has of right plenary remission of punishment and guilt without letters of indulgence"; and "Every true Christian, whether living or dead, has a share in all the benefits of Christ and the church, given him by God, even without such letters." Certainly where this was believed, little hope could remain of finding a market for the spiritual wares Tetzel had to offer.

But the theses were not simply an attack upon indulgences. They went much further and cut much deeper, for they repudiated the principles upon which the whole practice rested. In the very first thesis it is declared that Christ wished the entire life of believers to be penitence. And the conclusion is drawn that the outward acts of penance, everywhere regarded as satisfactions for sin, were only the natural expression of inner penitence, suggesting that the divine forgiveness is not conditioned in any way upon satisfaction, but upon repentance alone. This meant the implicit rejection not only of indulgences, but of the whole penitential system that had been accepted in the Catholic Church both east and west since the second century. The matter was not carried further in the theses, but it is clear enough where Luther stood and how far he had traveled from the Catholicism in which he had been born and bred.

Yet he did not realize the irreconcilable difference between himself and the church, nor did he appreciate his complete lack of harmony with the pope, though he may have suspected it, for he was no longer a mere naïve and inexperienced young monk. But, however that may be, he expressed the conviction that "If pardons were preached according to the spirit and mind of the pope, all the questions raised about them would be resolved with ease, nay, would not exist"; and though he had emptied them of all

value, he yet declared that "Bishops and curates are bound to receive the commissaries of apostolic indulgences with all reverence," and, "He who speaks against their truth, let him be anathema." He felt himself driven to oppose those who preached "their own dreams in place of the pope's commission," and to exert himself "against the wantonness and license of the preachers," but in this he believed he was only showing himself loyal both to church and pope. His divided attitude was entirely natural, and simply shows how sincere he was and how seriously he took the situation.

He sent a copy of his theses to the Archbishop of Mayence with a letter of explanation, in which he said:

Pardon me, most reverend Father in Christ, that I, the lowest dregs of humanity, have the temerity to address a letter to your lofty Eminence. The Lord Jesus is my witness that, conscious of my depravity and guilt, I have long put off what I now do with a bold face, moved by a sense of the duty I owe you, most reverend Father in Christ. May your Highness deign to look upon one who is but dust, and understand my wish for your pontifical forbearance. In your most illustrious name there are carried about papal indulgences for the building of St. Peter's. I do not so much complain of the utterances of the preachers, which I have not heard, as of the false opinions everywhere entertained by the common people; for the poor creatures believe that if they buy indulgences, they are sure of salvation, that souls fly out of purgatory as soon as they throw their money into the box, and that no sin is so

PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE MAIN PORTAL OF THE CASTLE CHURCH IN WITTENBERG

The original wooden doors to which Martin Luther affixed his ninety five theses were burned in 1760, and in 1858 were replaced by metal doors, bearing the original text of the theses in Latin. In the arch is a picture of the crucifixion, with Luther and Melanchthon kneeling. The statues, by Drake, are of the electors Frederick the Wise and John the Constant.

great that it cannot be absolved thereby. In addition, most reverend Father in the Lord, in the instructions for the use of the agents published in your name it is said, doubtless without your Reverence's knowledge and consent, that one of the principal benefits to be had from indulgences is the inestimable gift of God whereby man is reconciled to Him and all the punishments of purgatory blotted out, and that to those who buy pardons even contrition is unnecessary. What can I do, most excellent Father and most illustrious Prince, but pray your Reverence, through the Lord Jesus Christ, to look into the matter and do away with those instructions and command the preachers to adopt another style of discourse, lest perchance some one may arise and refute them in print, to the confusion of your most illustrious Highness. This I should greatly deplore; but I fear it may be done unless matters be speedily mended.

He could still hope, even if not very confidently, that his attack might not mean a break with the rulers of the church—that the blame for all the abuses lay with their subordinates, and when they knew the situation, they would call the guilty promptly to account. And while he must have been aware that his views about penance were not those of the archbishop or pope, he may have hoped, too, that in the end the theological disputation would have its effect even at this more fundamental point. At any rate, he went no further than he was obliged to go, and assumed as long as possible that he was essentially in harmony with the constituted authorities in his struggle for reform; and whatever their attitude might ultimately prove to be, he was at least sure that he held the true Christian faith and was a loyal son of the church. Commenting upon the theses shortly afterward, he declared: "Although friends have been saying for some time that I am a heretic and blasphemer because I do not interpret the teaching of church and Scriptures in a Catholic sense, nevertheless, relying upon my own conscience, I believe they are mistaken and that I truly love the church of Christ and desire to honor it."

He had been for some time engaged in opposing the schoolmen. In the theory of indulgences and even in the penitential system itself—though, as a matter of fact, the latter was much older than they—he saw only another evidence of their nefarious influence; and it is not surprising that he could think himself an orthodox Catholic even while taking the radical positions he did. His own bishop, Scultetus of Brandenburg, to whom he sent a copy of the theses, declared that he found nothing heterodox in them. To be sure, he was a man of humanistic leanings and more or less out of sympathy with scholasticism; but he was a strict disciplinarian, and would not for a moment have tolerated an attack upon church or pope.

Luther also sent the theses to his friend Lang, requesting him to communicate them to the Erfurt professors, as he had already done with his attack upon Aristotle. He wrote as follows:

Behold, I am sending you some more paradoxes, my most reverend Father in Christ. If your theologians are offended at them and say, as all are saying concerning me, that I express my judgment and condemn the opinions of others too rashly and proudly, I reply through you that I should be greatly pleased at their ripe and sober modesty if they really exhibited it in fact instead of simply finding fault with my levity and precipitancy. It is easy, as I see, to observe this vice in me, but my modesty or temerity has nothing to do with the matter, for truth will not be made more worthy by the one nor more unworthy by the other. This alone I ask of you and your theologians, that without troubling themselves about my character, they express their opinion of my statements and conclusions, and, if they find any errors in them, tell me what they are. For who does not know that without pride, or at least the appearance of pride and the suspicion of contentiousness, nothing new can be done? However great one's humility in attempting the unusual, one is always accused of arrogance by those who think otherwise. Why were Christ and all the martyrs put to death, and learned doctors visited with hatred, but because they were thought arrogant and contemptuous of ancient things, or proposed novel ways without taking the advice of those who were expert in the old? I do not wish them to expect me to be so humble—that is, so hypocritical—as to submit whatever I say to their advice and decision. What I do, I do not by man's will or counsel, but by God's. If it

be of God, who shall stop it? If it be not of God, who can forward it? Not my will, nor theirs, nor ours, but Thine be done, Holy Father who art in Heaven.

It was in this letter, written a few days after posting the theses, that he first signed himself, with a play upon his name such as the humanists loved to indulge in, Martinus Eleutherius (Martin the Free), for some time a favorite form of subscription in letters to intimate friends. It throws an interesting light upon his state of mind. He had been troubled and perplexed for many months; when finally a decision was reached and the decisive step taken, he felt a sense of exhilaration all the greater because of the protracted struggle that had preceded. He had not rushed precipitately into the conflict; he had weighed the matter carefully and held back as long as he could: but once committed to the attack, the joy of battle was upon him, and there was no yielding until victory was won.

The reception accorded his theses was very diverse. Tetzel was naturally angered by them, and many others not financially interested in the traffic, as he was, were shocked and distressed. Most of Luther's own friends were greatly alarmed, and, even though sympathizing with his attitude, felt that he had gone altogether too far. Referring to the matter long afterward, he said:

God brought me forward wonderfully, and led me into the game quite without my knowledge more than twenty years ago. Things went very poorly at first. The day after the festival of All Saints in the year 1517, when I had ventured to oppose the grave and public error of indulgences, Dr. Jerome Schurf, while we were walking together to Kemberg, took me sharply to task, exclaiming: "You would write against the pope? What do you hope to accomplish by it? They will not suffer it." And I replied, "What if they must suffer it?"

He had evidently expected the disapproval of his friends, for he had kept his own counsel and told nobody of his intentions. "In the beginning of my career," he once remarked, "when I wrote against indulgences and their abuse, I received from Heaven the gift of depending upon myself instead of others." His colleagues, as is apt to be the case, found fault with him because they feared he would bring the university into disrepute and decrease the attendance, and his brother monks were distressed at the scandal they foresaw he was preparing for the Augustinian order. "When I first attacked indulgences, and all the world opened their eyes and thought I had attempted too much, my prior and sub-prior, troubled by the cry of heresy, came and begged me not to bring disgrace upon the order. But when I replied, 'Dear fathers, if it be not begun in God's name, it will soon come to naught, but if it be, let Him look after it,' they had nothing more to say."

On the other hand, in many circles the theses met with warm approval. Duke George of Saxony, possessing, like his cousin Frederick, ecclesiastical foundations supported by indulgences, was greatly annoyed at the papal competition, and, though later one of Luther's bitterest enemies, expressed himself at the time as delighted with the theses. The Elector Frederick, while guarded in his utterances, as was his wont, was evidently pleased with the daring young monk and glad to have a check put upon Tetzel's traffic. It is true that the theses were fitted to discredit indulgences altogether, and so interfere also with some of his own institutions; but he took no exception to Luther's action, and public opinion in some quarters even credited him with being himself the instigator of the attack, his willingness to see a neighboring elector, with whom he was not on the best of terms, inconvenienced being assumed as a matter of course. At any rate, whether the assumption was warranted or not, he stood by his monk and professor even when the attack grew bitterest, and refused to deliver him over to his foes.

But most surprising to Luther himself, and historically of greater importance than anything else, was the tremendous chorus of approval that arose from the nation at large. To his great astonishment, the theses were at once translated into German and read by all classes of people in all parts of the country. In the polemic work quoted on page 650 he observed:

In fourteen days the theses ran through all Germany; for the whole world was complaining of indulgences, especially as preached

Amore et studio elucidande veritatis hec subscripta disputabũt Wittenberge. Presidente R. P. Martino Luther, Artiũ et S. Theologie Magistro eiusdemq; ibidem lectore Ordinario. Quare petit, ut qui non possunt verbis presentes ea, absentes literis agant. In nomine dñi nostri Ihesu Christi. Amen.

1 ¶ Dominus et magister noster Ihesus Christus dicendo. Penitentiã agite. &c. omnẽ vitam fidelium penitentiam esse voluit.

2 ¶ Hoc verbo de penitẽcia tali accipi nõ potest id est confessione et satisfactione que sacerdotum ministerio celebratur. non pot̃ intelligi.

3 ¶ Non id solam intendit interiorẽ, immo interior nulla est, nisi foris ope retur varias carnẽ mortificationes.

4 ¶ Manet tamen pena donec manet odium sui (id est penitentia vera intus) scz vsq; ad introitum regni celor.

5 ¶ Papa nõ vult nec pot̃ vllas penas remittere. ꝑter eas quas arbitrio vel suo vel canonum imposuit.

6 ¶ Papa nõ pot̃ remittere vllã culpã nisi declarando et approbando remissam a deo. Aut certe remittendo casus reservatos sibi. quib⁹ cessantibus culpa prorsus remaneret.

7 ¶ Nullã prorsus rem mittit deus culpã quin simul eã subijciat humiliatã in omnibus sacerdoti suo vicario.

8 ¶ Canones penitentiales tãtũ viuentibus sunt imposite. nihilq; morturis secundũ eos debet iniũgi.

9 ¶ Inde bi nobis facit spũs sanctus in papa. excipiendo in suis decretis q; articuli mortis et necessitatis.

10 ¶ Indocte et male facũt sacerdotes illi qui morituris pẽnas canonicas in purgatoriũ differunt.

11 ¶ Zizania illa de mutanda pena canonica in penam purgatorii. vident certe dormientibus episcopis seminata.

12 ¶ Olim pene canonice nõ solebãt ante absolutionem imponi. sed tanq; tentamenta vere et contritionis.

13 ¶ Morientes omnia soluunt. et iã mortui sunt ad penas canonum. habẽtes iure earum relaxationem.

14 ¶ Imꝑfecta sanitas seu charitas moribundi necessario secum ferẽtem magnã timoris pẽnã. eaq; maiorem. quãto minor fuerit ipsa.

15 ¶ Hic timor et horror satis ẽt. & ipse. vt alia taceã. facere pot̃ pẽnã purgatorii. cum sit proxima desperationi horrori.

16 ¶ Videtur infernus. purgatorio. ꝑ simile. ita ut desperatio. ꝑ hoc. securitas. securitati differant.

17 ¶ Necessarium videt̃ animabus purgatorio. quã tempus. ita et opera. quare et opera differunt.

18 ¶ Nec probatum videt̃ vllis nec rationibus nec scripturis. q; extra statum meriti seu agende charitatis.

19 ¶ Nec hoc probatũ esse videt̃. q; sint de beatitudine certe. effectus fidei et charitatis. in his certissima sunt.

20 ¶ Q; papa p remissionẽ plenariã sũa pena. nõ simpliciter aliquã intelligit. sed a ꝑpio tantũmodo imꝑtitur.

21 ¶ Errant igit̃ indulgẽtiarũ ꝑdicatores. q; dicũt per papã solui a quavis pena homẽ ab ona penã solui et saluari.

22 ¶ Quin animã remittit. aliabus in purgatorio. q̃ã in hac vita debuissent. ꝑ Canones soluere.

23 ¶ Si remissio vlla ona. alicui horũ. ꝑsit. sicut hec. certũ. esset. tũ nõ nisi perfectissimi. paucissimis darẽ.

24 ¶ Falli ob id necesse est. maiorẽ partẽ ꝑpli. per indifferentẽ illã et magnificam penẽ solute. promissionem.

25 ¶ Quale ꝑ canẽ ꝑ papa in purgatorio. ꝑ ligatur. talem ꝑ quidẽ Episcopus et Curatus in sua diocesi et parochia ꝑ canẽ.

26 ¶ Debẽt facti papa. et nõ. ꝑ ita. clamare. qui animã de purgatorio. ꝑ ficta sua clauis remittitur.

27 ¶ Nec. ꝑ predicãr. quã talem. vt sacrum nummus in cistam tinnierit. cẽ lare possunt animã.

28 ¶ Certũ. ẽ. tãtũmo in cistã tinniente. augeri quẽstũ et auariciã posse. fructũ autem ad ecclesiã arbitriũ ꝑ soli. ẽ.

29 ¶ Quis scit. si omes animas purgatorio velint redimi. sicut de S. Severino et Paschali facta narratur.

30 ¶ Nullus est securus de veritate sue cõtritionis. multo minus de cõsecutione plenarie remissionis.

31 ¶ Rarus. ẽ. qui vere penitẽs. ita. ꝓ. rarissimo. quis. sit. diues.

32 ¶ Damnabunt in eternũ. cũ suis magistris. quicunq; per literas sibi de sua salute.

33 ¶ Cauendi sunt nimium qui dicũt veniam illam ꝑ apostolicã. esse illud donum inestimabile quo reconciliat homo deo.

34 ¶ Gratie ẽ. ille veniales. ꝑ. quibus. ꝑ. redemptionẽ. ordinate. ꝑ. ecclesiã. facrandi. tales. ꝑ bonum conferuntur.

35 ¶ Non christianum ꝓdicant. qui. docent. ꝑ redemptione animas vel. ꝑ. contritionẽ. non. ꝑ. indigẽtes. sunt. necessariã. conferri.

36 ¶ Quilibet christianus vere cõpunctus. ꝑ. remissionẽ plenariã. ꝑ. pena et culpa. etiam sine. ꝑ. literas. sibi. debitã.

37 ¶ Quilibet vertus christianus. siue viuus siue mortuus. ꝑ. participantiã omnium bonorũ. Christi et Ecclesie. etiã sine. ꝑ. literas. a deo. sibi. datam.

38 ¶ Remissio tñ et participatio Papæ nullo mõ. ẽ. ꝓmouenda. quãuis. dicta. ẽ. declaratio remissionis. diuine.

39 ¶ Difficillimũ. ẽ. etiã. a. doctissimis. Theologis. simul. extollere. veritatẽ. largitatis. et. ꝑ. literas. et. ꝑ. contritionis. veritatẽ. ꝑ. eas. populo.

40 ¶ Contritionis veritas. pœnas. quẽrit. et. amat. Literas. aũt. largitas. relaxatiões. odit. et. fauorẽ. ꝑ. ocasionẽ.

41 ¶ Cauẽdum. ne. literas. apostolicas. ꝑdicãtes. ꝑ. alijs. accipiãt.

42 ¶ Docendi. sunt. christiani. q; papæ. mens. nõ. ẽ. ut redemptionẽ. veniã. vl. la. ex. parte. cõparandã. esse. cõsilijs. misericordie.

43 ¶ Docendi. sunt. christiani. q; dans. pauperi. aut. mutuans. egentẽ. melius. ꝑ. facit. q; si. veniã. emerent.

44 ¶ Quia. ꝑ. opus. charitatis. crescit. charitas. et. ꝑ. hõ. melior. fit. sed. ꝑ. veniã. nõ. fit. melior. sed. timorẽ. ꝑ. pena. liberatus.

45 ¶ Docendi. sunt. christiani. q; qui. videt. egentẽ. et. neglecto. eo. dat. ꝑ. veniã. nõ. indulgẽtias. ꝑ. apostolicas. sed. indignationẽ. dei. sibi. vendicat.

46 ¶ Docendi. sunt. christiani. q; nisi. superflua. habundãtes. necessaria. teneãt. domui. sue. retinere. et. nequaq; ꝑ. veniam. effundere.

47 ¶ Docendi. sunt. christiani. q; redemptio. veniarũ. est. liberã. et. ꝓcepta.

48 ¶ Docẽdi. sunt. christiani. q; papa. ita. et. magis. egentibus. magis. optat. in veniã. dandã. ꝑ. quam. ꝑ. fiducã. orationem. sibi. ꝓ. peccatis.

49 ¶ Docendi. sunt. christiani. q; venie. Pape. sunt. vtiles. si. eis. in. eas. confidãt. dum. Deũ. nocentissime. timuerint. per eas. aduersari.

50 ¶ Docendi. sunt. christiani. q; si. papa. nosset. exactiones. venialiũ. predicatorũ. fore. animã. S. Petri. cui. ꝑsens. ecclesiã. ipse. ꝑ. eadem. cremari. vellet. nullo. modo. pecunia. suam. hanc. exactionem. dare.

51 ¶ Docendi. sunt. christiani. q; papa. tanta. debet. ita. vellet. etiam. vendere. vrbem. sanctam. S. Petrum. sine. suo. peculio. quam. cui. libet. quos. plerosq; exactores. quos. illi. cõficiunt. populo. dare.

52 ¶ Vana. ẽ. fiducia. salutis. ꝑ. literas. veritatis. aut. ꝑ. indulgẽtias. confisa. ꝑ. quas. quis. arbitrio. dei. vel. sua. tollat. ꝑ. quascunq; blasphemias.

53 ¶ Hostes. christi. et. papæ. sunt. illi. qui. propter. veniãs. ꝑdicandas. verbũ. dei. in. aliis. ecclesijs. penitus. silere. volunt.

54 ¶ Iniuria. fit. verbo. dei. dũ. in. eodẽ. sermone. equale. vel. longiꝰ. tempus. impendit. veniãs. q; illi.

55 ¶ Mens. pape. necessario. est. q; si. veniæ. q; tenuissima. est. vna. campana. vno. pompa. et. cæremonia. celebrand. Euangelium. q; autem. ꝑ. contra. tantum. sacrorũ. pompas. et. cæremonias. debeat. ꝑ. eos. maiorem. reuerentiã. cõparandã.

56 ¶ Thesaurus. ecclesie. vñ. q; a. quo. Christus. claues. dicit. nõ. ẽ. satis. notus. nec. meritis. Christi. et. sanctorum. cõstat.

57 ¶ Temporalia certe. nõ. ẽ. ea. esse. q; ꝑ. clauicle. eam. ꝑ. multos. ꝑ. tunc. colligunt. multa. cõmentantes.

58 ¶ Nec. sunt. merita. Christi. et. sanctorum. q; ꝑ. hec. q; sine. ꝑ. papa. operat. gratiam. hois. interiorem. et. crucẽ. mortificationem. exteriorem.

59 ¶ Declarauit. eccliã. S. Laurẽtius. ꝑ. pauperes. eccliæ. ꝑ. hoc. tẽpus. ꝑ. eam. vocabula. sui. ꝛpis.

60 ¶ Non. temerarie. dicim̃. clauses. ecclesiarum. merita. Christi. penitus. ꝑ. se. ꝑ. ea. fieri. dicam.

61 ¶ Clare. est. etiã. q; ad remissionẽ. penarũ. et. casuũ. sola. sufficit. pelle. Papæ.

62 ¶ Verus. thesaurus. eccliæ. est. sanctissimũ. euãgelium. gloriæ. et. gratiæ. dei.

63 ¶ Hic. aũt. est. merito. odiosissimus. q; ex. primis. fieri. nouissimi. ẽ.

64 ¶ Thesaurus. aũt. indulgẽtiarũ. meritissimo. est. gratissimus. q; ex. nouissimis. facit. primos.

65 ¶ Igitur. thesauri. Euangelici. rete. fuit. quondam. ex. quibus. ꝑ. tunc. viros. diuitiarum.

66 ¶ Thesauri. indulgentiarũ. sunt. rhete. quibus. nũc. ꝑ. eosdem. quondam. viros.

67 ¶ Indulgẽtiarum. quas. clamatores. vociferant. meritas. gratissimas. merito. sunt. vere. falce. quoad. ꝑ. eam. ꝑ. questum.

68 ¶ Sunt. tamen. re. vera. minime. ad. gratiam. dei. et. crucis. ꝑ. tantum. comparate.

69 ¶ Tenent. ꝑ. in. Christi. veniãs. apostoli. Christianos. ꝑ. alia. recipienda. ea. admittere.

70 ¶ Sed. magis. tenent. illos. ꝑ. eos. inimicos. suos. ꝑ. ꝑ. veniãs. ꝑ. ꝑ. ne. ꝑ. timorẽ. Papæ. vel. ꝑ. alia. forma. ꝑ. dicant.

71 ¶ Contra. veniãs. apostolicas. sentiẽ. q; loquẽ. ꝑ. ille. anathema. et. maledictũ.

72 ¶ Illum. vero. contra. insolẽtiã. ac. licentiã. verborũ. Commissarius. veniarũ. curam. agẽs. ille. benedictũ.

73 ¶ Sicut. Papa. iuste. fulminat. contra. eos. qui. in. fraudem. negotij. veniarũ. quouis. arte. machinantur.

74 ¶ Multo. magis. fulminare. intendit. contra. eos. qui. ꝑ. veniarũ. pretextũ. in. fraudem. sce. charitatis. et. veritatis. machinant.

75 ¶ Opinari. veniãs. papalẽs. tãtas. esse. vt. solocre. possint. hoies. etiã. si. de. ꝑ. impossibile. dei. genitricẽ. violasset. ẽ. insanire.

76 ¶ Dicimus. contra. q; venie. papales. nequidẽ. peccatum. ꝑmittũ. verũtamen. ꝑ. ea. tolle. re. possint. quo. ad. culpam.

77 ¶ Et. ꝑ. ipsi. S. Petrum. modo. Papa. esset. maiores. gratias. donare. possit. ea. blasphemia. in. sctm. Petrum. et. Papam.

78 ¶ Dicimus. contra. q; etiã. ille. et. quilibet. papa. maiores. habẽt. gratias. tam. in. animã. quã. in. ipsum. ꝑ. veniãs. scz. q; ꝑ. Euangelium. ꝑ. tot. ꝑ. tam. cõtemnit. scz. vt. ꝑ. Euangelium.

79 ¶ Dicere. Crucẽ. armis. papalibus. inuigatũ. erectũ. esse. crucis. Christi. cognatum. est. blasphemia. est.

80 ¶ Dicendi. sunt. ad. Episcopi. et. Curati. et. Theologi. illos. talia. ꝑmitte. ꝑ. populo. libere. ꝑ. fiant.

81 ¶ Hanc. ꝑ. veniarũ. ꝑdicationẽ. laicis. subtilem. vix. quis. etiã. doctis. ꝑ. viris. ꝑ. ꝑ. ꝑ

by Tetzel. When all the bishops and doctors were silent and nobody ventured to bell the cat,—for the Dominican heresy-hunters had frightened every one with the threat of the stake, and Tetzel himself had persecuted certain priests who had criticized his shameless methods,—then I became famous, because at last there had appeared one who dared to take hold of the business. But the glory of it was not agreeable to me, for I myself did not know what indulgences were, and the song threatened to become too high for my voice.

Writing in the spring of 1518 to Christopher Scheurl, who had sent him from Nuremberg a copy of the theses with a German translation, he said:

You wonder I did not send them to you, but it was not my plan or my wish to have them get into general circulation. I intended first to discuss them with a few in this neighborhood, that, if condemned by the judgment of others, they might be suppressed, or, if approved, might be published. But now, contrary to my expectation, they are being repeatedly translated, so that I repent having given birth to them. Not that I am averse to having the truth made known to the people, for there is nothing I desire more; but that this is not the best way to instruct them. For there are certain points about which I am still in doubt, and I should have said some things in a very different way and with greater assurance, and some I should have omitted altogether, if I had seen what was to happen.

He had no idea that the impatience and discontent of the people were as widespread as they proved to be. He had not looked to them, nor had he counted on their support. He had indeed the scholar's inbred contempt for the opinions of the uneducated; but their enthusiastic response to an appeal not meant for them, when those to whom it was addressed showed themselves indifferent or hostile, changed the whole situation. He gained a following, and the people gained a leader. Hitherto he had been monk, professor, preacher, district vicar; now he sprang in a moment into national prominence. The hearts of men in all parts of the land turned toward him, and his heart turned toward them. For the religious principles underlying the theses they cared little, for the arguments sustaining them still less. They saw only that here was a man, muzzled by none of the prudential considerations which closed the mouths of many in high places, who dared to speak his mind plainly and emphatically, and was able to speak it intelligently and with effect upon a great and growing evil deplored by multitudes. It is such a man the people love and such a man they trust.

He might regard his theses only as propositions for debate, but they were widely interpreted as a direct and uncompromising attack. And they were applauded not merely because of dislike for the indulgence traffic, but also and chiefly because of discontent with the encroachments of the papacy in many lines and hostility to the overmastering influence of a foreign power in national affairs. Restlessness over the situation was becoming steadily more and more wide-spread. It was the promise for the future involved in Luther's stand that appealed to the nation and aroused its enthusiasm. "Ho, ho, he is come who will do what is needed!" some one is reported to have cried when he read the theses, and his exclamation well voiced the feeling of multitudes as they looked with admiration on the daring monk and thrilled with sympathy for his act. Just what was to happen nobody knew; that a break with papacy and church would result few imagined; but that here was a man who could be counted on to grapple with existing evils and to lead the way toward a better state of things multitudes felt even if but dimly. From this time on Luther always had the people in mind, appealed to them, and regarded himself as their spokesman, while they listened eagerly to all he had to say and were quick to follow where he led.

It is the fashion nowadays to belittle the importance of his act in posting the theses, —the modern historian looks with suspicion upon all dramatic incidents,—but it made him a popular leader and for such a leader as he was yet to be Germany had long been waiting.

(To be continued)

GEORGE WASHINGTON

FROM A PASTEL PORTRAIT BY JAMES SHARPLESS. OWNED BY DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL

Sharpless came to Virginia from England sometime between 1794 and 1798, and visited Mount Vernon, where he painted in pastel two portraits of Washington, and one of Mrs. Washington, from life. He returned to England, and in 1809 came back with his family, and visited on the country estates, painting portraits. He died in New York, February 26, 1811.

WASHINGTON AT THE CRISIS OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR

AN IMPORTANT UNPUBLISHED LETTER

WITH COMMENT BY WORTHINGTON C. FORD

Author of "George Washington"

THE subjoined letter of General Washington, which comes to the Editor of THE CENTURY from Miss Ann Mason Lee of Richmond, Virginia, a descendant of General Henry Lee ("Light Horse Harry"), is dated October 28, 1777, is entirely in General Washington's handwriting and is now first printed. It touches upon more than one matter of the highest concern to Washington and the contest the continent was making against England.

Burgoyne had surrendered his army to Gates, who had won through the preparations and foresight of General Schuyler, and the aid given by Washington. In his pride of success and increased confidence in his own capacity, Gates listened to the men who surrounded him, and came to believe that he deserved the highest honors the continent could bestow, even the appointment of commander-in-chief in place of Washington, whose cautious methods had not produced a victory like that of Saratoga, and against whose inaction many murmured. The chief instrument in this process of bringing Gates to the front was the foreign adventurer Thomas Conway, who had asked Congress to advance his own position, so that he might better attain his ends through Gates. Washington, ignorant of the cabal against him, but fully aware of the inefficiency of Conway, opposed his promotion on public grounds, and freely expressed himself to Richard Henry Lee, then in the Continental Congress. He pursues the subject in this letter, and did succeed in blocking Conway's appointment.

A second instrument of the cabal against Washington was the proposed Board of War, of which Gates was to be the president. Such a board, close to Congress and ever working for its own purposes, could do much to undermine the influence of Washington, who was at a distance and seeking to obtain from Congress an army sufficiently strong to act on the offensive. The three members proposed were General Mifflin, deep in the cabal; Colonel Harrison, the confidential secretary to Washington; and Colonel Pickering, recently Adjutant-General, to whose office Conway wished to succeed. The conspirators believed that Gates and Mifflin could influence or override the opinions of Harrison, that Pickering would be a willing ally, and that Conway would be the channel for carrying their activities through the army. Washington favored a board not composed of members of Congress, and knew nothing of the intention to weaken him by withdrawing Harrison. The latter declined the tempting offer, the board began to act with another member, and the exposure of the Conway cabal by Wilkinson reduced it to nothingness and forced the board to confine itself to its proper functions.

Washington had stripped his army of an essential part of its strength to place Gates beyond any risk of defeat, and facing the British at Brandywine, he lost a battle because, as he thought, Gates had not promptly returned these loaned corps. No doubt exists of the intention of Gates in retaining them, in spite of the urgent sending of Hamilton by Washington, to hasten their return. To enjoy the full sweets of victory, to magnify his own success and importance, and to make sharper the contrast between his own victory and Washington's want of it, Gates was will-

ing to risk the destruction of the "main" army under Washington. Note the generosity of the commander-in-chief. He complains of neglect, and regrets his inability to meet the expectation of Congress and the people. He believes Gates made the best terms possible, and suggests the dangers to flow from the convention of surrender, without any criticism upon Gates's conduct. It is now known that Burgoyne's situation was hopeless, that he could not have extricated his army by any exertions of his own, and that he could look for no aid from Clinton at New York, or Howe, now at sea or below Philadelphia, in what Mr. Charles Francis Adams shows to have been an entirely fruitless and illogical manœuver, the one best calculated to sacrifice Burgoyne. This letter was written at one of the great crises of the American War of Independence, and in one of the most critical situations in his military career in which Washington had been placed.

WASHINGTON'S LETTER TO RICHARD HENRY LEE

Phil^{a}. County 28th of Oct. 1777

Dear Sir

The report of Genl. Conways promotion was so prevalent, and came from such authority—among others from Baron Kalb, who told me, that by some members of Congress he was informed it either had, or would take place—that I had not a single doubt remaining upon my mind of the Fact.—what I said in my last, was with no design to injure General Conway —nor with a view to serve any individual —I then said, and still think, it would have an exceeding bad tendency; not, as I before observed, that I had formed my opinion from anything I had heard, because to this moment I have not exchanged directly, or indirectly, a single word with any Brigadier in the service on the subject, but from the nature of the case, well knowing that all officers are apt to entertain as high an opinion of their own merits as they deserve, and few of them are actuated by such pure and disinterested motives as to submit to what they conceive a slight, in w^{ch} light the promotion of a younger officer over them undoubtedly would be considered.—These, & these only, were my motives for the letter I wrote you.—how far he is qualified to discharge the duties of Adjutant Genl in case the present Gent^{n} is appointed to, & accepts any other office, you can judge almost as well of as I—He must, no doubt, be well acquainted with the detail duty of an army from the length of his Services; but then he is a bad scribe, which however may in some measure be remedied by good assistants (which he or any other Adjutant Genl. must have)—what weight there may be, in his being a Foreigner, you can judge as well of as I can—There is a Gent^{n}., if Col^{o}. Pickering should go out of the office, who I am told is well qualified to supply his place, he was formerly Deputy Adj^{n}. Gen^{l}. to the Northern army, and of the name of Flemming—he had been an officer in the British Service, well acquainted with detail duty, and a good disciplinarian—He was in very bad health at the time Gen^{l}. Gates left that office; which was, I believe, the principal reason why he was not thought of as a successor—that he was not, caused his resignation.—The part he has acted since, & his political Sentiments, can be known perhaps with precission from the Representatives of New York, where he formerly resided, and those of Jersey, where he is at present a resident; and in whose Treasury, I understand, he has imbarked his all.—a good security if true.—

The three Gent^{n}. you have in contemplation for constituting a Board of War (not from your own body) are, in my judgment, equal to any you could make choice of.—They want, what is not to be found among a people unused to war, a competent knowledge of the business; but they have a large share of understanding —great application—and as much experience in the business as any I know, having had as good opportunities of seeing, and feeling our wants as any among us.—at the same time men of unquestionable attachment and Integrity.—The advantages of having able members solely confined to this department are too obvious & important; & the benefits to myself & the army at large, too diffusive & extensive, to suffer local conveniencies to interfere; for which reason if Mess^{rs}. Harrison & Pic-

kering should Incline to accept the appointment, it will meet with my ready concurrance.

I congratulate you most sincerely on the important events to the northward; but cannot help complaining, most bitterly, of Gen[l]. Gates's neglect in not giving me the earliest authentic advice of it; as an affair of that magnitude might, and indeed did, give an important turn to our operations in this Quarter—at least in our designs—but which, for want of confirmation, we began to doubt the propriety of—from the time I wrote Congress on the 18[th] (Inclosing the first acc[t]. I had of the surrender, w[ch] was not altogether authentic) till the 26[th] I heard not a tittle more of it (and actually began to doubt the truth of it)—nor have I to this moment rec[d] the least advice of this Important transaction from General Gates.—I wish Sir, the Situation of your Troops in this Quarter, & our Force, could give you well grounded hopes of a similar event; but as this will shortly become the subject of a Letter to Congress, I shall not inlarge upon it at present, in this.—

Although the Surrender of General Burgoyne is a great, and glorious event, highly honourable to our arms, and to those who were immediately opposed to him.—and although I am perfectly well satisfied that the critical situation in w[ch] Gen[l] Gates was likely to be thrown (by the approach of General Clinton up the N[o] River) would not allow him to insist upon a more perfect Surrender; I am nevertheless convinced, that this event will not equal our expectations; and that, without great precaution, & very delicate management, we shall have all these men—if not the officers—opposed to us in the spring.—without the necessary precautions (as I have just observed) I think this will happen; and unless great delicacy is used in the precautions, a plea will be given them, & they will justify, a breach of the Covenant on their part—do they not declare (many of them) that no faith is to be held with Rebels?—did not the English do the very thing I am now suspecting them of, after the Convention of Closter Seven, upon changing their commander?—will they hold better faith with us than they did with the French?—I am persuaded, myself, that they will not—and yet, I do not see how it is to be prevented, without a direct violation of the articles ourselves, or, by attempting to guard against the evil, give them a plea of justification on theirs.

It is reported among us that Gen[l] Mifflin has resigned his offices in this army—the truth you must know—It is also said, that Baron Kalb is desirous of going into that Department, being the one he has been regularly trained in for a number of years in ye French Service, whether, admitting this to be the case, as it is a department not only of great trust, but through whose hands much of the Public Money is to pass Congress would choose to Intrust the Baron is left to themselves to determine; certain it is a knowing man will be much wanted, & as certain it is, I know of none such among ourselves.

I am D[r] Sir Y[r] most obed[t] & Affect[e], H[ble] Serv[t]

G[o] W[a]shington.

[To the Honorable Richard Henry Lee.]

THE OBVERSE AND REVERSE OF A WASHINGTON ONE-CENT PIECE, DATED 1791

These one-cent pieces are now rare. The coin from which the pictures were made was placed under the glass of the Sharpless pastel portrait of Washington shown on page 655, now owned by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.

THE HERO

BY FREEMAN TILDEN

I

THE cry of "Help!" uttered by Mr. Josiah Swain as he fell into the North River was so dignified and impersonal that Herbie Turvey, who was loafing along the bank, hesitated a moment about pulling him out. It seemed a job for one of the high town officials rather than for a youth who was generally referred to both in private and public as "that young scamp." However, Herbie concluded that delay would be dangerous, and in a few minutes Mr. Josiah Swain stood dripping upon his own threshold. There he spoke to his rescuer for the first time.

"I thank you, Herbert," he said, holding out a lean hand.

"That 's all right, Mr. Swain," replied Herbie. "I hope you don't get cold."

Mr. Swain turned to go into the house. He paused with his hand on the knob, and added impressively: "I knew your father well, Herbert. We were in the same company in the war."

Then he went in.

Herbie walked along homeward, with his hands in his pockets, whistling thoughtfully. "Darned funny!" he thought. "Last time he called me Herbert was when he was trying to have me sent to the reform school."

When Herbie got home, he was still dripping. His mother looked up from her sewing, saw the moist figure, and for the ten-thousandth time since Herbie began to wear trousers was terrified. She concluded that he had again been "jumping logs" on the river.

"Mr. Swain just fell in the river, and I yanked him out," Herbie explained.

Mrs. Turvey suffered another violent shock. Saving the life of Mr. Swain, the richest man in Pike's Falls, was a proceeding almost as hazardous as jumping logs.

"I did, honest and true, Ma," repeated Herbie.

Mrs. Turvey put on her shawl and went over to Mrs. Dickson's. "What do you think," she said—"Herbert has just saved Mr. Swain's life! He fell into the river, and Herbert grabbed him just as he was going down for the third time."

Both women finally agreed that it was queer a man with all Mr. Swain's money had to be poking around that dangerous log-drive at his age.

Mrs. Dickson told Mrs. Skinner about the rescue. Mr. Skinner was editor of the Pike's Falls "Gazette." So, a little later, Mr. Skinner came over to Mrs. Turvey's house, where Herbie was getting a hot mustard bath, of which he was in no need, and questioned the young man as he stood in a wash-tub in the kitchen.

"So you saved Mr. Swain's life, Herbert," began Mr. Skinner. "Tell me all about it." Herbie told him.

"Did the old gentleman seem grateful, Herbie?" asked the editor.

"I did n't notice. He said something about serving with dad in the war." Mr. Skinner made a note of that.

"He did n't—er—offer you anything, did he?"

"No."

"Now you go right to bed, Herbert," said Mrs. Turvey, after the editor had gone. "I should n't wonder if you get a cold, as it is."

It was part of Herbie Turvey's vague ethical system to please his mother whenever possible. He was twenty-two years old, but he went up-stairs with the appearance of filial obedience. Two hours later, when his mother had gone to bed, Herbie put on his clothes, opened the window, dropped down on the roof of the woodshed, and went off across the moonlit fields. He had an appointment to stone skunks with Lev Dikeman.

On his part, Mr. Swain pondered the incident seriously before going to bed. He did not precisely resent being saved by an irresponsible youth like Herbie, but he would have preferred to select his own rescuer. The prospect seemed to hold some disagreeable possibilities, if the event should become generally known in Pike's Falls. Mr. Swain understood his neighbors far better than they understood him, and he felt that the market value of an heroic act is always determined by those who are in nowise directly concerned with it.

Having these unfortunate possibilities in mind, Mr. Swain went to the office of the Pike's Falls "Gazette" early the next morning, and found Mr. Skinner already at work. It was publication day.

"Good morning, Job," said Mr. Swain, who did not waste much time on the amenities of discourse. "I suppose you 've heard of that little accident last evening. You newspaper men hear everything."

"Why, yes, Mr. Swain," replied the editor. "I was just going to run over to your office. I kind o' thought you 'd like to make some nice little statement. I 'll take it down right now."

Mr. Swain tapped his cane impatiently. "Now, see here, Job, you don't want to make a splurge about this little thing. There 's no reason why everybody should tittle-tattle about it. It did n't amount to much, anyway; they tell me the water is n't very deep there. And I mean to do the handsome thing by the young man. I was just on my way to the bank to get five five-dollar gold pieces—and I thanked him yesterday."

"That 's fine, Mr. Swain; but I thought I 'd make a nice little notice about it in the 'Gazette.' It ain't often the biggest man in Pike's Falls gets rescued from drowning; I think you are mistaken about the depth of the water there. Besides, it might be a big thing for Herbie. Why, it might chirk him up and make a man of him. You can't tell about those things."

Mr. Swain's gray eyes glistened with growing discontent. He was not a man to be argued with. When he spoke again it was with meaning emphasis. "I don't want anything printed about it, Job; that 's all. If Herbie was different, I 'd say yes, and glad of it. I 'd take him into the mill and make something of him. But he ain't the working kind. You know what he is as well as I do. Fishing and shooting and stealing apples, and gallivanting around the country, is all he thinks of. I tell you, I ain't going to saddle him on myself just on account of a mere accident."

Job Skinner was not a poltroon, but he had a family and a newspaper property to look out for. Mr. Swain could ruin him by the turn of his hand; so he capitulated.

"Very well, Mr. Swain," he replied. "The 'Gazette' won't mention it."

"Now you 're showing the sensible spirit, Job," said Mr. Swain. "I 'm much obliged to you." As he was leaving, he paused in the doorway and added: "By the way, you can print that quarter-page advertisement this week, if you want to. It don't do us any good,—our selling business ain't here,—but I like to show our appreciation of the home paper. Good day, Job."

"Old skinflint!" murmured Job as he went back to his shears.

At the bank Mr. Swain was further discomfited. The paying teller, after ringing the gold pieces on the marble counter, smiled knowingly and said: "We don't pay out many of these, Mr. Swain. I take it you 're making a little present."

Mr. Swain scowled and stamped out.

Several persons greeted Mr. Swain on his way to his office. Their manner was deferential, as usual, but they showed that they knew something about their wealthy fellow-citizen that brought him a little nearer earth than he had been. Mr. Swain's displeasure increased when he realized that they were not thinking of him, of his power, of his affluence, but rather of him in connection with Herbie Turvey. They were no longer saying, "There goes Mr. Swain," but, "There goes Mr. Swain, whose life was saved by Herbie Turvey." It looked like a perpetual partnership to the old man, and he did not relish it.

The worse proof of the situation was awaiting the great "lumber king" in his own domain. As he entered the office, every eye appraised him covertly. Every employee was astonished to see how thin their monarch was, how stooped at the shoulders, how white his hair. They had not realized before how near death this great man could come.

James Finck, the cashier, made bold by a service of twenty-six years behind the

cashier's cage, greeted his employer with a round smile. "Well, Mr. Swain," he said, "we 're glad to see you safe and sound. And to think that we should owe seeing you here to Herbie Turvey!"

Mr. Swain's pent-up feelings exploded. "If you 've got work to do, Finck," he cried, "do it! If you 've got nothing else to do except talk nonsense, go home!"

Herbie Turvey! Herbie Turvey! Everybody knew it, then. What need of a local newspaper, when news could be published so speedily without it! Mr. Swain was a man who knew how to make quick decisions. He took up the telephone and called the office of the "Gazette."

"That you, Job? This is Josiah Swain. I 've changed my mind about that article. You can print it. Don't overdo it, Job, that 's all. Say a good word for the boy, of course—and, by the way, let that quarter-page advertisement wait for the present. Good-by."

So, at a stroke, Josiah Swain changed his whole policy. His natural sagacity told him that if the news of the rescue did not appear in the "Gazette," everybody in Pike's Falls would immediately guess why. Thus he would be accused of two serious things, ingratitude and coercion. It was far better for the present to accept the predicament of having Herbie Turvey forced upon him by public sentiment.

A man less keen in judging human nature would not so soon have accepted this as the only alternative. But Josiah Swain, though he loved money and power and distinction and homage, loved more than all these the good opinion of his neighbors. And the covetousness of that regard made him sensitive to shades of feeling which would have conveyed nothing to a less precise mind.

As he sat at his desk, Josiah weighed the situation with a nice balance. The facts, as they would be viewed in Pike's Falls, were simple, and called for a broadly simple treatment. Josiah Swain, with several millions, falls into the river. Herbie Turvey, worth nothing and of doubtful repute, pulls him out. He was not compelled to save the rich man. Consequently we may connote at this point something of nobility of character in favor of Herbie. What, now, does the rich man do?

It is an elementary drama. The audience has seen the first part. It has concluded what the second part should be: the rich man should have a daughter to whom the hero may be wed. But Josiah Swain had no daughter. Well, then, the poor boy should become the heir of the old man's millions. The audience, however, does not deal in intentions. It must see the papers passed. It must be at the reading of the will.

The rich man may do one thing or the other. He may assist the even movement of the drama toward a satisfactory climax, or he may ignore the audience, and, after making some quick settlement with the hero, show him the door. In the first case the rich man becomes a good man; in the second he assumes the part of a bad, ungrateful, and miserly old wretch. Public opinion will crown him or hurl anathema at him, as he chooses.

Josiah Swain elected to be a good rich man. He dictated a letter to the Pike's Falls "Gazette" in which he expressed his fervent thanks to the young man who rescued him from a watery grave. Though he knew that such service could never be computed in terms of money, yet he trusted that the inclosed sum, which the editor would please take in charge, would be accepted in the spirit that prompted its giving; finally, that there was a place open for Herbie Turvey at the lumber mill, and an opportunity to work up to the highest place in the business.

Pike's Falls applauded. The drama had worked out to a happy ending.

When Job Skinner went to find Herbie, Mrs. Turvey could give only the vague information that he was "somewhere with Lev Dikeman, skittering for pickerel." At Ward's Pond Job found the young hero. He shouted the news to Herbie, who was in a boat some distance from shore.

"Gee! that 's quite a thing!" said Herbie, in reply. "And, say, look at these pickerel. Ain't they beauties!"

II

Herbie Turvey had no desire to work for Mr. Swain. He had no desire to work for anybody. Nor did he feel that he had been a hero. He would have saved a mongrel dog just as readily and easily. But Pike's Falls placed him on his honor. Having saved Josiah Swain, it now devolved upon him to carry out the rest of the program. So he reluctantly went to work.

Mr. Swain had no desire to place Herbie in the mill. He did not feel that the rescue, which cost Herbie no pains except drying his clothes, warranted any such importance as Pike's Falls placed upon it. But he, too, was put to the test by public opinion. So Herbie went on the pay-roll.

Mr. Swain turned the young man over to the mill superintendent, and endeavored to forget him as soon as possible. He was more fortunate than Herbie, for he had other things to do.

Herbie went into the planing department, where, for a whole day, the ceaseless energy of the great machines held his attention. After that, his was a soul marooned. The work did not interest him. The sun was bright outside, and the surrounding hills beckoned him mockingly. He began to grow restless; then he began to play. By the evening of the second day he had incapacitated a planer in an effort to find out whether it could plane other things besides wood.

The report of the foreman of the planing department concerning Herbie's activities during the first week sheds light upon the young man's aptitude for regular work:

Name, Herbert Turvey. Pay-roll number, 517. Planing Dep't.

Monday.—Rang in on time all day. Washed up ten minutes early at night.

Tuesday.—Rang in 36 minutes late A.M. Had to speak to him about bothering the men. Broke a planer. Disappeared at 5:30.

Wednesday.—Not here A.M. Came in at 1:30, left at 5 o'clock. Loafed all the time.

Thursday.—Very saucy to me. Would not punch the time-clock. Did n't see him after 1 o'clock.

Friday.—Absent all day.

Saturday.—Bothered the men. I sent him home at 2 P.M.

P. S. I recommend you to take him out of this department. He is N. G.

Respectfully, Griggs, Foreman.

Mr. Swain read this report, and then rolled it round his pencil thoughtfully. Then he unrolled it and read it again. Then he smiled. It was not much of a smile. It was just the smile of a man who has successfully predicted trouble for himself. "Make a memorandum to transfer Turvey Monday morning," he said to his secretary.

"Where to, sir?"

"Where? Let me see. Good gracious! I don't know. Remind me of it Monday."

At about the same time Mrs. Turvey was commenting anxiously on Herbie's appearance. He did not look as well as usual.

"Herbie," she said, "you 'd better ask Dr. Stone to-morrow if working in the mill is bad for the lungs."

"I should think 't would be, Ma," replied Herbie. "It makes me feel awful queer."

Monday morning Herbie dragged himself down to the mill, and began a new apprenticeship in the shipping department. This was something of an improvement, because he was out of doors most of the time. But regularity and discipline found no favor in his hitherto uncaged spirit. He was far too dynamic to be a good workman. His was not the hand to pile boards evenly; for where does Nature pile things so, save under protest?

Tuesday morning Herbie left off work to kill a water-rat, a thrilling encounter which left him unfit for routine for that day.

Wednesday Lev Dikeman came down to see his chum in his new occupation, and was sent about his business by the foreman. Herbie indignantly took Lev's part, and the two went away together.

Thursday the foreman sent word to Mr. Swain that "that young fellow won't work." So Thursday afternoon Herbie was called into the presence of the "lumber king."

Mr. Swain asked the young man to sit down, which he did, with a red face, twirling his hat between his hands. "I 'll speak privately," said Mr. Swain to the stenographer, who immediately left the room. Having made sure that the doors were closed and that he would not be overheard, the old man sat back in his swivel-chair, and gazed at Herbie in a curious, half-embarrassed way.

"Well, Herbert," he said, at last, "you don't appear to be doing very well."

Herbie was silent.

"I never had such a chance when I was your age. I had no friends to push me along. But you rendered me a service, and I want to make some return. Now,

you don't want to work; I can see that. I felt it er—incumbent, you might say, to give you a chance in the mill. People kind of expected it—"

"I did n't expect nothing," interrupted Herbie.

"No; I dare say you did n't. No, Herbert, I believe you did n't. But—"

Herbie could stand it no longer. Tears of exasperation and shame came into his eyes, and he blurted out: "I don't want no job. I never asked for no job. I never rendid no service. I wish I had n't pulled ye out of the water at all." He looked wildly about for a means of escape.

Mr. Swain laughed. Few persons had heard him laugh. But there was almost a hearty note now.

"Sit down, Herbert," he said. "Don't you get scared. I understand. That 's just what I 've been thinking, too. Sorry you saved me, eh? Now you 're sorry? So am I. Of course I should n't have wanted to stay in the river; but it ought to have happened different; eh, Herbert?"

Herbie stared at him with an expression of bewilderment.

"I guess we 're agreed that the accident was n't good for either of us," went on Mr. Swain. "People expected me to do something for you, whether you wanted anything or not. People expected you to go to work here; they did n't ask you what you thought. Now, Herbert, we both feel out of place, don't we? We 've got to find a way to dissolve partnership, you might say. Don't you think so, Herbert?"

"I dunno," said Herbie, whose mental process was not swift.

"I 'll come right to the point. Now, supposing—supposing you were to go out on those logs on the river, and fall in, and I was coming along in the launch and saved you—"

"You would n't need to; I kin swim like a fish," suggested Herbie.

"Yes, of course; but, supposing. We 're supposing, you know. Good swimmers take cramps, you know. Now, supposing you got a cramp, and could n't swim; then I would save *your* life. That would even the score, would n't it? People would say, 'Herbert Turvey saved Mr. Swain, and Mr. Swain saved Herbert.' They could n't expect me to do any more; they could n't expect you to do any more."

"Gee!" said Herbie, scratching his head, "that 's a great scheme!"

"Of course you would n't need to mention how it happened," added Mr. Swain, thoughtfully.

"No, sir," Herbie promised; "of course I would n't."

"Call it to-morrow morning, then, at ten sharp," said Mr. Swain, briskly, as though it were just a bit of regular business. "And you 'd better let out a yell or two to attract attention. It won't do any harm if some of the men should see us."

PROMPTLY at ten o'clock the next morning Herbie, in a high state of spirits, made his way out over the logs to the boom which held the struggling captives firm. He gave a tremendous shout, and splashed into the open water. In a moment Mr. Swain's launch chugged along down stream, with the old man in the bow, boat-hook in hand.

"Grab hold of it!" shouted Mr. Swain, pushing the hook toward the kicking youth. Herbie took it leisurely and caught the point in the top of his trousers.

There was nothing premeditated in the next act of Herbie Turvey. It was a flash of the perverseness, perhaps, that runs throughout human nature, or possibly just the boy that was uppermost in the man. But whatever was the cause, Herbie could not resist the opportunity offered him. He glanced at the figure of the old man, badly balanced on the edge of the launch, and suddenly dived toward the bottom of the river. There was a yell, and for the second time within a month Mr. Swain was floundering in the water.

Herbie pulled the old man out, and then clambered into the launch himself. Partly from the water in his throat, and partly from the anger that rose and rose within him, Mr. Swain could not say a word. He lay in the bottom of the boat and glared at Herbie horribly.

And Herbie saw what he had done. Before his eyes rose a vision of countless days among detested saws and planers, and stacks of smooth lumber of mountain height. He sat down on one of the cushioned seats, and tears of chagrin began to come into his eyes.

"I 've done it now," thought Herbie.

Half tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

A SPANISH FAMILY

FROM THE PAINTING BY HENRI A. ZO IN THE WILSTACH COLLECTION, MEMORIAL HALL, PHILADELPHIA

(EXAMPLES OF CONTEMPORARY SPANISH ART)

AMATEUR THEATRICALS

BY

JAMES BARNES

WITH PICTURES BY

ARTHUR I. KELLER

...ner actor. He was constantly organizing amateur companies and conducting rehearsals, and in one play he appeared in no fewer than five different characters. Who has not laughed over the inimitable account in the "Sketches by Boz" of the rehearsal and the performance in which he pictured himself and his stage-struck company?

From the ranks of amateurs have been graduated many sterling actors whose records are well known; but of the amateur *per se* there are naturally no chronicles. Yet in every American city and in almost all the larger towns, there exist amateur organizations—usually playing "for charity's sweet sake"—with large followings, made up for the most part of kindly and indulgent ... ready to accept ... forgive, ... But ... kind friend ... to be the ... be stared ... here, in ... play, despite ... actor ... work of ... acting, the ... services and ... existing and ... time appears ... to put on ... has ... The ... Many men and women who have ... don't work in callings he would ... the play-house and all pertaining to it; but ... found pleasure and recreation in "theatricals." Charles Dickens was a great ...

the average actress to enable him to appear at home and to speak lines naturally under artificial surroundings and set limitations; and specially is this true of those who appear for pleasure only. A society girl with an attractive exterior, a pleasant voice, and that indefinable quality called "temperament," after a very short training, appears well and produces effects with an ease that is denied the other sex. Says another cynic, in a possible explanation, "Most women are acting half their time." This may be true where social conditions force them to be constantly on guard. Most men are bad dissemblers. They lack the essential subtleties; hence they lack more often the convincing power; in theatrical parlance, "they fail to get it over."

Never is the line drawn so closely between the sublime and the ridiculous, the tragic and the amusing, as it is in the presentation of the drama by those who go into it for sheer love of it; yet "How ambition leads us all astray!"

It is an extremely dangerous experiment for amateurs to present plays calling for serious moments and strenuous, dramatic expression; but experience is the best guide. The lighter comedies, the so-called society dramas and many of the old, costumed classics, are well within the scope of amateurs, and in these some acting organizations have presented casts where every part, after hard work and sufficient coaching, compares fairly well with the work of average professionals. Indeed, why should they not? Some amateur clubs, after rehearsing conscientiously for months, play not only for one night's performance, but for a week. Many of the older members of these clubs have played as many parts as some professionals; and, like them, have been graduated in successive years from leading juveniles to first old men, from ingénues to gray-haired matrons. In a certain sense, with the knowledge thus acquired, these last are hardly in the ranks of amateurs; they have learned the rudiments, picked up the tricks, and know all the ropes; they have assimilated in a measure the necessary quality, technic.

The choice of a play is the first and most important thing; and of course this has to do at once with the size of the stage and the numbers of the company that can be brought together. The published

Drawn by Arthur I. Keller

THE LEADING LADY

AMATEUR THEATRICALS

BY

JAMES BARNES

WITH PICTURES BY

ARTHUR I. KELLER

"HOW is it going, old chap?" asked an excited amateur, as he stood in the wings, after his first exit—"how is it going?"

"Splendid!" returned the prompter, sarcastically. "No one has yet spoken a line that is in the book!"

The actor scratched his head, or, better, his wig, his enthusiasm undampened. "We *are* a bit 'fluffy,'" he replied, "but everybody seems to be having a great time. Oh, if we 'd only had three more rehearsals!"

He was enjoying himself, so was the rest of the cast, and so, apparently, was the audience. And this enjoyment is the why and wherefore of amateur theatricals, and the only reason for the existence of the amateur before the footlights.

It is a recognized fact that the histrionic quality that comes to some as a matter of heredity and the result of environment, and that exists in the breasts of many in all classes with such compelling force as to determine the choice of their life-work, is also born in others who have no serious intentions toward the stage, and who look on "acting" as merely a pastime. In the last case, this may result only from a love of the art and a yearning toward self-expression, plus always the desire for approbation, which is the key-note of public appearance in any form.

Many men and women who have made their mark in callings far removed from the play-house and all pertaining to it have found pleasure and recreation in "theatricals." Charles Dickens was a great amateur actor. He was constantly organizing amateur companies and conducting rehearsals, and in one play he appeared in no fewer than five different characters. Who has not laughed over the inimitable account in the "Sketches by Boz" of the rehearsal and the performance in which he pictured himself and his stage-struck company?

From the ranks of amateurs have been graduated many sterling actors whose records are well known; but of the amateur *per se* there are naturally no chronicles. Yet in every American city and in almost all the larger towns, there exist amateur organizations—usually playing "for charity's sweet sake"—with large followings, made up for the most part of kindly and indulgent audiences, ready to accept, to forgive, and to forget. But sometimes, nevertheless, these same kind friends prove to be the most exacting of critics. And here, in passing, let it be stated that amateur acting is not all play, despite its relaxation. It is often work of the most serious and devoted character, the rewards existing only in well-gained applause, generous appreciation, and the gratifying—let us put it plainly—of a species of vanity that assuredly accounts in no small measure for the urging glamour of the stage itself. By the way, it was Ben Franklin, was it not, who said that he would not give a farthing for a man with no vanity?

Some cynic once remarked that "no woman looks a fool upon the stage, but every man does." A scathing statement this; but, applied to the amateur, it has often more than a modicum of truth. The actor requires much more experience than

the average actress to enable him to appear at home and to speak lines naturally under artificial surroundings and set limitations; and specially is this true of those who appear for pleasure only. A society girl with an attractive exterior, a pleasant voice, and that indefinable quality called "temperament," after a very short training, appears well and produces effects with an ease that is denied the other sex. Says another cynic, in a possible explanation, "Most women are acting half their time." This may be true where social conditions force them to be constantly on guard. Most men are bad dissemblers. They lack the essential subtleties; hence they lack more often the convincing power; in theatrical parlance, "they fail to get it over."

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THE LEADING LADY

Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

CHOOSING THE LEADING LADY

list of French's acting editions contains most of the plays that amateurs can use. But if they have access to a real stage and have a large membership to call upon, under skilful, professional direction their ambitions may be extended, and plays may be secured from authors and managers upon payment of a small royalty. In these, however, the amateur suffers in no little measure by comparison with the professional, in the same way that the volunteer soldier suffers by comparison with the regular.

Let us choose a few titles, taken at ran-

dom, from the long list played by a well-known metropolitan club of amateurs—a list that ranges from the farces and comedies of the later Victorian age to the very modern comedy-drama; and, as we mentioned before, going back in some cases to the classics of the eighteenth century. "Which is Which?" "One too Many for Him," "A Misunderstanding," "Withered Leaves," "A Cup of Tea," "A Game of Cards," are all delightful one-act plays, well suited to small stages.

Among those which require some change of scene and some stage machinery might be placed "A Husband to Order," "The Snowball," "Our Boys," "Ours," "War to the Knife," "New Men and Old Acres," "Sweet Lavender," and "A Scrap of Paper." These require only three acts.

Furthermore, there are four-act plays that are so good that, like the classics, they are almost actor-proof and play themselves, such as "London Assurance," "The Prompter's Box," "7-20-8," "One of Our Girls," "All the Comforts of Home," "The Cabinet Minister," "The Jilt," "Captain Letterblair," "Liberty Hall," and "The Manœuvres of Jane." Amateurs, too, can play such plays as "Diplomacy," and even "Jim the Penman," if they possess good acting leads and have gathered some experience. In many cases, good casts have been presented in "The School for Scandal" and "She Stoops to Conquer."

Great danger lies in the choice of plays that require real heroics and simulated passion, the latter, no matter how well done, in its very seriousness, being prone to provoke risibility; for it is hard for the audience to get away from the personalities of people who are well known to them, and whom they meet in their every-day existence. It is not "Lady Helen," snatched close to the bosom of "Sir Lionel Fitzhugh"; it is Minnie Smith in the arms of Jack Porter; and Minnie and Jack are prone to show that they recognize the fact, which may add to the gaiety. "Did he really kiss you?" is an embarrassing question for the leading lady whose family is out in front; and yet, to make it real, Sir Lionel should have kissed his inamorata when the action demanded it, to fulfil the playwright's meaning. And beware, beware, ye amateurs, of real heavy work and melodrama! It is the hardest thing in all the world to do. Avoid it as you would the plague.

Wonderful are the opportunities for unpremeditated amusement that the average unskilled amateur possesses!

Trembling for the first time before the footlights, feeling all hands and feet, the absolute blankness of forgotten lines chilling his very soul, even the kindliest of audiences has risen at him as one man, bursting into roars of laughter and rapturous applause, ignorant of the actor's suffering, regardless of his shattered nerves. Let us take an example.

The scene—a library. The stern parent is seated before the fire; the aspirant for his daughter's hand approaches for the first momentous interview. He is "a self-made young man, bound to carve his way," so the book reads (and, be it mentioned, it is his début before the footlights). The old man (who has played a hundred parts) greets his entrance with a scowling scrutiny; the applicant's perturbation is not at all assumed. No actor's art could simulate that trembling nervousness, that evident desire to be in any place other than where he is. But the lines must be spoken. Ah, that exacting necessity, that disconcerting knowledge!

"You are an orphan, I am told"—it is the cue for the young man's story of his life. That awful jury out in front is waiting for the reply, which should come in an outburst of prideful self-possession.

"Yes, sir." (The voice is lost in the nervous chaos of the mind.) "Yes, sir." (A little stronger, this time.) "My father is but a remory; my m-m-mother died when she was ten years old." (A fateful pause; faint titters from the front.) But, dreadful epoch in his life, the young man grapples for the elusive lines; he corrects himself; he halts; the prompter in the wings is whispering Choctaw, but words—words must come! Ah, now he has them! He speaks out with a convincing earnestness and a desperation due to his dire case. "I mean to say—I meant to say" (another pause) "*I died* when my mother was ten years old—and I am now—I mean I was—"

The audience back of that dazzling row of lights rocks and roars at him in hideous, dreamlike confusion. What has he said? He has no recollection, not the least idea; his knees are putty; his mind is a perfect

Drawn by Arthur I. Keller

AN UNEXPECTED HIT

Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

Mr. Swain had no desire to place Herbie in the mill. He did not feel that the rescue, which cost Herbie no pains except drying his clothes, warranted any such importance as Pike's Falls placed upon it. But he, too, was put to the test by public opinion. So Herbie went on the pay-roll.

Mr. Swain turned the young man over to the mill superintendent, and endeavored to forget him as soon as possible. He was more fortunate than Herbie, for he had other things to do.

Herbie went into the planing department, where, for a whole day, the ceaseless energy of the great machines held his attention. After that, his was a soul marooned. The work did not interest him. The sun was bright outside, and the surrounding hills beckoned him mockingly. He began to grow restless; then he began to play. By the evening of the second day he had incapacitated a planer in an effort to find out whether it could plane other things besides wood.

The report of the foreman of the planing department concerning Herbie's activities during the first week sheds light upon the young man's aptitude for regular work:

Name, Herbert Turvey. Pay-roll number, 517. Planing Dep't.

Monday.—Rang in on time all day. Washed up ten minutes early at night.

Tuesday.—Rang in 36 minutes late A.M. Had to speak to him about bothering the men. Broke a planer. Disappeared at 5:30.

Wednesday.—Not here A.M. Came in at 1:30, left at 5 o'clock. Loafed all the time.

Thursday.—Very saucy to me. Would not punch the time-clock. Did n't see him after 1 o'clock.

Friday.—Absent all day.

Saturday.—Bothered the men. I sent him home at 2 P.M.

P. S. I recommend you to take him out of this department. He is N. G.

Respectfully, Griggs, Foreman.

Mr. Swain read this report, and then rolled it round his pencil thoughtfully. Then he unrolled it and read it again. Then he smiled. It was not much of a smile. It was just the smile of a man who has successfully predicted trouble for himself. "Make a memorandum to transfer Turvey Monday morning," he said to his secretary.

"Where to, sir?"

"Where? Let me see. Good gracious! I don't know. Remind me of it Monday."

At about the same time Mrs. Turvey was commenting anxiously on Herbie's appearance. He did not look as well as usual.

"Herbie," she said, "you 'd better ask Dr. Stone to-morrow if working in the mill is bad for the lungs."

"I should think 't would be, Ma," replied Herbie. "It makes me feel awful queer."

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MR. SWAIN asked the young man to sit down, which he did, with a red face, twirling his hat between his hands. "I 'll speak privately," said Mr. Swain to the stenographer, who immediately left the room. Having made sure that the doors were closed and that he would not be overheard, the old man sat back in his swivel-chair, and gazed at Herbie in a curious, half-embarrassed way.

"Well, Herbert," he said, at last, "you don't appear to be doing very well."

Herbie was silent.

"I never had such a chance when I was your age. I had no friends to push me along. But you rendered me a service, and I want to make some return. Now,

Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE UNTIMELY CURTAIN

man with the high, red-heeled shoes performs feats of swordsmanship unrecorded in history. With hand on hilt, he sweeps a tableful of glasses and decanters recklessly to the floor in the first act. In the second, his sword becomes seriously entangled in the skirts of the leading lady. Subsequently, in the third, the weapon thrusts itself between his well-padded calves, and he hurls himself out of view in an exit the dramatic force and suddenness of which was uncontemplated by the author of the stage directions.

Few amateurs whose first appearances are greeted with these *contretemps* survive to play again. In the humiliation of their recollections, their ambitions sink to rise no more; but the memory of their deeds is kept green forever. "Remember the time, old chap, when you played *Gaston?*" is sufficient to send chills of horror coursing down the swordsman's spine.

No play can be successful without competent direction; for no cast or company, in fact, no actor, can tell exactly how things appear from the front. Some one must be there who can move the puppets properly, keeping this one back, bringing that one forward. And yet the early venturer in "theatricals" is at first more prone to be offended at such imperative suggestions than the experienced professional actor. Yet how quickly the amateur learns the value of the center of the stage, and how jealously he will guard his own idea of the proper prominence of his part!

What a professional actor takes years in learning, it cannot be expected that an amateur will assimilate in a few rehearsals. The principal essential most often lacking is ease. The lady or the gentleman who can enter a drawing-room and move about where in real life she or he feels perfectly at home finds how different it is to come into a room one of the side walls of which is completely missing, and the place supplied by a glare of light and a host of staring faces. Instantly one feels aware of the artificial surroundings, the tension of being gazed at. The door is narrow, there is a man-trap of a sill to step over, the floor slants, the carpets and rugs seem full of ridges, the furniture is in the way, and the gestures that are natural and apparently graceful become awkward because those eyes are watching. The fact that movement must accompany speech, and yet not retard it or interfere with it, is a hateful stumbling-block. One feels most poignantly his own need of poise. That wall of faces behind the glare of light must be thought of without apparently being aware that it is the principal factor in the sum of proper action.

It is here that the amateur most often goes astray. There is a reason for everything in movement and speech, as there should be a reason for every line in the author's manuscript. It is the failure to learn and constantly to remember this reason that differentiates the work of the trained actor from that of the volunteer. The necessity of proper time and place is something that takes long months and years to know; few people possess it inherently. Why some cues should be taken up quickly, why the answer to others should be delayed, has never occurred to them. The haste that means no waste and the wait that means no waiting are hard to learn.

It is only the experienced actor who thinks from the inside out, showing the mental process of each thought. The amateur can hardly be expected to gain this proficiency. His mind is set on being at a certain place, and there to say a certain thing, not *why* he should be there. The change in the tempo of the dialogue is at first beyond him. Only intelligent instruction and coaching can make up for this lack of experience. A person can often be told in five minutes things about stage-production which he never would find out in a lifetime, or ever guess at by himself.

An audience never knows the consideration that is shown toward it. It never recognizes that collectively it is a sensitive machine that must be played on; that it is part of the *ensemble* of the performance. It may not know why it responds to certain scenes; yet it responds only to the chords that are struck properly and firmly. When the unison is perfect, the result is harmony, and that means success. In casting a play, the personal characteristics of the amateur have to be taken into consideration with a great degree of attention; the make-up of the personnel has to be studied closely in a way that a professional company hardly needs.

The "general utility" man, one who can play the village ne'er-do-well one day, and the learned professor with the young, sad-eyed wife, the next, is hard to find.

Chichester went to the door, and Stepton heard the words, "Nobody, you understand," following on a subdued murmuring.

"And Mr. Harding, sir?" said the maid's voice outside.

"Mr. Harding won't come to-day. That will do, Ellen."

The professor heard steps descending. His host shut the door and returned.

"You typed it for your own use?" said Stepton.

"That sermon? Yes. I wished to keep it by me as a record."

He sat down, and poured out the tea.

"A record of an imagined experience. Exactly. Then why not publish?"

"It is not fiction."

"Well, it is n't fact."

The professor drank his tea, looking at his host narrowly over the cup.

"Do you say such an experience as that described in my sermon is impossible?"

"Do you say it is possible?"

"If I were to say so, would you believe me?"

"Certainly not, unless I could make an investigation and personally satisfy myself that what you said was true. You would n't expect anything else, I 'm sure."

"You can believe nothing on the mere word of another?"

"Very little. I am an investigator. I look for proof."

"With your pencil in one hand, your note-book in the other."

In Chichester's last remark there was a note of sarcasm which thoroughly roused Stepton, for it sounded like the sarcasm of knowledge addressed to ignorance. Stepton had a temper. This touch of superiority, not vulgar, but very definite, fell on it like a lash.

"Now I 'll go for the reverend gentleman of St. Joseph's!" he thought.

And for a moment he forgot his aim in remembering himself. Afterward, in thinking matters over, he offered a pinch of incense at the altar of his egoism.

"So, the modern clergyman still believes in slipslop, does he?" he exclaimed in his most aggressive manner. "Even now has n't he learnt the value of the matter-of-fact? The clergyman is the doctor of the soul, is n't he? And the doctor, is n't he the clergyman of the body? I wonder, I do wonder, how long the average doctor would keep together his practice if he worked with no more precision than the average clergyman. The contempt of the pencil and note-book! The contempt of proper care in getting together and coördinating facts! The contempt of proof—the appeal to reason! And so we get to the contempt of reason. And let me tell you—" he struck the tea-table with his lean hand till the curate's cups jumped—"that scarcely ever have I heard a sermon in which was not to be found somewhere the preacher's contempt for reason, the bread of the intellect of man."

"The soul is not the intellect."

"Don't you think it higher?"

"I do."

"And so you put it on slops!"

The professor got up from his chair, and began to sidle up and down the small room.

"You put it on slops, as if it were a thing with a disordered stomach. That 's your way of showing it respect. You approach the shrine with an offering of water gruel. Now look ye here!"—The professor paused beside the tea-table—"The soul wants its bread, depend upon it, as much as the body, and the church that is free with the loaves is the church to get a real hold on real men. Flummery is no good to anybody. Rhetoric 's no good to anybody. Claptrap and slipslop only make heads swim and stomachs turn. The pencil and note-book, observation and the taking down of it, these bring knowledge to the doors of men. And when you sneer at them, you sneer at bread, on the eating of which—or its equivalent, basis nourishment—life depends."

"I wonder whether you, and such as you, really know on what the true life of the soul depends," said Chichester, with an almost dreadful quietness.

The professor sat down again.

"Such as I?" he said. "You are good enough to do me the honor of putting me in a class?"

"As you have so far honored me," returned Chichester.

"Ha!" ejaculated Stepton.

He had quite got the better of his egoism, but he by no means regretted his outburst.

"Do you claim to stand outside the ranks of the clergy?" he asked.

tions, with hands in pockets. The boss came up; he listened for a moment; he could stand it no longer, and broke in on the discussion. 'Here, you,' he said; 'there 's too much intelligence here. Take hold of it and lift it, and then see how clever you are at putting it down again where it belongs.' " Then the stage-director added: "Now, ladies and gentlemen, take hold of this play and learn it. That 's your rock, and I 'll show you how to put it down."

Most final performances of theatricals are in the same shape as the first professional dress rehearsal, and no one feels this more strongly than the participants themselves. But to those who love it there is a pleasure even in the labor—the social side of rehearsing, the relief from work-aday life, and the humdrum existence that is a joy to remember, part payment for the hours spent in what a stern paterfamilias often calls "stuff and nonsense." Sometimes, the day after the performance, if criticisms of it have found their way into the press, there is the feverish hunt for good notices or criticisms; there are heart-burnings and elation, and in this again the amateurs touch elbows with their brothers or sisters who work for hire.

THE DWELLER ON THE THRESHOLD

A TALE OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH, IN SIX PARTS: PART FIVE

BY ROBERT HICHENS

Author of "The Garden of Allah," "Egypt and Its Monuments," "The Holy Land," etc.

THE first part of this novel, in the November CENTURY, introduces the reader to Evelyn Malling, noted for his interest in psychical research, who had just become acquainted with the Rev. Marcus Harding, rector of a fashionable church in the West End of London. The latter's wife is Lady Sophia, daughter of an earl, and his senior curate is the Rev. Henry Chichester, a former acquaintance of Malling. The opening chapters deal with the mental influence of the curate on his rector.

In the December number, Malling visits Professor Stepton, who has been having "sittings" with a famous medium, and who suggests that the two clergymen have had a success in psychical research which they do not understand and which has placed them in a serious predicament. In confirmation of this opinion Malling, dining with the curate, Chichester, finds him strangely improved in strength of will, while from Lady Sophia and her sister, Lady Mansford, he learns that the rector, Harding, is showing signs of mental deterioration, from all of which Malling infers that rector and curate have been holding experiments in secret which have resulted in strengthening the will power of one at the expense of the other. These incidents suggest the main line on which the story is developed and a problem dealing with psychologic mystery.—THE EDITOR.

X

SOON after Malling had returned to London, he received the following note from Mr. Harding:

Onslow Gardens, June —.

Dear Mr. Malling:

I seem to have some remembrance of your saying to me at Tankerton that you wished to speak to Professor Stepton with regard to a certain matter. I may be wrong in my recollection. If, however, I am right, I now beg you not to speak to the professor. I have, of course, the very highest regard for his discretion; nevertheless, one must not be selfish. One must not think only of one's self. I have obligations to others, and I fear, when we were together at Tankerton, I forgot them. A word of assurance from

you that Professor Stepton knows nothing of our conversation will set at rest the mind of

Yours sincerely,
Marcus Harding.

As soon as he had read this communication, Malling realized that he had been right in his supposition that a new reserve was growing up in Henry Chichester. He was aware of Chichester's reserve in the letter of the rector. He was aware, too, of the latter's situation as he had never been aware of it before. Often a trifle illuminates a life, as a search-light brings some distant place from the darkness into a fierce radiance that makes it seem near. So it was now.

"Poor Harding!" thought Malling, with an unusual softness. "But this letter comes too late."

What answer should he return to the rector? He hated insincerity, but on this occasion he stooped to it. He had not only the fear of Stepton upon him; he had also the desire not to add to the deep misery of Marcus Harding. This was his answer:

Cadogan Square, June —.

Dear Mr. Harding:

In reply to your letter, I will not now repeat our conversation of the other evening to Professor Stepton. He is, as you say, a man of the highest discretion, and should you feel inclined yourself to take him into your confidence at any time, I think you will not regret it.

Yours sincerely,
Evelyn Malling.

As he put this note into an envelop, Malling said to himself:

"Some day I 'll let him know I deceived him; I 'll let him know I had already told the professor."

Two or three days later, Malling heard of the professor having been at a party in Piccadilly at which Lady Sophia was a guest.

"And do you know, really,"—Malling's informant, a lively married woman, concluded,—"those old scientific men are quite as bad as any of the boys who only want to have a good time. The professor sat in Lady Sophia's pocket the whole evening! Literally in her pocket!"

"I did n't know modern women had pockets," returned Malling.

"They don't, of course; but you know what I mean."

Malling understood that the professor was beginning his "approach."

A week went by, and at a man's dinner Malling chanced to sit next to Blandford Sikes, one of the most noted physicians of the day. In the course of conversation the doctor remarked:

"Is your friend Stepton going to set up in Harley Street?"

"Not that I know of," said Malling. "What makes you ask?"

"He came to consult me the other day, and when I told him he was as sound as Big Ben, he sat with me for over half an hour pumping me unmercifully on the subject of nervous dyspepsia. The patient who followed, and who happened to be a clergyman, looked fairly sick when he was let in at last."

Who happened to be a clergyman! Malling had longed to ask Blandford Sikes a question—who that clergyman was. But he refrained. To do so, would doubtless have seemed oddly inquisitive. It was surely enough for him to know that the professor was busily at work in his peculiar way. And Malling thought again of that "approach." Evidently the professor must be describing the curve he had spoken of. When would he arrive at Henry Chichester? There were moments when Malling felt irritated by Stepton's silence. That it was emulated by Marcus Harding, Lady Sophia, and Henry Chichester did not make matters easier for him. However, he had deliberately chosen to put this strange affair into Stepton's hands. Stepton had shown no special alacrity with regard to the matter. Malling felt that he could do nothing now but wait.

He waited.

Now and then rumors reached him of Marcus Harding's fading powers, now and then he heard people discussing one of Henry Chichester's "remarkable sermons," now and then in society some feminine gossip murmuring that "Sophia Harding seems to be perfectly sick of that husband of hers. She probably wishes now that she had taken all her people's advice and refused him. Of course if he had been made a *bishop!*"

The season ended. Goodwood was over, and Malling went off to Munich and Bayreuth for music. Then he made a walking-tour with friends in the Oberammergau district, and returned to England only when the ruddy banners of autumn were streaming over the land.

Still there was no communication from the professor. Malling might of course have written to him or sought him. He preferred to possess his soul in patience. Stepton was an arbitrary personage, and the last man in the world to consent to a process of pumping.

Meanwhile Stepton had forgotten all about Malling. He was full of work of various kinds, but the work that most interested him was connected with the reverend gentlemen of St. Joseph's. As Malling surmised, he had lost little time in beginning his "approach," and that approach had been rather circuitous. He had taken his own advice and studied "the link." This done, the intricate and fascinating subject of nervous dyspepsia had claimed his undivided attention. When he had finished his prolonged interview with Blandford Sikes, sidling back to the waiting-room to gather up various impedimenta, he had encountered the unfortunate clergyman whom he had kept waiting. Marcus Harding was the man. They exchanged only a few words, but the sight of the flaccid bulk, the hanging cheeks and hands, the eyes in which dwelt a sort of faded despair, whipped up into keen alertness every faculty of the professor's mind. As he stepped into Cavendish Square he muttered to himself:

"I never saw a clergyman look more promising for investigation, by Jove! never. There 's something in it. Malling was not entirely wrong. There 's certainly something in it."

But what? Now for Henry Chichester!

Stepton was by nature unemotional, but he was an implicit believer in the hysteria of others, and he thought clergymen, as a class, more liable to that malady than other classes of men. Curates, being as a rule young clergymen, were, in his view, specially subject to the inroads of the cloudy complaint, which causes the mind to see mountains where only mole-hills exist, and to appreciate anything more readily and accurately than the naked truth. Henry Chichester was young and he was a curate. He was therefore likely to be emotional and to be attracted by the mysterious, more especially since he had recently been knocking on its door, according to Malling's statement.

After a good deal of thought, the professor resolved to cast aside convention, and to make Chichester's acquaintance without any introduction; indeed, with the maximum of informality.

He learned something about Chichester's habits, and managed to meet him several times when he was walking from the daily service at St. Joseph's to his rooms in Hornton Street. In this walk Chichester passed the South Kensington Museum. What more natural than that the professor should chance to be coming out of it?

The first time they met, Stepton looked at the curate casually, the second time more sharply, the third time with scrutiny. He knew how to make a crescendo. The curate noticed it, as of course the professor intended. He did not know who Stepton was, but he began to wonder about this birdlike, sharp-looking man, who evidently took an interest in him. And presently his wonder changed into suspicion. This again accorded with the professor's intention.

One day, after the even-song at St. Joseph's, Stepton saw flit across the face of the curate whom he was meeting a flicker of something like fear. The two men passed each other, and immediately, like one irresistibly compelled, the professor looked back. As he did so, Chichester also turned round to spy upon this unknown. Encountering the gaze of the professor, he started, flushed scarlet, and pursued his way, walking with a quickened step.

The professor went homeward, chuckling.

"To-day 's Tuesday," he thought. "By Saturday, at latest, he 'll have spoken to me. He 'll have to speak to me to relieve the tension of his nerve-ganglions."

Chichester did not wait till Saturday. On Friday afternoon, coming suddenly upon Stepton at a corner, he stopped abruptly, and said:

"May I ask if you want anything of me?"

"Sir!" barked Stepton. "Mr. Chichester!"

"You know my name?" said the curate.

"And probably you know mine—Professor Stepton."

A relief that was evidently intense dawned in the curate's face.

"You are Professor Stepton! You are Mr. Malling's friend!"

"Exactly. Good day."

And the professor marched on.

Chichester did not follow, but the next day, on the pavement not far from the museum, he stopped once more in front of the professor with a "Good afternoon."

"Good day," said Stepton.

"Since you know who I am," began the curate, "and I have heard so much of you, I hope you will forgive me for asking you something."

"Certainly."

"What is it in me which has attracted your attention?"

"I wish I knew," returned the professor.

"You wish you knew! Do you mean that you don't know?"

"I don't know at all."

"But—but—you—I was not wrong in feeling sure that you were—that something in me had aroused your attention?"

"Not wrong at all; but 'something' is not the word."

"What is the word?"

"Everything. Everything in you rouses my attention, Mr. Chichester. But I can't think why."

"Did you know I was Mr. Harding's curate the first time you met me?"

"Yes; I had seen you at St. Joseph's once or twice when I came to hear your rector preach. You did n't interest me at all then, I 'm bound to say."

Chichester stood in silence for a minute. Then he said:

"I might walk a little way back with you, if you have no objection."

Stepton jerked his head in assent. And so the acquaintance of these two men was begun. Their first conversation was a delight to the professor. After a short silence the curate said:

"I could not help seeing each time we have met how your attention was fastened upon me."

"Just so," rejoined Stepton, making no apology.

"And I really think," continued Chichester, with a sort of pressure—"I really think I am entitled to ask for some explanation of the matter."

"Certainly you are."

"Well?" He paused, then said again, "Well, Professor Stepton?"

"I 'm afraid I 've nothing to tell you. I like to stick to facts."

"I only ask you for facts."

"The facts amount to very little. Coming from the museum, I ran across a man. You were the man. My attention was riveted at once. I said to myself, 'I must see that man again.' Next day I took my chance. I had luck. You were there at pretty much the same hour."

"I always come from St. Joseph's—"

"Exactly. And so it 's happened on several days. And that 's all I have to tell you."

"But surely you can indicate why—"

"No, I can't. All I can say is that for some reason, quite inexplicable by me, if I had come upon you in a crowd of a thousand, I should have had to attend to you."

"That 's very strange," said Chichester, in a low voice; "very strange indeed."

"There 's a reason for it, of course. There 's a reason for everything, but very often it is n't found." At this point the professor thrust his head toward Chichester, and added, "you can't tell me the reason, I suppose?"

Chichester looked much startled and taken aback.

"I—oh, no!"

"Then we must get along in the dark and make the best of it."

Having said this, the professor abruptly dismissed the subject and began to talk of other things. When he chose, he could be almost charming. He chose on this occasion. And when at last he hailed a bus, declaring that he was due at home, Chichester expressed a hope that some day he would find himself in Hornton Street, and visit Number 4a.

The professor assented, and was carried westward.

Several days passed, but he did not find himself near Hornton Street, and he had ceased to visit the South Kensington Museum. Then the curate wrote and invited him to tea. Despite a pretense at indifference in the phraseology of the note, the professor discovered a deep anxiety in the

writing. Among other things he had studied, and minutely, graphology.

He sat down and very politely refused the invitation.

Then Chichester came to call on him, and caught him at home.

It was six o'clock in the evening, and a heavy rain was falling. Agnes, the Scotch parlor-maid who claimed to have second sight, opened the door to Chichester, who, speaking from beneath a dripping umbrella, inquired for the professor.

"He 's in, sir, but he 's busy."

"Could you take him my card?"

Agnes took it, much to her own surprise, and carried it to the professor's study.

"A gentleman, sir."

"I told you, Agnes—"

"I could n't say no to him, sir."

"Why not? Here!" he took the card.

"Why not?" he repeated, when he had read the name.

"It was n't in me to, sir."

"Well, then I shall have to see him. Show him up. But never again will I call you by the proud name of Cerberus."

So, putting the onus upon Agnes, the professor yielded, murmuring to himself:

"It was n't in her to! Very expressive! And Cerberus, by the way, was always ready to let 'em in. It was when they wanted to get out that—Good evening. I hope you don't mind climbing."

"Thank you, no," said Chichester.

"Sit down."

"I am afraid I disturb you."

"I 'm bound to say you do. But what does it matter?"

"As you did n't find your way to Hornton Street, I thought I would venture."

"Very good of you. This is a soft chair."

Chichester sat down. It had been evident to Stepton from the moment when his visitor came in that he was in great agony of mind. There was in his face a sort of still and abject misery which Stepton thought exceedingly promising. As he turned round, leaning his sharp elbow on his writing-table, Stepton was considering how to exploit this misery for the furthering of his purpose.

"I want you to tell me something," Chichester began. "I want to know why your attention was first attracted to me. I feel sure that you must be able to give a reason. What is it?"

"Well, now, I wish I could," returned Stepton.

To himself he gave the swift admonition, "Play for hysteria, and see what comes of it."

"I wish I could; but it 's a mystery to me. But now—let 's see."

He knitted his heavy brows.

"A long while ago I picked a man out, met him in a crowd, at the Crystal Palace, followed him about, could n't get away from him. That same evening he was killed on the Underground. I read of it in the paper, went to see the body, and there was my man."

"Do you claim to have some special faculty?" asked Chichester.

"Oh, dear, no. Besides, you have n't been killed on the Underground—yet."

A curious expression that seemed mingled of disappointment and of contempt passed across Chichester's face. Stepton saw it and told himself, "No hysteria."

"Possibly the reason may be a more intellectual one," observed the professor. "I hear you have been preaching some very remarkable sermons. I have n't heard them. Still, others who have may have 'suggestioned' me. Three quarters of any man's fame, you know, are due to mere suggestion."

"You 're not the man to be the prey of that, I fancy—not the easy prey, at any rate."

"Then we 're left again with no explanation at all, unless, as I believe I hinted once before, you can give us one."

Chichester looked down; without raising his eyes he presently said in a constrained voice:

"If I were to give you one you might not accept it."

"Probably not," said Stepton, briskly. "In my life I 've been offered a great many explanations, and I 'm bound to say I 've accepted remarkably few."

Chichester looked up quickly, and with the air of a man nettled.

"You 'll forgive me, I hope, for saying that you scientific men very often seem to have a great contempt for those who are more mystically minded," he observed.

"I 've hit the line!" thought Stepton, with a touch of exultation, as he dropped out a negligent, "Forgive you—of course."

"I dare say it seems to you extraordi-

nary that any man should be able to be a clergyman, genuinely believing what he professes and what he preaches."

"Very few things seem to me extraordinary."

"Perhaps because you are skeptical of so much in which others believe."

"That may be it. Quite likely."

"And yet is n't there a saying of Newton's, 'A little science sends man far away from God, a great deal of science brings man back to God?' You 'll forgive the apparent rudeness. All I mean is—"

"That the sooner I try to get more science the better for me," snapped out Stepton, brusquely interrupting his visitor, but without heat. "Let me tell you that I pass the greater part of my time in that very effort—to acquire more exact knowledge than I possess. Well—now, then! Now then!"

Turning round still more toward the curate, he looked almost as if he were about to "square up" to him. A dry aggressiveness informed him, and his voice had a rasping timbre as he continued:

"But I decline to take leaps in the dark like ——." Here he mentioned a well-known man of science—"and I decline to reject evidence like ——." Here he named a professor even more famous.

The mention of the last name evidently excited Chichester's curiosity.

"What evidence has he rejected?" he exclaimed.

"Last week he held a sitting to examine the pretensions of Mrs. Groeber, the German medium. Westcott was also present, a man on whose word the very devil —if there is such a person, which I don't yet know—would rely. Some apparently remarkable phenomena occurred." —— Here he named the professor—"was convinced that they could have been brought about only by supernormal means. Unfortunately, or fortunately, Westcott had seen the trickery which produced them. When the séance was over he explained what it was to ——. What did this *so-called* man of science do? Refused to accept Westcott's evidence, clung to his own ridiculous belief,—savage's fetish belief, nothing more,—and will include the Groeber manifestations as evidence of supernormal powers in his next volume. And I say, I say"—he raised his forefinger —"that clergymen are doing much the same thing pretty nearly every day of their lives. Seek for truth quietly, inexorably, and you may get it; but don't prod men into falsehood, or try to, as you 've been trying to in this very room."

"I!" cried out Chichester.

"You. I told you I had no reason to give you as to why you attracted my attention in the street. Were you satisfied with that? Not at all. You must needs come here,—very glad to see you!—and say, 'I feel sure you must be able to give me a reason. What is it?' You clamor for a lie. And that 's what men are perpetually doing—clamoring for lies. And they get 'em, from clergymen, from mediums, from so-called scientific men, and from the dear, delightful politicians. There, now!"

And the professor dropped his forefinger and flung himself back in his chair.

"And"—Chichester in his turn leaned forward, but he spoke with some hesitation—"and suppose I were to tell you a truth, a strange, an amazing truth?"

He paused.

"Go on!" said the professor.

"Would n't you do just the opposite? You say men accept lies. I say you would probably reject truth."

"*Cela dépend.* What you believed to be truth might not be truth at all. It might be hysteria, it might be nervous dyspepsia, it might be overwork, it might be a dozen things."

"Just what I say," exclaimed Chichester. "Men of science delight in nothing so much as in finding excuses for rejecting the greatest truths."

"Do you mean the greatest truths in the possession of Anglican clergymen?"

"I dare say you think it impossible that a clergyman should know more than a scientific man?"

"Oh, no. But he 's out for faith, and I happen to be out for facts. I like hard facts that can be set down with a fountain-pen in my note-book, and that, taken together, are convincing to all men of reasonable intellect. Very dull, no doubt; but there you have it. Clergymen, as a rule, move in what are called lofty regions —the realms of heart, conscience, and what not. Now, I 'm very fond of the region of gray matter—gray matter."

"And yet you are one of the chief of the investigators in the field of psychical research."

"Do you think there 's no room for pencil and note-book there? What about Podmore,—there 's a loss!—and a dozen others? Psychic matters have got to be lifted out of the hands of credulous, fetish-worshiping fools, and the sooner the better."

"It 's easy to call people credulous," said Chichester, with decided heat. "By being so readily contemptuous, Professor Stepton, you may often keep back evidence that might be of inestimable value to your cause. A man in possession of a great truth may keep it to himself for fear of being laughed at or called a liar."

"Then all I can say is that he 's a coward—an arrant, abject coward."

Chichester sat in silence. Again he was looking down. Now that his eyes were hidden by their drooping lids, and that he was no longer speaking, the sadness of his aspect seemed more profound. It dignified his rather insignificant features. It even seemed, in some mysterious way, to infuse power into his slight and unimportant figure. After sitting thus for perhaps three minutes, he raised his head and got up from his chair.

"I must not take up your time any longer," he said. "It was very good of you to see me at all." He held out his hand, which Stepton took, and added, "I 'll just say one thing."

"Do!"

"It is n't always cowardice which causes a man to keep a secret—a secret which might be of value to the world."

"I never said it was."

"No; but still—you spoke just now of my sermons. I preached one not very long ago which I have typed myself. If I send it to you, do you think you could find time to read it?"

"Certainly."

"I will send it, then. Good night."

"I 'll come down with you."

The professor let Chichester out. The rain was still falling in torrents. Shrouded in his mackintosh, protected by his umbrella, the curate walked away. Looking after him, Stepton thought:

"Very odd! It is n't only in the face. Even the figure, all covered up and umbrella-roofed, seems to have something—he 'll send me the sermon of the man and his double to-morrow."

And on the morrow that sermon came by the first post. Having read it, the professor promptly returned it to Chichester with the following note:

The White House, Westminster.

Dear Mr. Chichester:

Very glad to have had the opportunity of reading your interesting discourse. If I had not known it was yours, and a sermon, I should have said "a posthumous work of Robert Louis Stevenson." It does credit to your imagination. If you care to publish, I should suggest "The Cornhill." I know nothing about their terms.

Yours faithfully,

G. R. E. Stepton.

By return of post, there came an urgent invitation to the professor to visit Chichester's rooms in Hornton Street, "to continue a discussion which has a special interest for me at this moment."

"Discussion!" thought Stepton, sitting down to accept. "What my man wants is for me to goad him into revelation; and I 'll do it."

The professor knew enough of psychology to be aware that in the very depths of the human heart there is a desire which may perhaps be called socialistic—the desire to share truth with one's fellow-men. Chichester was scourged by this desire. But whether what he wished to share was truth, or only what he believed to be truth, was the question. Anyhow, Stepton was determined to make him speak. And he set off to Hornton Street little doubting that he would find means to carry his determination into effect.

He arrived about half-past five. He did not turn the corner into Kensington High Street on his homeward way until darkness had fallen, having passed through some of the most extraordinary moments that had ever been his.

When he was shown into the curate's sitting-room, his first remark was:

"Sent that very interesting story to 'The Cornhill' yet?"

"I don't think you quite understand, Professor," replied Chichester. "I did not type it with a view to sending it in anywhere for publication. You 'll have tea with me, I hope? Here it is, all ready."

"Thank you."

"Oh, Ellen!"

Colon Opera-House, and beyond the noise of the printing-presses turning off the great daily newspapers of the capital city.

Argentina is a country to be seriously reckoned with in the international economics of to-day and to-morrow. The tremendous potentialities of her vast and temperate areas are only now dawning upon the harassed and food-hungry people of the world. The primary needs of the millions toiling in the densely populated centers of industry are bread and meat. As their eyes scan the world's horizon of production, the promise which lies in these million square miles of land is one of relief from the dire predictions suggested by the constantly increasing cost of existence.

Nature has her own system of conservation, which works out along the lines of least resistance. That which is ready to the hand is harvested first, and gradually, as the needs of the human race increase and grow more complicated, the remoter resources are brought into play. Ships find new routes, capital seeks new fields, the land-hungry journey farther in their search for the open, and with improved transportation enormous distances dwindle to every-day journeys, and thus new resources are tapped for those who barely knew of the existence of the lands in which the resources are found.

When, in 1896, the statesmen of Russia, looking for new and natural allies and for the betterment of the agrarian population, proposed to the Government of the United States that the bread-supply of the world should be cornered by the bread-producers, Argentina was second on the list to be approached.[1] Should such a proposition be repeated to-day, Argentina

[1] These negotiations were not made public until four years later, when Mr. Whelpley published simultaneously in the United States and in England the fact that in November, 1896, Russia had proposed to the United States Government a combination of wheat-producing countries for the purpose of establishing a price of $1 a bushel for wheat, the price being then about 60 cents. The reply of the United States was in the form of a letter written by the late J. Sterling Morton, then Secretary of Agriculture, at the request of Richard Olney, then Secretary of State, in which Mr. Morton stated his belief that the suggestion was not in line with the purposes of a government such as that of the United States, and also his belief that such action would fail to accomplish the desired result. This closed the incident diplomatically, so far as the two governments were concerned. — The Editor.

THE DOCKS AT ROSARIO, ON THE PARANÁ RIVER

Rosario, two hundred miles northwest of Buenos Aires, is second to the capital as a shipping-port.

"Do you claim to stand outside the ranks of the scientists?"

"Oh, dear, no. And now—you?"

Chichester said nothing for a moment. Then, lifting up his head, and gazing at the professor with a sort of sternness of determination, he said:

"Remember this! You yourself told me that in a crowd of a thousand you must have fixed your attention on me."

For a moment the professor had it in his mind to say that this statement of his had been a lie invented to make an impression on Chichester. But he resisted the temptation to score—and lose. He preferred not to score, and to win, if possible.

"I did," he said.

"Could this be so if I were like other men, other clergymen?"

"Well, then, what is the mighty difference between you and your reverend brethren—between you, let us say, and your rector, Mr. Harding?"

Very casually and jerkily the professor threw out this question.

Not casually did Chichester receive it. He moved almost like a man who had been unexpectedly struck, then seemed to recover himself, and to nerve himself for some ordeal. Leaning forward, and holding the edge of the table with one hand, he said:

"How well do you know Mr. Harding?"

"Pretty well. Not intimately."

"You have seen him since he—altered?"

"I saw him only the other day when I was at a specialist's in Harley Street."

"A specialist's?"

"For nervous dyspepsia."

Again the look of contempt flickered over Chichester's face.

"Do you think the alteration in Mr. Harding may be due to nervous dyspepsia?"

"Probably. There are few maladies that so sap the self-confidence of a man."

Chichester laughed.

For the first time since he had entered the little room the professor felt a cold sensation of creeping uneasiness.

"Apparently you don't agree with me," he said.

"I am not a doctor, and I know very little about that matter."

"Then I 'm bound to say I don't know what you find to laugh at."

"For a man who has spent so much time in psychical research you seem to have a rather material outlook upon—"

"Mr. Harding?"

"And all that he represents."

"Suppose we stick to Mr. Harding," said the professor, grittily. "He is typical enough, even if you are not."

"In what respect do you consider Mr. Harding typical?"

"I am speaking of the Harding before the fall into the abysses of nervous dyspepsia."

"Very well. In what respects was Mr. Harding typical?"

"In the sublime self-confidence with which he proclaimed as facts things that have never been proved to be facts."

"Do men want facts?" said Chichester, almost as one speaking alone to himself.

"I do. I want nothing else. Possibly Mr. Harding had none to give me. I don't blame him."

"Perhaps it is a greater thing to give men faith than to give them facts."

"Give them the first by giving them the second, if you can! And that, by the way, is the last thing the average clergyman is able to do."

Chichester sat silent for nearly a minute looking at the professor with a strange expression, almost fiery, yet meditative, as if he were trying to appraise him, were weighing him in a balance.

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"I dare say my word carries some weight. I really don't know," responded Stepton, with an odd hint of something like modesty.

"I had thought of Malling first," almost murmured Chichester.

"What 's that about Malling?"

"I think he would have accepted what I have to give more readily than you would. There seems to me something in him which stretches out arms toward those things in which mystics believe. In you there seems to me something which would almost rather repel such things."

"I beg your pardon. I am quiescent. I neither seek to summon nor to repel."

Chichester went to the door, and Stepton heard the words, "Nobody, you understand," following on a subdued murmuring.

"And Mr. Harding, sir?" said the maid's voice outside.

"Mr. Harding won't come to-day. That will do, Ellen."

The professor heard steps descending. His host shut the door and returned.

"You typed it for your own use?" said Stepton.

"That sermon? Yes. I wished to keep it by me as a record."

He sat down, and poured out the tea.

"A record of an imagined experience. Exactly. Then why not publish?"

"It is not fiction."

"Well, it is n't fact."

The professor drank his tea, looking at his host narrowly over the cup.

"Do you say such an experience as that described in my sermon is impossible?"

"Do you say it is possible?"

"If I were to say so, would you believe me?"

"Certainly not, unless I could make an investigation and personally satisfy myself that what you said was true. You would n't expect anything else, I 'm sure."

"You can believe nothing on the mere word of another?"

"Very little. I am an investigator. I look for proof."

"With your pencil in one hand, your note-book in the other."

In Chichester's last remark there was a note of sarcasm which thoroughly roused Stepton, for it sounded like the sarcasm of knowledge addressed to ignorance. Stepton had a temper. This touch of superiority, not vulgar, but very definite, fell on it like a lash.

"Now I 'll go for the reverend gentleman of St. Joseph's!" he thought.

And for a moment he forgot his aim in remembering himself. Afterward, in thinking matters over, he offered a pinch of incense at the altar of his egoism.

"So, the modern clergyman still believes in slipslop, does he?" he exclaimed in his most aggressive manner. "Even now has n't he learnt the value of the matter-of-fact? The clergyman is the doctor of the soul, is n't he? And the doctor, is n't he the clergyman of the body? I wonder, I do wonder, how long the average doctor would keep together his practice if he worked with no more precision than the average clergyman. The contempt of the pencil and note-book! The contempt of proper care in getting together and coördinating facts! The contempt of proof—the appeal to reason! And so we get to the contempt of reason. And let me tell you—" he struck the tea-table with his lean hand till the curate's cups jumped—"that scarcely ever have I heard a sermon in which was not to be found somewhere the preacher's contempt for reason, the bread of the intellect of man."

"The soul is not the intellect."

"Don't you think it higher?"

"I do."

"And so you put it on slops!"

The professor got up from his chair, and began to sidle up and down the small room.

"You put it on slops, as if it were a thing with a disordered stomach. That 's your way of showing it respect. You approach the shrine with an offering of water gruel. Now look ye here!"—The professor paused beside the tea-table—"The soul wants its bread, depend upon it, as much as the body, and the church that is free with the loaves is the church to get a real hold on real men. Flummery is no good to anybody. Rhetoric 's no good to anybody. Claptrap and slipslop only make heads swim and stomachs turn. The pencil and note-book, observation and the taking down of it, these bring knowledge to the doors of men. And when you sneer at them, you sneer at bread, on the eating of which—or its equivalent, basis nourishment—life depends."

"I wonder whether you, and such as you, really know on what the true life of the soul depends," said Chichester, with an almost dreadful quietness.

The professor sat down again.

"Such as I?" he said. "You are good enough to do me the honor of putting me in a class?"

"As you have so far honored me," returned Chichester.

"Ha!" ejaculated Stepton.

He had quite got the better of his egoism, but he by no means regretted his outburst.

"Do you claim to stand outside the ranks of the clergy?" he asked.

"Do you claim to stand outside the ranks of the scientists?"

"Oh, dear, no. And now—you?"

Chichester said nothing for a moment. Then, lifting up his head, and gazing at the professor with a sort of sternness of determination, he said:

"Remember this! You yourself told me that in a crowd of a thousand you must have fixed your attention on me."

For a moment the professor had it in his mind to say that this statement of his had been a lie invented to make an impression on Chichester. But he resisted the temptation to score—and lose. He preferred not to score, and to win, if possible.

"I did," he said.

"Could this be so if I were like other men, other clergymen?"

"Well, then, what is the mighty difference between you and your reverend brethren—between you, let us say, and your rector, Mr. Harding?"

Very casually and jerkily the professor threw out this question.

Not casually did Chichester receive it. He moved almost like a man who had been unexpectedly struck, then seemed to recover himself, and to nerve himself for some ordeal. Leaning forward, and holding the edge of the table with one hand, he said:

"How well do you know Mr. Harding?"

"Pretty well. Not intimately."

"You have seen him since he—altered?"

"I saw him only the other day when I was at a specialist's in Harley Street."

"A specialist's?"

"For nervous dyspepsia."

Again the look of contempt flickered over Chichester's face.

"Do you think the alteration in Mr. Harding may be due to nervous dyspepsia?"

"Probably. There are few maladies that so sap the self-confidence of a man."

Chichester laughed.

For the first time since he had entered the little room the professor felt a cold sensation of creeping uneasiness.

"Apparently you don't agree with me," he said.

"I am not a doctor, and I know very little about that matter."

"Then I 'm bound to say I don't know what you find to laugh at."

"For a man who has spent so much time in psychical research you seem to have a rather material outlook upon—"

"Mr. Harding?"

"And all that he represents."

"Suppose we stick to Mr. Harding," said the professor, grittily. "He is typical enough, even if you are not."

"In what respect do you consider Mr. Harding typical?"

"I am speaking of the Harding before the fall into the abysses of nervous dyspepsia."

"Very well. In what respects was Mr. Harding typical?"

"In the sublime self-confidence with which he proclaimed as facts things that have never been proved to be facts."

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"I do. I want nothing else. Possibly Mr. Harding had none to give me. I don't blame him."

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"I beg your pardon. I am quiescent. I neither seek to summon nor to repel."

"I could n't tell Malling," said Chichester. "His readiness stopped me. It struck me like a blow."

"Malling prides himself on being severely neutral in mind."

"And you on being skeptical?"

"I await facts."

"Shall I give you some strange facts, the strangest perhaps you have ever met with?"

Stepton smiled dryly.

"You'll forgive me, but some such remark has been the prelude to so many figments."

"Figments?"

"Of the imagination."

An expression of anger—almost like a noble anger it seemed—transformed Chichester's face. It was as a fine wrath which looked down from a height, and in an instant it melted into pity.

"How much you must have missed because of your skepticism!" he said. "But I shall not let it affect me. You are a man of note-book and pencil. Will you promise me one thing? Will you give me your word not to share what I shall tell you with any one, unless, later, I am willing that you should?"

"Oh, dear, yes!" said the professor.

And again he smiled. For even now he believed the curate to be wavering, swayed by conflicting emotions, and felt sure that a flick of the whip to his egoism would be likely to hasten the coming of what he, the professor, wanted.

A loud call rose up from the street. A wandering vender of something was crying his ware. In his voice was a sound of fierce melancholy. Chichester went to the window and shut it down.

"I wish it were night," he said as he turned.

The professor jerked out his watch.

"It must be getting late," he observed. "Past six! by Jove!"

He made an abrupt movement.

"What?" said Chichester. "You are going!"

He came up to the table.

"Sometimes I think," he said, "that men hate and dread nothing as they hate and dread facts which may upset the theories they cherish."

"You 're perfectly right. Well, very glad to have seen you in your own room." The professor got up. "By their rooms shall ye know them." He glanced round.

"Ah, I see you have Rossetti's delightfully anemic Madonna, and Holman Hunt's 'Light of the World.' A day or two ago I was talking to a lady who pronounced that—" he extended his finger toward the Hunt—"the greatest work of art produced in the last hundred years. Her reason? Its comforting quality. I am sure you agree with her. Good-by."

He made a sidling movement toward the door. Perhaps it was that movement which finally decided the curate to speak.

"Professor," he said, "I don't want you to go yet."

"Why not?" jerked out Stepton, with one hand on the door-knob.

"You collect 'cases.' I have a case for you. You are a skeptic: you say men should be brought to faith by facts. Sit down. I will give you some facts."

The professor came slowly back, looking dry and cold, and sat down by the table facing the Rossetti Madonna.

"Always ready for facts," he said.

(To be concluded)

THE GUEST

BY ANNA GLEN STODDARD

LONGING that stirs within my breast,
Be not so eager, prithee, lest
By zeal and fondness overmuch
Thou fright' Love's spirit at a touch!

Joy that runs laughing through my veins,
Be not so glad! For Love but feigns,
Perchance, to stay with me and sup,
Craving another board and cup.

House, ope thy portals to the stars!
Irksome to Love are prison-bars;
But if he see the doors set wide,
Upon my hearth he may abide.

tions, with hands in pockets. The boss came up; he listened for a moment; he could stand it no longer, and broke in on the discussion. 'Here, you,' he said; 'there 's too much intelligence here. Take hold of it and lift it, and then see how clever you are at putting it down again where it belongs.' " Then the stage-director added: "Now, ladies and gentlemen, take hold of this play and learn it. That 's your rock, and I 'll show you how to put it down."

Most final performances of theatricals are in the same shape as the first professional dress rehearsal, and no one feels this more strongly than the participants themselves. But to those who love it there is a pleasure even in the labor—the social side of rehearsing, the relief from workaday life, and the humdrum existence that is a joy to remember, part payment for the hours spent in what a stern paterfamilias often calls "stuff and nonsense." Sometimes, the day after the performance, if criticisms of it have found their way into the press, there is the feverish hunt for good notices or criticisms; there are heartburnings and elation, and in this again the amateurs touch elbows with their brothers or sisters who work for hire.

THE DWELLER ON THE THRESHOLD

A TALE OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH, IN SIX PARTS: PART FIVE

BY ROBERT HICHENS

Author of "The Garden of Allah," "Egypt and Its Monuments," "The Holy Land," etc.

THE first part of this novel, in the November CENTURY, introduces the reader to Evelyn Malling, noted for his interest in psychical research, who had just become acquainted with the Rev. Marcus Harding, rector of a fashionable church in the West End of London. The latter's wife is Lady Sophia, daughter of an earl, and his senior curate is the Rev. Henry Chichester, a former acquaintance of Malling. The opening chapters deal with the mental influence of the curate on his rector.

In the December number, Malling visits Professor Stepton, who has been having "sittings" with a famous medium, and who suggests that the two clergymen have had a success in psychical research which they do not understand and which has placed them in a serious predicament. In confirmation of this opinion Malling, dining with the curate, Chichester, finds him strangely improved in strength of will, while from Lady Sophia and her sister, Lady Mansford, he learns that the rector, Harding, is showing signs of mental deterioration, from all of which Malling infers that rector and curate have been holding experiments in secret which have resulted in strengthening the will power of one at the expense of the other. These incidents suggest the main line on which the story is developed and a problem dealing with psychologic mystery.—THE EDITOR.

X

SOON after Malling had returned to London, he received the following note from Mr. Harding:

Onslow Gardens, June —.

Dear Mr. Malling:

I seem to have some remembrance of your saying to me at Tankerton that you wished to speak to Professor Stepton with regard to a certain matter. I may be wrong in my recollection. If, however, I am right, I now beg you not to speak to the professor. I have, of course, the very highest regard for his discretion; nevertheless, one must not be selfish. One must not think only of one's self. I have obligations to others, and I fear, when we were together at Tankerton, I forgot them. A word of assurance from

you that Professor Stepton knows nothing of our conversation will set at rest the mind of

Yours sincerely,
Marcus Harding.

As soon as he had read this communication, Malling realized that he had been right in his supposition that a new reserve was growing up in Henry Chichester. He was aware of Chichester's reserve in the letter of the rector. He was aware, too, of the latter's situation as he had never been aware of it before. Often a trifle illuminates a life, as a search-light brings some distant place from the darkness into a fierce radiance that makes it seem near. So it was now.

"Poor Harding!" thought Malling, with an unusual softness. "But this letter comes too late."

What answer should he return to the rector? He hated insincerity, but on this occasion he stooped to it. He had not only the fear of Stepton upon him; he had also the desire not to add to the deep misery of Marcus Harding. This was his answer:

Cadogan Square, June —.

Dear Mr. Harding:

In reply to your letter, I will not now repeat our conversation of the other evening to Professor Stepton. He is, as you say, a man of the highest discretion, and should you feel inclined yourself to take him into your confidence at any time, I think you will not regret it.

Yours sincerely,
Evelyn Malling.

As he put this note into an envelop, Malling said to himself:

"Some day I 'll let him know I deceived him: I 'll let him know I had already told the professor."

Two or three days later, Malling heard of the professor having been at a party in Piccadilly at which Lady Sophia was a guest.

"And do you know, really,"—Malling's informant, a lively married woman, concluded,—"those old scientific men are quite as bad as any of the boys who only want to have a good time. The professor sat in Lady Sophia's pocket the whole evening! Literally in her pocket!"

"I did n't know modern women had pockets," returned Malling.

"They don't, of course; but you know what I mean."

Malling understood that the professor was beginning his "approach."

A week went by, and at a man's dinner Malling chanced to sit next to Blandford Sikes, one of the most noted physicians of the day. In the course of conversation the doctor remarked:

"Is your friend Stepton going to set up in Harley Street?"

"Not that I know of," said Malling. "What makes you ask?"

"He came to consult me the other day, and when I told him he was as sound as Big Ben, he sat with me for over half an hour pumping me unmercifully on the subject of nervous dyspepsia. The patient who followed, and who happened to be a clergyman, looked fairly sick when he was let in at last."

Who happened to be a clergyman! Malling had longed to ask Blandford Sikes a question—who that clergyman was. But he refrained. To do so, would doubtless have seemed oddly inquisitive. It was surely enough for him to know that the professor was busily at work in his peculiar way. And Malling thought again of that "approach." Evidently the professor must be describing the curve he had spoken of. When would he arrive at Henry Chichester? There were moments when Malling felt irritated by Stepton's silence. That it was emulated by Marcus Harding, Lady Sophia, and Henry Chichester did not make matters easier for him. However, he had deliberately chosen to put this strange affair into Stepton's hands. Stepton had shown no special alacrity with regard to the matter. Malling felt that he could do nothing now but wait.

He waited.

Now and then rumors reached him of Marcus Harding's fading powers, now and then he heard people discussing one of Henry Chichester's "remarkable sermons," now and then in society some feminine gossip murmuring that "Sophia Harding seems to be perfectly sick of that husband of hers. She probably wishes now that she had taken all her people's advice and refused him. Of course if he had been made a *bishop!*"

The season ended. Goodwood was over, and Malling went off to Munich and Bayreuth for music. Then he made a walking-tour with friends in the Oberammergau district, and returned to England only when the ruddy banners of autumn were streaming over the land.

Still there was no communication from the professor. Malling might of course have written to him or sought him. He preferred to possess his soul in patience. Stepton was an arbitrary personage, and the last man in the world to consent to a process of pumping.

Meanwhile Stepton had forgotten all about Malling. He was full of work of various kinds, but the work that most interested him was connected with the reverend gentlemen of St. Joseph's. As Malling surmised, he had lost little time in beginning his "approach," and that approach had been rather circuitous. He had taken his own advice and studied "the link." This done, the intricate and fascinating subject of nervous dyspepsia had claimed his undivided attention. When he had finished his prolonged interview with Blandford Sikes, sidling back to the waiting-room to gather up various impedimenta, he had encountered the unfortunate clergyman whom he had kept waiting. Marcus Harding was the man. They exchanged only a few words, but the sight of the flaccid bulk, the hanging cheeks and hands, the eyes in which dwelt a sort of faded despair, whipped up into keen alertness every faculty of the professor's mind. As he stepped into Cavendish Square he muttered to himself:

"I never saw a clergyman look more promising for investigation, by Jove! never. There 's something in it. Malling was not entirely wrong. There 's certainly something in it."

But what? Now for Henry Chichester!

Stepton was by nature unemotional, but he was an implicit believer in the hysteria of others, and he thought clergymen, as a class, more liable to that malady than other classes of men. Curates, being as a rule young clergymen, were, in his view, specially subject to the inroads of the cloudy complaint, which causes the mind to see mountains where only mole-hills exist, and to appreciate anything more readily and accurately than the naked truth. Henry Chichester was young and he was a curate. He was therefore likely to be emotional and to be attracted by the mysterious, more especially since he had recently been knocking on its door, according to Malling's statement.

After a good deal of thought, the professor resolved to cast aside convention, and to make Chichester's acquaintance without any introduction; indeed, with the maximum of informality.

He learned something about Chichester's habits, and managed to meet him several times when he was walking from the daily service at St. Joseph's to his rooms in Hornton Street. In this walk Chichester passed the South Kensington Museum. What more natural than that the professor should chance to be coming out of it?

The first time they met, Stepton looked at the curate casually, the second time more sharply, the third time with scrutiny. He knew how to make a crescendo. The curate noticed it, as of course the professor intended. He did not know who Stepton was, but he began to wonder about this birdlike, sharp-looking man, who evidently took an interest in him. And presently his wonder changed into suspicion. This again accorded with the professor's intention.

One day, after the even-song at St. Joseph's, Stepton saw flit across the face of the curate whom he was meeting a flicker of something like fear. The two men passed each other, and immediately, like one irresistibly compelled, the professor looked back. As he did so, Chichester also turned round to spy upon this unknown. Encountering the gaze of the professor, he started, flushed scarlet, and pursued his way, walking with a quickened step.

The professor went homeward, chuckling.

"To-day 's Tuesday," he thought. "By Saturday, at latest, he 'll have spoken to me. He 'll have to speak to me to relieve the tension of his nerve-ganglions."

Chichester did not wait till Saturday. On Friday afternoon, coming suddenly upon Stepton at a corner, he stopped abruptly, and said:

"May I ask if you want anything of me?"

"Sir!" barked Stepton. "Mr. Chichester!"

"You know my name?" said the curate.

"And probably you know mine—Professor Stepton."

A relief that was evidently intense dawned in the curate's face.

"You are Professor Stepton! You are Mr. Malling's friend!"

"Exactly. Good day."

And the professor marched on.

Chichester did not follow, but the next day, on the pavement not far from the museum, he stopped once more in front of the professor with a "Good afternoon."

"Good day," said Stepton.

"Since you know who I am," began the curate, "and I have heard so much of you, I hope you will forgive me for asking you something."

"Certainly."

"What is it in me which has attracted your attention?"

"I wish I knew," returned the professor.

"You wish you knew! Do you mean that you don't know?"

"I don't know at all."

"But—but—you—I was not wrong in feeling sure that you were—that something in me had aroused your attention?"

"Not wrong at all; but 'something' is not the word."

"What is the word?"

"Everything. Everything in you rouses my attention, Mr. Chichester. But I can't think why."

"Did you know I was Mr. Harding's curate the first time you met me?"

"Yes; I had seen you at St. Joseph's once or twice when I came to hear your rector preach. You did n't interest me at all then, I 'm bound to say."

Chichester stood in silence for a minute. Then he said:

"I might walk a little way back with you, if you have no objection."

Stepton jerked his head in assent. And so the acquaintance of these two men was begun. Their first conversation was a delight to the professor. After a short silence the curate said:

"I could not help seeing each time we have met how your attention was fastened upon me."

"Just so," rejoined Stepton, making no apology.

"And I really think," continued Chichester, with a sort of pressure—"I really think I am entitled to ask for some explanation of the matter."

"Certainly you are."

"Well?" He paused, then said again, "Well, Professor Stepton?"

"I 'm afraid I 've nothing to tell you. I like to stick to facts."

"I only ask you for facts."

"The facts amount to very little. Coming from the museum, I ran across a man. You were the man. My attention was riveted at once. I said to myself, 'I must see that man again.' Next day I took my chance. I had luck. You were there at pretty much the same hour."

"I always come from St. Joseph's—"

"Exactly. And so it 's happened on several days. And that 's all I have to tell you."

"But surely you can indicate why—"

"No, I can't. All I can say is that for some reason, quite inexplicable by me, if I had come upon you in a crowd of a thousand, I should have had to attend to you."

"That 's very strange," said Chichester, in a low voice; "very strange indeed."

"There 's a reason for it, of course. There 's a reason for everything, but very often it is n't found." At this point the professor thrust his head toward Chichester, and added, "you can't tell me the reason, I suppose?"

Chichester looked much startled and taken aback.

"I—oh, no!"

"Then we must get along in the dark and make the best of it."

Having said this, the professor abruptly dismissed the subject and began to talk of other things. When he chose, he could be almost charming. He chose on this occasion. And when at last he hailed a bus, declaring that he was due at home, Chichester expressed a hope that some day he would find himself in Hornton Street, and visit Number 4a.

The professor assented, and was carried westward.

Several days passed, but he did not find himself near Hornton Street, and he had ceased to visit the South Kensington Museum. Then the curate wrote and invited him to tea. Despite a pretense at indifference in the phraseology of the note, the professor discovered a deep anxiety in the

writing. Among other things he had studied, and minutely, graphology.

He sat down and very politely refused the invitation.

Then Chichester came to call on him, and caught him at home.

It was six o'clock in the evening, and a heavy rain was falling. Agnes, the Scotch parlor-maid who claimed to have second sight, opened the door to Chichester, who, speaking from beneath a dripping umbrella, inquired for the professor.

"He 's in, sir, but he 's busy."

"Could you take him my card?"

Agnes took it, much to her own surprise, and carried it to the professor's study.

"A gentleman, sir."

"I told you, Agnes—"

"I could n't say no to him, sir."

"Why not? Here!" he took the card.

"Why not?" he repeated, when he had read the name.

"It was n't in me to, sir."

"Well, then I shall have to see him. Show him up. But never again will I call you by the proud name of Cerberus."

So, putting the onus upon Agnes, the professor yielded, murmuring to himself:

"It was n't in her to! Very expressive! And Cerberus, by the way, was always ready to let 'em in. It was when they wanted to get out that—Good evening. I hope you don't mind climbing."

"Thank you, no," said Chichester.

"Sit down."

"I am afraid I disturb you."

"I 'm bound to say you do. But what does it matter?"

"As you did n't find your way to Hornton Street, I thought I would venture."

"Very good of you. This is a soft chair."

Chichester sat down. It had been evident to Stepton from the moment when his visitor came in that he was in great agony of mind. There was in his face a sort of still and abject misery which Stepton thought exceedingly promising. As he turned round, leaning his sharp elbow on his writing-table, Stepton was considering how to exploit this misery for the furthering of his purpose.

"I want you to tell me something," Chichester began. "I want to know why your attention was first attracted to me. I feel sure that you must be able to give a reason. What is it?"

"Well, now, I wish I could," returned Stepton.

To himself he gave the swift admonition, "Play for hysteria, and see what comes of it."

"I wish I could; but it 's a mystery to me. But now—let 's see."

He knitted his heavy brows.

"A long while ago I picked a man out, met him in a crowd, at the Crystal Palace, followed him about, could n't get away from him. That same evening he was killed on the Underground. I read of it in the paper, went to see the body, and there was my man."

"Do you claim to have some special faculty?" asked Chichester.

"Oh, dear, no. Besides, you have n't been killed on the Underground—yet."

A curious expression that seemed mingled of disappointment and of contempt passed across Chichester's face. Stepton saw it and told himself, "No hysteria."

"Possibly the reason may be a more intellectual one," observed the professor. "I hear you have been preaching some very remarkable sermons. I have n't heard them. Still, others who have may have 'suggestioned' me. Three quarters of any man's fame, you know, are due to mere suggestion."

"You 're not the man to be the prey of that, I fancy—not the easy prey, at any rate."

"Then we 're left again with no explanation at all, unless, as I believe I hinted once before, you can give us one."

Chichester looked down; without raising his eyes he presently said in a constrained voice:

"If I were to give you one you might not accept it."

"Probably not," said Stepton, briskly. "In my life I 've been offered a great many explanations, and I 'm bound to say I 've accepted remarkably few."

Chichester looked up quickly, and with the air of a man nettled.

"You 'll forgive me, I hope, for saying that you scientific men very often seem to have a great contempt for those who are more mystically minded," he observed.

"I 've hit the line!" thought Stepton, with a touch of exultation, as he dropped out a negligent, "Forgive you—of course."

"I dare say it seems to you extraordi-

nary that any man should be able to be a clergyman, genuinely believing what he professes and what he preaches."

"Very few things seem to me extraordinary."

"Perhaps because you are skeptical of so much in which others believe."

"That may be it. Quite likely."

"And yet is n't there a saying of Newton's, 'A little science sends man far away from God, a great deal of science brings man back to God?' You 'll forgive the apparent rudeness. All I mean is--"

"That the sooner I try to get more science the better for me," snapped out Stepton, brusquely interrupting his visitor, but without heat. "Let me tell you that I pass the greater part of my time in that very effort—to acquire more exact knowledge than I possess. Well—now, then! Now then!"

Turning round still more toward the curate, he looked almost as if he were about to "square up" to him. A dry aggressiveness informed him, and his voice had a rasping timbre as he continued:

"But I decline to take leaps in the dark like ——." Here he mentioned a well-known man of science—"and I decline to reject evidence like ——." Here he named a professor even more famous.

The mention of the last name evidently excited Chichester's curiosity.

"What evidence has he rejected?" he exclaimed.

"Last week he held a sitting to examine the pretensions of Mrs. Groeber, the German medium. Westcott was also present, a man on whose word the very devil —if there is such a person, which I don't yet know—would rely. Some apparently remarkable phenomena occurred." —— Here he named the professor—"was convinced that they could have been brought about only by supernormal means. Unfortunately, or fortunately, Westcott had seen the trickery which produced them. When the séance was over he explained what it was to ——. What did this *so-called* man of science do? Refused to accept Westcott's evidence, clung to his own ridiculous belief,—savage's fetish belief, nothing more,—and will include the Groeber manifestations as evidence of supernormal powers in his next volume. And I say, I say"—he raised his forefinger —"that clergymen are doing much the same thing pretty nearly every day of their lives. Seek for truth quietly, inexorably. and you may get it; but don't prod men into falsehood, or try to, as you 've been trying to in this very room."

"I!" cried out Chichester.

"You. I told you I had no reason to give you as to why you attracted my attention in the street. Were you satisfied with that? Not at all. You must needs come here,—very glad to see you!—and say, 'I feel sure you must be able to give me a reason. What is it?' You clamor for a lie. And that 's what men are perpetually doing—clamoring for lies. And they get 'em, from clergymen, from mediums, from so-called scientific men, and from the dear, delightful politicians. There, now!"

And the professor dropped his forefinger and flung himself back in his chair.

"And"—Chichester in his turn leaned forward, but he spoke with some hesitation—"and suppose I were to tell you a truth, a strange, an amazing truth?"

He paused.

"Go on!" said the professor.

"Would n't you do just the opposite? You say men accept lies. I say you would probably reject truth."

"Cela dépend. What you believed to be truth might not be truth at all. It might be hysteria, it might be nervous dyspepsia, it might be overwork, it might be a dozen things."

"Just what I say," exclaimed Chichester. "Men of science delight in nothing so much as in finding excuses for rejecting the greatest truths."

"Do you mean the greatest truths in the possession of Anglican clergymen?"

"I dare say you think it impossible that a clergyman should know more than a scientific man?"

"Oh, no. But he 's out for faith, and I happen to be out for facts. I like hard facts that can be set down with a fountain-pen in my note-book, and that, taken together, are convincing to all men of reasonable intellect. Very dull, no doubt; but there you have it. Clergymen, as a rule, move in what are called lofty regions —the realms of heart, conscience, and what not. Now, I 'm very fond of the region of gray matter—gray matter."

"And yet you are one of the chief of the investigators in the field of psychical research."

"Do you think there 's no room for pencil and note-book there? What about Podmore,—there 's a loss!—and a dozen others? Psychic matters have got to be lifted out of the hands of credulous, fetish-worshiping fools, and the sooner the better."

"It 's easy to call people credulous," said Chichester, with decided heat. "By being so readily contemptuous, Professor Stepton, you may often keep back evidence that might be of inestimable value to your cause. A man in possession of a great truth may keep it to himself for fear of being laughed at or called a liar."

"Then all I can say is that he 's a coward—an arrant, abject coward."

Chichester sat in silence. Again he was looking down. Now that his eyes were hidden by their drooping lids, and that he was no longer speaking, the sadness of his aspect seemed more profound. It dignified his rather insignificant features. It even seemed, in some mysterious way, to infuse power into his slight and unimportant figure. After sitting thus for perhaps three minutes, he raised his head and got up from his chair.

"I must not take up your time any longer," he said. "It was very good of you to see me at all." He held out his hand, which Stepton took, and added, "I 'll just say one thing."

"Do!"

"It is n't always cowardice which causes a man to keep a secret—a secret which might be of value to the world."

"I never said it was."

"No; but still—you spoke just now of my sermons. I preached one not very long ago which I have typed myself. If I send it to you, do you think you could find time to read it?"

"Certainly."

"I will send it, then. Good night."

"I 'll come down with you."

The professor let Chichester out. The rain was still falling in torrents. Shrouded in his mackintosh, protected by his umbrella, the curate walked away. Looking after him, Stepton thought:

"Very odd! It is n't only in the face. Even the figure, all covered up and umbrella-roofed, seems to have something—he 'll send me the sermon of the man and his double to-morrow."

And on the morrow that sermon came by the first post. Having read it, the professor promptly returned it to Chichester with the following note:

The White House, Westminster.

Dear Mr. Chichester:

Very glad to have had the opportunity of reading your interesting discourse. If I had not known it was yours, and a sermon, I should have said "a posthumous work of Robert Louis Stevenson." It does credit to your imagination. If you care to publish, I should suggest "The Cornhill." I know nothing about their terms.

Yours faithfully,

G. R. E. Stepton.

By return of post, there came an urgent invitation to the professor to visit Chichester's rooms in Hornton Street, "to continue a discussion which has a special interest for me at this moment."

"Discussion!" thought Stepton, sitting down to accept. "What my man wants is for me to goad him into revelation; and I 'll do it."

The professor knew enough of psychology to be aware that in the very depths of the human heart there is a desire which may perhaps be called socialistic—the desire to share truth with one's fellow-men. Chichester was scourged by this desire. But whether what he wished to share was truth, or only what he believed to be truth, was the question. Anyhow, Stepton was determined to make him speak. And he set off to Hornton Street little doubting that he would find means to carry his determination into effect.

He arrived about half-past five. He did not turn the corner into Kensington High Street on his homeward way until darkness had fallen, having passed through some of the most extraordinary moments that had ever been his.

When he was shown into the curate's sitting-room, his first remark was:

"Sent that very interesting story to 'The Cornhill' yet?"

"I don't think you quite understand, Professor," replied Chichester. "I did not type it with a view to sending it in anywhere for publication. You 'll have tea with me, I hope? Here it is, all ready."

"Thank you."

"Oh, Ellen!"

THE GOVERNMENT PALACE, BUENOS AIRES

It faces a park two blocks long, called Plaza 25 de Mayo (the Twenty-fifth of May), in memory of the revolution of 1810, which resulted in independence.

gully, in a hundred miles. When it rains, the water stands in pools and lakes on the impervious soil until evaporation causes them to disappear. There are plains and grass, plains and grass, as far as the eye can reach, and monotony as terrible as it is impressive. No mind afflicted with the fear of open spaces should risk itself at large in this land of far horizons.

Out of a total population of a little over 6,000,000, nearly one third are foreign-born, and probably more than half of the other two thirds sprang from foreign-born parents. Of the foreign-born, over 1,000,000 are Italian, or fully one sixth of the present population. Nearly 700,000 were born in Spain, over 100,000 in France, 40,000 in Austria, 30,000 in England, and 25,000 in Germany. The rest of the foreign-born came in small numbers from many far places, or from other South American countries, Brazil furnishing the greatest number. As far as is known, there are fewer than 3000 North Americans now resident in the Argentine.

The influence of these various elements of population upon the nation is not at all in proportion to their numerical strength. The Italians, predominating, as they do, take little part in national affairs. Thousands of them come to the Argentine only for a brief and usually profitable visit. Fifty per cent. of them marry within their own nationality. It may be truly said that it is only the English who seem as a race to influence in any way the destiny of this kaleidoscopic population, fast welding itself into a strong and distinct nation, already producing a type that, regardless of his racial ancestry, is known to the world as the Argentino.

This type, as it appears in the present generation, is a man of quick intelligence, a natural-born talker, proud, sensitive, ambitious, and patriotic, but apparently lacking in the grim persistence, patient endurance, and that faculty of initiative which brings results nationally and individually to the peoples of Anglo-Saxon origin. The Argentino thinks well of himself and his native land. With the record of growth in the last decade before him, he sees no reason why it should not repeat itself in the next. He brushes aside impatiently the economic law that property is worth what it will earn, and perhaps with some excuse, for the great fortunes of the Argentine have been built upon an increase of values startling in its suddenness and magnitude. The owner of a great *estancia* which, in former times, may have been a week's journey from the market, may be pardoned an undue exhilaration when, after British capital has built a railroad through his land, he finds his estancia worth millions where it was once worth thousands.

The English nation has poured into this virgin field a billion dollars, nearly seven hundred and fifty millions going into railroads, and the rest into banks, estancias, and other forms of profitable industry. The Germans come next with, say, sixty millions, the French with considerably less, and no other nation makes a showing worth the mentioning in comparison. Trade does not necessarily "follow the flag," but that it follows capital is an axiom of which England and the Englishman long ago learned the truth, and by which they have profited.

The record of Argentine imports and exports tells the story more significantly than words. In 1909, the Argentine, with a total foreign commerce of $700,000,000, of which $400,000,000 was exports, dealt with her trade allies as follows:

	IMPORTED FROM	EXPORTED TO
United Kingdom	$99,198,269	$80,745,066
Germany . . .	44,555,770	41,353,332
United States .	43,068,829	26,066,790
France	30,801,132	38,996,004
Belgium . . .	13,570,074	41,306,799
Italy	26,868,106	12,635,710

Nearly $100,000,000 worth of grain left the Argentine in 1909 without the destination of the vessels being fixed before departure. These vessels touch at some port en route "for orders," the consignees then sending the cargo where the market at the moment seems best. It is estimated that four fifths of this grain goes to England, so fully eighty million dollars should rightfully be added to the above figures of Argentine exports to the United Kingdom. The figures of Argentine imports from the United States are not so advantageous as would appear upon their face, as a large part of the value is not in manufactures, but in lumber, oil, and other products representing little labor. It is equally true that the shipments

Chichester went to the door, and Stepton heard the words, "Nobody, you understand," following on a subdued murmuring.

"And Mr. Harding, sir?" said the maid's voice outside.

"Mr. Harding won't come to-day. That will do, Ellen."

The professor heard steps descending. His host shut the door and returned.

"You typed it for your own use?" said Stepton.

"That sermon? Yes. I wished to keep it by me as a record."

He sat down, and poured out the tea.

"A record of an imagined experience. Exactly. Then why not publish?"

"It is not fiction."

"Well, it is n't fact."

The professor drank his tea, looking at his host narrowly over the cup.

"Do you say such an experience as that described in my sermon is impossible?"

"Do you say it is possible?"

"If I were to say so, would you believe me?"

"Certainly not, unless I could make an investigation and personally satisfy myself that what you said was true. You would n't expect anything else, I 'm sure."

"You can believe nothing on the mere word of another?"

"Very little. I am an investigator. I look for proof."

"With your pencil in one hand, your note-book in the other."

In Chichester's last remark there was a note of sarcasm which thoroughly roused Stepton, for it sounded like the sarcasm of knowledge addressed to ignorance. Stepton had a temper. This touch of superiority, not vulgar, but very definite, fell on it like a lash.

"Now I 'll go for the reverend gentleman of St. Joseph's!" he thought.

And for a moment he forgot his aim in remembering himself. Afterward, in thinking matters over, he offered a pinch of incense at the altar of his egoism.

"So, the modern clergyman still believes in slipslop, does he?" he exclaimed in his most aggressive manner. "Even now has n't he learnt the value of the matter-of-fact? The clergyman is the doctor of the soul, is n't he? And the doctor, is n't he the clergyman of the body? I wonder, I do wonder, how long the average doctor would keep together his practice if he worked with no more precision than the average clergyman. The contempt of the pencil and note-book! The contempt of proper care in getting together and coördinating facts! The contempt of proof—the appeal to reason! And so we get to the contempt of reason. And let me tell you—" he struck the tea-table with his lean hand till the curate's cups jumped—"that scarcely ever have I heard a sermon in which was not to be found somewhere the preacher's contempt for reason, the bread of the intellect of man."

"The soul is not the intellect."

"Don't you think it higher?"

"I do."

"And so you put it on slops!"

The professor got up from his chair, and began to sidle up and down the small room.

"You put it on slops, as if it were a thing with a disordered stomach. That 's your way of showing it respect. You approach the shrine with an offering of water gruel. Now look ye here!"—The professor paused beside the tea-table—"The soul wants its bread, depend upon it, as much as the body, and the church that is free with the loaves is the church to get a real hold on real men. Flummery is no good to anybody. Rhetoric 's no good to anybody. Claptrap and slipslop only make heads swim and stomachs turn. The pencil and note-book, observation and the taking down of it, these bring knowledge to the doors of men. And when you sneer at them, you sneer at bread, on the eating of which—or its equivalent, basis nourishment—life depends."

"I wonder whether you, and such as you, really know on what the true life of the soul depends," said Chichester, with an almost dreadful quietness.

The professor sat down again.

"Such as I?" he said. "You are good enough to do me the honor of putting me in a class?"

"As you have so far honored me," returned Chichester.

"Ha!" ejaculated Stepton.

He had quite got the better of his egoism, but he by no means regretted his outburst.

"Do you claim to stand outside the ranks of the clergy?" he asked.

"Do you claim to stand outside the ranks of the scientists?"

"Oh, dear, no. And now—you?"

Chichester said nothing for a moment. Then, lifting up his head, and gazing at the professor with a sort of sternness of determination, he said:

"Remember this! You yourself told me that in a crowd of a thousand you must have fixed your attention on me."

For a moment the professor had it in his mind to say that this statement of his had been a lie invented to make an impression on Chichester. But he resisted the temptation to score—and lose. He preferred not to score, and to win, if possible.

"I did," he said.

"Could this be so if I were like other men, other clergymen?"

"Well, then, what is the mighty difference between you and your reverend brethren—between you, let us say, and your rector, Mr. Harding?"

Very casually and jerkily the professor threw out this question.

Not casually did Chichester receive it. He moved almost like a man who had been unexpectedly struck, then seemed to recover himself, and to nerve himself for some ordeal. Leaning forward, and holding the edge of the table with one hand, he said:

"How well do you know Mr. Harding?"

"Pretty well. Not intimately."

"You have seen him since he—altered?"

"I saw him only the other day when I was at a specialist's in Harley Street."

"A specialist's?"

"For nervous dyspepsia."

Again the look of contempt flickered over Chichester's face.

"Do you think the alteration in Mr. Harding may be due to nervous dyspepsia?"

"Probably. There are few maladies that so sap the self-confidence of a man."

Chichester laughed.

For the first time since he had entered the little room the professor felt a cold sensation of creeping uneasiness.

"Apparently you don't agree with me," he said.

"I am not a doctor, and I know very little about that matter."

"Then I 'm bound to say I don't know what you find to laugh at."

"For a man who has spent so much time in psychical research you seem to have a rather material outlook upon—"

"Mr. Harding?"

"And all that he represents."

"Suppose we stick to Mr. Harding," said the professor, grittily. "He is typical enough, even if you are not."

"In what respect do you consider Mr. Harding typical?"

"I am speaking of the Harding before the fall into the abysses of nervous dyspepsia."

"Very well. In what respects was Mr. Harding typical?"

"In the sublime self-confidence with which he proclaimed as facts things that have never been proved to be facts."

"Do men want facts?" said Chichester, almost as one speaking alone to himself.

"I do. I want nothing else. Possibly Mr. Harding had none to give me. I don't blame him."

"Perhaps it is a greater thing to give men faith than to give them facts."

"Give them the first by giving them the second, if you can! And that, by the way, is the last thing the average clergyman is able to do."

Chichester sat silent for nearly a minute looking at the professor with a strange expression, almost fiery, yet meditative, as if he were trying to appraise him, were weighing him in a balance.

"Professor," he said at last, "I suppose your passion for facts has led men to put a great deal of faith in you. Has n't it?"

"I dare say my word carries some weight. I really don't know," responded Stepton, with an odd hint of something like modesty.

"I had thought of Malling first," almost murmured Chichester.

"What 's that about Malling?"

"I think he would have accepted what I have to give more readily than you would. There seems to me something in him which stretches out arms toward those things in which mystics believe. In you there seems to me something which would almost rather repel such things."

"I beg your pardon. I am quiescent. I neither seek to summon nor to repel."

"I could n't tell Malling," said Chichester. "His readiness stopped me. It struck me like a blow."

"Malling prides himself on being severely neutral in mind."

"And you on being skeptical?"

"I await facts."

"Shall I give you some strange facts, the strangest perhaps you have ever met with?"

Stepton smiled dryly.

"You'll forgive me, but some such remark has been the prelude to so many figments."

"Figments?"

"Of the imagination."

An expression of anger—almost like a noble anger it seemed—transformed Chichester's face. It was as a fine wrath which looked down from a height, and in an instant it melted into pity.

"How much you must have missed because of your skepticism!" he said. "But I shall not let it affect me. You are a man of note-book and pencil. Will you promise me one thing? Will you give me your word not to share what I shall tell you with any one, unless, later, I am willing that you should?"

"Oh, dear, yes!" said the professor.

And again he smiled. For even now he believed the curate to be wavering, swayed by conflicting emotions, and felt sure that a flick of the whip to his egoism would be likely to hasten the coming of what he, the professor, wanted.

A loud call rose up from the street. A wandering vender of something was crying his ware. In his voice was a sound of fierce melancholy. Chichester went to the window and shut it down.

"I wish it were night," he said as he turned.

The professor jerked out his watch.

"It must be getting late," he observed. "Past six! by Jove!"

He made an abrupt movement.

"What?" said Chichester. "You are going!"

He came up to the table.

"Sometimes I think," he said, "that men hate and dread nothing as they hate and dread facts which may upset the theories they cherish."

"You 're perfectly right. Well, very glad to have seen you in your own room." The professor got up. "By their rooms shall ye know them." He glanced round.

"Ah, I see you have Rossetti's delightfully anemic Madonna, and Holman Hunt's 'Light of the World.' A day or two ago I was talking to a lady who pronounced that—" he extended his finger toward the Hunt—"the greatest work of art produced in the last hundred years. Her reason? Its comforting quality. I am sure you agree with her. Good-by."

He made a sidling movement toward the door. Perhaps it was that movement which finally decided the curate to speak.

"Professor," he said, "I don't want you to go yet."

"Why not?" jerked out Stepton, with one hand on the door-knob.

"You collect 'cases.' I have a case for you. You are a skeptic: you say men should be brought to faith by facts. Sit down. I will give you some facts."

The professor came slowly back, looking dry and cold, and sat down by the table facing the Rossetti Madonna.

"Always ready for facts," he said.

(To be concluded)

THE GUEST

BY ANNA GLEN STODDARD

LONGING that stirs within my breast,
Be not so eager, prithee, lest
By zeal and fondness overmuch
Thou fright' Love's spirit at a touch!

Joy that runs laughing through my veins,
Be not so glad! For Love but feigns,
Perchance, to stay with me and sup,
Craving another board and cup.

House, ope thy portals to the stars!
Irksome to Love are prison-bars;
But if he see the doors set wide,
Upon my hearth he may abide.

THE AWAKENING OF THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN

I. THE NEW SCIENCE OF MANAGEMENT

BY WILL IRWIN

RARELY has a chance remark caused such wide and sudden interest as one dropped last December by Louis D. Brandeis. He was arguing the case of the shippers against the railroads before the Interstate Commerce Commission. "By the application of scientific management," he said, "the railroads of this country might save a million dollars a day." That sentence —it happened to be a quotation from Harrington Emerson's work on scientific efficiency—buzzed over the country, bringing to a large part of the public the first information that a new principle had entered into industry. Still less did the public know that this principle is likely to accomplish a change in business comparable only to the shift from hand labor to machine production. Yet the thing is not new. Its beginnings go back thirty years; and for the last eight or ten years a corps of experts, under the leadership of Frederick W. Taylor, the Edison of scientific management, have been installing it in factory after factory.

Briefly stated, this new principle is the application of that scientific method which Darwin brought into the world, first, to the individual operations of men in industry, and, second, to their collective operations.

To understand the matter more fully, it may serve best to follow scientific management from its simple beginning up to those complex processes too involved for description in any single treatise. In the eighties, Mr. Taylor, an honor graduate of Exeter and of Stevens Institute, who had left Harvard on account of impaired eyesight, worked up from journeyman machinist at the Midvale Steel Works to be foreman of his room. In his experience at his machine he had discovered that the workmen were not doing what he considered a fair day's work. They were "soldiering on the job," wasting half their powers. Taylor tried to "speed up" the men in the regular, old, hit-or-miss way. He met with opposition all along the line. However, the management was with him. By finding ways to eliminate waste effort, by offering bonuses to those who passed a certain minimum which he set for them, he doubled the output of this machine. Somewhere along the line of this work, his great idea took form in his mind. Why not study men as well as machines? Had any one ever applied the methods of modern science to the problem of eliminating waste effort from labor?

Something like these questions has perhaps flitted through the mind of many and many a former athlete as he watched a gang of shovelers or wheelbarrow-men at work. Natural speed is only half a runner's capacity. The rest is a system, improved by generations of trainers, for getting the most out of natural speed. The length of the stride, the method of lifting and setting down the feet, enter into the calculation of the trainer; and most potently enters the question of pace. Let a good man "sprint" the first hundred yards, and a mere tyro can beat him at the mile. For example, on such study of the application of power to motion, trainers in a generation have raised the record for the sixteen-pound hammer from less than 100 feet to more than 175 feet. Why, the former athlete has lan-

guidly asked himself, did not some laborer try to increase his efficiency by study of motion and pace? This, expressed in other terms, was Taylor's idea. Only he set out to study the problem with a scientific thoroughness of which an athletic trainer never dreamed.

He began in the shops and yards of the Midvale Steel Works, Philadelphia, with some of the simplest processes known to labor—lifting weights, pulling on winches, shoveling, etc. Employers had always proceeded on the theory that the only way to increase the work of a loading gang was to get stronger men or to work the gang to death. Taylor selected two healthy laborers of about average strength, and offered them double pay "to do any fool thing you 're asked, and play square." For months, the men lifted, carried, pushed, and pulled, at the word of command from two young college men with stop-watches. These experimenters worked their subjects at various paces and with various rests, and recorded absolutely all the data. Moreover, they kept constant and scientific account of the physical condition of the men. When, after the first series of experiments, they assembled and digested the data, they found their results unsatisfactory. They tried again; and this time discovered the puzzling factor which they had ignored before. It was a question of physiology. Fatigue produces toxins in the body. For these, the human system makes its own serums during the periods of rest. In merely mechanical labor, involving stress on the arms, the relation between the rest period and the stress period is as important as pace. From these last experiments, Taylor worked out a formula and a marvel. He raised the capacity to load pig-iron of the average laborer from twelve and a half tons a day, the old mark, to forty-seven tons a day! In short, he multiplied each man's capacity by four, and did it without unduly taxing the man's powers. All he needed to accomplish this result in any gang of pig-iron men was a foreman trained to proper timing, and a few pace-makers accustomed to the method.

The next subject to which the knowledge gained by years of experimenting was applied, was shoveling, a grade higher in mechanical skill. At once, the problem grew more complex. It involved not only pace and rhythm, but size of load and the "thrust" into the pile. Any one knows that if he is shoveling coal, it serves him best to "scoop" along the ground at the bottom of the pile, and that loose dirt gives least resistance if he thrusts in his shovel obliquely. But what, asked Taylor, was the exact rule, and what was the rule of a dozen other substances? And what load on the shovel would give the best result in a day's work? On the scientific method of the stop-watch and the equation, he worked out the laws of shoveling. For a man of average strength, the best load was twenty-one pounds. Hitherto, the laborers at the Bethlehem works had been using the same shovels for all substances. On fine coal, the load was three and one half pounds; on iron ore, fifty pounds. The management made new shovels for every substance which they handled in their yards, each designed to carry, when full, a load of twenty-one pounds. From the tool-house they issued every day the proper shovels for the proper work. That planning-room, where all this was worked out, grew into a "labor office," from which three men handled like chess-players the 140 laborers of the Bethlehem yards. Taylor had begun by giving a bonus to such workmen as accomplished the results which he expected. Each received at the end of the day a white slip informing him of the morrow's task. A yellow slip with it meant that he had not worked well enough to earn the bonus. The deficients were taken in hand by "teachers,"—for such Taylor called his foremen,—and instructed in the right method. With a bonus of sixty per cent. to successful laborers, with an increased number of foremen, the average wage to the man was higher, of course. But the results were fairly incredible. A hundred and forty men were doing the work of six hundred. The others had gone on to other departments, higher or lower, where the work was better suited to their powers. Formerly it had cost seven to eight cents a ton to handle material in that yard. Now it cost three and a half cents a ton. And this experiment in scientific management saved the company more than $75,000 a year.

The principle was now established; and the group of business savants working under Taylor set themselves to carry it up

into the more complex departments of industry, especially the machine processes. Here, the history of the movement grows too complex for us to follow much further in detail. Let the first great experiment, the cutting of steel, stand for the rest. Here was a fairly complicated process involving both a man and a machine. In the all-important matters of "feed" and "speed," machinists had hitherto worked by rule of thumb. The problem was how, with least wear on man, machine, and tool, to get most out of a given amount of power and labor. As a matter of pure mathematics, this problem involved twelve variants--an equation impossible of solution by mathematics alone. In their early experiments, these explorers of industry were troubled by the uneven quality of their material, which rendered experiment after experiment useless. It was necessary to make a special grade of steel, annealed like the barrel of a great gun. In years of patient experiment they turned 800,000 pounds of this expensive material into chips. First, they improved the tool. The point which steel-cutters had used since the birth of modern industry was not of the best shape. A simple curve on its edge greatly increased its efficiency. As the data from the machines came in, an expert mathematician correlated them. From his tables he made a slide rule for steel-cutting machines by which every operative may learn in less than a minute how best to set and use his machine for any and every size and quality of material. Again the magic result: according to the work in hand, the system multiplied the capacity of an operative and of a machine from two to nine times.

I wander afield for another illustrative example. Years afterward, when the apostles of scientific management were spreading the system through the business world, Frank B. Gilbreth, a New York contractor, became interested. Gilbreth began life as a bricklayer. This trade had stood still for 4000 years. Pharaoh's workman at Thebes and Gilbreth's workman at New York used the same kind of bricks, the same composition of mortar, the same motions on the part of the workman. Gilbreth began to use his mind on the processes of his trade. "What is the first motion I make?" he asked himself. "I take a step to the right. Is that necessary?" To eliminate that step, he needed only to bring the pile nearer to his hand. "What is the second motion?" he inquired. "I stoop and pick up a brick. That means lowering and raising 200 pounds two feet. Need I do that?" Bring the pile up to one's hand by some mechanical means, and the workman need not stoop. "What is the next process?" he inquired again. "I look the brick over, so that I may get no chipped surface on the outside. How can I eliminate that?" The answer to this third problem was the answer to all. Gilbreth, counseled by his wife, devised first an adjustable scaffold and then a carrier for bricks. Cheaply paid helpers arranged bricks and mortar in the carrier. The materials, all inspected and sorted, came up to the workman at his waist-level. He could take up brick and mortar with one simultaneous motion of both hands. In brief, Gilbreth reduced the number of motions in laying a brick from eighteen to five or six.

While testing his improvement, Gilbreth made the first step toward adjusting the inevitable differences between scientific management and union labor. He was putting up a building in Boston. The bricklayers' union, there as elsewhere, has a "maximum scale." No member of the union may set more than a certain number of bricks each day. Gilbreth saw the leaders. "If I can't have the bricks laid my way, I 'll make my building of reenforced concrete," he said. "At this rate, bricklaying promises to become a lost art. If you will waive your maximum, I will give your men $6.50 a day instead of $4.50, and I won't overwork them, either." The union agreed. This was a twelve-inch wall with two kinds of bricks and "drawn joints." The best record for that class of work had been 120 bricks an hour to the man. In the last half of the job, Gilbreth's gang, working under teachers on the new method, laid 350 an hour to the man.

The work of the individual laborer has been compared to the course of a runner. A large business, and specially a manufacturing business, may be compared to a football team. Not only must the individual get the best out of his powers; but he must correlate his effort to that of his fellows. Upward from scientific stud-

individual effort to scientific study of combined effort rose the experiments of these apostles of efficiency. To run the thread of practice through the web of theory in such individual processes as steel-cutting, taxed higher mathematics. To correlate all these processes, in establishments involving twenty or thirty operations, demanded every resource of scientific method. "Many of our ideas," says Taylor, "we appropriated from some one else." Business had already its systematizers and its system experts. These methods, however, proceeded largely by rule of thumb; they were the practical work of exceptional men. In taking a hint from this system expert and that, the experimenters were careful always to reduce it to law, to make it a formula, so that the ordinary mind might profit by the discoveries of the exceptional. Viewed in one light, scientific method, whether applied to business or to bacteriology, is nothing else than that. Besides evolving thousands of formulas and hundreds of laws, they evolved the principle upon which production, and perhaps distribution, must in future proceed.

That principle is expressed in no one phrase or formula; but here is a brief statement of it: the workman does the real work of industry. This sounds like a platitude, and it is; but in a matter so complex platitudes strike sometimes with the force of discoveries. In the nature of things, the actual worker, whether journeyman or machine operative, is the unoriginal part of the body industrial. He who, by his imagination and his initiative, is capable of introducing improvements into the method of doing the work, usually forces himself up from the ranks, leaving his fellows to go along in the same old way. These graduates of the trade constitute the management. Hitherto, the management has worked from above, trying to stimulate the workman by threats or incentives, but doing nothing to help him solve his problems or improve his methods. Under the new system, the management is working from below, lifting up the workman. The superior officers of the management are planning out his work, coördinating it with the work of others; the inferior officers are standing beside the workbench or the machine, teaching him "how to do it" on scientific lines, and seeing that he obeys the teaching. Under the old system one foreman directed perhaps twenty workmen. Under this system, one "teacher" helps every four or five. Under these conditions, fewer men, on a salary-roll increased slightly, if at all, double, treble, and quadruple the output. This is not "slave-driving." A cardinal principle of scientific management is to work the man within his permanent strength. It is not cutting the wages of the workroom to increase the salaries of the office. Regular increase of wages, as a reward for applying the system, is part of the plan.

"The results," says Louis D. Brandeis, who has long applied the system to shoe factories under his receivership, "are magic." In one of these establishments, seventy-five men and twenty teachers have replaced one hundred men and five foremen—and they have multiplied the output by two and a half. In the Tabor machine works at Philadelphia, which Taylor uses as a kind of demonstration-room, the manufacture of one highly specialized machine formerly took eight months. Now the Tabor workmen complete it in six weeks. The profits have increased enormously, the hours of labor remain the same, and the average wage is thirty-three per cent. higher. The system is highly complicated; and the demand for young engineers who understand it exceeds the supply. It has failed here and there because the men who installed it were not skilled enough. But wherever it has got a foothold, it has given the same magical result in multiplying product.

These are the essential facts, briefly stated, about a new movement in American industry—rather, in world-industry, since France is already trying the system and Germany is asking questions. Each among several aspects of scientific management is worth a separate treatise; but one has a social and political importance so great that it cannot be slighted. That is the workman's part in this new organization of industry. For if scientific management becomes the rule, labor and capital, the laborer and the capitalist, Socialism and Conservatism, must shift front and reach new adjustments of new issues. The human side of scientific management, therefore, has been reserved for a separate article.

THE SCULPTOR WEINMAN

AND A FEW EXAMPLES OF HIS WORK

ADOLPH ALEXANDER WEINMAN was born in Karlsruhe, Baden, December 11, 1870. He came to this country when a boy of ten years. Later, he was apprenticed to a carver of wood and ivory. At sixteen he entered the evening drawing and modeling classes at Cooper Union, and at twenty the studio of Philip Martiny as pupil, at the same time continuing his studies at the Art Students' League, under Augustus Saint-Gaudens, whose studio he later entered as a pupil. He also studied under the late Olin L. Warner. Later he was engaged in the capacity of assistant to Charles H. Niehaus and to Daniel C. French. With the exception of his earliest boyhood, when he received some training in drawing in the schools of Germany, his art education was acquired in this country and under the men above mentioned.

Designed by Adolph A. Weinman

HEAD OF APOLLO, ON THE GOLD MEDAL OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS

The first presentation of this medal was on November 20, 1909, to Mrs. Saint-Gaudens, it having been awarded to the sculptor's work; the second was on December 8, 1910, to James Ford Rhodes in the department of history.

He won the Mitchell Vance prize for drawing at Cooper Union, and prizes in the modeling class at the Art Students' League. His monument to General Alexander Macomb at Detroit, and his Maryland Union Soldiers and Sailors' Monument, erected in Baltimore, were won in competition. He also made the Lincoln monument at Hodgensville, Kentucky, Lincoln's birthplace, and recently completed the portrait statue of the late president of the Pennsylvania Railroad system, Alexander J. Cassatt, which is a conspicuous ornament of the great Terminal Station in New York City.

Weinman does not confine himself to any special field in sculpture, as is shown by the fact that, besides sculptures of a monumental character, he has executed a number of works of a decorative purpose in connection with architecture, such as his panels for the façade of the library of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, for the new Terminal Station of the Pennsylvania Railroad, the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, and other important structures. The groups "The Destiny of the Red Man" and "Kansas," for the St. Louis Exposition, were his work. He has also modeled several portrait reliefs and busts.

His medallic work includes the Medal of Honor of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, the Medal of Honor of the National Institute of Architects, the Medal of Award of the St. Louis Exposition, and the United States Medal for Life-Saving on Railroads.

PORTRAIT OF THE
SCULPTOR'S WIFE

FROM THE BUST BY
ADOLPH A. WEINMAN

From the group by Adolph A. Weinman

THE DESTINY OF THE RED MAN

From the statue by Adolph A. Weinman

MONUMENT TO GENERAL ALEXANDER MACOMB AT DETROIT

THE GOVERNMENT PALACE, BUENOS AIRES

It faces a park two blocks long, called Plaza 25 de Mayo (the Twenty-fifth of May), in memory of the revolution of 1810, which resulted in independence.

THE WOOING OF ADDIE SWISHER

A STORY OF THE "PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH"

BY HELEN R. MARTIN

Author of "Tillie, a Mennonite Maid," "The Crossways," etc.

I

FOR the first time in his life Hiram Etter found himself confronted by an obstacle that seemed, even to his invincible German obstinacy, to be well-nigh insurmountable, and that obstacle an absurdity —a mere woman's will! He, the enormously rich "catch" of the neighborhood —a catch in any neighborhood, for that matter, was Hiram's pleasant opinion of himself—confronted and opposed by a marriageable young woman! It was incredible, or it had been until, like a flash, he had suddenly seen through her "little game." Her persuading her mild mother to refuse to sell him that land he wanted so badly was simply a clever scheme to force his hand. No doubt she thought that if he could not get the land in any other way, he would get it by marrying her. For several years she had been known in the community as the cold-blooded maiden who cared so much less for love and marriage than for being "well-fixed" that she had turned away one suitor after another with the firm, but gentle answer, "Till I can better myself a'ready, I 'm stayin' single."

"And I guess," Hiram said to himself, "she thinks here 's her chanct onct fer betterin' herself. Yes, I guess *any*how, if she got *me*. Well,"—he set his jaw obstinately—"I 'll have that farm, and I won't get it by marryin' Addie Swisher. Addie Swisher yet! As if I would n't look higher—me that can afford to marry most anybody—even such a stylish towner yet!—ain't likely to content myself with such a Dutch country girl. Well, I guess anyhow not."

To be sure, Addie was the one maiden of his acquaintance who never had "bothered" him up to the time of his asking her widowed mother to sell him her farm.

"A deep one she is; smart enough to know it would n't make nothin' to work me such tidies and slippers and write me off notes and all like that. She waited fer a chanct that she thought *was* a chanct. Huh!" he grunted.

It was in pursuit of the coveted "deal" with Addie Swisher's mother, her farm being the only one of the whole countryside that he did not own, that Hiram was, one fine morning in April, driving to the Mennonite meeting, where he hoped to meet Mrs. Swisher alone.

"Once I get Mrs. Swisher alone, without Addie standin' round tellin' her what she 's to do and what she ain't, I 'll have that there farm."

The yard in which the small frame meeting-house stood was surrounded by rolling fields, to-day just touched with the tender green of early spring, under a warm and cloudless sky. It was a day to rejoice both body and soul, and even the money-maker Hiram felt in his blood the delight of its seductive beauty and charm, as, after tying his horse to a tree, he stood watching the arrival of his numerous tenants and other more distant neighbors, receiving, with an air of genial patronage the respectful greetings of these his chattels and acquaintances.

But his undefined sense of well-being was quickly turned to chagrin when, upon the approach of the Swisher buggy, he saw that Mrs. Swisher was accompanied by Addie.

"Och, the little feist! She has afraid to leave her mom out of her sight for fear I 'll get in my innings at her."

He looked on gloomily as Addie, slender, fair, and graceful, jumped down from the high vehicle, then gave her hand to her stout little mother.

"Golly! but that does now spite me wonderful!" he fretted as he watched the mother and daughter walk through the churchyard with grave, quiet greetings to their neighbors and friends. He marked Addie's indifference to the swains who accosted her.

"She 's so cock-sure of me, that 's why she don't make any over the other ones. Huh!" he again grunted disdainfully.

But she was the only damsel in sight, he observed, who did not cast alluring glances upon him.

"That 's because she thinks she don't *have* to; that she can get me, now, without workin' fer me. We 'll *see* onct, Miss Addie Swisher!"

He went into the meeting-house and chose a seat directly behind the Swishers.

All through the long service Hiram occupied himself with considering ways and means of outwitting that demure-faced and, he had to admit, enticing female in the pew in front of him. He had never before "took particular notice to her." But now he had a most tantalizing consciousness of the tendrils of gold-brown hair curling about her white, slim neck; of the delicate pink of her oval cheek when she turned her head to share her mother's hymn-book; and of her remarkably sweet voice as she sang.

"I 'll try them two females just onct more," he decided when the meeting was over and the congregation was crowding down the aisles. "And then if they stick to it yet that they won't sell, I 'm done with dealin' on the square with *them*. I 'll *do* 'em!"

It was in the presence of a great many of their neighbors and acquaintances that he approached Addie in the meeting-house yard to ask her to let him drive her home in his buggy.

The neighbors exchanged meaning glances at this very significant episode. So the "high-minded" Hiram, the unattainable matrimonial prize, was "makin' up" to Addie Swisher! Well, here was a "follower" that Addie would n't be "turnin' down" with her invariable "till I can better myself a'ready."

"Will you leave me drive you home?" Hiram asked rather haughtily, and looked to see her usual placid indifference change to a fluttered surprise at the honor he was offering her.

But Addie's grave, blue eyes met his without a flicker.

"Us we have our own buggy here—me and mom," she answered.

"I know yous have; but leave me drive *you* over home with my new rubber buggy and trotter, and your mom can come after in hern."

"Why?"

"Och, just fer sociability."

"I 'd sooner go with mom."

"I won't bother you any about that there land," he retorted impatiently, "if that 's why you 're hesitatin'."

"I prefer mom's company," she quietly answered, turning away, to the consternation of Hiram and the breathless astonishment of the onlookers.

Hiram scarcely knew whether he was more humiliated or chagrined as he hastily got into his buggy and drove away.

"Well, I never! *Me,* and right away in front of everybody! *Now* watch me do her fer that there land!"

Nevertheless, a later hour on that same day found him "hitching" at the Swishers' front gate.

It was supper-time, and the frying sausage and potatoes smelled good to him as he went up the board walk to the porch. Under the régime of his expensive city cook he often grew hungry for the homely food on which he had been reared.

It was Addie who answered his knock, looking very fair and sweet in her neat blue-gingham frock.

"I want to speak somepin' to your mom," he announced aggressively.

"It ain't no use, Hiram. We ain't sellin'," she gently returned.

"It 's your mom, not you, I want to talk to," he retorted, pushing past her into the house.

"But it won't make nothin', Hiram."

She closed the front door, which opened directly into the parlor.

"Mom 's in the kitchen. We 're makin' supper," she stated, moving at once across the room.

"I 'll see your mom *here,* if you please," said Hiram.

"But I can't let my cookin'. Please to come out to the kitchen."

country in the Argentine. When the minister took his departure from Washington, the President gave him a photograph upon which were inscribed most complimentary sentiments, and good wishes for the success of his mission. Among other things written into this inscription was the expressed hope that this minister would be able to "increase the commerce of the United States and strengthen the bonds of friendship between the two countries." This photograph, with understandable pride, was placed in a prominent position in the reception-room of the legation in Buenos Aires. The intelligent Argentino visitor, awaiting audience with the minister, could scan the confidence-inspiring features and study the inscription at his leisure. When the minister appeared to welcome his visitor, the latter would point to the inscription with manifest pride in his perspicacity, and remark politely, "Don't you think it would have been just as well to put the friendship first and the commerce second?" The American minister would smile in that manner which made him beloved of the Argentino and reply with a slight tone of weariness in his voice, "You are not the first to make the same observation," and the caller would hastily proceed to the real business of his visit.

"What do you North Americans want here?" said a prominent Argentino to the writer. "We can understand that you want trade,—that is natural,—and when you send us capital and take our produce, you will get it. But what else is it you want? Why this enthusiasm for the Pan-American idea? We are afraid of you, because we do not understand. Do you want to control our foreign relations? That is what we fear, and we resent it. We do not like to be patronized. We are a great nation, and can take care of ourselves."

When it was suggested that the United States was the first nation in the history of the world to enter the field of international politics from altruistic motives, and was therefore quite naturally misunderstood, the Argentino laughed incredulously and repeated his declaration of independence. The rivalry in naval strength which exists between Brazil and the Argentine, and which is expressed in the warships now being built for the two countries in the United States and in England, is indicative of the ambitions of these two great South American countries. A prominent Argentine government official was asked how many soldiers, out of a population of less than six and a half million, and a standing army of less than twenty thousand men, his country could put into the field in case of war. He replied thoughtfully, with an air of having made a close calculation, "We could have a million soldiers in the field in thirty days."

THE OPERA HOUSE, FACING THE PLAZA GENERAL LAVALLE, BUENOS AIRES

This is the optimistic and confident attitude toward all problems which one finds in the Argentine character.

The government of the Argentine is a more or less intelligent oligarchy. The advantages of an oligarchy are stability and a consistent policy. The danger lies in a possible abuse of power and the granting of special privileges to those within the circle. Even with a constitution much like that of the United States, and a government system conducted along the same general lines, there can be no sudden change in the party in power without an armed revolution. The government candidates are almost invariably elected through a complete control of the voting machinery. This is true to such an extent that, as a rule, the opposition presents a passive resistance only, contenting itself with propaganda and protest rather than with active participation in the election. The oligarchy is wise, however, for its continuance in power rests upon the acquiescence or indifference of a majority of the people, and thus it takes care to give the country an administration fully equal to, if not above, the average in intelligence and honesty. It is nationally ambitious, patriotic, and progressive. There are abuses of power and grants of special privileges, for which the people pay heavily, but this is not peculiar to the Argentine. The Government shows no fear in han-

INDEPENDENCE HALL, TUCUMAN, ARGENTINA

At Tucuman, about seven hundred miles northwest of Buenos Aires, the independence of the "United Provinces of the La Plata River" was declared July 9, 1816, in the old building now sheltered by a structure with a glass roof, as shown in the picture.

"You don't have to let your cookin'. I want to see your *mom*, Addie Swisher."

"You can see her out in the kitchen."

"Do you think it becomin' in a daughter to boss her parent?" he demanded.

"I think it 's becomin' in me fer to *protect* my parent, Hiram."

"That 's as good as sayin' you think you 're smarter 'n your own mom—not to mention the insinyations on *my* character."

"Hiram," she said to him gravely, "there ain't a man, woman, or child round here but what 's owned by you. I don't want fer you to own me and mom."

"I don't want to own *you;* that 's just what I *don't* want."

But she had turned away and was walking out to the kitchen, and he was forced to follow her or go away.

Mrs. Swisher, in Mennonite garb, was cutting bread at the table, which stood against the wall, cozily spread for supper. She came forward with shy graciousness.

"Well, Hiram, did you come over again onct? You 're just in time to take a bite on us."

Addie did not second the invitation, but Hiram accepted it, nevertheless. Until the opportunity came for "getting in his innings" alone with Mrs. Swisher, he would stay right here.

During the meal, Addie, though silent unless obliged to speak, was perfectly civil to their guest, hospitably, though coolly, offering him everything on the table—the "spread" (jelly), the "smear-case," the cup-cheese, etc.

"Why," she said in surprise as he declined both the pickled red beets and the pepper-slaw, "don't you eat no sour? Me, I always keep on eatin' sour even up to the pie yet."

"I like sour still to sossage; but this evening I don't feel fer no sour. You neither" —he nodded to her with sudden playfulness—"better not eat no sour, fer I want you to feel sweet fer onct."

Addie sipped her coffee without responding to this overture.

"Now, did I mebby make you mad?" he inquired.

"Mad? Och, me, I never have cross. I often set and wondered what it felt like to have so cross like I seen some a'ready. I never had nothin' to get mad *at*."

Hiram looked at her in dumb surprise. "A girl," thought he, "who 's such a stubborn-head and such a schemer, to set there and leave on she don't know what fer kind of a feelin' it is to get mad yet! She thinks that 'll fetch me, her not havin' no ugly temper that way."

"Yes," corroborated her mother, evidently a party to the plot, "she did n't even have cross, here last week, when four times she tried to make such chocolate creams—*four times* she put most everything together, and it never gave none!"

"I 'll tell you somepin' would make you find out how it feels to get mad, Addie," he said, returning to his tone of facetiousness.

"If I did n't never get mad so far, I don't think you could get me mad, Hiram."

"Wait onct till you have jealous fer some one," he said, nodding at her.

"Yes," spoke up her mother; "when a body has so jealous it does give words, ain't?"

"I think *then,*" agreed Hiram. "I seen 'em near froth at the mouth with such jealousness.

"Such feelin's ain't fer me," Addie placidly responded as she helped herself to pepper-slaw and pickled red beets.

"Nor me neither," said Mrs. Swisher, "since I turned plain a'ready. *Till* then I used to have wonderful cross still when things kreistled [disgusted] me. Yes, religion helps a body a heap to come over their ugly dispositions; and it don't make nothing neither what fer a denomination you join on, so long, of course, as it ain't Cat'lic or Jew, but Prodigal. Religion 's the same in any church, I think."

"So I think, too," said Addie, her eyes softly shining.

Hiram fidgeted, inasmuch as he had ceased to be "a professor of religion" since he had become too rich to "live consistent."

"Well, Missus," he suggested, as presently they rose from the table, "can't you take a stroll with me to the orchard over, this nice evening, whilst Addie does her supper dishes?"

"Till I 'm through my supper dishes, we 'll all go over together then," Addie quietly answered for her mother.

"All right," Hiram agreed. "Come on, Missus, and set out on the porch with me till Addie 's ready onct."

"Mom will help me get through all

AN ARGENTINE OX-CART

trade of a nondescript character that at first glance would appear to belong to any one who might ask for it.

Following close upon the heels of the English, are the Germans, natural-born traders. They are looking for no territorial conquests or political influence. They ask for nothing but business, and they are getting it. Their display at the exposition was second only to the English. The German merchants have presented to the city of Buenos Aires a $50,000 fountain, to be placed in one of the great parks, a tremendous piece of artistic work in size and in quality. It is designed by German artists and is to be built with German money. Offered as a token of good-will, it has been gratefully accepted as such.

It is interesting to note that the traveler in South America finds no fear of England or Germany in the matter of territorial aggrandizement or undue influence in the turbulent field of South American politics. Such fear as exists is directed entirely toward the United States, and more distrust of the Monroe Doctrine is encountered among the people whom it was designed to protect than among those in Europe against whom it was originally directed. The difference between the Englishman and the German, as he is found in the Argentine, is the continued insularity of the former and his dependence upon custom and trade momentum to maintain his volume of business, and the detachment of the German from his native land and his dependence upon competition solely to hold his own and secure new business. It has been stated upon good authority that possibly one half of the Germans in the Argentine have failed to maintain their active German citizenship by registering at the consulates once in ten years, as required by German law. The Englishman would as little think of endangering his English citizenship as he would of becoming a naturalized Argentine. He sends his wife home that his children may be born on English soil, and he makes no pretense of his belief that he comes of the greatest nation on earth. With all that, he is patient, understanding, and intelligent in his treatment of other peoples.

The German is adroit, works on a closer margin, is readier to take advantage of every opening, no matter how small. He is clever, patient, anxious to please, and if he does not happen to have just what the Argentine wants, he will make it to suit. His trade represents the greatest profit to his country of all trading nations, as he is a purchaser of raw material and a seller of the finished product.

The status of the trade of the United

"I would n't encourage false hopes in you, Hiram, if you 're wantin' to keep company with me."

"False hopes?"

"Yes, false hopes. If I went buggy-ridin' with you, it might give you false hopes."

"What fer false hopes?"

"There 's no use your wastin' your time, Hiram, with a girl that has made up her mind she won't marry till she can better herself a'ready," said Addie, serenely.

"Better herself!" repeated Hiram, bewildered. "Till you can better yourself! Well, Addie Swisher, are you simple or what? If here ain't your chanct to better yourself—" He paused, out of breath with wonder.

"It don't look to me like a chanct to better myself, Hiram."

"It don't, don't it? Well, I 'm blowed! What *would* you think, now, was mebby a chanct good enough fer you?" exclaimed Hiram, limp with the shock of his astonishment.

"Me and mom 's always lived so contented and happy together, what fer should I change if I can't better myself?" sweetly reasoned the girl, leaning back in her chair and slowly rocking.

"But, Addie Swisher, how do you make it you would n't be betterin' yourself yet, with me so good-fixed that I own near the whole township?"

"I would n't call that betterin' myself, to be so burdened down with riches, and have to bother with hired help and all like that. I 'd call it betterin' myself, Hiram, to—to find more happiness than what I got a'ready. And I got a good bit a'ready. If the man comes along that I take to that much that I feel fer gettin' married to him whether or no—"

"How do you mean, whether or no?"

"Well, that I 'd be happier with him than without him. 'Most always, when a man wants to make up to me, I can see I 'm happier *so.*"

"Then me, I don't suit you, huh?"

"No; not near, Hiram."

"I don't *near* suit you?"

"No."

"What 's the matter of me, then?"

"Och, well, I just don't take to you, that 's all, Hiram."

"But why ain't you like other folks? Why don't you like to be rich, too?"

"Me and mom has a-plenty. We 're in this here world fer somepin' else than self-seekin', Hiram," she gravely chid him.

"Well, what *are* we here fer?"

" 'Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven.' "

"Look a-here, Addie Swisher, you 'll be an old maid if you don't watch out. And you ain't so wonderful young no more, neither, say not? About twenty-seven, I guess. Och, I don't want to be inquisitive that way if you don't feel fer tellin'. Sometimes," he added humbly, "I guess I do speak impolite, too. But, by gosh! I never was so took back in my life! Don't you mind if you *are* an old maid?"

"Not near so much as I 'd mind being married together unhappy. I never did have so much fer this here marryin', like most girls, fer all I do feel some restless that way now and again."

It suddenly flashed upon Hiram that he was a great fool. Of course the girl was playing with him. She could not be sincere in turning down a chance like this for "bettering" herself. She was simply too "smart" to rise to his bait the minute he tossed it. Why had he not realized that at once?

"Well, Addie, I don't never force my company on no girl. I don't have to; though, to be sure, there 's a many girls forces their notice on me, I can tell you."

"I know it gives a many awful foolish girls around here," Addie replied.

Hiram stared at her. Was n't she the cool hand! He almost admired her.

"See here, Addie," he suddenly suggested, willing to humor her inclination to play with him as long as in the end he gained his own way, which was of course inevitable, "you ain't rightly acquainted with me enough to know if you *would* mebby feel fer marryin' me some time. You leave me keep comp'ny with you a couple weeks and *try* me onct."

"Well," Addie thoughtfully considered his suggestion, "we ain't just so wery well acquainted together, that 's so, too. Still, I 'm better acquainted with you than you are with me, so much of your life being public that way and all of mine domestic, which of course is woman's true sp'ere."

"Them 's wery becomin' sentiments, Addie; them 's the sentiments I always admired in a female," Hiram complimented her, diplomatically as, relaxing, he

leaned back and rocked at her side. "Especially in these here days when your sek, Addie, is gettin' so much fer desertin' the hearth and home. Ain't so?"

"Yes, ain't?"

"And even wantin' to be gave the dare to *wote* yet!"

"Don't it beat all, Hiram! I often wonder, when I read the newspapers, what Paul would have thought of such Suffragettes yet!"

"Paul who?" he quickly asked. "Oh, you mean the apostle, ain't?" he added, relieved. "Yes, anyhow, what *would* he think of such bold pieces!"

"But, Hiram, if I left you keep comp'ny with me, it might give you false hopes—if, after all, I can't come to feel fer marryin' you."

"No; fer I won't take it that way. I 'll understand I 'm only out on approval," he grinned. "It 'll be her," he chuckled to himself, "that 'll be led on with false hopes."

And now for some weeks Hiram devoted himself to his wooing. Never for an instant did he believe that Addie seriously was "trying" him, though he often marveled at her dallying so long before clinching her great chance.

Slowly, but surely, however, things moved his way. Slowly, but surely Addie's indifference gave way, under his devotion, to evident pleasure in his company, and her reserve thawed to cordiality.

It was not long before she conceded as much as to say to him: "I misoverheard, Hiram, how you paid such an artist to come from New York over and paint frescos round your parlor, showin' how you rose from a poor boy to be the great man you are now in the county."

"Want to see them frescos, Addie?" he asked, with eager pride.

"If I did marry you, Hiram, you 'd have to take down them frescos, which so feed your pride by holdin' up before you still how high you rose up in the world; fer I 'm a professin' Christian, Hiram."

"Huh! Och, well, if you say so, Addie.

"Any old thing goes in this here deal," he told himself. "Tear down my frescos! She 's dumb enough to believe anything."

The crisis came one Sunday morning in June when, making a martyr of himself, as he had had to do every Sunday for the last month, he accompanied Addie and her mother to meeting.

"This is my last time *here,*" he told himself as ruefully he sat squirming on the hard bench in the stuffy little church; for he was sure, from Addie's greatly softened demeanor during the last week, that when he took her "on the buggy" that evening, the time would be ripe to press her for her final decision.

"And till another Sunday comes round, that there land will be mine. Then good-by, Addie Swisher!"

He felt no compunctions whatever in planning this course. On the contrary, he anticipated with satisfaction "getting back at her" for leading him such a dance all these weeks; for her presumption in thinking that he *could* be led by the nose and trifled with; for her impudence in supposing that it was for the likes of her to say "whether she would have him or whether she would n't!"

III

AND now, as this was the last time he would be sitting in meeting with Addie, he turned in his pew so that, during the long sermon, he could comfortably give himself up to the pleasant contemplation of her beauty. For she was looking even prettier than usual to-day. What was this new light he saw in her eyes as they gazed so gravely upon the face of the preacher?

The preacher, by the way, was a stranger to the congregation, a visitor from a neighboring county, and Hiram's reflections might not have been so complacent had he been able to look into Addie's suddenly awakened soul as her eyes rested upon the very good-looking young minister's countenance of mingled kindliness and strength, as she heard his eloquent voice of deep earnestness.

Addie, not being critical, did not mind the orator's occasional "falling into history," and stating that the Civil War had left "a sea of widows and orphans in our midst," and that that monster of self-seeking, Napoleon, had conquered all Europe at the battle of Waterloo. It was his genuineness, his fervor, not his learning, that fired her—fired her blood, not her conscience. Her young face glowed as she gazed upon him, and her grave eyes grew

wide and bright. For the first time in her life her whole being was stirred and shaken by the presence, the voice, the force, of a man.

Once during the service, while a hymn was being sung, her mother being overcome with a violent coughing-spell, she quietly walked up to the table in front of the pulpit, poured a glass of water, carried it to her mother, and then bore it back again to the pulpit table.

It was observed by nearly every one but Hiram that the preacher's eyes followed the movements of the comely maiden with a look of fervor even warmer than that of his oratory, and that during the remainder of the service, his ardent gaze was not once removed from her face.

At the conclusion of the service, Hiram, stepping into the aisle and standing aside to let Addie and her mother pass out of the pew, saw the minister make his way rapidly to the adjoining pew, and, to his astonishment, the next moment this man of God was accosting Addie with a glance and in a tone which held Hiram rooted to the spot where he stood.

"Sister, I wish you the grace and peace of the Lord," the minister offered her the Mennonite salutation.

"Brother, I wish you the grace and peace of the Lord," Addie's musical voice responded.

"Sister, what is your name?"

"Addie Swisher."

"Sister Addie Swisher, I took particular notice to you in church this morning."

"I know you did, Brother."

"Sister, are you single yet?"

"Yes, Brother."

"Ain't you even promised?"

"No, I ain't promised yet."

"Sister Addie Swisher, leave me tell you something: this good while a'ready I have wanted to get married. Yesterday, on my way here, I prayed God fer a wife that would suit me. When I seen you come up to the table fer a drink fer your mother, or who'ever, I says to myself, 'She 's the one; this here 's an answer to prayer.' You see, God made it so plain that you was the one, bringing my attention to you by making your mother, or who'ever, cough so bad that you was moved to come forward for that drink. What do you say, Addie Swisher?"

Addie's solemn blue eyes gazed earnestly and long into the face of the man who stood before her, her hand held in his, his countenance of mingled kindliness and strength meeting the fire of her own countenance, while Hiram, dumfounded, waited to hear her reply.

"Daniel Kohr," she answered at last, "I want to get married, too, and I 'm satisfied with you. I 'm sure God sent you."

That was as much as Hiram heard, as he was forced by the pressure of the crowd in the aisle to move on.

THE next morning Addie was the recipient of a letter from her betrothed.

My endearing Addie:

Having been unable to participate in my education, I am not partial to letter-writing, which it don't come easy to me. But taking great sympathy to apprise you that I was partially disappointed that I had not went to see you yesterday afternoon a'ready. I was also very much afflicted during my absence from you. I will be over to your place til dinner-time to-day, and would like to get married as soon as we otherwise can.

Your benevolent friend,
Daniel Kohr.

Two days later the neighborhood was electrified with the news that Daniel Kohr and Addie Swisher were married.

"So at last she conceited she 'd found her chanct to better herself!" gossiped the villagers.

"And only four days they were acquainted together yet!"

"And some folks would have it that Mennonites is *slow!*" reflected Hiram Etter, with a new and unfamiliar sense of humility.

PORTRAIT OF THE
SCULPTOR'S WIFE

FROM THE BUST BY
ADOLPH A. WEINMAN

From the group by Adolph A. Weinman

THE DESTINY OF THE RED MAN

From the statue by Adolph A. Weinman

MONUMENT TO GENERAL ALEXANDER MACOMB AT DETROIT

Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'SISTER, I WISH YOU THE GRACE AND PEACE OF THE LORD'"

THE WOOING OF ADDIE SWISHER

A STORY OF THE "PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH"

BY HELEN R. MARTIN

Author of "Tillie, a Mennonite Maid," "The Crossways," etc.

I

FOR the first time in his life Hiram Etter found himself confronted by an obstacle that seemed, even to his invincible German obstinacy, to be well-nigh insurmountable, and that obstacle an absurdity—a mere woman's will! He, the enormously rich "catch" of the neighborhood—a catch in any neighborhood, for that matter, was Hiram's pleasant opinion of himself—confronted and opposed by a marriageable young woman! It was incredible, or it had been until, like a flash, he had suddenly seen through her "little game." Her persuading her mild mother to refuse to sell him that land he wanted so badly was simply a clever scheme to force his hand. No doubt she thought that if he could not get the land in any other way, he would get it by marrying her. For several years she had been known in the community as the cold-blooded maiden who cared so much less for love and marriage than for being "well-fixed" that she had turned away one suitor after another with the firm, but gentle answer, "Till I can better myself a'ready, I 'm stayin' single."

"And I guess," Hiram said to himself, "she thinks here 's her chanct onct fer betterin' herself. Yes, I guess *any*how, if she got *me*. Well,"—he set his jaw obstinately—"I 'll have that farm, and I won't get it by marryin' Addie Swisher. Addie Swisher yet! As if I would n't look higher—me that can afford to marry most anybody—even such a stylish towner yet!—ain't likely to content myself with such a Dutch country girl. Well, I guess anyhow not."

To be sure, Addie was the one maiden of his acquaintance who never had "bothered" him up to the time of his asking her widowed mother to sell him her farm.

"A deep one she is; smart enough to know it would n't make nothin' to work me such tidies and slippers and write me off notes and all like that. She waited fer a chanct that she thought *was* a chanct. Huh!" he grunted.

It was in pursuit of the coveted "deal" with Addie Swisher's mother, her farm being the only one of the whole countryside that he did not own, that Hiram was, one fine morning in April, driving to the Mennonite meeting, where he hoped to meet Mrs. Swisher alone.

"Once I get Mrs. Swisher alone, without Addie standin' round tellin' her what she 's to do and what she ain't, I 'll have that there farm."

The yard in which the small frame meeting-house stood was surrounded by rolling fields, to-day just touched with the tender green of early spring, under a warm and cloudless sky. It was a day to rejoice both body and soul, and even the money-maker Hiram felt in his blood the delight of its seductive beauty and charm, as, after tying his horse to a tree, he stood watching the arrival of his numerous tenants and other more distant neighbors, receiving, with an air of genial patronage the respectful greetings of these his chattels and acquaintances.

But his undefined sense of well-being was quickly turned to chagrin when, upon the approach of the Swisher buggy, he saw that Mrs. Swisher was accompanied by Addie.

"Och, the little feist! She has afraid to leave her mom out of her sight for fear I 'll get in my innings at her."

He looked on gloomily as Addie, slender, fair, and graceful, jumped down from the high vehicle, then gave her hand to her stout little mother.

"Golly! but that does now spite me wonderful!" he fretted as he watched the mother and daughter walk through the churchyard with grave, quiet greetings to their neighbors and friends. He marked Addie's indifference to the swains who accosted her.

"She 's so cock-sure of me, that 's why she don't make any over the other ones. Huh!" he again grunted disdainfully.

But she was the only damsel in sight, he observed, who did not cast alluring glances upon him.

"That 's because she thinks she don't *have* to; that she can get me, now, without workin' fer me. We 'll *see* onct, Miss Addie Swisher!"

He went into the meeting-house and chose a seat directly behind the Swishers.

All through the long service Hiram occupied himself with considering ways and means of outwitting that demure-faced and, he had to admit, enticing female in the pew in front of him. He had never before "took particular notice to her." But now he had a most tantalizing consciousness of the tendrils of gold-brown hair curling about her white, slim neck; of the delicate pink of her oval cheek when she turned her head to share her mother's hymn-book; and of her remarkably sweet voice as she sang.

"I 'll try them two females just onct more," he decided when the meeting was over and the congregation was crowding down the aisles. "And then if they stick to it yet that they won't sell, I 'm done with dealin' on the square with *them*. I 'll *do* 'em!"

It was in the presence of a great many of their neighbors and acquaintances that he approached Addie in the meeting-house yard to ask her to let him drive her home in his buggy.

The neighbors exchanged meaning glances at this very significant episode. So the "high-minded" Hiram, the unattainable matrimonial prize, was "makin' up" to Addie Swisher! Well, here was a "follower" that Addie would n't be "turnin' down" with her invariable "till I can better myself a'ready."

"Will you leave me drive you home?" Hiram asked rather haughtily, and looked to see her usual placid indifference change to a fluttered surprise at the honor he was offering her.

But Addie's grave, blue eyes met his without a flicker.

"Us we have our own buggy here—me and mom," she answered.

"I know yous have; but leave me drive *you* over home with my new rubber buggy and trotter, and your mom can come after in hern."

"Why?"

"Och, just fer sociability."

"I 'd sooner go with mom."

"I won't bother you any about that there land," he retorted impatiently, "if that 's why you 're hesitatin'."

"I prefer mom's company," she quietly answered, turning away, to the consternation of Hiram and the breathless astonishment of the onlookers.

Hiram scarcely knew whether he was more humiliated or chagrined as he hastily got into his buggy and drove away.

"Well, I never! *Me,* and right away in front of everybody! *Now* watch me do her fer that there land!"

Nevertheless, a later hour on that same day found him "hitching" at the Swishers' front gate.

It was supper-time, and the frying sausage and potatoes smelled good to him as he went up the board walk to the porch. Under the régime of his expensive city cook he often grew hungry for the homely food on which he had been reared.

It was Addie who answered his knock, looking very fair and sweet in her neat blue-gingham frock.

"I want to speak somepin' to your mom," he announced aggressively.

"It ain't no use, Hiram. We ain't sellin'," she gently returned.

"It 's your mom, not you, I want to talk to," he retorted, pushing past her into the house.

"But it won't make nothin', Hiram."

She closed the front door, which opened directly into the parlor.

"Mom 's in the kitchen. We 're makin' supper," she stated, moving at once across the room.

"I 'll see your mom *here,* if you please," said Hiram.

"But I can't let my cookin'. Please to come out to the kitchen."

"You don't have to let your cookin'. I want to see your *mom,* Addie Swisher."

"You can see her out in the kitchen."

"Do you think it becomin' in a daughter to boss her parent?" he demanded.

"I think it 's becomin' in me fer to *protect* my parent, Hiram."

"That 's as good as sayin' you think you 're smarter 'n your own mom—not to mention the insinyations on *my* character."

"Hiram," she said to him gravely, "there ain't a man, woman, or child round here but what 's owned by you. I don't want fer you to own me and mom."

"I don't want to own *you;* that 's just what I *don't* want."

But she had turned away and was walking out to the kitchen, and he was forced to follow her or go away.

Mrs. Swisher, in Mennonite garb, was cutting bread at the table, which stood against the wall, cozily spread for supper. She came forward with shy graciousness.

"Well, Hiram, did you come over again onct? You 're just in time to take a bite on us."

Addie did not second the invitation, but Hiram accepted it, nevertheless. Until the opportunity came for "getting in his innings" alone with Mrs. Swisher, he would stay right here.

During the meal, Addie, though silent unless obliged to speak, was perfectly civil to their guest, hospitably, though coolly, offering him everything on the table—the "spread" (jelly), the "smear-case," the cup-cheese, etc.

"Why," she said in surprise as he declined both the pickled red beets and the pepper-slaw, "don't you eat no sour? Me, I always keep on eatin' sour even up to the pie yet."

"I like sour still to sossage; but this evening I don't feel fer no sour. You neither" —he nodded to her with sudden playfulness—"better not eat no sour, fer I want you to feel sweet fer onct."

Addie sipped her coffee without responding to this overture.

"Now, did I mebby make you mad?" he inquired.

"Mad? Och, me, I never have cross. I often set and wondered what it felt like to have so cross like I seen some a'ready. I never had nothin' to get mad *at.*"

Hiram looked at her in dumb surprise. "A girl," thought he, "who 's such a stubborn-head and such a schemer, to set there and leave on she don't know what fer kind of a feelin' it is to get mad yet! She thinks that 'll fetch me, her not havin' no ugly temper that way."

"Yes," corroborated her mother, evidently a party to the plot, "she did n't even have cross, here last week, when four times she tried to make such chocolate creams—*four times* she put most everything together, and it never gave none!"

"I 'll tell you somepin' would make you find out how it feels to get mad, Addie," he said, returning to his tone of facetiousness.

"If I did n't never get mad so far, I don't think you could get me mad, Hiram."

"Wait onct till you have jealous fer some one," he said, nodding at her.

"Yes," spoke up her mother; "when a body has so jealous it does give words, ain't?"

"I think *then,*" agreed Hiram. "I seen 'em near froth at the mouth with such jealousness.

"Such feelin's ain't fer me," Addie placidly responded as she helped herself to pepper-slaw and pickled red beets.

"Nor me neither," said Mrs. Swisher, "since I turned plain a'ready. *Till* then I used to have wonderful cross still when things kreistled [disgusted] me. Yes, religion helps a body a heap to come over their ugly dispositions; and it don't make nothing neither what fer a denomination you join on, so long, of course, as it ain't Cat'lic or Jew, but Prodigal. Religion 's the same in any church, I think."

"So I think, too," said Addie, her eyes softly shining.

Hiram fidgeted, inasmuch as he had ceased to be "a professor of religion" since he had become too rich to "live consistent."

"Well, Missus," he suggested, as presently they rose from the table, "can't you take a stroll with me to the orchard over, this nice evening, whilst Addie does her supper dishes?"

"Till I 'm through my supper dishes, we 'll all go over together then," Addie quietly answered for her mother.

"All right," Hiram agreed. "Come on, Missus, and set out on the porch with me till Addie 's ready onct."

"Mom will help me get through all

first," Addie again interposed. "Ain't, Mom?"

"Och, yes; I always help till we 're through all."

"But, Missus," Hiram said sharply, "I want to talk business to you. *You 're* the owner of this place."

"I always go by Addie's adwices," answered the mother. "Addie she 's a smart girl, and gives me good adwices that way."

"Well, all I got to say is this here: you sell to me at the good price I offer, or," he added, "you 'll have to sell to the county at their own figure, *whether* or no."

"What do you mean?" Addie asked.

"I 've got *influence* in this here county. I 'll easy persuade 'em they got to have your land fer a road or a trolley-line or whatever. Then you 'll *have* to sell, and at their figure, not yourn. And you 'd have to move out, too, yet, whereas, if you sell to me, you can stay on here where you was born a'ready."

"Live on here and be owned by you, Hiram, like all the other people are in this here township? Like Ezra Kuntz, who has to wote fer the President *you* want elected; and Sally Wackernagel, that could n't keep comp'ny with Jake Snyder because Jake he *would n't* wote like you wanted him to and so got put off your property! And if Sally's mom took him to board, you 'd put her out, too. All —all of 'em that lives on your land has to do what you want 'em to do, even in things that ain't your affairs. No, Hiram, I 'd sooner sell to the county and move out."

Now, Hiram did not intend the county to have that land. But what was to be *done* with this obstinate girl? Nothing, absolutely nothing, in this way, that was certain.

Abruptly, even curtly, he bade the two women good evening and went out to his buggy.

"Marry *her!*" he mused on the way home, driving through the soft April evening, past fragrant fields under a reddening sky. "A girl that stubborn-headed! Why, she 'd work me this here way fer every old thing she wanted off of me! Huh! *See* me fix her now!"

II

THE next Sunday evening saw Hiram, wearing what he called his "New York suit" and his stylish tan shoes, with hose, necktie, and handkerchief all matching, on his way to Swishers' farm with fell purpose in his heart.

Now, in this vicinity a Sunday evening visit could have only one significance, and Hiram was cynically anticipating Addie's triumph at the success of her scheme, the fruition of her high ambition.

"Won't she think herself smart, though, when she sees me comin' to keep comp'ny with her, the little feist! But till I get the deed to that farm onct and jilt her a'ready, she 'll have to think some one else is smarter. Yes, I guess then."

He found the maiden and her mother on their front porch, placidly enjoying the sweet spring evening as they rocked monotonously in two huge, gaily painted rocking-chairs.

As he went up the board walk, after tying his horse to the gate-post, he saw that Addie was dressed this evening all in white, and his blood was stirred unexpectedly by the surprising beauty of the girl, which seemed, indeed, even to his sluggish imagination, like a part of the soft glow of the warm April twilight.

It was the mother who first appeared to realize the portent of this Sunday visit,—a visit on any other day would have meant nothing definite,—at all events, it was Mrs. Swisher who manifested agitation, while Addie still remained calm.

"Well, Missus; well, Addie," he greeted them.

Mrs. Swisher's usually serene manner became actually flurried as she hastened to give him her chair and to suggest at once: "To-morrow bein' wash-day, I better go and alarm the clock; for if the rattler don't go off, I oversleep my breakfast still."

"Well, Addie," began Hiram when they were alone, "will you go on the buggy along this evening? Or shall we stay settin'?"

"I can't go on the buggy along."

"Why not? You ain't expectin' another felleh, are you? Well, if you are, hurry up and let 's get off till he gets here a'ready, ain't?"

"No, I ain't lookin' fer no friend to set up with me; it ain't that."

"What, then?" he asked, incredulous before the equanimity with which she was receiving her success.

"I would n't encourage false hopes in you, Hiram, if you 're wantin' to keep company with me."

"False hopes?"

"Yes, false hopes. If I went buggy-ridin' with you, it might give you false hopes."

"What fer false hopes?"

"There 's no use your wastin' your time, Hiram, with a girl that has made up her mind she won't marry till she can better herself a'ready," said Addie, serenely.

"Better herself!" repeated Hiram, bewildered. "Till you can better yourself! Well, Addie Swisher, are you simple or what? If here ain't your chanct to better yourself—" He paused, out of breath with wonder.

"It don't look to me like a chanct to better myself, Hiram."

"It don't, don't it? Well, I 'm blowed! What *would* you think, now, was mebby a chanct good enough fer you?" exclaimed Hiram, limp with the shock of his astonishment.

"Me and mom 's always lived so contented and happy together, what fer should I change if I can't better myself?" sweetly reasoned the girl, leaning back in her chair and slowly rocking.

"But, Addie Swisher, how do you make it you would n't be betterin' yourself yet, with me so good-fixed that I own near the whole township?"

"I would n't call that betterin' myself, to be so burdened down with riches, and have to bother with hired help and all like that. I 'd call it betterin' myself, Hiram, to—to find more happiness than what I got a'ready. And I got a good bit a'ready. If the man comes along that I take to that much that I feel fer gettin' married to him whether or no—"

"How do you mean, whether or no?"

"Well, that I 'd be happier with him than without him. 'Most always, when a man wants to make up to me, I can see I 'm happier *so.*"

"Then me, I don't suit you, huh?"

"No; not near, Hiram."

"I don't *near* suit you?"

"No."

"What 's the matter of me, then?"

"Och, well, I just don't take to you, that 's all, Hiram."

"But why ain't you like other folks? Why don't you like to be rich, too?"

"Me and mom has a-plenty. We 're in this here world fer somepin' else than self-seekin', Hiram," she gravely chid him.

"Well, what *are* we here fer?"

" 'Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven.' "

"Look a-here, Addie Swisher, you 'll be an old maid if you don't watch out. And you ain't so wonderful young no more, neither, say not? About twenty-seven, I guess. Och, I don't want to be inquisitive that way if you don't feel fer tellin'. Sometimes," he added humbly, "I guess I do speak impolite, too. But, by gosh! I never was so took back in my life! Don't you mind if you *are* an old maid?"

"Not near so much as I 'd mind being married together unhappy. I never did have so much fer this here marryin', like most girls, fer all I do feel some restless that way now and again."

It suddenly flashed upon Hiram that he was a great fool. Of course the girl was playing with him. She could not be sincere in turning down a chance like this for "bettering" herself. She was simply too "smart" to rise to his bait the minute he tossed it. Why had he not realized that at once?

"Well, Addie, I don't never force my company on no girl. I don't have to; though, to be sure, there 's a many girls forces their notice on me, I can tell you."

"I know it gives a many awful foolish girls around here," Addie replied.

Hiram stared at her. Was n't she the cool hand! He almost admired her.

"See here, Addie," he suddenly suggested, willing to humor her inclination to play with him as long as in the end he gained his own way, which was of course inevitable, "you ain't rightly acquainted with me enough to know if you *would* mebby feel fer marryin' me some time. You leave me keep comp'ny with you a couple weeks and *try* me onct."

"Well," Addie thoughtfully considered his suggestion, "we ain't just so wery well acquainted together, that 's so, too. Still, I 'm better acquainted with you than you are with me, so much of your life being public that way and all of mine domestic, which of course is woman's true sp'ere."

"Them 's wery becomin' sentiments, Addie; them 's the sentiments I always admired in a female," Hiram complimented her, diplomatically as, relaxing, he

leaned back and rocked at her side. "Especially in these here days when your sek, Addie, is gettin' so much fer desertin' the hearth and home. Ain't so?"

"Yes, ain't?"

"And even wantin' to be gave the dare to *wote* yet!"

"Don't it beat all, Hiram! I often wonder, when I read the newspapers, what Paul would have thought of such Suffragettes yet!"

"Paul who?" he quickly asked. "Oh, you mean the apostle, ain't?" he added, relieved. "Yes, anyhow, what *would* he think of such bold pieces!"

"But, Hiram, if I left you keep comp'ny with me, it might give you false hopes—if, after all, I can't come to feel fer marryin' you."

"No; fer I won't take it that way. I 'll understand I 'm only out on approval," he grinned. "It 'll be her," he chuckled to himself, "that 'll be led on with false hopes."

And now for some weeks Hiram devoted himself to his wooing. Never for an instant did he believe that Addie seriously was "trying" him, though he often marveled at her dallying so long before clinching her great chance.

Slowly, but surely, however, things moved his way. Slowly, but surely Addie's indifference gave way, under his devotion, to evident pleasure in his company, and her reserve thawed to cordiality.

It was not long before she conceded as much as to say to him: "I misoverheard, Hiram, how you paid such an artist to come from New York over and paint frescos round your parlor, showin' how you rose from a poor boy to be the great man you are now in the county."

"Want to see them frescos, Addie?" he asked, with eager pride.

"If I did marry you, Hiram, you 'd have to take down them frescos, which so feed your pride by holdin' up before you still how high you rose up in the world; fer I 'm a professin' Christian, Hiram."

"Huh! Och, well, if you say so, Addie.

"Any old thing goes in this here deal," he told himself. "Tear down my frescos! She 's dumb enough to believe anything."

The crisis came one Sunday morning in June when, making a martyr of himself, as he had had to do every Sunday for the last month, he accompanied Addie and her mother to meeting.

"This is my last time *here,*" he told himself as ruefully he sat squirming on the hard bench in the stuffy little church; for he was sure, from Addie's greatly softened demeanor during the last week, that when he took her "on the buggy" that evening, the time would be ripe to press her for her final decision.

"And till another Sunday comes round, that there land will be mine. Then good-by, Addie Swisher!"

He felt no compunctions whatever in planning this course. On the contrary, he anticipated with satisfaction "getting back at her" for leading him such a dance all these weeks; for her presumption in thinking that he *could* be led by the nose and trifled with; for her impudence in supposing that it was for the likes of her to say "whether she would have him or whether she would n't!"

III

AND now, as this was the last time he would be sitting in meeting with Addie, he turned in his pew so that, during the long sermon, he could comfortably give himself up to the pleasant contemplation of her beauty. For she was looking even prettier than usual to-day. What was this new light he saw in her eyes as they gazed so gravely upon the face of the preacher?

The preacher, by the way, was a stranger to the congregation, a visitor from a neighboring county, and Hiram's reflections might not have been so complacent had he been able to look into Addie's suddenly awakened soul as her eyes rested upon the very good-looking young minister's countenance of mingled kindliness and strength, as she heard his eloquent voice of deep earnestness.

Addie, not being critical, did not mind the orator's occasional "falling into history," and stating that the Civil War had left "a sea of widows and orphans in our midst," and that that monster of self-seeking, Napoleon, had conquered all Europe at the battle of Waterloo. It was his genuineness, his fervor, not his learning, that fired her—fired her blood, not her conscience. Her young face glowed as she gazed upon him, and her grave eyes grew

wide and bright. For the first time in her life her whole being was stirred and shaken by the presence, the voice, the force, of a man.

Once during the service, while a hymn was being sung, her mother being overcome with a violent coughing-spell, she quietly walked up to the table in front of the pulpit, poured a glass of water, carried it to her mother, and then bore it back again to the pulpit table.

It was observed by nearly every one but Hiram that the preacher's eyes followed the movements of the comely maiden with a look of fervor even warmer than that of his oratory, and that during the remainder of the service, his ardent gaze was not once removed from her face.

At the conclusion of the service, Hiram, stepping into the aisle and standing aside to let Addie and her mother pass out of the pew, saw the minister make his way rapidly to the adjoining pew, and, to his astonishment, the next moment this man of God was accosting Addie with a glance and in a tone which held Hiram rooted to the spot where he stood.

"Sister, I wish you the grace and peace of the Lord," the minister offered her the Mennonite salutation.

"Brother, I wish you the grace and peace of the Lord," Addie's musical voice responded.

"Sister, what is your name?"

"Addie Swisher."

"Sister Addie Swisher, I took particular notice to you in church this morning."

"I know you did, Brother."

"Sister, are you single yet?"

"Yes, Brother."

"Ain't you even promised?"

"No, I ain't promised yet."

"Sister Addie Swisher, leave me tell you something: this good while a'ready I have wanted to get married. Yesterday, on my way here, I prayed God fer a wife that would suit me. When I seen you come up to the table fer a drink fer your mother, or who'ever, I says to myself, 'She 's the one; this here 's an answer to prayer.' You see, God made it so plain that you was the one, bringing my attention to you by making your mother, or who'ever, cough so bad that you was moved to come forward for that drink. What do you say, Addie Swisher?"

Addie's solemn blue eyes gazed earnestly and long into the face of the man who stood before her, her hand held in his, his countenance of mingled kindliness and strength meeting the fire of her own countenance, while Hiram, dumfounded, waited to hear her reply.

"Daniel Kohr," she answered at last, "I want to get married, too, and I 'm satisfied with you. I 'm sure God sent you."

That was as much as Hiram heard, as he was forced by the pressure of the crowd in the aisle to move on.

THE next morning Addie was the recipient of a letter from her betrothed.

My endearing Addie:

Having been unable to participate in my education, I am not partial to letter-writing, which it don't come easy to me. But taking great sympathy to apprise you that I was partially disappointed that I had not went to see you yesterday afternoon a'ready. I was also very much afflicted during my absence from you. I will be over to your place til dinner-time to-day, and would like to get married as soon as we otherwise can.

Your benevolent friend,
Daniel Kohr.

Two days later the neighborhood was electrified with the news that Daniel Kohr and Addie Swisher were married.

"So at last she conceited she 'd found her chanct to better herself!" gossiped the villagers.

"And only four days they were acquainted together yet!"

"And some folks would have it that Mennonites is *slow!*" reflected Hiram Etter, with a new and unfamiliar sense of humility.

LIFE-WORK AND HOMES OF RICHARD WATSON GILDER

BY MARIA HORNOR LANSDALE

"HOW hard it is to explain, in any way to bring back the charm of a person who leaves no adequate record." Thus wrote Mr. Gilder prefacing a biographical sketch of one whom he had greatly loved. In his own case the record is full. Much of his life was spent in public activities. He has left a large correspondence covering a wide range. He was personally known to a very great number of people. Yet, when we attempt to set down something of the combination of vigor and sweetness, the virility coupled with a wide charity which ever sought to find excuses for his erring fellow-men; the enormous capacity for work with an almost equal capacity for play; the strength and humility of his character—we feel well-nigh as helpless as though the record were but meager. For personality is a strange, evasive thing which words, spoken or written, are dishearteningly inadequate to explain. In the following brief outline, therefore, of that useful and honorable and disinterested life whose closing has impoverished so many other lives, it is mainly upon the extracts from Mr. Gilder's own letters that we must rely for our impression.

Richard Watson Gilder was the fifth child of the Reverend William H. Gilder, a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and his wife, Jane Nutt. He was born in Bordentown, New Jersey, February 8, 1844, at "Belle Vue," a property inherited by his maternal grandmother. The house was built about 1788, and was called, it is said, after an earlier one across the Delaware, burned by the British in the Revolutionary War. His father's family, "men of Kent, and usually to be found either in the church or as army surgeons," came to this country by way of Barbados in the early half of the eighteenth century. His paternal grandmother, Sarah Leonard, was of French Huguenot extraction. His mother was descended from a line of prosperous New Jersey farmers.

In childhood he was eager, affectionate, sensitive, imaginative, with "more of heaven than earth about him," wrote his mother in 1849; adding, "and Mr. Gilder thinks so, too." His early years were spent at Flushing, where, a year or so after his birth, his father had opened a school for girls. Richard was the only boy pupil. Besides the usual English branches, he studied French and, later, Greek, in a class "consisting of several clergymen and teachers and one very small boy,"—himself,—which met in the study of Dr. James Strong, a biblical scholar and eminent Methodist theologian. On Dr. Strong's death in 1894, the "very small boy" wrote: "I well remember how the New Testament slowly opened up before us, how close and real it all seemed as we plodded along through the Greek text, with the sheets of that queer pemmican grammar, built on the doctor's individual method, without paradigms, before us, and the doctor's clear and capacious brain serving as the only lexicon."

Among the most vivid of his childhood's joys were his visits to Bordentown, and throughout his life he ever returned with a passionate affection to the friends, scenes, associations, of those early Bordentown days. A passage on "nice places," in "The Old Cabinet" for September, 1872, has the following description of "Belle Vue":

> . . . The place where I was born. I shall not attempt to describe it, but I can assure you it is a very beautiful place indeed —an old-fashioned farm-house hovering on the verge of French-roof civilization—over-

A year after his return, Dr. Holland died, and Mr. Gilder succeeded him as editor-in-chief. "We are all in great depression here," he wrote in October, 1881. "The Doctor's death was almost as unexpected as if we had not known his danger. I expect now to begin to lose my friends, for I dare say I shall be 'whimsical' (in the Emersonian sense) and I am sure I shall make mistakes." He well knew—no one, indeed, better—the shoals and pitfalls which beset the editorial course—that propensity, for example, exhibited by most people, to "carry concealed manuscripts" and to fire them at the heads of unsuspecting editors in their most unguarded moments. In an earlier letter he told of one man who, after learning his poems by heart, would lie in wait for him as he came down Broadway to his office and recite them, keeping pace at his side.

Such attacks as these could be parried gaily enough by one as much in love with his work as he. "Business is not in my line," he wrote in a semi-business letter. "I want to devote myself to editing and to a certain unfortunate passion for making words rhyme." He was, in fact, before all else an artist and a critic. No prepossessions of sympathy or friendship could blur his critical sense. Yet his sensitiveness was extreme, and he hated to give pain. To an old and peculiarly dear friend who had been hurt because no review of her latest book had appeared in the magazine he wrote:

It is because . . . I wished to save you pain, and because I thought it would be needless pain for both of us. I often feel like throwing up my position here, where I am always between two and often in the midst of three fires, and I never felt more like it than when I got your last letter. I seem to be reserved as an instrument of torture to my friends and those whom I love, and an instrument that cuts into itself and breaks its own heart. When I stop editing and return to my Bordentown birthplace, you will come to see me and spend weeks in happy friendship where Scribner's Monthly [1] will be, for me at least, a thing of the past and Heaven all around.

The summer of 1882 was spent at Marion, Massachusetts, then a sleepy, little-known village on the headwaters of Buzzard's Bay. The place could supply neither servants nor drainage, nor an even passably good hotel, and its small, gray-shingled houses, built mainly by retired whaling captains, in their interior arrangements greatly resembled the cabins and companionways of whalers. Yet the place had a quaint and restful charm of its own. The family returned there, and bought a house, with a meadow in front, sloping down to the water's-edge, and some acres of boulder-strewn land. In a pine wood at the rear were the stone ruins of an abandoned oil refinery. This was rebuilt, and a huge chimney

Of red and gray granite:
Of great split boulders

was added, the entire process being described in "The Building of the Chimney" addressed to John Burroughs, who was therein adjured to come and see it for himself. He came, and many others besides, lured thither by the captivating charm of Mr. Gilder's personality, which seemed to act like the philosopher's stone, turning all with which it came in contact into gold. Thus the studio in the woods, where during the day Mrs. Gilder painted and Mr. Gilder worked, in the evening was the scene of frequent delightful gatherings, lanterns hung at intervals along the narrow lane leading through the woods indicating that Mrs. Gilder was "receiving." Thither Saint-Gaudens wended his way, and Henry James, Professor Royce, and Joseph Jefferson, President and Mrs. Cleveland, Phillips Brooks, Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, Clarke Davis, Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, and their son Richard, Dana Gibson, William A. Coffin, Charles de Kay, General A. W. Greely, and a great many more whose charm or achievements helped to lend a flavor and gaiety to those revels, with the pine-trees without soughing in the soft, salty breeze and the great logs smoldering on the hearth within, which place them among the undying memories. For those obliged ordinarily to walk the straight and nar-

[1] Shortly before Dr. Holland's death, the Scribner house sold out its interest in the magazine, and the name was thereupon changed to THE CENTURY. "Scribners' Magazine," the periodical published by Charles Scribner's Sons, was established five years later.

boyhood, that there were "no such slums in New York now."

An entry in his journal on his fifteenth birthday is to the effect that, having reached the age of fourteen, it was now time to be acting "with more discretion," Mr. Walter P. Burling, presently offered to teach him to set type. In May, 1856, the first number of the "St. Thomas' Register" appeared, bearing the inscription: "Devoted to Literature, Morality, Religion, etc. R. W. Gilder, Editor and Proprietor." Of this first step in his long editorial career Mr. Gilder said: "I wrote a part of the paper, set all the type, and then, standing on a box, 'rolled' the ink for each impression. My father wrote some of the editorials, and was greatly interested in the undertaking." In the third number, which appeared some nine months after the first, the editor apologized for the delay, a trouble with his eyes having

Drawn by Vernon Howe Bailey

"BELLE VUE," MR. GILDER'S BIRTHPLACE AT BORDENTOWN, NEW JERSEY

as perhaps whatever he was to be depended on what he did then. As a fact, the strong natural inclination of his mind had already declared itself, though of this he, oddly, seemed not to be aware. More than a year before he had begun to write out single copies of a "paper," which he then circulated at so much a reading. He began to haunt the office of the "Long Island Times," the editor and printer of which,

weight of his personal influence. He had long been striving for a purer city government, for international copyright, for free kindergartens, for higher standards of journalism, for the removal of the tariff on art, for civil-service reform. In 1889, he was put upon the Committee on Art for the approaching Celebration of the Centenary of Washington's Inauguration. Almost immediately we find him "head over heels in the Centennial business," and it is due to him more than to any one else that, when the celebration was over, the temporary wooden arch designed by Stanford White at the entrance to Washington Square was perpetuated in stone.

In this same year he had been straining every nerve to aid in getting the International Copyright Bill through Congress. It was a cause he had long had deeply at heart. He wrote to an influential man in Washington who had refused to move a finger in the business:

I am glad you think I like lobbying. The fact is, I think it is absolutely disgraceful that Congressmen should have to be hunted and chased around in order to get them to do their public duties. I believe I have no personal interest in the copyright matter, and I certainly should not devote so much time to anything personal. There are some things that make me at times ashamed of being an American, and the absence of copyright is one.

From another letter written at about this time, we gain an astounding picture of how the leisure hours of an editor may be employed, if he happens to be several other things besides.

That I am drawn into too many things is perhaps true, although I am constantly fighting such invitations and trying to avoid public engagements. I will give you a sample evening. Last Thursday I dined at home. Like a good citizen, I went to a Ballot Reform meeting: I went to Cooper Union and heard some speeches long enough to have my name counted on the right side; like a good neighbor I went in to see Mrs. Drake, who was under the weather; like a good husband I went home and spent the rest of the evening at my own house; like a good trustee I wrote some business letters; like a good poet I wrote a poem on Browning to be read at the Memorial Meeting in Boston; like a good editor I read Mss., and went to bed some time before midnight, having had time to chat with the family, take a cup of tea with Mrs. Foote, who is staying with us, and have a good time generally; and that 's the way it goes.

But as time wore on, the demands made upon him increased appallingly; yet there never came a year, hardly a day, one is tempted to say, too arduous, too crowded for him to put into verse something at least of the underlying meaning of life as he saw it, whether nature as she revealed herself to him, or the toil and rush, the victories and defeats, of what he significantly termed the "metropolitan battle-field" about him. Much of this verse never appeared in print, either because it was of too intimate a nature or because it fell short of his standard of workmanship. Nevertheless, between 1875, when "The New Day" appeared, and 1894, he published four volumes of poems, becoming with the issue of each one more and more widely known and read and loved. This increasing appreciation was shown when, in 1894, the five volumes having been gathered into one and published under the title of "Five Books of Song," it rapidly passed into its fifth edition.

That year saw him embarked upon what proved to be one of the crowning achievements of his life. A great deal of feeling had been stirred up by an exposure of the conditions of New York's tenement houses. An investigating committee was appointed by the Governor, and Mr. Gilder, to his own extreme surprise, found himself named chairman. It was spring. All through the suffocating summer months the committee worked unflaggingly. They personally examined over eight thousand houses, and then, and through the winter that followed, whenever a fire broke out at night in any of the condemned districts, Mr. Gilder had himself summoned. Clad in oilskins, as soon as the fire was sufficiently in control, he went with an inspector all over the burned building in order to see for himself how it had originated, and how a repetition might best be avoided. It was dangerous work in more ways than one, but it bore splendid fruit. When the commission had made its report, and its recommendations were being embodied in bills, it was precisely the irrefutable know-

where he opened a day school. But the political outlook was growing ever more menacing. Already at Fair Haven the children had been "playing at war with Forts Sumter and Moultrie in the snow." At Bordentown Richard had joined a cadet militia company. In the autumn the Rev. Mr. Gilder entered the army as chaplain of the 40th New York ("Mozart") Regiment, and his second son, William, joined Duryea's Zouaves. The family moved back to Bordentown, and Richard spent the first winter of the war with his father in camp outside of Alexandria. A year later he went to Philadelphia to read law in the office of John C. Bullitt. "As a law student," he wrote, "I got but little beyond Blackstone, but I remember that work with relish."

In the spring of 1863 the Confederate troops invaded Pennsylvania, and Richard wrested from his mother permission to join the militia. Being only nineteen, he could not enlist without the written consent of at least one of his parents. June 24 he was enrolled "to serve emergency" in the 1st Philadelphia Battery, commanded by Captain Landis, and he had five weeks' practical experience of the hardships as well as of the excitements of war. Throughout his letters at this time there breathes that bright enthusiasm of the spirit which overlooks physical misery without being indifferent to it.

The members of the battery had one experience of actual warfare when, on the night of July 1, 1863, the Confederates bombarded Carlisle; but they did not realize till afterward that, as a part of General Meade's right wing, they had actually taken part in the battle of Gettysburg.

In the spring of 1864 the Rev. Mr. Gilder died of smallpox, contracted in the heroic performance of his duty to the plague-stricken soldiers at Brandy Station, Virginia. A breadwinner was needed at once. Abandoning his law studies, Richard took a position as paymaster on the Camden and Amboy Railroad. The methods of those days were casual. The paymaster, barely twenty, whose frail physique looked possibly even frailer than it actually was, would go up and down the line or along the lonely river-bank at dusk or after nightfall, alone, unarmed, and carrying in his pockets thousands of dollars. After something less than a year of this stop-gap work his real career opened. He was given the post of local and legislative reporter, and later of managing editor, of the Newark "Advertiser," his late chief in the railroad office, Colonel William McMichael, presenting him with pencils and paper "to start him in the business."

No sooner was he embarked upon his newspaper work than with characteristic zeal and promptitude he threw himself into the business of legislation—legislation, that is, of the only kind that ever interested him. He got a charter put through for a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, taking the work of secretary of the State society on himself; he had a bill drawn up and put through to establish a commission of inquiry in the interests of prison reform; he also worked for a bill to modify the law of capital punishment. A Western agitator in this cause quartered himself on the family one Christmas. "I was somewhat startled," said Mr. Gilder, "by his suggesting that I should 'run my name across the back of a note' of his for several hundred dollars, put it in the bank, and give him the proceeds. I did not see my way clear to this transaction, as I needed all my cash and credit for the support of my mother's family. Years after he bounded into THE CENTURY office and told me his friends had come to him with a suggestion of a testimonial. 'No,' he said, 'I won't have it! *But,* now, if you say *endowment,* I 'm with you.' I endowed to the tune of twenty-five dollars, and that was the last of my acquaintance with this cheery philanthropist."

In 1868, Mr. Gilder, together with Mr. Newton Crane and the latter's father, founded the "Newark Morning Register." "I knew," he wrote some years later in "The Old Cabinet," "an insanely adventurous young fellow who started a morning paper in one of our inland towns. He did not do all the work himself: he simply wrote editorials and locals, solicited advertisements, set a little type occasionally, helped make up the form, wheeled it down the street to the press-room and before going home to bed in the morning superintended the sale of the paper by the newsboys." At the same time he was sending weekly letters to other newspapers and writing for "Hours at Home," a magazine published by the Scribners. The

strain and financial responsibility of this period so wrought upon his nerves that for the rest of his life he was occasionally visited by a nightmare which took the form "Hours at Home." This meant dividing his life between New York and Newark, with sleep relegated to such odds and ends of time as might happen to be left over

MR. GILDER AT SIXTEEN IN THE UNIFORM OF THE ANDERSON CADET CORPS OF BORDENTOWN

of his not having forwarded a news-letter for so long that, if some "copy" were not hurried along at once, he would be stranded without pay.

While still editing the "Register," Mr. Gilder was made editor of the magazine from his continuous and exhausting duties. An incident of this period which he was wont to recall with gusts of laughter was his leaving New York late one night for Newark, falling asleep in the train, and awaking to find himself at New Bruns-

Drawn by Vernon Howe Bailey

THE HOUSE AT 103 EAST FIFTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK,
MR. GILDER'S FIRST HOME AFTER HIS MARRIAGE

wick. Taking the next train back, he fell asleep and awoke at Jersey City. He took another train, again fell asleep, and once more found himself at New Brunswick! He could never be made to see any but the funny side of this picture of the race-horse, carried forward by sheer force of its mettle long after its physical strength is spent, but dropping exhausted in its tracks the instant no further effort is required of it.

The "Register" did not pay its way, and in 1870 it was abandoned, Mr. Gilder gradually paying all its debts himself, including those which meanwhile had become outlawed. At about the same time "Hours at Home" was merged in the new "Scribner's Monthly," with Dr. J. G. Holland for editor and Mr. Gilder for managing editor.

"Scribner's" at once took rank among the leading magazines of the day. One department in particular, a series of graceful essays on a wide range of subjects, and written with great freshness and vigor, attracted instant and general notice. They were unsigned contributions from Mr. Gilder, usually written at an old mahog-

any desk belonging to his aunt, Miss Maria Nutt, at "Belle Vue," and hence this department was named by him "The Old Cabinet."

Throughout all these years Mr. Gilder had been writing or "trying to write" verses. He somewhere refers to himself as a boy at Bordentown "reading 'The Lady of the Lake' and making one or two ineffectual attempts at verse." Later he now and again had the joy of seeing lines of his printed in one or another of the newspapers. After the close of the Civil War a friend sent him a copy of Richard Grant White's "Poetry of the War." As he read the title, his heart sank. "The war is over," he thought, "and not one word of mine about it is worth preserving in a book like this." One may fancy, therefore, the pleasure and surprise with which, on turning to the preface, he presently came upon the title of a poem which he had published anonymously in a New York illustrated weekly. Moreover, the editor had singled it out for special mention both as typical of its subject and as an example of the range of poetic expression found in the poetry of the period. The author himself, however, saw later in this poem "so naïve an imitation" of "In Memoriam" that it was never reprinted.

Three literary people are named by Mr. Gilder as being among the friends of his early youth, Julia Ward Howe, Mary Mapes Dodge, and Edmund Clarence Stedman. He first met Mr. Stedman at Newark when Mr. Gilder was on the staff of the "Advertiser." The meeting was the beginning of a lifelong friendship. Mr. Stedman at once saw and appreciated the promise in the work of the gifted young journalist and prophesied a brilliant future for him. Mr. Gilder, on the other hand, was deeply grateful for "the sympathetic criticism and encouragement" given him by the older man, and for his "generous interest in my beginnings, as in those of so many others who in his day and under his eye were trying their wings."

Drawn by Vernon Howe Bailey

MRS. GILDER'S STUDIO IN THE FIFTEENTH STREET HOUSE

A few years after the launching of "Scribner's Monthly," Mr. Gilder encountered an influence to which every chord of his being leaped in response. Fresh fields in literature, in music, in art, spread themselves before him. A new heaven and a new earth opened to his eager spirit. The quickening effect of this species of new birth was immediately reflected in his writings, especially in his

The six sonnets which called forth this letter were published in "Scribner's" and attracted wide attention. The New York "Evening Post," in its notice of the November number of the magazine (1873), says of them: "There are some very remarkable sonnets contributed by Mr. Richard Watson Gilder. They exhibit surprising imagination and poetic feeling with singular artistic power."

Drawn by Vernon Howe Bailey

THE OLD STONE MILL IN THE PINE-WOODS, WHICH WAS MRS. GILDER'S STUDIO AT MARION, ON BUZZARD'S BAY, MASSACHUSETTS

verse. In September, 1873, Mr. Stedman, who had ever heretofore mingled criticism and admonition with even his warmest praise, could write:

At last you are writing flawlessly, and have shown the soul of an artist in perfecting yourself and biding your time. Certainly no American ever has written six consecutive Love Sonnets to compare with these. They give me great delight, and will delight every poet who reads them . . . Some fortunate coincidences of art, study, youth, being a poet and *being in love* have come together to produce them.

In June, 1874, Mr. Gilder was married to Miss Helena de Kay, a daughter of Commodore de Kay and granddaughter of the poet Joseph Rodman Drake. Miss de Kay was then studying painting under Mr. John Lafarge. In the autumn Mr. Gilder's first book of poems, "The New Day," was published, with drawings by "H. de K." The book met with instant and flattering recognition by all the leading reviewers. In a long and carefully written review which appeared in the "Boston Journal," the writer, after observing that "the discovery of a new poet is in the realms of literature about as

notable a thing as the discovery of a new star in the science of astronomy," records his satisfaction at the "advent of a poet whose first book of verse is not simply full of promise, but full of fruition and places him at once out of the list of minor singers in the ranks of the greater bards whose songs are for other generations as well as for this."

Until his marriage Mr. Gilder had lived at Newark; but after that event he took a small house in New York, No. 103 East Fifteenth Street. "A nook in the very center of the city," he described it at that time, and close to everything, including a barber next door, who tended his neighbor's garden and kept wonderful tropical birds in his own backyard. The house is still there, marked on the front by two medallions by the Saint-Gaudens brothers. It had been built for a stable and converted into a studio. Mr. Will Low, in his "Chronicle of Friendships," speaks of it thus:

> . . . the little house on Fifteenth Street where so many of us found an oasis in the first few years of our return to our desert home, as it appeared in comparison with the more flowering regions of Art whence we came. To the hospitable welcome of this modest dwelling every one who came to New York in those days bearing a passport of intellectual worth, appeared to find his way.

At that time the impression of desert waste made by their native land upon its homing artists was heightened by the uncompromising attitude assumed toward their work by the National Academy of Design. This feeling of protest was deeply shared by Mr. Gilder and his wife, Mrs. Gilder having already joined in the first active sign of revolt, the formation of The Art Students' League.

Burning discussions were held in the studio among the talented young people who frequented it as to what steps could be taken to remedy this unfortunate state of things. The question was finally settled by Saint-Gaudens, who presented himself there at noontide one day in June, 1877, with the announcement that he was ready to join a movement to establish a new society. The Academy had just rejected one of his works. A meeting was arranged to be held in the studio the same evening, and there and then the Society of American Artists was born. "Founded," as Mr. Gilder has somewhere said, "on the wrath of Saint-Gaudens," with Mr. Gilder for acting secretary and Walter Shirlaw, Saint-Gaudens, Wyatt Eaton, and Helena de Kay Gilder for its first members.

To many discouraged, discountenanced craftsmen that small house, modestly withdrawn beyond the buildings which flanked it on each side, and approached between straight flower-beds, was a veritable hospital, a "nursing home" where they found balm and healing for their wounds. Some reminiscences of Walt Whitman quoted by Mr. Traubel in his recent book bear striking testimony to this:

> "You must never forget this of the Gilders," said Whitman, "that at a time when most everybody else in their set was throwing me down they were nobly and unhesitatingly hospitable. This letter [a letter from Mrs. Gilder] gives you a clue—a fine clue . . . the Gilders were without pride and without shame—they just asked me along in the natural way. It was beautiful, beautiful. You know how at one time the Church was an asylum for fugitives—the Church, God's right arm fending the innocent. I was such an innocent and the Gilders took me in."

And again Mr. Low wrote:

> The recollections of this refuge of those early days might readily become a mere record of names, some of them famous, but all borne by men and women whom it was a privilege to meet: a privilege the greater because, for a long period the sense of having lost touch with one's native land persisted.

Soon after her marriage, Mrs. Gilder had established a rule of always being at home on Friday evening. These "Friday evenings" grew into a settled custom, which the artistic, literary, dramatic, and musical world of the town came so much to count upon that for fully thirty years they were a feature in New York's social life.

In the spring of 1879, Mr. Gilder was ordered abroad for his health. "The fact

is," he wrote to a member of his family, "that my brain has been on an almost continuous strain for—how many years past? I have been in a sort of passion of excitement, trying to accomplish, and really accomplishing one thing after the other. The consequence is I have the American disease of 'nerve exhaustion.'" Perhaps there were other contributing causes. In the early years of his married life he would sometimes come home at evening complaining of a "strange feeling" in the region of the stomach. Alarmed, Mrs. Gilder would ask what he had eaten for luncheon. He could not remember. *Where* had he lunched? Oddly enough, this, too, had escaped him. Had he lunched at all? Well, really, now that he came to think of it— After a few such experiences, Mrs. Gilder, with the help of accomplices at his office, tried to prevent such lapses, but without conspicuous success. Only a few months before his death, one of his family, on observing the suspiciously undisturbed look of his place at table, had to telephone to his office to remind him that he had forgotten to eat his breakfast.

Drawn by Vernon Howe Bailey

THE HOUSE IN EIGHTH STREET

In 1879-80, for fifteen months, in company with his wife and their little son, he traveled in leisurely fashion about Europe, meeting many famous people and planting the seeds of some happy, lifelong friendships, and coming home at length with restored health, and faculties more keenly attuned than ever to the varying chords of human life and work.

A year after his return, Dr. Holland died, and Mr. Gilder succeeded him as editor-in-chief. "We are all in great depression here," he wrote in October, 1881. "The Doctor's death was almost as unexpected as if we had not known his danger. I expect now to begin to lose my friends, for I dare say I shall be 'whimsical' (in the Emersonian sense) and I am sure I shall make mistakes." He well knew—no one, indeed, better—the shoals and pitfalls which beset the editorial course—that propensity, for example, exhibited by most people, to "carry concealed manuscripts" and to fire them at the heads of unsuspecting editors in their most unguarded moments. In an earlier letter he told of one man who, after learning his poems by heart, would lie in wait for him as he came down Broadway to his office and recite them, keeping pace at his side.

Such attacks as these could be parried gaily enough by one as much in love with his work as he. "Business is not in my line," he wrote in a semi-business letter. "I want to devote myself to editing and to a certain unfortunate passion for making words rhyme." He was, in fact, before all else an artist and a critic. No prepossessions of sympathy or friendship could blur his critical sense. Yet his sensitiveness was extreme, and he hated to give pain. To an old and peculiarly dear friend who had been hurt because no review of her latest book had appeared in the magazine he wrote:

It is because . . . I wished to save you pain, and because I thought it would be needless pain for both of us. I often feel like throwing up my position here, where I am always between two and often in the midst of three fires, and I never felt more like it than when I got your last letter. I seem to be reserved as an instrument of torture to my friends and those whom I love, and an instrument that cuts into itself and breaks its own heart. When I stop editing and return to my Bordentown birthplace, you will come to see me and spend weeks in happy friendship where Scribner's Monthly [1] will be, for me at least, a thing of the past and Heaven all around.

The summer of 1882 was spent at Marion, Massachusetts, then a sleepy, little-known village on the headwaters of Buzzard's Bay. The place could supply neither servants nor drainage, nor an even passably good hotel, and its small, gray-shingled houses, built mainly by retired whaling captains, in their interior arrangements greatly resembled the cabins and companionways of whalers. Yet the place had a quaint and restful charm of its own. The family returned there, and bought a house, with a meadow in front, sloping down to the water's-edge, and some acres of boulder-strewn land. In a pine wood at the rear were the stone ruins of an abandoned oil refinery. This was rebuilt, and a huge chimney

Of red and gray granite:
Of great split boulders

was added, the entire process being described in "The Building of the Chimney" addressed to John Burroughs, who was therein adjured to come and see it for himself. He came, and many others besides, lured thither by the captivating charm of Mr. Gilder's personality, which seemed to act like the philosopher's stone, turning all with which it came in contact into gold. Thus the studio in the woods, where during the day Mrs. Gilder painted and Mr. Gilder worked, in the evening was the scene of frequent delightful gatherings, lanterns hung at intervals along the narrow lane leading through the woods indicating that Mrs. Gilder was "receiving." Thither Saint-Gaudens wended his way, and Henry James, Professor Royce, and Joseph Jefferson, President and Mrs. Cleveland, Phillips Brooks, Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, Clarke Davis, Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, and their son Richard, Dana Gibson, William A. Coffin, Charles de Kay, General A. W. Greely, and a great many more whose charm or achievements helped to lend a flavor and gaiety to those revels, with the pine-trees without soughing in the soft, salty breeze and the great logs smoldering on the hearth within, which place them among the undying memories. For those obliged ordinarily to walk the straight and nar-

[1] Shortly before Dr. Holland's death, the Scribner house sold out its interest in the magazine, and the name was thereupon changed to THE CENTURY. "Scribners' Magazine," the periodical published by Charles Scribner's Sons, was established five years later.

Drawn by Vernon Howe Bailey

THE FRONT AND BACK PARLORS IN THE EIGHTH STREET HOUSE

row path of conventionality, the complete informality of this society lent it a peculiar charm. As, for instance, when President and Mrs. Cleveland, arriving at the studio one evening ahead of time, and finding the door locked, climbed in through the window, enjoying, with all the relish of two children, their hosts' astonishment when they arrived with the keys.

Mrs. Gilder stood one day talking to a friend at the studio door. "What an extraordinary number and variety of distinguished persons you manage to collect here!" said the visitor. "I expect to see the Emperor of China arrive next." As she spoke, Mrs. Gilder's attention was distracted by seeing the Marion "stage," a dusty, lumbering vehicle which ordinarily plied between the station and the town, lunging toward them up the rough woodroad, an unprecedented occurrence. Drawing up with a final plunge, there descended therefrom, in the full splendor of his gorgeous Oriental attire, Mr. Okakura, the Japanese archæologist, who had lately come to this country in company with Mr. John Lafarge and Dr. Bigelow. The visitor, her eyes like saucers, gazed first at this vision of magnificence and then at Mrs. Gilder as though suspecting herself to be the victim of some monstrous joke.

In the autumn of 1888, Mr. Gilder moved from Fifteenth Street to Eighth Street, or Clinton Place, as it was then called. "Our new *old* home," he wrote to a friend, "for it is one of those old-fashioned New York houses in the neighborhood of Washington Square . . . which take in and make immensely comfortable and at home the newest comer. For the first time in my life I have a working-room of my own fit and delightful."

All through his life, beginning in boyhood, Mr. Gilder's interest in public and humanitarian affairs had been of the vivid, active kind. Being "interested," according to his interpretation, meant giving himself unreservedly, his time, his strength, his enthusiasm, the weight of his pen, the

weight of his personal influence. He had long been striving for a purer city government, for international copyright, for free kindergartens, for higher standards of journalism, for the removal of the tariff on art, for civil-service reform. In 1889, he was put upon the Committee on Art for the approaching Celebration of the Centenary of Washington's Inauguration. Almost immediately we find him "head over heels in the Centennial business," and it is due to him more than to any one else that, when the celebration was over, the temporary wooden arch designed by Stanford White at the entrance to Washington Square was perpetuated in stone.

In this same year he had been straining every nerve to aid in getting the International Copyright Bill through Congress. It was a cause he had long had deeply at heart. He wrote to an influential man in Washington who had refused to move a finger in the business:

I am glad you think I like lobbying. The fact is, I think it is absolutely disgraceful that Congressmen should have to be hunted and chased around in order to get them to do their public duties. I believe I have no personal interest in the copyright matter, and I certainly should not devote so much time to anything personal. There are some things that make me at times ashamed of being an American, and the absence of copyright is one.

From another letter written at about this time, we gain an astounding picture of how the leisure hours of an editor may be employed, if he happens to be several other things besides.

That I am drawn into too many things is perhaps true, although I am constantly fighting such invitations and trying to avoid public engagements. I will give you a sample evening. Last Thursday I dined at home. Like a good citizen, I went to a Ballot Reform meeting: I went to Cooper Union and heard some speeches long enough to have my name counted on the right side; like a good neighbor I went in to see Mrs. Drake, who was under the weather; like a good husband I went home and spent the rest of the evening at my own house; like a good trustee I wrote some business letters; like a good poet I wrote a poem on Browning to be read at the Memorial Meeting in Boston; like a good editor I read Mss., and went to bed some time before midnight, having had time to chat with the family, take a cup of tea with Mrs. Foote, who is staying with us, and have a good time generally; and that 's the way it goes.

But as time wore on, the demands made upon him increased appallingly; yet there never came a year, hardly a day, one is tempted to say, too arduous, too crowded for him to put into verse something at least of the underlying meaning of life as he saw it, whether nature as she revealed herself to him, or the toil and rush, the victories and defeats, of what he significantly termed the "metropolitan battle-field" about him. Much of this verse never appeared in print, either because it was of too intimate a nature or because it fell short of his standard of workmanship. Nevertheless, between 1875, when "The New Day" appeared, and 1894, he published four volumes of poems, becoming with the issue of each one more and more widely known and read and loved. This increasing appreciation was shown when, in 1894, the five volumes having been gathered into one and published under the title of "Five Books of Song," it rapidly passed into its fifth edition.

That year saw him embarked upon what proved to be one of the crowning achievements of his life. A great deal of feeling had been stirred up by an exposure of the conditions of New York's tenement houses. An investigating committee was appointed by the Governor, and Mr. Gilder, to his own extreme surprise, found himself named chairman. It was spring. All through the suffocating summer months the committee worked unflaggingly. They personally examined over eight thousand houses, and then, and through the winter that followed, whenever a fire broke out at night in any of the condemned districts, Mr. Gilder had himself summoned. Clad in oilskins, as soon as the fire was sufficiently in control, he went with an inspector all over the burned building in order to see for himself how it had originated, and how a repetition might best be avoided. It was dangerous work in more ways than one, but it bore splendid fruit. When the commission had made its report, and its recommendations were being embodied in bills, it was precisely the irrefutable know-

ledge of the facts gained in such ways as these that caused those recommendations to become laws. The whole work of the commission was accomplished within a year. To-day there is not a dweller in New York's tenement houses but owes in part to Mr. Gilder the air he breathes, his quota of sun and sky, his protection from fire, his children's playgrounds, his babies' lives.

A year of foreign travel followed, wanderings in Egypt, Greece, the Holy Land, and various parts of Europe, some of them recorded in the volume entitled, "In Palestine and Other Poems," published in 1898.

Immediately upon his return, in the summer of 1896, Mr. Gilder found himself drawn into the whirl of political work which preceded the nomination of Mr. Seth Low for mayor. He wrote characteristically: "I was placed . . . upon the Executive Committee against my own very strong protest; however, being there, I have given the matter all the attention possible, and have been, in fact, in daily attendance at headquarters, as I was made chairman of the Press and Literature Committee."

Some of the work performed by this committee, in addition to attending meetings and speaking night after night to gatherings in the crowded tenement quarters, was to issue twenty or more carefully prepared brochures on such subjects as "Public Economy," "Small Parks," "Merit System and Civil Service," which they distributed by thousands; also leaflets and cards of instructions to the voters as to what were the important issues of the campaign, printed in English, German, Italian, and Yiddish. Throughout the hot months preceding the election they toiled in the stewing town, and, when the fight was lost, as lost it was in November, they saw in the enormous vote polled for Mr. Low, not alone a sufficient reward for their efforts, but the promise of future success. It was a defeat, as Mr. Gilder confidently declared, which had in it the elements of victory.

His complete self-devotion throughout this exhausting campaign was typical of his attitude toward any work to which he was pledged. "I fear," he wrote in December, 1896, "it is something of a self-indulgence to undertake the University Settlement work." He had, it seemed, been making up his mind to curtail all such work, but he forthwith decides to "try it for a year and see whether he can fit it in with his other public and private obligations."

The more one comes to realize the nature and extent of these obligations, the more does it become a matter for amazement that they could ever have been undertaken, *in addition* to the work of editing a magazine. The point is that he never nominally belonged to anything; was never a figurehead; never a "director who did not direct." Whatever he undertook he did with his might, infusing each new undertaking with something of his own fresh enthusiasm, his eagerness, vitality, force, and the faith which, allied to untiring energy, self-devotion, and an extraordinary ability to see straight into the heart of a matter, can, indeed, move mountains.

Meanwhile the summer home at Marion had been abandoned, it being found that the more bracing air of the hill country was needed for a part of the year. After several seasons spent in the Berkshires, a farm was bought in the long, high-lying valley of Tyringham, which extends to the northeast of Stockbridge. He said of it:

> Tyringham is in a state of nature; it is bounded on the north by fountains that never fail, great clouds of laurel, hills of rock, and the Great Bear; on the south by Willow Glen, Tyringham River, the ghosts of Mother Anne and her fellow-Shakers, the ponderous shadows of Fernside Forest, and the high horizon line of the Shaker hills; on the east by the purple dawn; and on the west by a hundred summer sunsets.

For this place he grew to have an almost passionate fondness. There were passed some of the happiest periods of his life; there he found the inspiration of many of the loveliest, possibly, it may be, the best, of his poems. The busy, homely, cheerful life of the farm; each phase of the recurring seasons, sunsets, and starry nights, the light that lay upon "the Farther Hills," the brooks, the "Night Pasture," the glacier "that John Muir hitched to the farm"—all these and much more are commemorated in verse as well as in scores of gay-hearted letters written in a

spirit of such spontaneous fun, such freshness, merriment, and joyousness, that they seem to flow from the heart of youth itself —youth in love with the joy and excitement of mere living.

This marvelous grip on life never forsook him. As the years wore on, his capacity for work seemed to increase and, keeping pace with it, his capacity to feel. In the winter of 1900, however, a threatened breakdown sent him abroad for five months' change. It was his last journey to Europe. He recovered, but three years later a prolonged strain of overwork brought him down with a severe attack of myositis. At times, during the long weary period of confinement and suffering and sleeplessness that followed, he still contrived to get through an amazing amount of work, and to make a good feint of believing his doctor's reiterated assurances that he would ultimately recover. Pain and sleeplessness are sorry bedfellows, and many a gray dawn saw him fighting these with "solitaire" and courage for his sole weapons. "I like solitaire," he wrote after one such bout, in a semi-humorous vein, "for no adversary is humiliated, and I am sick of all forms of human pain, misery, and disappointment." In February, 1904, he was ordered south. Accompanied by his wife and youngest daughter, he went to West Palm Beach, where for three months they had their old friend Joseph Jefferson for neighbor and host. He writes of this sojourn:

Drawn by Vernon Howe Bailey

THE HOUSE AT "FOUR BROOKS FARM," TYRINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

Here we are keeping house in Paradise, with a tall black girl of eighteen to do all the work between her funerals and balls. . . . From an upper balcony we sit and watch the busy Lake with its house-boats, and sail-boats, and puff-puffing little launches, its leaping fishes and fishing pelicans in the wilderness, and beautiful, balancing buzzards, and white gulls; we listen to the strange note of the jack-daw and the lovely voice of the mocking-bird. At night the big

hotels disappear, and we look out across the water on a city of light, of cloud lights—a fairy-scene that the moon soon eclipses. Instead of gondolas, there are tricycle chairs propelled by the Southern Problem, with strong legs and cheerful voices. It is a dream, and it is my duty to get well—but it is slow—slow—slow.

It was, indeed, dishearteningly slow. "He is so little better!" wrote Mrs. Gilder toward the end of their stay. "I am deeply disappointed. But I now hope that returning home will show what these months of rest have done. This first time in our lives of absolute cessation from care on R——'s part, and the result so slight!"

In spite of an alarming attack of appendicitis in the following July, he did, in time, completely recover, and by the close of the year was as deeply immersed as ever in the work and play of his many-sided life.

Between 1898 and 1908 three more volumes of poems were published, namely, "Poems and Inscriptions," "In the Hights," and "The Fire Divine."

The last of these closes with a requiem for his friend of many years, Augustus Saint-Gaudens. It was the summer of 1907, the summer when Mars was so conspicuously beautiful an object in the Southern heavens. The news of Mr. Saint-Gaudens's death was telephoned to Mr. Gilder at Tyringham. He stepped out into the August night to realize a little his loss, and there, under the influence of deep emotion, and beneath the star-studded sky, he composed the opening stanzas of the requiem, "Under the Stars."

After threescore years are passed, changes, frequent and saddening, are inevitable, but, nevertheless, the last decade of Mr. Gilder's life was full of happy activity. Hardly a day passed without bringing some evidence of the honor and affection in which he was held by his fellow-men of every station. The honors he accepted in a singularly impersonal way, treating them more as interesting facts than as tributes to himself.

Walking along the street one day with Mr. Morley, he commented upon the oddity of having received degrees from six universities, in view of his "total freedom from collegiate training, and [his] general ignorance." "But," said Mr. Morley in sudden, pained curiosity, "what did they give you these degrees for?" Mr. Gilder stopped, threw up his hands in despair, and cried out, "God knows!"

One deeply gratifying circumstance was the publication in 1908 by the Houghton, Mifflin Company of his complete poems in their edition of household poets. In this volume are included a lovely wreath of his latest, and theretofore unpublished, poems, called collectively, "In Helena's Garden."

Still another change of residence became necessary. "The House of the Vine" in Eighth Street,—so called by reason of an enormous wistaria that climbed over its front,—which so happily had sheltered the family for more than twenty years, and had become a landmark for many people, had to be abandoned at last, owing to altered conditions in the neighborhood. In the autumn of 1909 the family moved to Gramercy Park.

Before the moving, Mr. Gilder was kept continuously in town by work of a peculiarly exacting nature. On November 3, one of his family underwent an operation, and the same evening he kept an engagement to address a young men's club at Orange, New Jersey. He was taken ill on his way home at midnight. Ten days later he was thought to be convalescent. On November 18 he wrote to a friend: "Here am I loafing . . . and letting the great world go by. It is borne in upon me that I have not let up enough. I think I must hereafter, or——" He was reading Tennyson "right through," and "Antony and Cleopatra," as well as other books, and this letter and another written that same morning are mainly taken up with critical analyses of all he had been reading, brief summings up, essay-like in their lucidity and concentration.

But it was tragically true that he had not "let up enough," and only a few hours after writing the above the penalty he foreshadowed was paid. At 6 P.M. on the same day, November 18, 1909, he died.

The news met with an extraordinary and spontaneous outburst of popular feeling, from the press as well as from individuals. It was as though men could not reconcile themselves to the thought that that bright presence, that stimula-

ting example which had ever beckoned them on to the pursuit of higher and nobler goals, had been utterly withdrawn. Men and women of every station in life mourned the loss of a warm personal friend; the one person, as many of them realized, to whom they could carry the story of their misfortunes and their failures, sure of a hearing more than patient —interested, and sure as well of the help they sought.

In the soft November weather he was borne home to the birthplace that he had loved, and there he was laid to rest. The aspirations he had expressed many years before in a meditation on the death of an old friend all were fulfilled:

Thus, kind Heaven,
Let, me, too, die when Autumn holds the year,—
Serene, with tender hues and bracing airs,—
And near me those I love; with no black thoughts,
Nor dread of what may come! Yea, when I die
Let me not miss from nature the cool rush
Of northern winds; let Autumn sunset skies
Be golden; let the cold, clear blue of night
Whiten with stars as now! Then shall I fade
From life to life,—pass on the year's full tide
Into the swell and vast of the outer sea
Beyond this narrow world.

IN PARVO

IN MEMORY OF RICHARD WATSON GILDER

BY H. C. B.

I DO not ask for dreams come true,
Nor ships to my Enchanted Isle,
My only wish, the long day through,
To see again his smile.

I hear them chanting o'er the dust
His shining deeds, his star-strewn way;
Yet loveliest of all was just
His living day by day.

There falls, far-echoing through the night,
His perfect singing otherwhere;
But, oh, the anguish in the sight
Of this, his empty chair!

Nor spires nor creeds have ever yet
Fashioned for me a paradise;
But all my unfaith I forget,
Remembering his eyes.

A NEW MOTIVE IN DECORATION

MISS VIOLET OAKLEY'S PAINTINGS FOR A PRIVATE HOUSE

BY HARRISON S. MORRIS

MISS VIOLET OAKLEY has recently completed for a large hall of the house of Mr. Charlton Yarnall of Philadelphia a series of decorations in which she employs as a motive "The Building of the House of Wisdom," of which scheme two groups and an incomplete view are here presented.

The general plan is novel and interesting. The hall is wainscoted in Circassian walnut of a soft brown, with silvery tones, and the decorations are admirably harmonized with the color of the wainscot and with the scale of the room.

The hall, with its dome, vaults, and plaster reliefs, is the work of Frank Miles Day & Brother, the architects of the house. Miss Oakley has decorated the entire room above the wainscot.

"COMMUNION THROUGHOUT SPACE (WIRELESS MESSAGE)"
ONE OF THE OCTAGONS

In the glass of the dome, which affords the central light, is the head of Wisdom, around which are the words, "Wisdom

THE CHILD AND TRADITION

LUNETTE DECORATION BY VIOLET OAKLEY

hath builded her House." In the outer space are represented the Four Winds calling—East Wind: "But where shall Wisdom be found?" South Wind: "Seek." West Wind: "Ask." North Wind: "Knock." These are bordered by an outer circle of the waters containing the answer: "Whoso findeth me, findeth life . . . for by me thy days shall be multiplied."

Four pendentives represent the builders of the race. First, the Dwellers in Tents and Wanderers in the Desert; second, Ancient Foundations (Egypt); third, the Dome of the Renaissance; fourth, the High Tower.

Three lunettes relate to the house, as follows: first, the Child and Tradition (upon the stairway). Figures of Tradition, visible to the child only, are represented as going up and down the stairway. Second, Youth and the Arts (the upper room). Third, the Man and Science (upon the housetop).

Three octagons on the vault above "The Child and Tradition" represent Hercules the Infant, Strangling the Serpents, the Choice of Hercules, and the Apotheosis of Hercules; and three above "The Man and Science" represent Communion throughout Space (wireless message), the Search for Light (the soul between the material and the spiritual theory of light), and the Conquest of the Heavens (aviation)—"They mount up with wings as eagles."

Those who have seen the decorations made by Miss Oakley for the Governor's Room in the Capitol Building at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, will have some conception of her artistic methods, her rich and original color, and her cultivated enthusiasm; but until I saw these just completed works, I had no idea of the reaches to which those high qualities would so quickly advance.

In the Harrisburg decorations we had the mistress of historic statement who had illuminated the annals of Penn's State with a religious fire, zealous, but subdued, that shot through the designs like the note of a human voice through the cadence of the violin.[1] Fox and Penn and the lands and seas that were the stage of their drama were drawn as with new creative fervor; but the intangible and wandering light that led them was yoked with color and form and also made to serve and to endure. The motive was history; the medium was emotion.

In the present decorations there is a subtlety that is new, an imaginative creativeness that shows impulses not often awakened in American painting. Reading and thought lie behind them, and restrained enthusiasms that flow from well meditated intuitions; and there is a luxury of color possible to art only when the painter is borne along by waves of insight which make a single unit of idea and form and color.

Miss Oakley began her task intellectually. She thought it all out in terms of spiritual emotion, then found very fluent forms of expression, in color and pattern, for her inward meaning. She had in mind a profound criticism of life. She wished to make her brush tell what she habitually thinks. She had glimpses of divine law and love of fellow-beings and delight in the universe, and these noble qualities she felt she must use in making her pictures. Not the conventional allegory nor the accepted code of decoration could speak the emotions she felt. She must say what was in her with her whole soul and in the medium God had given her.

This is the spirit of the masters of old. The inward light burned through the outward texture and fused the accomplished work into an organic creation that would forever touch men's hearts and uplift their souls, because heart and soul were infused with it. Those who in a spirit willing to be led approach the three lunettes that form the substance of the work will get from them some of Miss Oakley's restrained spirituality. It has flashed from her so vividly that it is evident in the theme as well as in the characters of her pictured poem. Wisdom is her text, and the growth of Wisdom through the "seer blest" of childhood who divines the universal laws without trying to fathom them, who watches Life ascend and descend its unending stairway, and knows unconsciously that "that which hath been is now, and that which shall be hath already been."

Then, in "the upper room," Youth drinks in the arts and yields its nonage to the sweets of life that bring with them also Wisdom, till at last, on "the house-

[1] See the article on these decorations by the same writer in THE CENTURY for June, 1905.—THE EDITOR.

VIEW IN THE HALL, SHOWING LUNETTE, PENDENTIVES, AND (ABOVE THE LUNETTE) THREE OF THE OCTAGONS

top," the Man is enthroned with his servant Science, and he answers the old query, "And what is man?" by the apostrophe: "Thou hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou has put all things under his feet."

In form, color, character, meaning, in the very folds of the flying red drapery, and in the uplifted heads of the noble family who watch Man conquering the air; in the dawn of the horizon and in the inspired fervor of life which unifies all, there is a prophesy of art as it will be in America that must make us humbly proud.

CARCASSONNE

BY GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

WITH PICTURES BY HARRY FENN FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THE unpretentious traveler stepped down from the train at a little railway station which, incredibly enough, bore the inscription "Carcassonne." Pushing through the crowd of hackmen who with loud cries offered, for a franc or so, to do all the honors, he realized that at last the goal of his long pilgrimage was close at hand. For a pilgrimage it surely was, unto a place long since grown semi-mythical, round which legends have sprung up, to which poems have been dedicated, and whereof the proverb runs, "Ne meurez pas avant de l'avoir vu."

Over a bridge spanning a canal where washerwomen paddled their linen the traveler hastened, and traversed the regulation public garden of every Provençal town, with its regulation monument and its regulation rows of plane-trees. The corduroy-trousered, high-capped teamsters, the peasants in their blouses, berets, and straw-stuffed sabots, no longer interested him: he was at last to behold with his own eyes Carcassonne!

A well-shaded boulevard led him toward the banks of the Aude; then a turn to the left, through a narrow street where dogs and children and a donkey or two disputed the way, brought him to the Pont Vieux, spanning the half-dry river on flat arches, beneath which still more women paddled still more clothes. Even then he did not see the thing. But all at once, when he had traversed half the bridge, it dawned to view.

There on a far, high hill, ahead and to the left, stood the *cité!*

Amazed, inhibited, the traveler stopped short. Not all his reading and thinking and imagining could make of that first sight an anticlimax. The citadel loomed up so big, still, awesome, beautiful, terrible, that every expectation fell far short. Involuntarily he uncovered. Speechless he stood there a moment confounded and in wonderment. Some country-folk, plodding in over the white-dusted bridge, eyed him with lenient curiosity; but he heeded not those excellent Frenchmen. He was trying to force through his brain the realization that this was verily and actually Carcassonne at last; that such a thing could be; that in the century of kinetoscopes and aëroplanes the past could linger under the hazy sunlight of Provence, there upon a hilltop, silent, dim, immutable, and gray.

The horrid stridor of a donkey startled him back into the present. Still a bit incredulous, still half afraid the vision might fade, he pressed forward over stones trodden by Carcassonnian feet since long before the time of Christ—by the feet of who could say what lords and ladies, troubadours, knights, priests, martyrs, and heroes?

All the way up the hill the fortress kept growing clearer, with its towers and long walls, crenelations, round slate roofs, and pointed spires with weathercocks atop; its battlements slit with long windows; its red tiles, and still more towers, big joined to little, one behind and above another.

The walls were gray, with brown and yellowish weatherings; eroded here, and pitted there, by sieges of long-forgotten barons and by time; tufted in spots with moss and clinging plants; bearded with ivy. Standing beneath them at last, the traveler looked abroad over the valley. In the far distance a blue smudge showed the Pyrenees. Rolling mile on mile the hills stretched out, clad with vineyards, forests, spiked cypresses, fields, farms—the land of sun and mistral, of high romance, of the great heresy. Up rose the far voices of the women in the river-bed; rose, too, a distant, out-of-place whistle from the rail-

VIEW IN THE HALL, SHOWING LUNETTE, PENDENTIVES, AND (ABOVE THE LUNETTE) THREE OF THE OCTAGONS

top," the Man is enthroned with his servant Science, and he answers the old query, "And what is man?" by the apostrophe: "Thou hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou hast put all things under his feet."

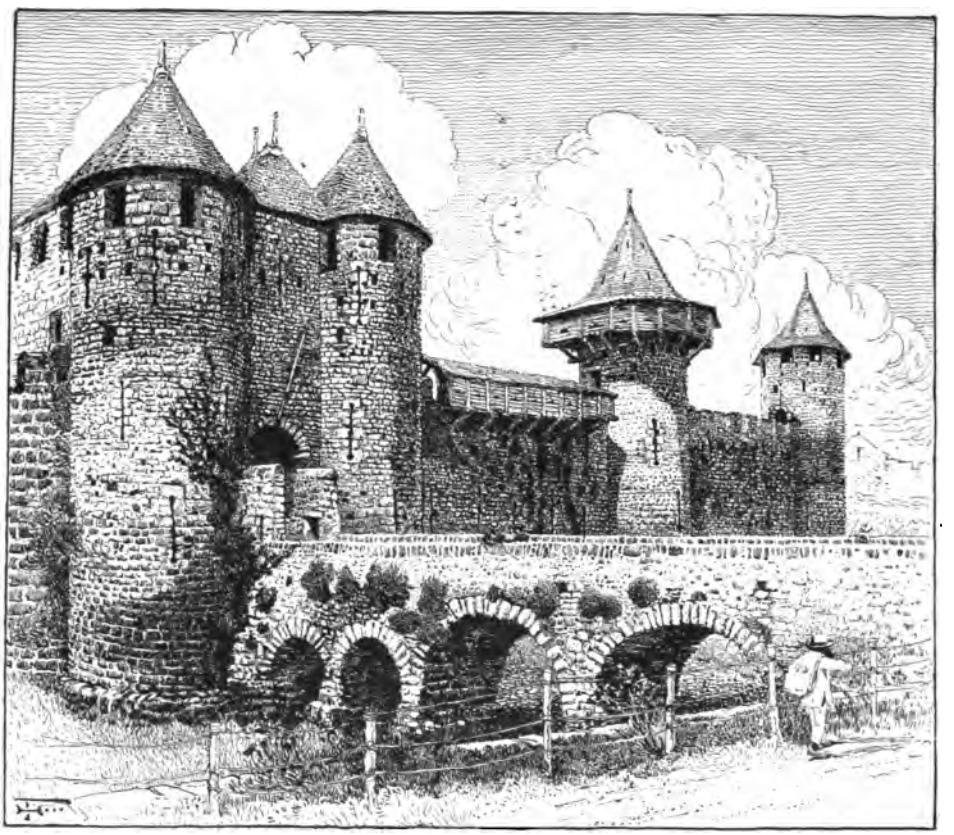
In form, color, the very folds of the figures and in the uplifted head

Drawn by Harry Fenn

WATCH-TOWER ON THE DEFENSES OF THE WEST APPROACH TO THE CHÂTEAU

cuit. Yet here or there a long moraine of ruin shows where the masonry was once undermined and crumbled down.

Among such ruin, trees and bushes force their roots to-day. Peace has descended over all. Standing there, thinking about the dead men's bones that must lie buried under the huge pile, the traveler got some



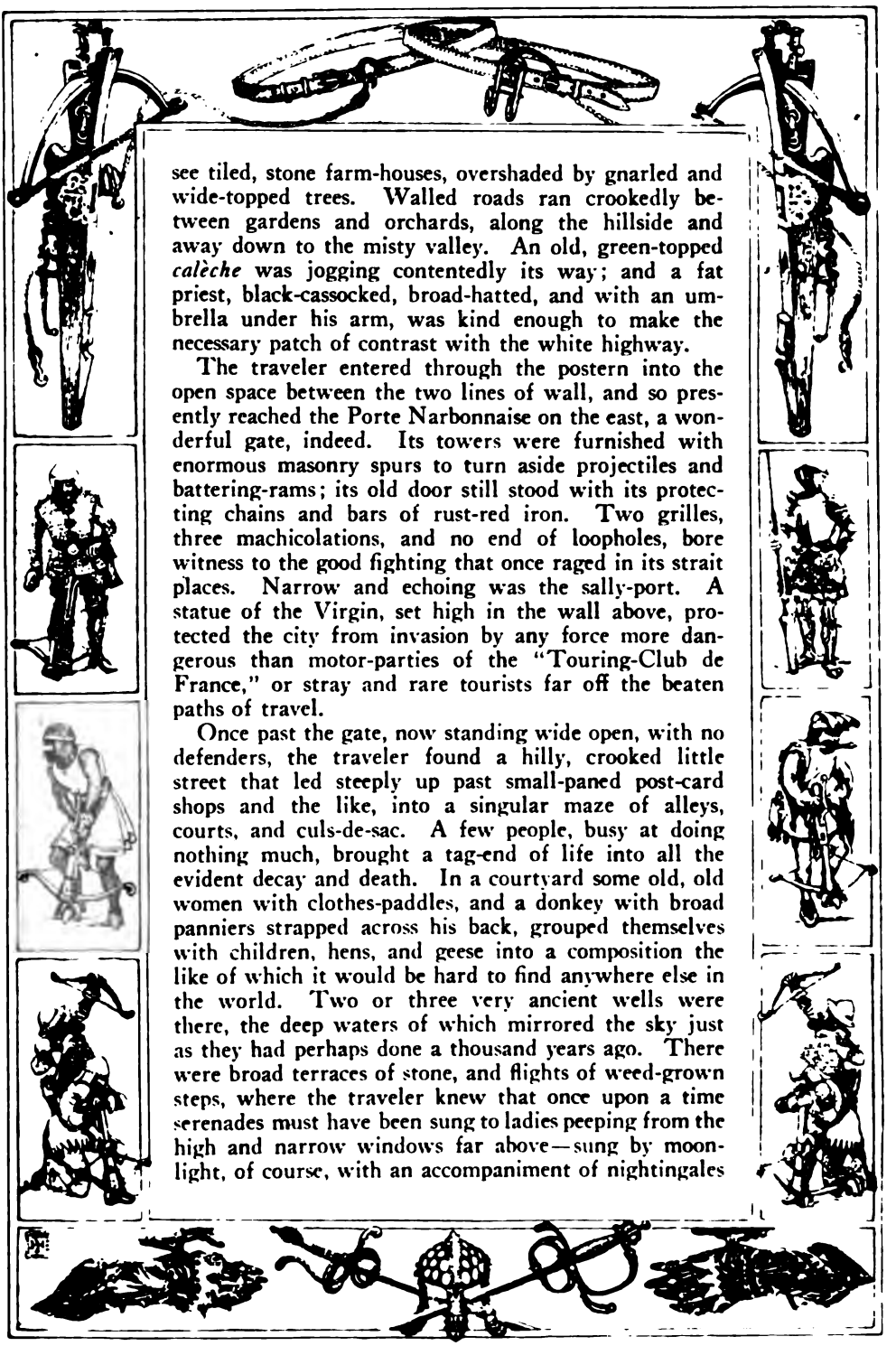
Drawn by Harry Fenn

TOWERS AND DRY MOAT OF THE CHÂTEAU, ON THE INNER SIDE OF THE CITÉ

On a part of the parapet and on one tower is shown a reconstruction of the boarding, or wooden fighting gallery, which in feudal times was placed on all defensive walls and towers.

inkling of just what a medieval siege must in reality have been. Once the sunny quietude of this valley through which the Aude draws its silver ribbon must have echoed to the crashing of the battering-ram against the towers. It must have seen the siege-towers and ladders shoved up against the walls; have witnessed men-at-arms, sword in hand, shield over casqued head, swarm up and across the battlements, where bowmen, swordsmen, men with huge rocks and blazing torches labored, panting, sweating, bleeding, dying, to hurl them back into the ditch. By day it must have seen the smoke drift away through the sunlight; by night, watched great, iron fire-baskets slung hissing high above the crenelations into the city. What lords, what commoners, the traveler wondered, had died here on this very ground that his feet pressed? What loves, hates, plots, murders had hidden behind the thickness of the very tower against the sun-warmed stones of which he now in reverie laid his hand? What blood had spent itself watering the soil for the mild blue flowers at its base? One falls a-musing easily at Carcassonne.

Not far from the cemetery where noble and peasant mingle their dust, there was a little postern-gate—a postern where the sun fell warm. Thence the traveler could



see tiled, stone farm-houses, overshaded by gnarled and wide-topped trees. Walled roads ran crookedly between gardens and orchards, along the hillside and away down to the misty valley. An old, green-topped *calèche* was jogging contentedly its way; and a fat priest, black-cassocked, broad-hatted, and with an umbrella under his arm, was kind enough to make the necessary patch of contrast with the white highway.

The traveler entered through the postern into the open space between the two lines of wall, and so presently reached the Porte Narbonnaise on the east, a wonderful gate, indeed. Its towers were furnished with enormous masonry spurs to turn aside projectiles and battering-rams; its old door still stood with its protecting chains and bars of rust-red iron. Two grilles, three machicolations, and no end of loopholes, bore witness to the good fighting that once raged in its strait places. Narrow and echoing was the sally-port. A statue of the Virgin, set high in the wall above, protected the city from invasion by any force more dangerous than motor-parties of the "Touring-Club de France," or stray and rare tourists far off the beaten paths of travel.

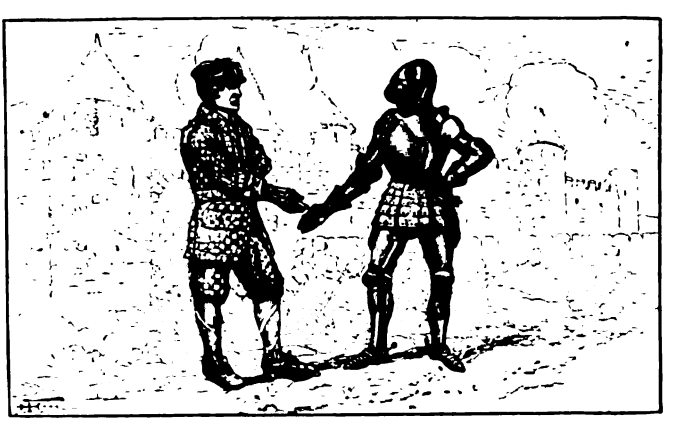
Once past the gate, now standing wide open, with no defenders, the traveler found a hilly, crooked little street that led steeply up past small-paned post-card shops and the like, into a singular maze of alleys, courts, and culs-de-sac. A few people, busy at doing nothing much, brought a tag-end of life into all the evident decay and death. In a courtyard some old, old women with clothes-paddles, and a donkey with broad panniers strapped across his back, grouped themselves with children, hens, and geese into a composition the like of which it would be hard to find anywhere else in the world. Two or three very ancient wells were there, the deep waters of which mirrored the sky just as they had perhaps done a thousand years ago. There were broad terraces of stone, and flights of weed-grown steps, where the traveler knew that once upon a time serenades must have been sung to ladies peeping from the high and narrow windows far above—sung by moonlight, of course, with an accompaniment of nightingales

from the dark masses of the olive-trees far down the hill. A great church there was, too,—St. Nazaire,—one of the oldest in all France. Quite at peace it stood among the huts that clustered about its gray foundations. On its tiled roof the pigeons sat and gossiped undisturbed, and the Southern sun glinted, many-colored, from its tall windows of painted glass.

Not far away the traveler found a very modern hotel, where he was sorry to see a garage, with a sign announcing the sale of gasoline and other inappropriate things. But, turning down the "Petite Rue allant à l'Eglise," a name that in itself more than outweighed the motors snorting in the hotel yard, he found the Middle Ages very soon again; yet not unadulterated even between the plastered little houses, for behind him hoofs clacked on stone, and, behold! here came a company of *piou-pious,* red-trousered, blue-overcoated, with rifles on their shoulders, swinging down toward the château, a mounted captain in the lead. Smiling and winking, making half-audible remarks about "l'Angliche," they passed; their hobnailed tread reëchoed in the hollow street; they vanished round a turn. A mere imagining transformed them into halberdiers or arbalist-men, steel bonnets on their polls, quivers of bolts suspended from their girdles, a Count of Trencavel at the very least commanding them. Filled with the spirit of illusion, the traveler followed on.

Through a formidable demilune, across a dry moat spanned by a bridge of stone, the traveler passed, and so came to Carcassonne's supreme stronghold, the château. Built on the highest point of the hill, residence of all the city's rulers, whether Carcasses, Romans, Visigoths, Saracens, or Albigensian counts, it was the last part of the city to come under the usurping power of the French crown. In the midst of eight huge towers it rises moss-grown, time-blurred. Along its turrets still show the eloquent rows of square holes for the insertion of the gallery-beams. From these galleries, which in time of siege ran all round the city, the defenders could deliver a rain of plunging death. History has it that the present citadel was built in the eleventh century by Count Roger I, and that Adelaide, his wife, created there a Court of Love. The great hall must once have echoed with the *albas* and the songs of minstrels, where now a sleepy guide drones out his story for a franc or two.

THE traveler leaned over the turret of the watch-tower and looked far down. From somewhere below he heard a thin and aged voice. There in the weed-grown castle moat stood a bent and ragged old man, a shepherd. Sabots were on his feet. His cloak was red and blue, oddly spotted by dint of over-patching. In his withered hand he held a staff. About him grazed a few sheep and goats, ill fed on the scant, dusty herbage. He seemed very, very old indeed, and very weary, like Carcassonne. A child laughed in the sunny, half-deserted street beside the castle. Far away, above the roof of the cathedral, a flight of pigeons wheeled. Over everything brooded the sky of southern France. Through the light haze, the sun of old Provence shed down its gold. There were silence, peace, and rest.



Drawn by Harry Fenn

NEW YORK AS THE OPERATIC METROPOLIS

BY HENRY T. FINCK

WHETHER New York really is the operatic center of the universe, as some critics and observers claim, is a question worth considering. Doubtless the Metropolitan has a larger number of great singers than any foreign opera-house; but it is also true that there have been years when the number of first-class artists gathered under its roof was greater than it is now. This is particularly the case with the lowest voices. Among fourteen mezzo-sopranos and contraltos, Louise Homer alone upholds the high standards of the past; and while Allen Hinckley, Andrea de Segurola, and Herbert Witherspoon are good basses, they do not rank with Edouard de Reszke, Emil Fischer, and Pol Plançon. Among the baritones, however, there are no fewer than seven great names—Pasquale Amato, Giuseppe Campanari, Dinh Gilly, Otto Goritz, Maurice Renaud, Antonio Scotti, and Walter Soomer; and when we turn to the tenors and sopranos we behold a galaxy of stars probably as brilliant as those witnessed in the past. Any European opera-house would be proud to own any three of our nine leading tenors, naming them in alphabetical order: Carl Burrian, Enrico Caruso, Florencio Constantino, Herman Jadlowker, Carl Jörn, John McCormack, Riccardo Martin, Albert Reiss, Leo Slezak; while the list of sopranos is no less striking, including as it does Bella Alten, Emmy Destinn, Geraldine Farrar, Olive Fremstad, Johanna Gadski, Alma Gluck, Nellie Melba, Berta Morena, Alice Nielsen, Lucie Weidt.

That the great artists in the company are as often combined into star casts as in the days of Maurice Grau cannot be maintained. The present management hardly ever brings together Geraldine Farrar and Caruso in the same opera, because the fame of either alone fills the house. Grau used to delight in arranging all-star casts that took one's breath away. Once, when he gave "Les Huguenots" with Sembrich, Nordica, Jean and Edouard de Reszke, besides Maurel, and Plançon, he asked two dollars extra for parquet seats; but often he provided casts nearly or quite as remarkable without raising the prices. We recall, for instance, "Carmen," with Calvé, Eames, Jean and Edouard de Reszke; "Tristan und Isolde" with Lilli Lehmann (or Nordica), Schumann-Heink, Jean and Edouard de Reszke, and Bispham (or Van Rooy). These cannot be equaled to-day. Nevertheless, some of the present Metropolitan casts are not at all to be sneered at. No foreign opera-house, for instance, will be able to produce "The Girl of the Golden West" with a cast including five singers like Caruso, Destinn, Amato, Gilly, and Reiss; or "Königskinder" with five artists equaling Farrar, Homer, Goritz, Reiss, and Jadlowker.

Without stars of the first magnitude it is impossible to make opera successful at the high prices charged in this country, and any attempt to substitute ensembles of mediocrities for stars is sure to fail; as soon as the public discovers that the goods are not of the first quality, it saves its money for other luxuries. Opera-goers, moreover, are steadily becoming more fastidious. A quarter of a century ago, in the days of Mapleson, one star like Patti, Nilsson, Gerster, or Lucca sufficed for an opera company. Grau taught Metropolitan audiences to expect from two or three up to five or six stars in each opera. That policy paid as long as there was an unlimited number of great singers to import. When the supply was reduced, the public

discovered the short-comings of the Grau system, especially in the scenery, stage management, and *tout ensemble,* or general working together of all the operatic factors. Conried gave an illustration of what could be done in this direction by his magnificent production of "Parsifal," and this set a new standard for his successors to live up to.

In Grau's day many operas were virtually pitchforked upon the stage, with little or no rehearsing, with costumes and scenery of the most motley and often inappropriate aspect, and without serious attempts to make the happenings on the stage harmonize with the orchestral music. Poor Anton Seidl, whom Wagner had particularly taught the details and the importance of this coöperation of all the factors, was not consulted; he was even snubbed when he made suggestions. A good orchestra he had, though not so good a one as Toscanini and Hertz have now; but his chorus was bad, singing out of tune half the time and making only feeble attempts to act. It was not till Dippel brought out "Lohengrin" and "Die Meistersinger," and Gatti-Cassazza "Aïda," that patrons of the Metropolitan were enabled to feel the full grandeur of the choral music of Wagner and Verdi.

Equally great is the improvement in matters of scenery and stage-management. Were Seidl living to-day, how eagerly he would be consulted regarding the Wagnerian traditions! When Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West" was being rehearsed last December, David Belasco helped him and Toscanini in establishing traditions for that opera, converting Italian and Bohemian singers into actors imbued with the real California spirit. Humperdinck's "Königskinder," a few weeks later, was treated in the same artistic manner. One remembers some of the scenes in it as one recalls great paintings in a gallery; notably the realistic Alpine glow in the first act; the vision of the royal goose-girl with her flock and the flowery background as the gate opens at the stroke of twelve; and the final scene, when the fast-falling snow covers the royal children with a shroud as they lie side by side under the bare tree before the witch's hut.

There has been much ado about the fact that these two operas had their very first performances in New York, and that the composers came over to help launch them. This is certainly significant; and the fact that Debussy, after hearing our Metropolitan Company in Paris last spring, promptly offered it the *première* of his next opera, further emphasizes the truth that European composers look on New York as the operatic metropolis. They come to us not only because we have the best singers and conductors, but because we now bestow attention on ensemble and scenery, and have changed our attitude toward novelties, welcoming them now, instead of looking at them askance, as in the days of Mapleson and Grau.

The situation is full of promise for the future of operatic art in this country. Even if we can hardly hope that European composers will come and live with us, helping to create an American school of opera, as the Italians Lully, Cherubini, and Spontini, and the Germans Gluck, Meyerbeer, and Offenbach went to Paris and helped create French schools of opera, there is cheer for us in what has happened and is likely to happen. The American composer has been encouraged by a prize of $10,000 for a good opera, and for young singers the Metropolitan is the best school. The "old Italian method" consisted largely in listening to and trying to imitate great voices. For this our opera-house offers unequaled facilities. The chorus singers have, or should have, opportunity to hear these voices daily. They can then go abroad to acquire experience in the numerous theaters of Germany and Italy, returning, if they are successful, as stars to the Metropolitan.

More and more the public clamors for dramatic opera. The Metropolitan may serve as a school for acting as well as for singing. We have traveled far away from the time when Italian opera audiences supped and played cards during a performance, listening only to the arias—the time when so little attention was usually paid to the acting that once a voice called out from the gallery: "Great heavens, the tenor is murdering the soprano!"

DEAD MAN'S BAR

BY J. W. MULLER

CAPTAIN RAYNOR turned his lean, weather-carved face to the little window of the oyster shanty and looked over the moon-swept channel. The tide, well on in its six-hours' mystery of flood, swirled no more. It moved smoothly, not like sea, but like a great thing swimming.

"Tide 's slacking," said the bayman, softly. He nodded toward an inner room. "He 's come through the middle of the flood, so he 'll likely last for two hours yet."

Professor Bourne tiptoed to the chamber. The little glass lamp that he carried shone on an old man, very worn, very gaunt, whose features, evidently sufficiently formidable in health, were sharpened now into that formidable greatness that is of death.

"He is all but gone now," he whispered, returning.

The bayman shook his head slightly. "I don't pretend to know why 't is, but now that he 's come through the young flood, he 's likely to stay till the tide has stood at full and turns to ebb. There are things like that, though they tell me they ain't in books."

Professor Bourne of the United States Fish Commission glanced incredulously at the man, who repeated simply: "I 've seen 'em more 'n once, specially old men that has followed the water long. They hang on till the tide turns ebb. Then they go out with it. It 's a nice way to go," he ended peacefully.

"Well," said Bourne, "two minutes or two hours, he 's not suffering, anyway. He must have been unconscious ever since it fell on him. There 's nothing we can do except wait."

Captain Raynor nodded again. "I 'm right sure he in there would n't want to live if he could. For more 'n thirty years now he ain't been really wanting to live. But it 's a funny thing about us creatures. Once, a dozen years back, when his sloop got into Eastern Breakers, he had a good excuse to die. It sure needed a whole man and a big fight to get out of that. Three times we tried to get the life-boat to him, and three times we was smashed back so." He flipped a match across the room. "But Hank Massey he made his fight, and he come out alive, no man helping him. And yet I know right well he ain't wanted to live since; I 'll show you the date when he stopped wanting to live. Why did n't he let himself go that time in the Eastern Breakers? Mebbe there 's a big diff'rence between not wanting to live and daring to die. What do you think, Professor?"

Bourne opened his lips and stopped short. From the dying man's bed sounded a voice weak, low, wild like the wail of a wandering gust. "The ranges!" it cried. "The ranges!"

They ran in. The old man lay still, breathing fitfully, but on the set face there was no sign of the dread that had rung in the voice. Beckoning to Bourne, the bayman led the way outside, and stopped by the toppled flagstaff that lay half across the little pier. The captain pointed to a place near the splintered base. Plain to see in the white, bright night were letters deeply branded:

"SLOOP PHANTOM, AUGUST 17, 1880."

"That 's the day he stopped wanting to live," said Raynor, touching the inscription with a curiously gentle touch. "It 's thirty years ago; I was twenty then, and all them years there ain't been a nightfall that Hank Massey did n't come along this channel looking and looking, and crying out what he did just now."

He gazed over the channel's span. The tide, drawn by a moon in perigee was big with water, drowning marsh and bar. Overhead a night heron lamented. Then

everything was still again—so still that the surf, falling on outer bars five miles away, stirred the night like a sleeper's breathing.

"This was her mast—the *Phantom's,*" said Captain Raynor, his hand still on the inscription. "He put it up here himself, all alone, after—it happened. I 'll tell you about it if you want to hear. A kind of queer yarn." He glanced at Bourne and continued:

"Thirty years ago, when I was twenty, this Great East Bay was diff'rent than now. Was n't any of them nasty things they call motor-boats. Men that used the water they had to know the water. We did n't see many strangers then. And all we ever see of York was when we sailed out of the inlet and round to New York Harbor with fish or oysters.

"He in there, Hank Massey, did n't belong among us. He come from somewhere down Chesapeake-way. In them days we Long Islanders did n't take up much with folks from outside. But Hank he was one of the kind that does what he likes, and no matter how much others don't like it, they end by giving in. He married an East Haven girl, and their two children growed up to be sure-enough Long Islanders. Even Hank himself used to grin when he heard 'em tell that they was n't no Chesapeake clam Spaniards. There goes a shark!"

The leaning fin flashed wet and quick, leaving two divergent ripple-gleams in its wake.

"Saving for his wife and them two kids," continued Captain Raynor, "Hank did n't have no soft spots. There was mebbe only three or four men in all East Haven that could stand up to him and give and take, and even none of them could say that they ever really what you could call got away with him. And East Haven was full of husky men, too, in them days. 'T was in '76 that seven of our boys took off the crews of three shipwrecks in one night, sixty-four people, in a snowstorm. But Hank Massey he was more than a man. He was a gale. Don't look like it now, does he? In them days he could throw most men over his head. He could pick up a dory and just toss it overside. He 'd lift moorings out of the mud with his arms where the rest of us used block and tackle.

"Howsoever, I 'm getting tejious. This all comes to saying that Hank was bad to tackle—bad drunk and 'most as bad sober; bad all over 'cept about his wife and them two kids. When he sneaked home sober, after a spree, he 'd go up to the house very soft, take off a boot, and toss it in easy-like through the door. If Mis' Massey throwed it back, he 'd put it on again without a word and go sleep in a boat or one of his oyster shanties. If she did n't throw it back, he 'd chuck the second boot in. If that did n't come back, Hank would walk in, soft and dreadful' polite, and stand by the door with his hat in his hand and say, 'Good evenin', Mis' Massey.' And Mis' Massey would say: 'Good evenin', Mr. Massey. Won't you set?' And she 'd never say a word about what he 'd done whilst he was away. She knowed how to handle that great big devil. And Hank he 'd 'a' laid down any time and let her walk all over him if she 'd been that kind. Always seemed to me, thinking it over all these years, that every bit of goodness that Hank kept choked down underneath just busted out toward her. I guess you get my idee."

Captain Raynor pointed down channel. The moon made a great gate of light on the inlet. Behind it the ocean lay black. "See that big spar standing up against the light down there?" he asked. "That 's Midway Range Buoy. Well, that there spar buoy and this here"—he tapped the fallen mast—"they two done it to him."

"What course does it mark?" asked Professor Bourne.

"Coming into the bay," answered the captain, "when you pass the black can buoy, you hold straight on for Midway Range, and you 're all right. But you swing off a few lengths to eastward, and you 'll hit Dead Man's Bar. And that 's the worst bar on all this south shore. Some of it 's shoal and some 's fair deep; but it 's all under water always, and it pitches off steep as a house into deep water. That 's something most bars don't do in these bays.

"About '75 the boat-racing fever struck this coast. Hank was in it, like in everything else, and he brought trick after trick into the game. He was n't after sport; he was after money. Hank soon had a lot of the boys betting not only their money, but their oysters, and some of 'em

betted the fish they had n't ketched yet. There was a good many men hard up in East Haven the next few years.

"By and by it got so bad that boat-racing come to be looked at in East Haven a good deal like horse-racing, and Hank and his betting gang had to look outside for fellers to sail against. Hank invented all sorts of ways to coax 'em, and he put up more and more money till he got 'em to come from as far away as Cape May. At last he built himself the fastest boat yet, the *Widgeon,* and he betted a thousand dollars on her; yes, sir, a thousand. I remember the excitement. And he won. It was a boat over from Whalefish Cove, down Sandy Hook-way, that he run against. She was owned by old Dad Appleby. The Applebys was the greatest sports on all salt water. Even the Appleby girls, pretty as a picture, every one of 'em, and good as gold, they could sail, row, fish, shoot, and swim better n most men, and they could play poker better 'n any man. Every Appleby girl that ever was, for long back, was famous for looks and poker.

"Well, sir, old Dad and his two big sons they lost hands down, and they paid over their money with a grin, and then, standing in the hotel and treating all East Haven, they told as how they was going to build a new boat, and they challenged all comers there and then. 'We 'll build a boat,' shouts old Dad, 'as will not only beat the *Widgeon,* but we 'll build her so as she 'll be able to give the *Widgeon* five minutes' start, and then overhaul her, and then tack acrost her bows, and then fill away, and then go astern, and then beat up, and do it all over again. I 'm going for to lay out her lines myself—all myself, just me, poor old Dad. And say, Hank, we 'll call her— No, Hank; never mind what we 'll call her. You 'll get plenty of chanst, plenty, to read her name on her stern the day we race.'

"At that Dad's big sons they commenced to roar and stamp and pound the old man on the back, and hollered, 'Hooray for Dad, the toughest old Dad from Cape Cod to Henry!' That was more 'n Hank Massey could stand, drunk or sober, and he was n't sober. He swung up to Dad and shook his fist in the old man's face. 'When you bring a sloop into Great East Bay,' says he, 'that can hold the *Widgeon* astern, flood-tide 'll run backwards through the inlet.'

"One of Dad's sons, Jim, jumped in and put his fist in front of Hank's nose. Hank let drive quick. But something happened that had n't ever happened Hank before. He flew over backwards and went smashing on the floor, with Jim Appleby standing over him asking how he liked it, and old Dad dancing round and screeching: 'A hundred to one on the red game! Five hundred to one, blast ye all!' Dad's son Jim was red-headed and red-mustached, and the Applebys was all great cock-fighters.

"Hank jumped up, and they two went at it. Jim had to work hard, but he done it. He give Hank Massey a wonderful' smart dressing down, so that we had to carry him away when they got through. Tide 's only got another while to run," he broke off. They looked at the old man. "He 's holding on," whispered Captain Raynor.

"Well," he continued, "I 'm getting tejious. The Applebys went home, and darned if the whole fam'ly, girls and all, did n't pitch in to help build that boat! There was Applebys that had n't spoke' to other Applebys in years, and they joined in. Old Dad and his two husky sons even let the fall flight of duck go by without firing a shot; and when an Appleby done that, you may lay that he was busy.

"Hank he was as busy in East Haven as they was in Whalefish Cove. He changed the *Widgeon* till she was a new boat. All the time we kept hearing all sorts of things about the Appleby boat, but though a good many East Haveners cruised down that way to get a look, them Applebys, for all they was only blue-eyed Jersey men, they could see about as far as a heron, and they never let anybody find out how their craft behaved. It was n't till a week before the race that Hank, hanging round with a schooner by Orchard Shoals Light, saw the Appleby boat really sail. 'She come tearing out of Raritan Bay,' says one of Hank's crew to us, 'stiff as sin and going like a house a-fire. She did n't sail: she leaped! We 're beat!'

"Hank he did n't say nothing, but he looked like a black squall. There was a good many men kept out of his way that

week. When the Appleby boat come in the bay and laid off the fish wharf, he was the same old Hank as ever, 'cepting that he did n't shake his fist in any Appleby face. When Dad come ashore, Hank betted him, and betted him hard. The very first bet was one thousand dollars clean. Then they had a few drinks and betted more. I guess there was n't an Appleby stocking in New Jersey that had anything left in it, because by night there was $5000 of Appleby money up, and there was $5000 of Hank's with it. And all the time Hank stayed plumb sober. He stopped drinking after mebbe the fifth or sixth drink, and just betted, cold and kind of white around his gills. About ten o'clock he went away, and we did n't see him again till the next morning when the race was called.

"It was fifteen miles out to sea and back, and the start was early, so as to get the tide favorable. Father and me we entered our big, new sloop *Pioneer,* but nobody else would go in. We did n't expect to win, but father wanted to try the *Pioneer* out. Of course everybody was looking to watch the Appleby boat behave. There was n't anything particular about her, though, 'cepting that she had a strip of tarpaulin tacked acrost her stern to hide her name.

"There was plenty of wind, and more to come. Dirty-looking stuff was smoking down Sandy Hook-way. We all got away bunched, and for a while the *Widgeon* and the Applebys' boat hung together. Then the Applebys worked ahead inch by inch, and all at once we see Jim Appleby lean over the stern and rip at the tarpaulin. Old Dad jumped up and steered with the tiller held between his feet, and commenced to yell and cackle, waving both hands at the *Widgeon.*

"The tarpaulin come away, and there we see her name, great, big gold letters on black. *'Want-A-Tow'* they spelled, and we heard a curse out of Hank.

"It was choppy at the inlet, and there was some lathering. The *Widgeon* and the *Want-A-Tow* pitched down on Eastern Breakers Buoy like two whales spouting. In the big ground-swell it looked for a minute as if they and the buoy was going to smash up together. The *Want-A-Tow* got around first, with *Widgeon* fighting hard.

"When they passed the black can buoy, the *Widgeon* was plumb out of it. It was a lost race for East Haven, and father he was wondering what Hank Massey would do, losing all that money. We knowed that he must have betted nearly all he had. The weather was getting up, and every time a squall hit in, the *Want-A-Tow* just seemed to pick up her skirts and run. Father eased the *Pioneer* off more 'n once, and when the old man did that, you may be sure it was blowing. Finally even Hank spilled a little wind from his sail when a mile of sea turned black and come at him a-spitting. But them on the *Want-A-Tow* never eased a yarn and sometimes even flattened mainsail a little more, and took the stuff full, going lickety-split, squall, water, and boat all together.

" 'T was fine sailing. Father was a square man, and he admitted that, though he did n't like Applebys or Masseys. But when we had got past the black can buoy and pointed for Midway Range, one behind the other, all at once father shouts, 'What 's gone with Hank?' There was the *Want-A-Tow* leaning over like a church ready to fall, and heading straight and true for the buoy, but the *Widgeon* she swung off to westward.

" 'Whatever 's possessed him?' says father. 'He 's lost a hundred yards by that fool trick.' The next minute he threw himself against the tiller and swung the *Pioneer* out, too. A thundering squall hit us, there was a roaring and racketing of rigging, and when we could see clear, we see the *Want-A-Tow's* canvas come down on the run and her standing still, shaking.

" 'She 's hit Dead Man's Bar,' " says I. 'That squall must have drove her on.' Father did n't say a word. He just signed to me to trim sheet, and we tore on. We was well past them before we see them get off and under way again. If them Applebys had n't been such brutes for stren'th, and if they had n't had such husky Jerseymen with 'em, they might have been stuck for half an hour, with that wind blowing 'em on. As it was, they almost caught us before we got acrost the finish-line.

"The *Widgeon,* of course, had come in 'way ahead. 'Money 's yourn,' says Dad soon as he come ashore. 'Money 's yourn, Hank Massey,' he cackles, 'and we 'll race

you again to-morrer, this afternoon, right away, for another roll the same size.' Hank Massey he just laughed. 'Would n't like to get you into no more trouble,' says he. 'I 'd hate to see you drownded at your age. Next time you might go clean ashore on Raspberry Hill.' Raspberry Hill was about a mile inland. 'Any man as can't hold on straight to Midway Range Buoy!' Hank goes on, but Dad did n't let him finish.

" 'We 're beat,' he yells—'we 're beat, and we ain't making a kick nor yet no excuses; but if you tell me as I can't sail straight, you 're a liar, you, Hank Massey! You know 's well as I do that we held straight for the buoy. You was behind us, and you know.'

" 'Ten fathom inside it,' says Hank, pounding the bar. 'Ten fathom easy. I thought you was crazy when I see you.'

"Jim Appleby come lounging over and pokes a fistful of bills at Hank. 'Dad was steering straight,' says he. 'And here 's money to back Dad's sailing against any East Haven Indian, bar none!'

"Old Dad he sat down in a chair and commenced to mumble to himself. 'Blast it!' says he, half whispering, half crying. 'Blast it! They had ought to tie an anchor to your old feet and sink you, you blamed, cow-headed old idjit you, for a-hitting a sand-bar in your idjit old age, you poor, blamed fool of a idjit, you!'

" 'Never mind, Dad,' says Jim Appleby, giving the old man a crack on the back that ought to busted him clean in two; 'never mind. We built a boat as could sail all round the *Widgeon* the way you said. And we showed the *Widgeon* our name the way you said. And they had plenty of chanst to read it—plenty. We done it. We showed them East Haven bay-snipes what a real boat looks like.'

"At that old Dad gets up and slaps Jim and Dave on their big backs and cackles like a lunatic rooster. You bet there was some dislike for them Whalefish Cove men just then amongst us. Howsoever, we done right by them. We had a spread ready, and we treated 'em the best we knowed how. After a while everybody got pretty noisy and funny, and there was quite a time, all talking and laughing to once, till it got so thick with smoke that we all went out on to the fish wharf for fresh air.

"It was blowing hard, a real southeaster coming acrost the tide and making whitecaps. We was all crowded round the Applebys, listening while Dad blowed about the *Want-A-Tow*. 'It 's my own goldarned design,' says he, 'out of my own blamed, old, idjit head. Yes, sir; I done it out o' my own—' And then he shut up and looked and listened like the rest of us. Out in the channel, coming sky-hooting, with his sail wet half-way up, come Johnny Haskins of Little Marsh. And though 't was all a man could do in that blow to drag sail, Johnny had her going full, and was standing up, besides, and swinging his arms over his head and shouting.

" 'Drunk or crazy,' says Jim Appleby, watching the boat plowing in, half swamped. Then we heard Johnny's voice through the wind, like a gull in a storm, you know. All we could make out was, 'For God's sake! for God's sake!' He come to the dock next minute, and let his sheet slam any old way, and then we see that he was all white and wild-looking, staring crazy. But we did n't have time to wonder. Johnny was yelling out something that drove us all crazy, too. 'The *Phantom* 's capsized,' he yells, 'and all aboard caught in the cabin! Oh, God! Oh, God!'

"I heard myself howl out like as if I was a dog that got hurt bad. Then I don't know what happened till I felt father's arm around my neck, and him shaking with crying. But we got aboard the *Pioneer*, and tore out into the bay, all sail up. And all around us was sails full and thundering, and all crowded so close that booms almost swept our deck and ourn swept theirs as we straightened out. Some way, I don't know how, the word passed that Hank Massey had Johnny Haskins aboard, and we was all to follow the *Widgeon*. I guess that nobody in East Haven could ever have told how we all got away. But there we was like a flock of chickens, sailing so close that we almost touched, and every time a boat's crew looked at another, the only thing that was said was 'God!' And sometimes we could hear some big, strong feller crying; and that 's something a man can't never forget in all his life afterwards."

Captain Raynor stopped and stared down on the mast. " 'August 17, 1880,' "

he repeated slowly. "It was long ago. I 'm getting on now; but I was twenty then—and aboard the *Phantom* was my girl. Boy and girl love, boy and girl love." He laid his hand very gently on the inscription.

"The others in the *Phantom,*" he went on, after a while—"the others, Professor, they was all women folks and children of our men. The *Phantom* had took on a big party of women and children that morning to watch the start of the race and then to run to the beach for a picnic. Aboard her with the rest was Hank Massey's wife and two children. And there he was, ahead of us, carrying racing canvas into half a gale. Was n't anybody, though, that thought of canvas. Was n't any man that thought of anything except a black hull awash somewhere ahead of us.

"We come to it in the main channel, a few hundred yards this side of Midway Range Buoy. Before we come up with her, we hear' a voice shouting, and there, alongside of her, was a rowboat, and a man in it, shouting and crying, and slashing away at the hull with a knife. 'Oh, I can't get in! I can't get in!' I did n't even know then that I saw the man; but afterward, and ever since, I always see that poor, wet hull deep in the water and that man alongside it, crying and cutting at it with a little knife.

"She was 'way over, almost keel up, dragged that way by her big, water-soaked sail. We all rushed down on her, and held on with boat-hooks, pounding against her in the sea. Hank Massey was overboard and in her before the rest begun to work, and yet we all moved fast enough. Three times he come up for breath, and then he went down and got fouled. I happened to feel him,—I was down there, too,—and hauled him clear. Somebody dragged him on to a boat, but they told me afterwards that he fought 'em off and went over again. We got the mainsail slashed away, and the *Phantom's* mast commenced to come up. Was n't nobody giving orders; every man worked like a crazy man by himself. But we all knowed what to do, and I guess we worked as quick as if we 'd been clear-headed and under command. We got her over far enough so we could hold to her side and chop at her mast.

"I can't even think how we done that now—chopping under water, men fighting to get at it, no foothold, axes coming down everywhere. Why we did n't kill each other I can't understand. But we was that mad that if a feller had been hit and killed, nobody would 've stopped chopping for a second. And all the time the wind was rising and the sea was making and the dark coming in.

"Then the mast gave. All at once it gave and went plunging away. The *Phantom* raised a little out of water and rolled over slow. We was in her before she righted, tearing at the cabin doors. She was flush with the sea, of course, sunk to her cabin-top. Hank went under, and come up, dragging at George Rowland, the *Phantom's* owner. He was fouled in the sheet. Got ketched, I figure, trying to open the doors.

"They was open just a crack. A dozen of us went under and pulled; but they was sliding-doors, and had got jammed, and we could n't do more than budge 'em just a bit. No man could squeeze in there under water and ever get out again. But Hank went down, and he was half-way in when I pulled him back. We had to fight him. 'I tell ye she 's down there!' he kept saying. 'Her and the children!' At last the Appleby boys got him and dragged him on the *Want-A-Tow.*

"Old Dad he had lines lashed to the *Phantom,* and was swearing at everybody else for not doing the same. 'We got to tow her to shoal water,' shouts he. 'Ye blamed fools, don't ye see that ye can't get at her here?' He begun pulling with the *Want-A-Tow* even whilst he was talking, and other big sloops took hold the best they could, and we dragged her to the beach, half a mile away. We had pumps going in her before she touched the sand. Fast as we got some water out the men hauled her further up till we could get at the cabin doors.

"Hank Massey was first. He tore at 'em without a sound. All the hands that could find room gripped at them doors."

Captain Raynor stopped and stared across the bay.

"They was all in there," he said softly, his face turned from the listener. He looked down and shook his head. " 'August 17, 1880,' " he murmured. "I was young. It 's long ago."

Professor Bourne tiptoed to the dying man's side. The features already were molded by the Great Sleep, but breath still came and went. Outside the water was a great plane of light. The bay had nearly finished its daily change from archipelago to sea.

"Tide 'll soon be at a stand," said Captain Raynor; "then it 'll turn ebb; and then, I guess, he in there will be easier than he 's been in thirty years." He looked over the channel. "It all comes back, it all comes back. We come along this channel that night, in the wind and the rain, nigh on to twenty sail, and amongst us there was n't word or sound. We was all through. We just sat and sailed through the dark and the rain; and ahead, on the deck of the *Widgeon,* covered with canvas and flags and coats, there laid the women and the children. And beside 'em, like as if he was dead himself, sat Hank Massey.

"We carried 'em ashore. We laid 'em down in the parlor of the Mermaid Hotel. All outside there was crying, and all inside there was dead people, and we stood and looked at them faces, and none of us could think or do anything except just to stand still and look. By and by, I guess, folks sort of pushed us outside.

"Johnny Haskins was out there, squatting on the wharf, with his head betwixt his hands, and saying over and over: 'I see her go, and I could n't do anything, so I come a-flying for East Haven, a-hollering and a-hollering.'

"Just then there come a great excitement in the crowd. People commenced to shake us by the shoulders and tell that here was George Rowland's mate, Fred Svensen, that had got picked up alive. Svensen come walking toward us slow, and looking all around as if he was lost. He was always a slow, quiet man, Svensen, and 'cepting for that queer look he would have seemed same as ever as he begun to tell us what it was that happened to the *Phantom.*

"It was squally, Svensen said, when they passed the black can buoy coming home, and it commenced to rain hard, and the women all went into the cabin. Somebody, prob'bly a child, started to slide the cabin doors to, and George sang out to keep 'em open. 'Next minute,' says Svensen, 'the *Phantom* was hit by a hard squall. She touched bottom, her centerboard caught a minute, and over she went. And then she drifted clear and slid into deep water.' Svensen was half-stunned by the sheet-block, and he floated helpless till he washed up on China Bar, where he was picked up by an oyster sloop.

"'Just before we struck,' says Svensen, in his slow way, 'I see that we was heading straight and true for Midway Range Buoy. Something must have happened to George when the squall hit, for that second we caught on Dead Man's Bar.'

"Svensen had n't stopped telling when Hank Massey walked up to him, holding out his hands like a man feeling his way. 'You was headed straight for Midway Range Buoy?' he says. Svensen nodded his head. Then Hank he looked around, all around. But he did n't see us. 'T was easy to know that. He looked around and commenced to laugh low and chuckling. He laughed and slapped his leg. He laughed and then he chuckled, and then he laughed again soft and choking. 'Midway Range Buoy!' says he. 'Midway Range Buoy!' And he slapped his leg again.

"Jim Appleby he pushed out from the crowd and grabbed Hank by the shoulders and shook him. 'Stop that!' says he. 'Stop, Hank! Give him brandy, quick! He 's went to pieces!' But Hank he just laid one big hand on Jim and pushed him away. Then he stumbled through the crowd, and the last we heard of him was him laughing and gasping between laughs, 'Midway Range Buoy!'

"Some went after him; but father he bent down to me where I was sitting, stupid, on the string-piece, and he says to me, 'Son,' says he, 'come along o' me, son. Her folks is going to take Mary home,' and he kind of swallowed a little. 'I want you to come in the *Pioneer* with me.'

"When I got down to the sloop, there was father and a few others. We made sail and stood out, me not knowing where we was going and not caring. They was whispering together, but I did n't pay no attention to anything till father all at once brings the sloop up into the wind and tells me to go forward and make fast to the spar. We was at Midway Range Buoy.

"Then father ordered one of the men to give him soundings, and the man reports twenty-one foot. 'It 's what I suspicioned ever since the race,' says father.

'At this stage of tide, Midway Range Buoy should lay in thirty-five foot of water at least.'

"Well, I heard, and yet I was that stupid just then it did n't mean nothing to me. Not till father ordered me to cast off and ran out a little ways westward into the channel did I commence to think. Then it got into my head, and I felt all at once as if I was looking at a terrible white light, and I shaked my fists against the sky and swore as I was going to kill Hank Massey. For father showed us where Midway Range Buoy ought to be. It had been shifted; and no one on God's earth could ha' shifted it except Hank Massey, as was bound to beat the Applebys fair or foul."

Captain Raynor looked toward the house. "I did n't kill Hank Massey," said he, quietly. "Father talked to me long and good. And then we went away for a cruise—after the funerals. Luckily, I did n't see Hank that day. Did n't any one see him for a while. When we got back, he was on this marsh. And every evening he 'd come rowing down this channel, looking all around, and crying out what you heard him say. Hank—" and Captain Raynor tapped his forehead. "Soon we found out that he did n't remember nothing of what had happened. After he put up this mast and carved the date on it, he forgot. He thought that his wife and children was coming in through the inlet and that they was in danger because a range buoy was wrong, and then he 'd go wild because he could n't remember which one it was."

Captain Raynor arose heavily, like one tired. He pointed again to the spar buoy. It was veering. Slowly it began to swing and point out to sea.

"Tide 's turned to ebb," said he. They stepped softly toward the house. The old man in the bed sat up, cried loud and clear, "My God, it 's Midway Range!" and fell back dead.

CHRISTIANITY IN CHINA

OBSERVATIONS DURING A RECENT TRIP THROUGH THE "MIDDLE KINGDOM"

BY EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

Professor of Sociology in the University of Wisconsin

IT was vesper service at the Lama temple in Peking. A score of young priests, with shaven polls, sat on low benches amid the shining altars, images, and candelabra, while the sweet incense wreathed and rose before the great golden Buddha. Cross-legged on a dais, sat the leader, a wrinkled Tibetan, arrayed in gorgeous vestments of gold brocade. Before each cantor lay a pile of long parchment slips, containing the evening liturgy in Tibetan characters. The words of the service were chanted rapidly in unison, in a deep, musical tone, and the effect was like the droning of bees from a thousand hives. Ever and anon came bursts of wild clangor that went through one like a knife: cymbals would clash, drums would throb, and horns of fantastic Chaldean shape would snarl. It was a tapestry,—for the ear, not for the eye,—weird arabesques of instrumental sound thrown against a background of deep droning.

Over against these set the achievements of a certain Swedish-American missionary I found in a district town in the most opium-ridden and foot-bound province of China. After eight years of work he has gathered a band of two hundred Chinese Christians, most of them men and from the country. Thirty are school-teachers, of whom twelve have the first degree. Many of his members are prominent people, though none are officials. The manda-

rins are very friendly, but he is slow to cultivate intimacy with them, lest his converts who have lawsuits should importune him for his "influence." He allows none of his flock to disobey the anti-opium edicts, and lately he cast out twenty members for growing poppy. Recently he had a revival in his church, and many openly confessed their sins and made reparation. There is nothing flabby about the Christianity that prompts men to lay bare murder and robbery. Being a follower of Luther, he does not require his flock to keep the Sabbath in the Puritan sense. He maintains an opium refuge, where last winter one hundred and sixteen smokers were treated from a month to six weeks, and most were permanently cured. There is a school where thirty girls follow a nine-years' course. At his instigation, a "natural-foot" society was formed among the leading Chinese, and two hundred non-Christian girls and women have unbound their feet. Who will deny that this is "religion pure and undefiled"?

The religious plane of the Chinese will hardly command the admiration of any Occidental, however catholic his sympathy. The followers of Confucius, it is true, promulgate a pure and lofty morality, but Confucianism is not really a religion at all, but an ethical system, and has, moreover, little authority outside the learned clan. Taoism, starting as mysticism, has degenerated into a hotch-potch of the crudest and tawdriest superstitions. As for the Buddhism of China, let no one look to find in it the golden thoughts of the Great Teacher or even the spiritual elevation of the Buddhism one finds to-day in Burma and Japan. To the spirit of the Sutras it is about as foreign as the Coptic church of Abyssinia is to the spirit of the Gospels. Not one priest in a hundred has any glimmering of the Eightfold Path. The nunneries have a very bad name. Only now and then in the monasteries does one come upon reminiscences of the great traditions of the faith.

To the ranging eye, the fruits brought forth by the religions of China appear to be numberless temples, dingy and neglected; countless dusty idols portraying hideous deities in violent attitudes expressive of the worst passions; an army of ignorant priests, as skeptical as Roman augurs, engaged in divining, exorcising, and furnishing funeral ceremonies for gain; and a laity superstitious and irreverent, given to perfunctory kotowing and prayer prompted by the most practical motives. The passing traveler notes sacred trees with bits of red cloth fluttering from the twigs; brick screens built just inside gateways and doorways to check the invisible, rushing demons of the air; wayside shrines ever redolent with lighted joss-sticks left for good luck by passing coolies; cliffs carved into hundreds of niches, each sheltering the effigy of some god or saint; idols with faces repulsive from the sacrificial blood smeared on their lips; jutting boulders and fantastic rocks blackened with incense smoke and stuck up with the feathers of sacrificed fowls; and house-boats protected at every point by a smoking joss-stick, with the bow red with the blood of the cock killed at the outset of the voyage.

In a temple in Soochow one sees in a corner a great heap of broken idols, the massive fragments showing the sticks, straw, and mud out of which they were made. Thereby hangs a tale that might have been brought to Rome from Friesland in the eighth century. Not long ago a reforming official, observing that idols had become a ruinous infatuation among his people, drew a great crowd by announcing a duel to the death between himself and the idols. Putting one end of a rope about his own neck and the other about the neck of a big idol, he said, "If the idol is stronger than I am, I shall be strangled; but if I am the stronger, the idol will fall." Trusting to his bull neck, the mandarin pulled, the idols tumbled, and since then the spirit of St. Thomas is abroad in Soochow.

At this moment the religious impact of the West upon China is delivered by fourteen hundred Roman Catholic missionaries and four thousand Protestant missionaries, of whom, however, fully a thousand are wives, and therefore not always free to do full work. The Roman Catholic work is three centuries old, and more than a million baptized Chinese are in its fold. The Protestant work is the growth of a century, and about half a million are within its churches, although its communicants do not exceed two hundred thousand. Most of what follows relates to

Protestant missions, for the writer has had little opportunity to come into touch with the Roman Catholic corps.

To the untutored Chinamen the presence of the missionary is a puzzle. They simply cannot imagine human beings exiling themselves from their native land for the love of men on the other side of the globe. So they frame sundry theories to explain the thing to themselves. One theory is that the missionaries are secret political agents bent on gaining an influence over the Chinese, and then swaying them to the advantage of their respective governments. Only of late have the natives come to realize that the strangers are not sent by their governments, but by religious groups. According to another theory, China is so excellent and renowned that the red-haired barbarians come to live there for the mere pleasure of it. As for their self-denying works of benevolence, these are supposed to be prompted by the desire to acquire merit.

Unlike the Mohammedan end of Asia, the Far East is not intense in its religious beliefs. The Chinese are Gallios in such matters, and their occasional mobbings of missionaries are not in the least outbreaks of fanatical intolerance. They are in part explosions of anti-foreign feeling generated in this most patient of peoples by opium wars, the enforced opium trade, the compulsory opening of ports, extra-territoriality, high-handed seizures of territory, and like buffets to national pride inflicted by the mailed fist of Western powers. The missionary has no part in these, but when the black thunder-clouds of hatred roll up, he, as the nearest foreigner, receives the lightning stroke. Other violences against him have been deliberately stirred up by the slanders set afloat among the credulous masses by the literary and official class, who fear lest the missionary introduce ideas which will make it harder to maintain the old system of governing and exploiting the common people. But for what is miscalled "forcing Christianity on China,"—by which is meant requiring the intolerant Imperial Government to allow teachers of religion to travel, live, and work unmolested in all parts of the empire,—the selfish statecraft of the rulers would have deprived the people for generations of what the missionaries bring them.

As the Chinese come to know the strangers better, and to perceive the pure motives behind their gentle invasion, they discriminate more sharply between them and those aggressive white men who are in the Far East not to help China, but to make something out of her. The last four years have been marked by a rapidly growing *entente cordiale* between the missionaries and the better elements in Chinese society. The assailants of opium and foot-binding gratefully own their debt to the strangers. One mandarin went circuit-riding through his district with the local missionary, both speaking for opium reform from the same platform. The friends of the new education realize how much China owes to the mission schools, which have long been turning out men fitted to communicate Western learning. Lately one often hears of high officials honoring the commencement exercises of such schools with their presence and words. One provincial assembly attended a church conference in a body, and its vice-president and secretary spoke fearlessly for their Christian faith. In the interior, where there are no traders to inspire dislike for the white man, the missionary often finds the mandarin not only appreciative, but even sympathetic and friendly.

VERY striking is the contrast between the English mission work and the American. The English missionaries center their efforts largely on translating and evangelizing, while the Americans have done much in the medical and educational fields as well. In the higher education their lead is almost a monopoly. Of fourteen Protestant mission "colleges" and "universities," only one is maintained by the British; the rest are American or union. The English missionary at the head of Shansi University declared: "British missionaries, with British conservatism, have held too much to the idea that their office is to evangelize and heal, not to enlighten the mind. But the American has also applied himself directly to the root of China's pressing temporal need, and spent a hundred times as much money —nay, more—on education as British Missions have done."

This difference betrays a profound contrast in social creed. Most of the British

missionary societies, while solicitous for the eternal welfare of the Chinese, have no thought whatever of raising him intellectually or socially. The American societies, with their democratic faith in men, aspire to help the Chinese upward along all lines. One reason, perhaps, for the apathy of the British, is the failure of university opportunities to Christianize the Hindu students in India, and the trouble that has been stirred up there by educated Hindus. But one also sees that the British simply *do not believe in education* as the Americans do.

It is certain that the American missionaries, by their literary and educational labors, are doing far more to Christianize Chinese public opinion, laws, and institutions, than their equally learned and devoted English brethren. All groups, however, recognize how hopeless it is to convert the Chinese by missionary preaching. The West cannot send out men enough to evangelize a population so vast over a land so huge. Then, too, the missionary rarely gains such mastery of the language that all barriers between the Chinese mind and his vanish. On the other hand, the capacity and character of the yellow race is becoming apparent to all. So the missionaries realize that their part is to man the needed colleges and theological schools and to supervise the work in the field, while the actual evangelization of China is to be carried on by the trained native, costing a sixth as much to maintain as the foreign missionary.

It is fortunate that, as this directive function comes to the fore, a type is coming into the field quite unlike the early missionary. These young men, most of them "student volunteers," have squarer shoulders, a harder grip, a keener eye, a terser speech, and a greater zest for outdoor sports. They are more careful to conserve health and "fitness." They pass fewer hours at their devotions, and keep more in touch with their time. They have broader intellectual interests, and through their social and athletic bent find points of sympathetic contact with the treaty-port people. In faith, self-devotion, and heroism there is nothing to choose between the old missionary and the new. Perhaps the former had a sublimer patience, a deeper humility. But the latter is better fitted to meet the new mood that is coming over the Chinese. He is not content with inspiring a saving faith; he aims at an all-round transformation,—what he calls "making the Kingdom of God come in China,"—and he is quite as likely to succeed as if he aimed at less.

What manly pith the work requires may be gleaned from the varied activities of a young missionary in Fu-kien whom I observed for three or four days last spring. A successful life-insurance agent who gave up everything to obey the "call," he is now in charge of three districts, each with its presiding elder, a score of native pastors, and perhaps thirty congregations. He preaches, holds conference, dedicates churches, examines candidates for the ministry, rebukes, encourages, and directs. He passes the long hours in his sedan-chair making observations on bird life which are gladly printed by the Smithsonian Institution. When a man-eating tiger terrifies the villagers, he takes a couple of days off, slays the beast, and gives it, stuffed, to the museum of his church college. Although ignorant of architecture, he has to supervise the construction of a big stone church to seat twenty-five hundred, ordering the tearing out of badly laid sections of wall and devising means of supporting a roof of forty-five feet span. With the money he secures from his friends he runs a school with five teachers that supports one hundred and fifty boys. The spacious compound, with its thirty thousand dollars' worth of buildings and its nine-foot wall, is a bit of the twentieth century projected into the thirteenth. When a bullet is fired at midnight into a teacher's room, he has to confer with the anxious mandarins and assure them that he will not complain to his consul if they will see that the outrage is not repeated. Thus this cheery, masterful American goes about, speaking the dialect, judging, conferring, deciding, organizing, a real field-marshal of militant Christianity.

THE old taunt of "rice-Christian" still raises doubts as to the quality of the mission harvest. A Confucian gentleman will tell you that the genuine convert is greatly improved in character, but that most of the adherents are self-seekers, who impose on the missionaries. The lay critic points out that for his knowledge of the character

and standing of the applicant the missionary depends on his native evangelist, who may have his own ax to grind. On the other hand, it is a fact that the converts receive no material aid, but are expected to contribute until their church has become self-supporting. In the distributing of famine relief no discrimination is made between believer and unbeliever. Still, there are worldly motives for turning Christian, and the seasoned missionaries make the inquirer wait long before baptizing him. They are all eager to see tokens of sincerity, and one whose most respected members had just laid bare their gross sins during a revival confessed that a load had been lifted from his heart. Perhaps the best proof that the missionaries are not garnering hypocrites is the fact that ten thousand Protestant and thirty thousand Roman Catholic converts perished in the Boxer uprising. Many of these could have saved their lives by trampling on a piece of paper bearing the character for "Jesus."

It would be a gross error to assume that the missionary is intent solely on imparting a saving faith. With him doctrine figures by no means so prominently as with us or as in the earlier missionary work. He aims to effect a profound and far-reaching transformation in the life of the convert. This implies a startling change in fundamental values. Practical in his religion, as in everything else, the ordinary Chinese regards his "joss" as a source of worldly benefit. From it he seeks restoration to health, good crops, success in the literary examinations, prosperity in business, or official preferment. He is amazed at the offer of a religion that will promise none of these things unless they are "best" for him, that guarantees in answer to prayer only spiritual blessings, such as patience, courage, and victory over temptation. A mockery it seems at first, and a paradox. But he notices that the Christians are serene of brow, and their meekness under persecution argues a hidden source of strength; and presently it occurs to him, "What if this inner life should be, after all, the main thing?"

With Christianity comes also a marked change in ideals. Undeveloped though they are, the Chinese, as a race, are not one whit behind us in capacity for idealism. St. Augustine, no doubt, found our heathen forefathers far less promising material. They are moved by charity, purity, and forgiveness, just as we are. The reading of the Gospels stirs in them the same secret better self that it stirs in us. There are many to whom the Christ ideal appeals as a new and better life, and they embrace it for the sake of inward peace rather than because of the supernatural authority of Christianity.

One who really enters into the spirit of the New Testament seems to experience a wonderful uplift and happiness. It delivers him in a great degree from the fears that have haunted him—the fear of misfortune, the fear of disease, and, above all, the fear of death. Oriental life and thought offer but a cheerless outlook to the meditative soul, and to such a one the religion from the West offers a true *vita nuova*. To judge from the beatific expression on the faces of certain superior converts I have met, the Gospel means to them what the opening of the hatches of a captured slave-ship meant to the wretches pent up in its hold.

The break of the genuine convert with his past is far more abrupt than anything with which we are familiar. He turns his back on opium, gambling, and unchastity, the besetting sins of his fellows. He abandons cheating, lying, backbiting, quarreling, and filthy language, which are all too rife among the undisciplined common people. He shuns litigation, often the ruin of the villager. By withdrawing from the festivals in the ancestral hall and from the rites at the graves of his ancestors, he sunders himself from his clan and incurs persecution. Thus the converts become separatists, with the merits and defects of separatists. Cut off from the world and thrown on one another, they form a group apart, a body of Puritans that will one day be a precious nucleus of moral regeneration for China.

The over-sanguine dream of a great ingathering in case Christianity, from being merely tolerated, should become one of the recognized religions of the empire, or even the official religion. No doubt recognition would encourage many a promising youth to declare himself, who even now believes, but dreads handicap in his official career. The wiser missionaries, however, realize that adversity and persecution are a bra-

A MISSIONARY ENTERTAINING CHINESE CHILDREN WITH
WESTERN PICTURE PAPERS

cing atmosphere for the infant church, and spare it an influx of the worldly minded, with whose Oriental wiliness and subtlety the missionaries are not fitted to cope.

This feeling is deepened by the fact that every strong popular drift toward Christianity that has set in in this or that district or province has been prompted by worldly motives. Again and again tidings have come of wonderful "mass movements" toward the church, which have raised high hopes of a sudden and wholesale conversion of the Chinese. But always it came out at last that the movement had been inspired by the hope of gaining missionary support in lawsuits or winning the approval of the mandarins or enjoying consular protection in times of trouble. In one district of Kiang-si, in 1901–02, a single enthusiastic missionary gathered in twenty thousand souls, and numerous self-supporting congregations arose. But presently the proselytes went to settling old scores with their Roman Catholic enemies, and the new missionary sent out to sift the wheat from the chaff found himself, after a year of church discipline, with only a hundred faithful. For a generation it will be impossible to make headway in the district where this bubble burst. Such cases make the experienced very apathetic toward mass movements and mushroom growths, and there is a deepening conviction that spiritual Christianity advances only by winning individuals, never by attracting masses.

The gentry and literati have been wont to despise the new religion from the West. Looking upon us as cunning and formidable barbarians, they have heeded our missionaries about as much as the circle of Mæcenas would have heeded Gaulish apostles of Druidism. Of late, however, their self-complacency has been dealt some staggering blows, and they are more willing to hear what the foreigner has to say. Certain missionaries report that their listeners are from a more intelligent class and that the questions with which the preacher is plied at the close show marked intellectual acumen. One said to me, "We need all the equipment we can get to answer the questions the thinking men of China are asking"; and begged me to give this message to the missionary societies, "Do send out your strongest men."

Although the missionaries have gained few converts from the superior social classes, they have attracted a superior element from the middle and lower classes. The majority of a native Christian congregation resemble the general population, but a study of their physiognomy shows a greater frequency of noble or intellectual faces. Among a score of farmers in a little congregation gathered to dedicate a country chapel in Fu-kien, I noticed four fine faces and one peasant who might have sat to Leonardo da Vinci for his St. John. In view of the human quality of these Christians, I did not marvel on learning that the chapel, costing two hundred and fifty dollars, had been built by twelve families out of their own resources, and that every stick of timber in it had been carried on their shoulders from the sea-coast, a league away.

KNOWING how little the modern woman's movement in the West owes to churchmen, one is surprised to see how potent is Christianity for the uplift of the women of the Far East. But in China the present need of woman is not industrial and social opportunity so much as improvement in her lot as daughter and wife. Thanks to the exalted place of the parent, the position of the mother, with reference to her children or her daughters-in-law, leaves little to be desired.

The missionaries have not proclaimed the "rights of women" or insisted upon the full equality of the sexes. But the women converts gain from the reading of the New Testament ideas of their dignity, and come to feel that they have rights which ought to be respected. It gives them courage to become Bible women, teachers, and physicians. From the same source the man learns to look upon his wife in a new light and to feel that he owes her love and respect. He substitutes persuasion for coercion, and concedes her full authority in certain matters, such as the management of the household or the direction of the servants. One man told how formerly he had looked upon his wife as a mere toy, but since conversion he had come to love her and consult her, and, to his surprise, he had found that often her judgment was sounder than his. He blushed as he confessed that he "loved" his wife, for the Chinese never talk about

such feelings. It is a fact that Christians have the name of making good husbands, and are preferred as sons-in-law even by unbelieving parents.

Because she marries young and can do little for her parents in their old age, the daughter is of slight account among the common people. Chinese gentlemen have told me that perhaps a tenth of the female infants are made away with. One woman I heard of had drowned eight. Another went raving mad every time she saw her husband, who had taken from her her three baby daughters and sold them. In Fu-kien there are districts where never more than one daughter is reared by her parents. The others are sold in infancy to parents of boys and reared for daughters-in-law.

Now, into this situation Christianity projects certain new and very emphatic teachings. The convert is urged to cherish and educate his daughter instead of treating her as a burden. He is to give her at least a primary education, so that she may be able to read her Bible. When she comes of marriageable age, she finds herself far better off than other girls. To be sure, she is not courted after the manner of the West; but she may be permitted to look upon her suitor, and, in any case, she is fully informed as to his disposition and attainments. She may even refuse to marry the chosen suitor without incurring the crushing reproach of being "unfilial." Among the common Chinese, marriage negotiations are conducted in a very practical spirit, money being the chief consideration; but the Christian parents feel it their duty to consider first the happiness of their daughter.

The male converts cling to the husband's headship, buttressing their position with Pauline texts, and are reluctant to admit that deaconesses can be the full equals of deacons; but more and more the woman's position in the church reflects contemporary opinion in England and America rather than the dicta of St. Paul.

In the older church buildings of southern China, in deference to Chinese notions of propriety, a five-foot screen was set up, hiding the women's side from the men's side, but these screens are coming down. Formerly there was much objection in the better families to the attendance of unmarried girls at church, but now you see the maidens sitting in mother's pew, with their eyes modestly lowered, and looking very sweet, with their glossy brown hair falling in a snood down the back. Ten years ago women never testified in religious meetings; but now they speak and pray freely, and the most winning revivalist in China to-day is a young Chinese woman.

Some scoffers insist that missions exist to turn out converts, just as a factory exists to turn out shoes. Divide your annual outlay by the number of new communicants, and you arrive at the average cost of converting a Chinaman. Now, let conversion be conceived as a mere reminting which changes, indeed, the image and superscription of the coin, but not its metal, and there is a sting in the gibe, "Is it worth while to convert Buddhists into Baptists at so many dollars the head?"

Now, the truth is, that, in the very nature of the case, by far the larger part of their accomplishment can never be claimed by the missionaries as their own. They dig the well and toil at the windlass, but the waters they raise do not flow in an open conduit to the fields they quicken. Most of them disappear in the ground, and when they reappear to make distant wastes bloom, they cannot be identified. What of the young men leaving the mission colleges unconverted, yet imbued with Christian ideals? What of the bracing effect on the government schools of competition with the well-managed and efficient mission schools? What of the government schools for girls, which would never have been provided if the missionaries had not created a demand for female education and shown how to teach girls? What of the native philanthropies which have sprung up in emulation of the mission care for the blind, the insane, and the leper? What of the untraceable influence of the Western books of inspiration and learning which, but for the missionary translators, would not yet be accessible to the Chinese mind? Among Chinese who neither know nor care for the "Jesus religion," the changes of attitude toward opium-smoking, foot-binding, concubinage, slavery, "squeeze," torture, and the subjection of women, betray currents of opinion set in motion largely by the labors of missionaries.

In other words, the running of so many

heathen into our religious molds is not the chief accomplishment. Over and above the proselytes won, are the beneficent transformations, intellectual and moral, wrought in great numbers of people who do not affiliate with the church. Then, over and above such transformations of individuals, are the transformations wrought in the society and government of the Middle Kingdom—better treatment of slaves, of prisoners, of orphans, of wives, of commoners. In this the missionaries have a great part, though no man can say how much. Finally, over and above the transformations of society, are the transformations wrought in the Chinese civilization. Here again the missionary has planted and watered, but may not gather the fruits into his bin.

The missionary thinks of himself as a bearer of the Gospel, not as an apostle of Western moral civilization at its present stage. He does not perceive on his nose the twentieth-century spectacles through which he reads the Gospel, and so determines what is "scriptural." "On what ground," I asked a woman evangelist, "do you forbid foot-binding as 'unchristian'?" "On the ground that it does violence to the body God gave us." I thought of the choir invisible of fasters, flagellants, and self-mutilators acting in supposed obedience to the command, "If thy hand offend thee, cut it off," and wondered what they would say to such a reason.

The missionary is the introducer of current Western standards. He instructs his school-boys respecting bathing, spitting, the use of the handkerchief, neatness of garb, the care of one's room, modesty in personal habits. He teaches the people to clean house and yard, to whitewash the walls of the home, to scour the floors of the school-room or church. He enforces the duty of being humane to dumb animals, of rearing defective children, of educating daughters, and consulting the wife.

Unwittingly he reads into the Scriptures everything that has commended itself to the conscience of Christendom, and becomes, in spite of himself, the voice of his country and his time. The girls' schools in the American missions reflect American ideas as to woman's proper place. The industrial schools inoculate with American belief in the dignity of manual labor a people so disdainful of toil that every one exempt from it advertises the fact by wearing his finger-nails long. The notions of government taught in the mission colleges would have horrified those who Christianized the Irish and the Saxons. The place these same colleges give to natural science and scientific methods betrays the modern spirit, and would have scandalized St. Boniface or St. Francis Xavier.

THE stubborn animosity of the average treaty-port foreigner toward the missionaries is at first unaccountable. How can intelligent men consent to circulate such brutal falsehoods, such patent calumnies? For you will be told that the missionaries speculate in land, that they trade "on the side," that they take it easy and live better than they did at home. As for their work, you learn that it is a failure, that the converts are frauds, and that the Christian Chinese is less honest and reliable than the heathen. Indeed, a local trader without twenty words of the language, dependent on his "pidgin" English and his *comprador,* whose contact with the natives is limited to his servants and a few native merchants, will aver that the missionary, who addresses the natives freely in their own tongue, comes and goes in their families, sees them off their guard, and counsels them in their intimate personal problems, "does n't know the Chinese!"

The British resent the outspoken hostility of all missionaries to the Indian opium trade. Then there is a belief in commercial circles that the opportunities and stimulus they supply cannot but strengthen the Chinese as competitors and embarrass the white man in his money-making. The rancor of the critics springs, however, from the deathless feud between the worldling and the idealist. Free from home restraints, many a merchant, shipmaster, or customs officer on the China coast lets himself go, and sinks into a life which obliges the missionaries to shun and disavow him. The sensualist, whose ruling passions are high living, drinking, gaming, and debauchery, resents the silent reproach in the pure and domestic life of the missionaries, and strikes at them with incredible venom. I have heard a libertine, whose ideal vacation is an orgy in the *yoshiwaras* of Japan, rail at the mis-

sionaries of the Lower Yang-tse for gathering with their families during the heated term at a mountain resort like Kuling or Mokanshan; and this, although breakdown from overwork is far more frequent among them than among any other white men in China.

An anti-missionary British consul in western China was speaking to me of the trying climate of Szechuen. "It 's a shame," he said, "for a government or a firm to keep a white man here for more than three years."

"But how about the missionaries?" I asked. "I understand they pass their lives here, retiring in summer no farther than the hills five miles away."

"Well," he replied meditatively, "the climate does n't seem to hurt them. You see, they 're *so interested in their work.*"

But there are fair criticisms to be made. A Chinese Christian, educated in America and holding a responsible post, told me that during the occupation of Peking by the Allies, when the local Chinese were under a reign of terror, certain thrifty missionaries acquired large amounts of real estate for their missions by forcing sales. They would go to a householder and say, "We find your property is suitable for our purposes. Will you give us the title deed for fifty dollars?" The intimidated owner did not dare to refuse. The money was counted out to him, and he was notified to yield up possession in five days. Thus was acquired for a ridiculously low price much of the real estate in a certain spacious compound.

At one time the missionaries interfered too freely in lawsuits between a Christian and a non-Christian. The convert expected aid in such cases, for he is apt to conceive the church as akin to one of his mutual-benefit associations, in which all stand by one another in all circumstances. The Roman Catholics have always been strong in protecting their members, and by competition the Protestants were drawn into a like policy. Of course in each case the missionary supposed that he was on the side of right, but often he was misled by *ex-parte* stories. As there are treaties guaranteeing Chinese converts against persecution, the intervention of the missionary, with consuls and gunboats looming dimly behind him, sometimes frightened the mandarin into an unfair decision. Such errors not only hurt Christianity by outraging the popular sense of justice, but they attracted self-seekers into the church. When, after the Boxer year, the policy was generally abandoned by the Protestants, there was in some quarters a falling away.

The question of indemnity for mission property destroyed by rioters is one to perplex a convocation of saints. On the one hand, it would seem that, but for the dread of having to pay indemnity, the ill-disposed official might withhold all protection and let the mob work its destructive will. On the other hand, in the Changsha riots last spring, the mission property was attacked just in order to pile up indemnities for a hated government to pay. The China Inland Mission, with its thousand missionaries, steadily refuses to claim indemnity, on the ground that the money is extracted not from guilty rioters, but from the innocent. Such an example of Christian forbearance makes a deep impression on the Chinese and mightily advances the work of the mission. The results justify the policy, and no doubt the other missions, in order to escape invidious comparisons, will have to adopt it.

FEW of those in the field look for an early conversion of the Chinese. Those who have learned how tough and massive is the race mind expect that centuries will elapse before the yellow race will be as permeated by Christianity as the white race already is. They remember that "it took Buddhism three hundred years before it obtained official recognition and many centuries more before the mass of the people were influenced by it."

Nevertheless, none despond at the outlook, for they perceive that the aggressive rivalry of Christianity, coupled with the coming diffusion of education among the masses, is bound to raise continually the religious plane of the Chinese by forcing the native faiths to assume higher and higher forms in order to survive. A silent, secret permeation of the religions of the Far East by the ideals and standards of Christianity is inevitable; and if eventually they prove capable of making a stand against the invader, it will be owing to their heavy borrowings from it.

Chinese Buddhism appears to be too far gone to be resuscitated. Debased with popular superstitions and loaded down

with idol-worship, even the missionaries sent to China by the Japanese Buddhists will fail to breathe into it the breath of life. Quite otherwise is it with Confucianism. It is a natural rallying-point for the patriots and conservatives too proud to accept a foreign religion, and there is every prospect that for generations it will be a center of resistance. Already the scholars are reading into the classics elevated moral ideas they have unconsciously imbibed from Christian literature. Already there is a movement that calls itself "Confucio-Christianity"!

The doubtful attitude of the early missionaries toward Confucius has given way to a cordial appreciation of his ideals. Confucius offers a faultless example of a life dominated by principle; Jesus offers a faultless example of a life dominated by love. For the people at large the Gospels contain far more ethical inspiration than the Analects; but for magistrates, judges, and public men, who serve their fellows by conforming to principle, the Confucian literature is full of uplift.

The handicap of Confucianism, in vying with Christianity as a moral force, is its lack of sanction. It presents high ideals, but there is nothing to be dreaded by one who fails to live up to them. Hardly can it block natural inclinations and wrest lives from the grasp of appetite or passion unless it develops the doctrine of responsibility to God. Such a development would hardly be difficult, for Confucius frequently speaks of "Heaven" as on the side of righteousness. Again, Confucianism, in competing with a religion holding out the assurance of immortality, suffers from its silence as to the beyond. When the master was questioned on this, he replied evasively, "If you do not understand life, how can you understand death?" Very likely the doctrine of an after life will somehow be interpreted into the classics. A Neo-Confucianism may thus be able to vie with Christianity for a long time; for, as a home-grown product, it will appeal strongly to the conservative instincts, mortified by the wholesale borrowings from Western culture that must presently be made.

CHINA'S remoteness from our own historical epoch gives wings to the imagination, and the traveler realizes that very likely the missionaries there face much the same situation that confronted the infant Church in the Roman Empire—in both cases, temples, gods, images, altars, priests, sacrifices, superstition, an outworn mythology, ancestor-worship, and moral ideals attracting only the élite. The Roman Empire was superior to China in civic virtue, but China is superior in domestic virtue. The plane of culture does not appear to be very different. The subjects of Shien Tung are hardly more enlightened than were those of Hadrian. Since Christianity made its way through the Roman Empire in spite of its being spread at first chiefly by small tradesmen, artisans, and freedmen, why should it not make its way through the Chinese Empire?

For when the Chinese become sensible of the inferiority of their own culture, Christianity presents itself to them clothed with prestige. It is communicated by picked, trained men, equal in character and learning to any body of apostles that ever carried a faith to an alien people. It has the prestige of impressive antiquity and of an immense following. Moreover, it is in close association with a material civilization so successful that China will be obliged to adopt it in its entirety in order to survive.

There is no reason to believe that there is anything in the psychology or history or circumstances of the Chinese to cut them off from the general movement of world thought. Their destiny is that of the white race; that is, to share in and contribute to the progress of a planetary culture. It therefore seems safe to predict that, in the end, whatever happens to Christianity in the West will happen to it in China. If, owing to the discoveries of natural science or the results of the higher criticism of the Scriptures, the philosophical or historical basis of Christianity is shattered, and it loses ground in the West, it will not move forward in China. The influential and enlightened classes in China are quite too proud to allow their people to adopt anything cast off by the West. If, on the other hand, Christianity keeps its grip on the West, it is certain to move forward to ultimate triumph in China; for it is quite as congenial to the Chinese as it was to the people of the Roman Empire in the third century.

Owned by Mr. P. A. B. Widener, Philadelphia

MARCHESA ELENA GRIMALDI, WIFE OF MARCHESE NICOLA CATTANEO OF GENOA. BY VANDYKE

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF MASTERPIECES IN AMERICAN GALLERIES—II)

TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF MASTERPIECES IN AMERICAN GALLERIES

MARCHESA ELENA GRIMALDI

WIFE OF MARCHESE NICOLA CATTANEO

BY

VANDYKE

MOTHERING ON PERILOUS

(KENTUCKY MOUNTAIN SKETCHES)

IV. THE BORN TRADER

BY LUCY FURMAN

Author of "Stories of a Sanctified Town"

WHEN Miss Loring went over to live at the small boys' cottage in the second week of school, Geordie Yonts and Philip Sidney Floyd were the only boys there, the rest of the dozen having run away in the first week on account of homesickness. Geordie and Philip had been in the Settlement School on Perilous a part of the previous term, and had remained during vacation to work, and the first thing Miss Loring had learned on meeting Geordie was that he had four dollars and forty-five cents laid by as the result of his summer labors for "the women." She had heard much from him, too, about the building of the new schoolhouse, and what "me and Mr. McElvain," the head-builder, had accomplished. One would have thought that "me" had performed the greater part. Geordie was "going on twelve," and Miss Loring had never seen a small chunk of a boy possess a larger, more engaging smile.

On the afternoon of the day she moved over from the Big House to the cottage, and while Philip was painting the "fireboard" in her room and Geordie was putting shelves in the "goods' box" which was to serve as her bureau, Keats Salyer was brought back in tears by his mother, accompanied this time by his younger brother Hen. The apples Nervesty poured out of her saddle-bags on leaving appeared to be his last hope.

Next morning before breakfast, while Miss Loring was teaching the boys how to make their beds, she happened to glance into the box on the wall where Keats had put his apples the night before, and saw, to her surprise, that they were all gone.

"We eat half of 'em off and on in the night, and Keats he traded t' other half off to Geordie before we got up," explained Hen.

"What did Geordie give for them?" asked Miss Loring, idly, Geordie being at work over in the kitchen at the time.

"That 'ere purse," said Keats, producing with pride a mangy little object about the size of a dollar that looked as if it had been well chewed.

"Why, I 'm afraid that was n't a fair trade," said Miss Loring. "If you had given him one apple for it, that would have been enough. I must speak to Geordie about that."

But in the rush and excitement of seeing the various runaways returned by their parents, planning the outdoor industries, giving music lessons by day, and fighting fleas by night, Miss Loring thought no more about the apples during that week. Saturday morning early, Geordie, who had permission from the Heads to go to his uncle's over on Bald Eagle, nine miles distant, and bring back his elder brother Absalom to the school, started off on his long walk, after "giving his hand" to Miss Loring to be back "before the sun-ball drapped" that evening. That night, when they were all starting to bed, Geordie not having returned, Philip asked Miss Loring if she knew how much Geordie had made on those apples he traded Keats out of. Of course she did not.

"He sold seven to the day-schools for a cent apiece, and six to Mr. Carson [the woodwork teacher] for a dime, and three to Taulbee Bolling for a ginger-cake he brung with him, and I give him a good

taw for a couple more, and he traded the two little wormy ones that was left to Keats Salyer for a purse."

"What purse?" inquired Miss Loring.

"That 'ere one Keats swapped him all the apples for at first—the one you said were n't worth more than one apple. Keats told him you said so, and he said he 'd prove it were by giving Keats two down for it, if he wanted to make the trade, and Keats done it, and was glad to get 'em."

Miss Loring pondered. "Do you mean to tell me," she said at last, "that Geordie made seventeen cents, a ginger-cake, a taw, *and* the purse, out of that trade, and Keats lost everything but two wormy apples?"

Philip scratched his head thoughtfully. "That 's what he done. By grab! he skinned the little Salyer, did n't he? Gee! I wished I was a born trader like him, dag-gone his ole soul!"

All day Sunday Geordie failed to appear, but after supper he and Absalom arrived, Geordie with his jaw tied up in a red bandana, and a look of severe, though patient, suffering in his eyes. He told Miss Loring he had had such a sorry time with toothache that he could not come back when he promised, and she was very sorry for him, and started for the hot-water bag. Just then Philip, sauntering in, stopped before Geordie, eying him sharply. "You 'd tell a lie quicker 'n you 'd eat a pie," he remarked; "you hain't got no toothache. You just wanted to stay over there and have a big time with the Yontses and drink their corn-liquor."

"You 're a liar. I never."

"You 're a black liar. You did."

"You 're a black dog of a liar. I never."

"You 're a black dog Yonts of a liar. You did."

With these preliminaries, the two grappled, the other boys gathering with joyful interest, and dust, legs, and chairs flew for at least ten minutes before Miss Loring, with the assistance of a poker, could rescue Geordie's head from the terrific pounding on the floor it was getting from Philip. As she took the vanquished off into her room to wash his wounds, she told Philip he should lose his playtime next day for his unwarranted attack on Geordie's veracity and person.

Later on, she spoke lovingly and hesitatingly to Geordie on the general subject of taking advantage of others in trades; and he promised her never, never, *never* to be guilty of such a thing, and confided to her that he aimed to be a preacher when he growed up.

She was much impressed with his piety from the first Sunday she saw him with an open Bible in his lap during the service down in the village church and heard his heartfelt singing of the hymns, and all the more so when some of his family history was outlined by Philip one evening shortly afterward. It appeared that his grandfather, Old George Yonts, had been a very notorious person indeed throughout a long and ill-spent life. He had taken a specially prominent part in what Philip called the Catesby-Luttrell "war," being hired, as Miss Loring inferred, by the Catesby side, and killing a large number of Luttrells single-handed, his specialty being crafty "laywayings" and "ambushings." He was emulated by thirteen sons, every one of whom was a "mean man," Geordie's father having met death at too early an age to become as distinguished as the other twelve. To all this account of his family, Geordie listened with swelling pride, chipping in himself with a few of Old George's escapades—one about his swimming the Kentucky River in safety, with five men shooting at him from the rear bank, and then stealing back that night to the house where the five were lodging, and blowing out the brains of three as they slept in the firelight; another, where he had laid an ambush for a party of Luttrells over on Black Mountain and killed four, escaping without a scratch himself. Miss Loring also made a further discovery that evening—that the Floyds were cousins of the Luttrells and had assisted them through the "war." She thought this might account for some of the antipathy between Philip and Geordie.

During the first three weeks of school, mumble-peg was all the rage. One afternoon at work-time, when her boys were spading up ground in the garden for a turnip-patch, Miss Loring noticed that little Jason Wyatt, the youngest, was working away bareheaded, though the August sun was hot, and though hitherto it had been well-nigh impossible to detach Jason from the black-felt hat in which he had arrived.

"Where 's your hat, Jason?" she asked.

He made no reply, but shoveled more intently than before.

"I know," said Hen. "He traded it off to Geordie for a knife. He never had ary 'n' to play mumble-peg, and Geordie had a' ole knife t' other boys would n't look at, it were so dull, and Jason told him he 'd give him his hat for it; and Geordie said he never wanted to part with the knife, that all it needed was a little grindin', but to please Jason he would make the trade."

When Miss Loring spoke to Geordie about it, he quite convinced her he had made the trade out of pure philanthropy, a conclusion strengthened by Jason's dreadful howls when made to surrender the knife and take back the hat. She felt so doubtful of the righteousness of her interference that she relieved the situation by buying the knife from Geordie and presenting it to Jason. Next day in church, as she watched Geordie's pious, soap-shining face, from which the week-day smile was carefully banished, she wondered that she could ever have thought for an instant that he meant to take advantage of Jason or anybody.

That afternoon when they returned from the usual long walk up Perilous, necessary Sunday outlet for high spirits, she noticed that Geordie lagged behind, and came back alone, bringing with him a large bundle of elder-poles. The next day mumble-peg went out, and pop-guns came in, like a clap of thunder, and she heard that Geordie was selling lengths of elder to the cottage boys and the day-pupils at a cent apiece, or, failing that, as most of them did, whatever they could put up. That afternoon at work-time, she had great difficulty in getting manure hauled to the flower-garden. Whenever a wheelbarrow would get out of sight, the wheeler would sit down on it and go to blowing the pith out of a piece of elder or whittling a small hickory rod. Philip, after being caught at it and reprimanded a third time, complained bitterly:

"Why n't you take them elder-poles away from Geordie yesterday, if you never aimed for us to have pop-guns? You seed him come in with 'em. Dad burn my looks! we git all the blame, and he gits all the gain! He 's a-makin' it hand over fist."

"Well," said Miss Loring, "every one of you must have seen the elder growing there up Perilous, and not one thought of pop-guns but Geordie. I suppose that a person who can furnish ideas as well as material has a right to his gains."

Philip sadly admitted the justice of this view. "Dag-gone *me!*" he sighed, "I wished I was a born trader and fore-looker like him! Good thing I hain't aimin' to be no preacher; I 'd starve to death the first week. But Geordie he 's cut out for it."

"I 'm afraid I don't see the connection between trading and preaching," said Miss Loring.

"Why, preachers they can't take no pay for preachin' and hain't got much time for farmin' and such, and less'n they good traders, they mighty apt to starve. Geordie he hain't never goin' to run short of wheat-flour, let alone corn-meal. Gee! if you could see the things he 's got in that 'ere locked box of his!"

"What has he got?"

"Oh, *I* hain't never seed 'em,—nobody never gets no chance to,—but any day in the year he can put his hand in that 'ere box and pull out something a fellow 'll think he 's pine-blank bound to have or die."

When Miss Loring heard later that Keats's tooth-brush, Jason's blue necktie, Hen's pencil, Iry's "galluses," and Nucky's only handkerchief had been among the articles traded for pop-gun material, she felt that she ought to remonstrate; on the other hand, three pebble marbles of Taulbee's, a handful of rusty horseshoe-nails of Hosea's, a worn yarn sock of Joab's, and a pair of holey mittens of Killis's, did not seem exorbitant exchanges for the joy of a pop-gun. Looking at it from all sides, however, and remembering, too, the probable gain from trades with the hundred day-school boys, she was bound to admit that Geordie had shown considerable foresight and commercial ability.

If this instinct at times seemed to carry him a little beyond the bounds of common honesty, Miss Loring was always made to realize that things were not as they appeared. For instance, one Sunday late in October, on the way to church, she noticed that little, thin Iry Atkins had on the long homespun trousers he wore for every day.

"Iry," she asked, "did n't I give you a pair of Sunday trousers out of the attic boxes?"

"Yes 'm."

"Where are they?"

"There they air," pointing at Geordie's fat legs, which seemed about to burst out of a pair of dark-blue short trousers.

"What are they doing on you?" she questioned Geordie.

"Iry he jest pestered me into trading with him," was the reply. "He said he were bound to have that gold ring I got out of a prize-box last week. Show it to her, Iry."

Iry put forth a small, dingy hand, adorned with a large and elaborate brass ring.

"But you can see that was n't a fair trade," said Miss Loring to Geordie.

"I knowed it were n't; I knowed that ring were worth five times them breeches, and I 'd never see its like ag'in. But I felt sorry for him, he wanted it so bad."

"No, I meant just the other way," said Miss Loring, rather sharply. "You paid a nickel for that prize-box, did n't you?"

"Yes 'm."

"And there was candy in it, too?"

"A little grain."

"And you ate it?"

"What there were of it."

"And now you want to trade him the ring, which can't be worth more than two cents, for his nice pair of breeches!"

Geordie looked at her pityingly. "Miss Loring," he said, "women don't know about prize-boxes. Sometimes you pay your nickel down and don't git ary thing in 'em; and then ag'in there 's jewelries nobody can't tell *what* they worth, they so fine. Th' ain't nary ring like that never been seed in these parts. Iry Atkins 's got the only ring like it on Perilous, or I reckon in Kent County, or maybe in Kentucky. What 's breeches to that?"

This was as unanswerable an argument as the gloating look in Iry's eyes. To it, the fact that the ring would not keep Iry's legs warm in winter seemed a puerile answer. Miss Loring was bound to admit to herself that the intrinsic value was not the only one. Still, with winter coming on, and clothing scarce as hens' teeth, she felt compelled to break up the trade, and to warn Geordie against making any more like it.

Geordie's blandishments were not invariably successful. When November arrived, and toes began to look blue, Mrs. Nervesty Salyer came, bringing her boys two pairs of stout brogans. The de-heeled women's shoes from the attic-barrel, worn by some of the boys, suffered by comparison with the little Salyers' footwear. One morning while the boys were dressing, Miss Loring overheard a conversation between Geordie and Hen, in which the word "brogans" played a prominent part. What Geordie's various offers for them were, she could not make out; but evidently Hen had been cutting eye-teeth in past experiences, for his final answer came out loudly and emphatically: "No, son, I don't want your cow; your calf 's lousy."

A little later, when ball became the fashion, and the cry for yarn rose on all sides, and Philip and Taulbee were raveling out a couple of old socks they said they had bought from Geordie, and Killis was bewailing the fact that he had traded his old mittens to Geordie for that pop-gun, and, together with all the others, had a spasm of industry and begged to be allowed to do extra work during playtime for a couple of days, in order to make money to buy yarn from Geordie, further light broke upon Miss Loring, and she realized that, even as far back as pop-gun time, the fore-looker had been dealing in ball futures, and his transactions then had not been even as magnanimous as she had believed.

Early in December, Hosea Fields returned from a week-end visit home wearing a lovely brown overcoat spun, woven, and made by his own dear mother, and fitting wonderfully. It was the admiration of all the boys, the attic affording only three or four too-large overcoats, with cut-down sleeves, and half a dozen worn sweaters. The following Sunday, Geordie and Hosea were not dressed when Miss Loring and the other boys started to church, and were left to follow. What was Miss Loring's astonishment, when they did walk in, to see Geordie in Hosea's nice new overcoat, while Hosea wore the ill-fitting, shiny one which had been given to Geordie. Geordie, with his hair plastered down and his eyes on the ceiling, sang hymns more loudly than ever, and looked more pious than any deacon. Miss Loring

could scarcely wait for the service to be over.

"Why do you wear Hosea's overcoat?" she demanded, when they were out in the road.

"Him and me 's swapped," he replied, carefully avoiding the word "traded." "I never wanted to do it, and I told Hose I never—did n't I, Hose?"

Hosea nodded.

"Well, why was it done, then? You seem to have decidedly the best of the bargain," said Miss Loring.

"You hain't seed the boot he got," replied Geordie, calmly. "Show her that 'ere watch and chain, Hose."

Hosea drew from his pocket a battered and dented nickel watch, with a small chain dangling from it, and Geordie held it out toward Miss Loring with the air of a connoisseur. "That 'ere 's a three-dollar-and-seventy-five-cent watch," he said. "I got it a-Wednesday off of Johnny Miles, that just come home from the penitentiary."

"Did you pay him three dollars and seventy-five cents for it?"

"No 'm,—he was offerin' it round for that,—I got it a little grain cheaper."

"How much cheaper?"

"Well, I paid him forty cents spot-cash for it. He was a-needin' money."

"And you call that a fair trade—your old coat and a forty-cent watch for Hosea's nice new coat his mother made?"

"Hit 's a three-dollar-and-seventy-five-cent watch, Miss Loring," Geordie repeated patiently and forbearingly, "and been in the penitentiary! And that hain't all. Jest cast your eye on that 'ere chain."

The chain was a flimsy affair of two brass wires on which were strung at intervals three small, battered objects which Miss Loring at last recognized as dice.

"Them 'ere," said Geordie, impressively, "will make a livin' for a man all by theirselves. If you got a set o' them, you hain't nobody's slave. I seed Johnny Miles make a dollar and a quarter in five minutes a-throwin' 'em a-Wednesday. And when Hose heared he could slip them 'ere off that chain and make a big lot of money any day with 'em, he said he were bound to have 'em. And there hain't nary 'nother boy on Perilous I 'd 'a' let have 'em; but Hose he 's such a *good* boy, and so peaceable, and never does no harm, and allus minds you, and knows his lessons, and gits up in time of a morning, I felt like I ought to prosper him if I could; so I told him all right, to take 'em, and git him a hundred overcoats if he wanted."

"How did you come to part with them, if they are so valuable?"

"Oh, I got t' other set Johnny sold me," replied Geordie, comfortably. "I aim to quit tradin' now, like you want me to; I give you my hand I hain't going to trade nary 'nother time. And I writ maw last night I seed my way clear now to come to Virginia and see her 'n' her husband next summer, and ride on the railroad-train."

These rosy anticipations were cruelly shattered by Miss Loring.

"Give those dice to me at once," she said. "You and Hosea may not know that throwing dice is gambling, and that gambling in any form is strictly forbidden by this school. Trade back those overcoats, too, and never again let me hear of your associating with Johnny Miles."

TRUE genius is never discouraged, however. It was after or during Christmas that Geordie began to plan his real campaign. On the very day all the boys returned to school from their two-weeks' vacation, bows and "spikes" (arrows) became violently the fashion. Hickory for the bows, and Indian arrow-wood for the spikes could be procured by any boy for himself; but from Geordie alone could be bought the horseshoe-nails (formerly Hosea's) which, when hammered flat at the head, shaped about a round nail, and fitted on the end of a spike, made a truly dangerous and desirable weapon. These were held at five cents apiece, and when the buyer had no money, as was usually the case with the cottage boys, the small bag of store marbles, nine in a set, each had received in his Christmas stocking, was acceptable. What good were marbles, anyway, with the ground either snow or mud all the time? Taulbee and Philip were the only boys who held on to theirs, and later in January, when they were both down with measles, and on a milk diet, and Geordie at the same time was quarantined with the "eech," but allowed full rations, he got their marbles in exchange for square meals.

When he was out again, jo-darts

promptly came in, and it was he who had the necessary material—old shingles—for sale. Shinny was probably the only game of the year that came in without his connivance. Even for "stilks" he had some superior dogwood limbs ready and waiting under the gear-room, he being then stable-boy.

It was on a fine day in March, when the ground was hard and smooth, but not too dry, that "marvles" (marbles) struck the school like an express. Before school in the morning, Geordie had "trusted" a few leading spirits (Taulbee and Philip among the cottage boys, Lige Munn and others among the day-pupils) with sets of marbles, giving them three-days' time in which to pay him the ten cents a set. At noon playtime, Miss Loring was surrounded by her boys, wildly demanding extra work; while the woodwork teacher was besieged by day-school boys of all ages and sizes, clamoring for some sort of extra job in the shop. Never had such a fit of strenuousness struck the school. A boy could make ten cents in three hours of extra work, and everybody appeared to want ten cents. When Hen told Miss Loring how all the "day-schools," as well as the cottage boys, were buying marvles from Geordie, she said: "Oh, but you 're mistaken. He had not more than a dozen sets, and maybe a few others he had collected before."

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"'I KOTCH HIM AT IT ONE TIME'"

Hen looked wise. "You never knowed he had a marvle mill a-runnin' back yander in the branch ever sence he got the stable-job."

"What in the world?" demanded Miss Loring.

"Right there under the stable-lot fence, where the branch falls into Perilous. He took 'n' made him four little troughs, that takes four streams out and draps 'em right over four holes he 's got hollered out in a

big, flat rock underneath. All he 's got to do is to put a little chunk of sandstone in every hole, and the water keeps it a-whirlin' till first thing it knows it 's a pure marvle; and then he puts in another chunk. He can make two marvles a day and one a night in every one of them holes, —that 's twelve a day,—and he 's been at it stiddy for six weeks. 'T ain't no trouble for him to drap in the sandstone whilst he 's waterin' the nags. I kotch him at it one time, and he give me a set not to tell t' other boys. Marvles! Gee-oh! he 's got 'em!"

From that time on, excited groups dotted the school-yard and cottage grounds every play-hour, and cries of "No back killin's!" "My taw!" "Pickin's on me!" "No inchin's!" "I beat, but you git the goes!" filled the air. It was such a quiet and genteel game, comparatively speaking, and with so much less menace to life and limb and clothes than the preceding ones (shinny, for instance), that Miss Loring sincerely hoped it would last out the term. When the boys came to her, as they frequently did, complaining that they had lost their marbles, and begging for extra work to do, she gave it to them gladly, realizing the unreliability of pockets and the general carelessness of boys. In fact, she furthered the game in every possible way.

Just a few days before the close of school, late in April, Geordie informed Miss Loring that he had enough money laid by now to take that trip to Virginia, and ride on the railroad, and get him some fine store-clothes, and see the world, and was aiming to start the next week.

What was her pained astonishment when, the very day before school was out and the children went to their homes to hoe corn, the Heads sent for her to come over to the Big House, and said to her: "We have just heard down in the village that this school is a notorious gambling-place; that the boys do nothing but play keeps, and that your boys are the very worst of all!"

Miss Loring called her twelve in after supper, and gathered them about the sitting-room table. "Boys," she said, "I have just heard a sad and shocking thing about you, and I want to know if it 's true. I 've heard that the last one of you has been playing keeps just as hard as he could ever since marbles came in, though you have been told time and again that gambling of all kinds is forbidden. Now, is it true? Are you all guilty? Or is there, by chance, some boy who has had the moral courage and self-respect not to do it?"

All heads hung limp except Geordie's. Both his head and his hand went up. "I never," he said, "I hain't toch my hand to a game of keeps the whole year."

"Thank Heaven!" breathed Miss Loring, surprised, but grateful.

Philip was slowly rising in his chair, with eyes glued on Geordie, and pointing finger.

" 'F you never played no keeps, where 'd you git all them marvles you been a-sellin' us?" he demanded sternly.

"I made 'em," replied Geordie.

"I know you made 'em at first in that 'ere mill we broke up for you under the stable-lot fence. But you sold all them out the first week; I seed you sell the last. Where 'd you git the others you been sellin' ever sence, if you never played keeps for 'em? I bought two sets from you, and Taulbee three, and Killis about five, and all the other boys and day-schools been a-runnin' to you a month and over, and workin' and sweatin' to git money to pay you for marvles. Now I want to know where they come from." The finger was almost in Geordie's eyes, the rest of the hand clenched tight.

"Did you ever see me play ary keep this school?" inquired Geordie.

"Don't know as I have, but I seed you hangin' around all the time."

"Did n't you see me git beat every time I played keeps last year?"

"Yes, I did."

"Well, I tell you I hain't played no more sence. I know I can't play no keeps, and I hain't such a fool as to throw away good marvles."

Convinced, but not satisfied, Philip frowned darkly. "Well, dad burn ole Heck! where 'd you git all them marvles you been sellin' us boys, then?" he persisted. "They never growed on trees." The finger was no longer pointing, it was doubled up in the fist, right under Geordie's nose.

At last came the reluctant answer, "Me 'n' Lige Munn and Harv Drake and Benoni Somers went pardners."

with idol-worship, even the missionaries sent to China by the Japanese Buddhists will fail to breathe into it the breath of life. Quite otherwise is it with Confucianism. It is a natural rallying-point for the patriots and conservatives too proud to accept a foreign religion, and there is every prospect that for generations it will be a center of resistance. Already the scholars are reading into the classics elevated moral ideas they have unconsciously imbibed from Christian literature. Already there is a movement that calls itself "Confucio-Christianity"!

The doubtful attitude of the early missionaries toward Confucius has given way to a cordial appreciation of his ideals. Confucius offers a faultless example of a life dominated by principle; Jesus offers a faultless example of a life dominated by love. For the people at large the Gospels contain far more ethical inspiration than the Analects; but for magistrates, judges, and public men, who serve their fellows by conforming to principle, the Confucian literature is full of uplift.

The handicap of Confucianism, in vying with Christianity as a moral force, is its lack of sanction. It presents high ideals, but there is nothing to be dreaded by one who fails to live up to them. Hardly can it block natural inclinations and wrest lives from the grasp of appetite or passion unless it develops the doctrine of responsibility to God. Such a development would hardly be difficult, for Confucius frequently speaks of "Heaven" as on the side of righteousness. Again, Confucianism, in competing with a religion holding out the assurance of immortality, suffers from its silence as to the beyond. When the master was questioned on this, he replied evasively, "If you do not understand life, how can you understand death?" Very likely the doctrine of an after life will somehow be interpreted into the classics. A Neo-Confucianism may thus be able to vie with Christianity for a long time; for, as a home-grown product, it will appeal strongly to the conservative instincts, mortified by the wholesale borrowings from Western culture that must presently be made.

CHINA'S remoteness from our own historical epoch gives wings to the imagination, and the traveler realizes that very likely the missionaries there face much the same situation that confronted the infant Church in the Roman Empire—in both cases, temples, gods, images, altars, priests, sacrifices, superstition, an outworn mythology, ancestor-worship, and moral ideals attracting only the élite. The Roman Empire was superior to China in civic virtue, but China is superior in domestic virtue. The plane of culture does not appear to be very different. The subjects of Shien Tung are hardly more enlightened than were those of Hadrian. Since Christianity made its way through the Roman Empire in spite of its being spread at first chiefly by small tradesmen, artisans, and freedmen, why should it not make its way through the Chinese Empire?

For when the Chinese become sensible of the inferiority of their own culture, Christianity presents itself to them clothed with prestige. It is communicated by picked, trained men, equal in character and learning to any body of apostles that ever carried a faith to an alien people. It has the prestige of impressive antiquity and of an immense following. Moreover, it is in close association with a material civilization so successful that China will be obliged to adopt it in its entirety in order to survive.

There is no reason to believe that there is anything in the psychology or history or circumstances of the Chinese to cut them off from the general movement of world thought. Their destiny is that of the white race; that is, to share in and contribute to the progress of a planetary culture. It therefore seems safe to predict that, in the end, whatever happens to Christianity in the West will happen to it in China. If, owing to the discoveries of natural science or the results of the higher criticism of the Scriptures, the philosophical or historical basis of Christianity is shattered, and it loses ground in the West, it will not move forward in China. The influential and enlightened classes in China are quite too proud to allow their people to adopt anything cast off by the West. If, on the other hand, Christianity keeps its grip on the West, it is certain to move forward to ultimate triumph in China; for it is quite as congenial to the Chinese as it was to the people of the Roman Empire in the third century.

Owned by Mr. P. A. B. Widener, Philadelphia

MARCHESA ELENA GRIMALDI, WIFE OF MARCHESE NICOLA CATTANEO OF GENOA. BY VANDYKE

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF MASTERPIECES IN AMERICAN GALLERIES- II)

TIMOTHY COLE'S
WOOD ENGRAVINGS
OF
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MARCHESA ELENA
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WIFE OF MARCHESE NICOLA CATTANEO

BY

VANDYKE

MOTHERING ON PERILOUS

(KENTUCKY MOUNTAIN SKETCHES)

IV. THE BORN TRADER

BY LUCY FURMAN

Author of "Stories of a Sanctified Town"

WHEN Miss Loring went over to live at the small boys' cottage in the second week of school, Geordie Yonts and Philip Sidney Floyd were the only boys there, the rest of the dozen having run away in the first week on account of homesickness. Geordie and Philip had been in the Settlement School on Perilous a part of the previous term, and had remained during vacation to work, and the first thing Miss Loring had learned on meeting Geordie was that he had four dollars and forty-five cents laid by as the result of his summer labors for "the women." She had heard much from him, too, about the building of the new schoolhouse, and what "me and Mr. McElvain," the head-builder, had accomplished. One would have thought that "me" had performed the greater part. Geordie was "going on twelve," and Miss Loring had never seen a small chunk of a boy possess a larger, more engaging smile.

On the afternoon of the day she moved over from the Big House to the cottage, and while Philip was painting the "fireboard" in her room and Geordie was putting shelves in the "goods' box" which was to serve as her bureau, Keats Salyer was brought back in tears by his mother, accompanied this time by his younger brother Hen. The apples Nervesty poured out of her saddle-bags on leaving appeared to be his last hope.

Next morning before breakfast, while Miss Loring was teaching the boys how to make their beds, she happened to glance into the box on the wall where Keats had put his apples the night before, and saw, to her surprise, that they were all gone.

"We eat half of 'em off and on in the night, and Keats he traded t' other half off to Geordie before we got up," explained Hen.

"What did Geordie give for them?" asked Miss Loring, idly, Geordie being at work over in the kitchen at the time.

"That 'ere purse," said Keats, producing with pride a mangy little object about the size of a dollar that looked as if it had been well chewed.

"Why, I 'm afraid that was n't a fair trade," said Miss Loring. "If you had given him one apple for it, that would have been enough. I must speak to Geordie about that."

But in the rush and excitement of seeing the various runaways returned by their parents, planning the outdoor industries, giving music lessons by day, and fighting fleas by night, Miss Loring thought no more about the apples during that week. Saturday morning early, Geordie, who had permission from the Heads to go to his uncle's over on Bald Eagle, nine miles distant, and bring back his elder brother Absalom to the school, started off on his long walk, after "giving his hand" to Miss Loring to be back "before the sun-ball drapped" that evening. That night, when they were all starting to bed, Geordie not having returned, Philip asked Miss Loring if she knew how much Geordie had made on those apples he traded Keats out of. Of course she did not.

"He sold seven to the day-schools for a cent apiece, and six to Mr. Carson [the woodwork teacher] for a dime, and three to Taulbee Bolling for a ginger-cake he brung with him, and I give him a good

taw for a couple more, and he traded the two little wormy ones that was left to Keats Salyer for a purse."

"What purse?" inquired Miss Loring.

"That 'ere one Keats swapped him all the apples for at first—the one you said were n't worth more than one apple. Keats told him you said so, and he said he 'd prove it were by giving Keats two down for it, if he wanted to make the trade, and Keats done it, and was glad to get 'em."

Miss Loring pondered. "Do you mean to tell me," she said at last, "that Geordie made seventeen cents, a ginger-cake, a taw, *and* the purse, out of that trade, and Keats lost everything but two wormy apples?"

Philip scratched his head thoughtfully. "That 's what he done. By grab! he skinned the little Salyer, did n't he? Gee! I wished I was a born trader like him, dag-gone his ole soul!"

All day Sunday Geordie failed to appear, but after supper he and Absalom arrived, Geordie with his jaw tied up in a red bandana, and a look of severe, though patient, suffering in his eyes. He told Miss Loring he had had such a sorry time with toothache that he could not come back when he promised, and she was very sorry for him, and started for the hot-water bag. Just then Philip, sauntering in, stopped before Geordie, eying him sharply. "You 'd tell a lie quicker 'n you 'd eat a pie," he remarked; "you hain't got no toothache. You just wanted to stay over there and have a big time with the Yontses and drink their corn-liquor."

"You 're a liar. I never."

"You 're a black liar. You did."

"You 're a black dog of a liar. I never."

"You 're a black dog Yonts of a liar. You did."

With these preliminaries, the two grappled, the other boys gathering with joyful interest, and dust, legs, and chairs flew for at least ten minutes before Miss Loring, with the assistance of a poker, could rescue Geordie's head from the terrific pounding on the floor it was getting from Philip. As she took the vanquished off into her room to wash his wounds, she told Philip he should lose his playtime next day for his unwarranted attack on Geordie's veracity and person.

Later on, she spoke lovingly and hesitatingly to Geordie on the general subject of taking advantage of others in trades; and he promised her never, never, *never* to be guilty of such a thing, and confided to her that he aimed to be a preacher when he growed up.

She was much impressed with his piety from the first Sunday she saw him with an open Bible in his lap during the service down in the village church and heard his heartfelt singing of the hymns, and all the more so when some of his family history was outlined by Philip one evening shortly afterward. It appeared that his grandfather, Old George Yonts, had been a very notorious person indeed throughout a long and ill-spent life. He had taken a specially prominent part in what Philip called the Catesby-Luttrell "war," being hired, as Miss Loring inferred, by the Catesby side, and killing a large number of Luttrells single-handed, his specialty being crafty "laywayings" and "ambushings." He was emulated by thirteen sons, every one of whom was a "mean man," Geordie's father having met death at too early an age to become as distinguished as the other twelve. To all this account of his family, Geordie listened with swelling pride, chipping in himself with a few of Old George's escapades—one about his swimming the Kentucky River in safety, with five men shooting at him from the rear bank, and then stealing back that night to the house where the five were lodging, and blowing out the brains of three as they slept in the firelight; another, where he had laid an ambush for a party of Luttrells over on Black Mountain and killed four, escaping without a scratch himself. Miss Loring also made a further discovery that evening—that the Floyds were cousins of the Luttrells and had assisted them through the "war." She thought this might account for some of the antipathy between Philip and Geordie.

During the first three weeks of school, mumble-peg was all the rage. One afternoon at work-time, when her boys were spading up ground in the garden for a turnip-patch, Miss Loring noticed that little Jason Wyatt, the youngest, was working away bareheaded, though the August sun was hot, and though hitherto it had been well-nigh impossible to detach Jason from the black-felt hat in which he had arrived.

"Where 's your hat, Jason?" she asked.

He made no reply, but shoveled more intently than before.

"I know," said Hen. "He traded it off to Geordie for a knife. He never had ary 'n' to play mumble-peg, and Geordie had a' ole knife t' other boys would n't look at, it were so dull, and Jason told him he 'd give him his hat for it; and Geordie said he never wanted to part with the knife, that all it needed was a little grindin', but to please Jason he would make the trade."

When Miss Loring spoke to Geordie about it, he quite convinced her he had made the trade out of pure philanthropy, a conclusion strengthened by Jason's dreadful howls when made to surrender the knife and take back the hat. She felt so doubtful of the righteousness of her interference that she relieved the situation by buying the knife from Geordie and presenting it to Jason. Next day in church, as she watched Geordie's pious, soap-shining face, from which the week-day smile was carefully banished, she wondered that she could ever have thought for an instant that he meant to take advantage of Jason or anybody.

That afternoon when they returned from the usual long walk up Perilous, necessary Sunday outlet for high spirits, she noticed that Geordie lagged behind, and came back alone, bringing with him a large bundle of elder-poles. The next day mumble-peg went out, and pop-guns came in, like a clap of thunder, and she heard that Geordie was selling lengths of elder to the cottage boys and the day-pupils at a cent apiece, or, failing that, as most of them did, whatever they could put up. That afternoon at work-time, she had great difficulty in getting manure hauled to the flower-garden. Whenever a wheelbarrow would get out of sight, the wheeler would sit down on it and go to blowing the pith out of a piece of elder or whittling a small hickory rod. Philip, after being caught at it and reprimanded a third time, complained bitterly:

"Why n't you take them elder-poles away from Geordie yesterday, if you never aimed for us to have pop-guns? You seed him come in with 'em. Dad burn my looks! we git all the blame, and he gits all the gain! He 's a-makin' it hand over fist."

"Well," said Miss Loring, "every one of you must have seen the elder growing there up Perilous, and not one thought of pop-guns but Geordie. I suppose that a person who can furnish ideas as well as material has a right to his gains."

Philip sadly admitted the justice of this view. "Dag-gone *me!*" he sighed, "I wished I was a born trader and fore-looker like him! Good thing I hain't aimin' to be no preacher; I 'd starve to death the first week. But Geordie he 's cut out for it."

"I 'm afraid I don't see the connection between trading and preaching," said Miss Loring.

"Why, preachers they can't take no pay for preachin' and hain't got much time for farmin' and such, and less'n they good traders, they mighty apt to starve. Geordie he hain't never goin' to run short of wheat-flour, let alone corn-meal. Gee! if you could see the things he 's got in that 'ere locked box of his!"

"What has he got?"

"Oh, *I* hain't never seed 'em,—nobody never gets no chance to,—but any day in the year he can put his hand in that 'ere box and pull out something a fellow 'll think he 's pine-blank bound to have or die."

When Miss Loring heard later that Keats's tooth-brush, Jason's blue necktie, Hen's pencil, Iry's "galluses," and Nucky's only handkerchief had been among the articles traded for pop-gun material, she felt that she ought to remonstrate; on the other hand, three pebble marbles of Taulbee's, a handful of rusty horseshoe-nails of Hosea's, a worn yarn sock of Joab's, and a pair of holey mittens of Killis's, did not seem exorbitant exchanges for the joy of a pop-gun. Looking at it from all sides, however, and remembering, too, the probable gain from trades with the hundred day-school boys, she was bound to admit that Geordie had shown considerable foresight and commercial ability.

If this instinct at times seemed to carry him a little beyond the bounds of common honesty, Miss Loring was always made to realize that things were not as they appeared. For instance, one Sunday late in October, on the way to church, she noticed that little, thin Iry Atkins had on the long homespun trousers he wore for every day.

"Iry," she asked, "did n't I give you a pair of Sunday trousers out of the attic boxes?"

"Yes 'm."

"Where are they?"

"There they air," pointing at Geordie's fat legs, which seemed about to burst out of a pair of dark-blue short trousers.

"What are they doing on you?" she questioned Geordie.

"Iry he jest pestered me into trading with him," was the reply. "He said he were bound to have that gold ring I got out of a prize-box last week. Show it to her, Iry."

Iry put forth a small, dingy hand, adorned with a large and elaborate brass ring.

"But you can see that was n't a fair trade," said Miss Loring to Geordie.

"I knowed it were n't; I knowed that ring were worth five times them breeches, and I 'd never see its like ag'in. But I felt sorry for him, he wanted it so bad."

"No, I meant just the other way," said Miss Loring, rather sharply. "You paid a nickel for that prize-box, did n't you?"

"Yes 'm."

"And there was candy in it, too?"

"A little grain."

"And you ate it?"

"What there were of it."

"And now you want to trade him the ring, which can't be worth more than two cents, for his nice pair of breeches!"

Geordie looked at her pityingly. "Miss Loring," he said, "women don't know about prize-boxes. Sometimes you pay your nickel down and don't git ary thing in 'em; and then ag'in there 's jewelries nobody can't tell *what* they worth, they so fine. Th' ain't nary ring like that never been seed in these parts. Iry Atkins 's got the only ring like it on Perilous, or I reckon in Kent County, or maybe in Kentucky. What 's breeches to that?"

This was as unanswerable an argument as the gloating look in Iry's eyes. To it, the fact that the ring would not keep Iry's legs warm in winter seemed a puerile answer. Miss Loring was bound to admit to herself that the intrinsic value was not the only one. Still, with winter coming on, and clothing scarce as hens' teeth, she felt compelled to break up the trade, and to warn Geordie against making any more like it.

Geordie's blandishments were not invariably successful. When November arrived, and toes began to look blue, Mrs. Nervesty Salyer came, bringing her boys two pairs of stout brogans. The de-heeled women's shoes from the attic-barrel, worn by some of the boys, suffered by comparison with the little Salyers' footwear. One morning while the boys were dressing, Miss Loring overheard a conversation between Geordie and Hen, in which the word "brogans" played a prominent part. What Geordie's various offers for them were, she could not make out; but evidently Hen had been cutting eye-teeth in past experiences, for his final answer came out loudly and emphatically: "No, son, I don't want your cow; your calf 's lousy."

A little later, when ball became the fashion, and the cry for yarn rose on all sides, and Philip and Taulbee were raveling out a couple of old socks they said they had bought from Geordie, and Killis was bewailing the fact that he had traded his old mittens to Geordie for that pop-gun, and, together with all the others, had a spasm of industry and begged to be allowed to do extra work during playtime for a couple of days, in order to make money to buy yarn from Geordie, further light broke upon Miss Loring, and she realized that, even as far back as pop-gun time, the fore-looker had been dealing in ball futures, and his transactions then had not been even as magnanimous as she had believed.

Early in December, Hosea Fields returned from a week-end visit home wearing a lovely brown overcoat spun, woven, and made by his own dear mother, and fitting wonderfully. It was the admiration of all the boys, the attic affording only three or four too-large overcoats, with cut-down sleeves, and half a dozen worn sweaters. The following Sunday, Geordie and Hosea were not dressed when Miss Loring and the other boys started to church, and were left to follow. What was Miss Loring's astonishment, when they did walk in, to see Geordie in Hosea's nice new overcoat, while Hosea wore the ill-fitting, shiny one which had been given to Geordie. Geordie, with his hair plastered down and his eyes on the ceiling, sang hymns more loudly than ever, and looked more pious than any deacon. Miss Loring

could scarcely wait for the service to be over.

"Why do you wear Hosea's overcoat?" she demanded, when they were out in the road.

"Him and me 's swapped," he replied, carefully avoiding the word "traded." "I never wanted to do it, and I told Hose I never—did n't I, Hose?"

Hosea nodded.

"Well, why was it done, then? You seem to have decidedly the best of the bargain," said Miss Loring.

"You hain't seed the boot he got," replied Geordie, calmly. "Show her that 'ere watch and chain, Hose."

Hosea drew from his pocket a battered and dented nickel watch, with a small chain dangling from it, and Geordie held it out toward Miss Loring with the air of a connoisseur. "That 'ere 's a three-dollar-and-seventy-five-cent watch," he said. "I got it a-Wednesday off of Johnny Miles, that just come home from the penitentiary."

"Did you pay him three dollars and seventy-five cents for it?"

"No 'm,—he was offerin' it round for that,—I got it a little grain cheaper."

"How much cheaper?"

"Well, I paid him forty cents spot-cash for it. He was a-needin' money."

"And you call that a fair trade—your old coat and a forty-cent watch for Hosea's nice new coat his mother made?"

"Hit 's a three-dollar-and-seventy-five-cent watch, Miss Loring," Geordie repeated patiently and forbearingly, "and been in the penitentiary! And that hain't all. Jest cast your eye on that 'ere chain."

The chain was a flimsy affair of two brass wires on which were strung at intervals three small, battered objects which Miss Loring at last recognized as dice.

"Them 'ere," said Geordie, impressively, "will make a livin' for a man all by theirselves. If you got a set o' them, you hain't nobody's slave. I seed Johnny Miles make a dollar and a quarter in five minutes a-throwin' 'em a-Wednesday. And when Hose heared he could slip them 'ere off that chain and make a big lot of money any day with 'em, he said he were bound to have 'em. And there hain't nary 'nother boy on Perilous I 'd 'a' let have 'em; but Hose he 's such a *good* boy, and so peaceable, and never does no harm, and allus minds you, and knows his lessons, and gits up in time of a morning, I felt like I ought to prosper him if I could; so I told him all right, to take 'em, and git him a hundred overcoats if he wanted."

"How did you come to part with them, if they are so valuable?"

"Oh, I got t' other set Johnny sold me," replied Geordie, comfortably. "I aim to quit tradin' now, like you want me to; I give you my hand I hain't going to trade nary 'nother time. And I writ maw last night I seed my way clear now to come to Virginia and see her 'n' her husband next summer, and ride on the railroad-train."

These rosy anticipations were cruelly shattered by Miss Loring.

"Give those dice to me at once," she said. "You and Hosea may not know that throwing dice is gambling, and that gambling in any form is strictly forbidden by this school. Trade back those overcoats, too, and never again let me hear of your associating with Johnny Miles."

TRUE genius is never discouraged, however. It was after or during Christmas that Geordie began to plan his real campaign. On the very day all the boys returned to school from their two-weeks' vacation, bows and "spikes" (arrows) became violently the fashion. Hickory for the bows, and Indian arrow-wood for the spikes could be procured by any boy for himself; but from Geordie alone could be bought the horseshoe-nails (formerly Hosea's) which, when hammered flat at the head, shaped about a round nail, and fitted on the end of a spike, made a truly dangerous and desirable weapon. These were held at five cents apiece, and when the buyer had no money, as was usually the case with the cottage boys, the small bag of store marbles, nine in a set, each had received in his Christmas stocking, was acceptable. What good were marbles, anyway, with the ground either snow or mud all the time? Taulbee and Philip were the only boys who held on to theirs, and later in January, when they were both down with measles, and on a milk diet, and Geordie at the same time was quarantined with the "eech," but allowed full rations, he got their marbles in exchange for square meals.

When he was out again, jo-darts

promptly came in, and it was he who had the necessary material—old shingles—for sale. Shinny was probably the only game of the year that came in without his connivance. Even for "stilks" he had some superior dogwood limbs ready and waiting under the gear-room, he being then stable-boy.

It was on a fine day in March, when the ground was hard and smooth, but not too dry, that "marvles" (marbles) struck the school like an express. Before school in the morning, Geordie had "trusted" a few leading spirits (Taulbee and Philip among the cottage boys, Lige Munn and others among the day-pupils) with sets of marbles, giving them three-days' time in which to pay him the ten cents a set. At noon playtime, Miss Loring was surrounded by her boys, wildly demanding extra work; while the woodwork teacher was besieged by day-school boys of all ages and sizes, clamoring for some sort of extra job in the shop. Never had such a fit of strenuousness struck the school. A boy could make ten cents in three hours of extra work, and everybody appeared to want ten cents. When Hen told Miss Loring how all the "day-schools," as well as the cottage boys, were buying marvles from Geordie, she said: "Oh, but you 're mistaken. He had not more than a dozen sets, and maybe a few others he had collected before."

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"'I KOTCH HIM AT IT ONE TIME'"

Hen looked wise. "You never knowed he had a marvle mill a-runnin' back yander in the branch ever sence he got the stable-job."

"What in the world?" demanded Miss Loring.

"Right there under the stable-lot fence, where the branch falls into Perilous. He took 'n' made him four little troughs, that takes four streams out and draps 'em right over four holes he 's got hollered out in a

big, flat rock underneath. All he 's got to do is to put a little chunk of sandstone in every hole, and the water keeps it a-whirlin' till first thing it knows it 's a pure marvle; and then he puts in another chunk. He can make two marvles a day and one a night in every one of them holes, —that 's twelve a day,—and he 's been at it stiddy for six weeks. 'T ain't no trouble for him to drap in the sandstone whilst he 's waterin' the nags. I kotch him at it one time, and he give me a set not to tell t' other boys. Marvles! Gee-oh! he 's got 'em!"

From that time on, excited groups dotted the school-yard and cottage grounds every play-hour, and cries of "No back killin's!" "My taw!" "Pickin's on me!" "No inchin's!" "I beat, but you git the goes!" filled the air. It was such a quiet and genteel game, comparatively speaking, and with so much less menace to life and limb and clothes than the preceding ones (shinny, for instance), that Miss Loring sincerely hoped it would last out the term. When the boys came to her, as they frequently did, complaining that they had lost their marbles, and begging for extra work to do, she gave it to them gladly, realizing the unreliability of pockets and the general carelessness of boys. In fact, she furthered the game in every possible way.

Just a few days before the close of school, late in April, Geordie informed Miss Loring that he had enough money laid by now to take that trip to Virginia, and ride on the railroad, and get him some fine store-clothes, and see the world, and was aiming to start the next week.

What was her pained astonishment when, the very day before school was out and the children went to their homes to hoe corn, the Heads sent for her to come over to the Big House, and said to her: "We have just heard down in the village that this school is a notorious gambling-place; that the boys do nothing but play keeps, and that your boys are the very worst of all!"

Miss Loring called her twelve in after supper, and gathered them about the sitting-room table. "Boys," she said, "I have just heard a sad and shocking thing about you, and I want to know if it 's true. I 've heard that the last one of you has been playing keeps just as hard as he could ever since marbles came in, though you have been told time and again that gambling of all kinds is forbidden. Now, is it true? Are you all guilty? Or is there, by chance, some boy who has had the moral courage and self-respect not to do it?"

All heads hung limp except Geordie's. Both his head and his hand went up. "I never," he said, "I hain't toch my hand to a game of keeps the whole year."

"Thank Heaven!" breathed Miss Loring, surprised, but grateful.

Philip was slowly rising in his chair, with eyes glued on Geordie, and pointing finger.

" 'F you never played no keeps, where 'd you git all them marvles you been a-sellin' us?" he demanded sternly.

"I made 'em," replied Geordie.

"I know you made 'em at first in that 'ere mill we broke up for you under the stable-lot fence. But you sold all them out the first week; I seed you sell the last. Where 'd you git the others you been sellin' ever sence, if you never played keeps for 'em? I bought two sets from you, and Taulbee three, and Killis about five, and all the other boys and day-schools been a-runnin' to you a month and over, and workin' and sweatin' to git money to pay you for marvles. Now I want to know where they come from." The finger was almost in Geordie's eyes, the rest of the hand clenched tight.

"Did you ever see me play ary keep this school?" inquired Geordie.

"Don't know as I have, but I seed you hangin' around all the time."

"Did n't you see me git beat every time I played keeps last year?"

"Yes, I did."

"Well, I tell you I hain't played no more sence. I know I can't play no keeps, and I hain't such a fool as to throw away good marvles."

Convinced, but not satisfied, Philip frowned darkly. "Well, dad burn ole Heck! where 'd you git all them marvles you been sellin' us boys, then?" he persisted. "They never growed on trees." The finger was no longer pointing, it was doubled up in the fist, right under Geordie's nose.

At last came the reluctant answer, "Me 'n' Lige Munn and Harv Drake and Benoni Somers went pardners."

"You put up the marvles and them the fingers?"

"Yes; and they 's the three best players there is, and allus cleans out the other boys. And I 'm right smart of a good trader, and git a better price for 'em than they could, so they turns 'em all over to me to sell, and puts in all their time a-winnin'. And then I git the halves on every marvle."

"And then you set up and tell her you hain't played nary keep this school?" inquired Philip, hoarsely.

"I never played none," reaffirmed Geordie, in conscious innocence. "I never toch my hand to nary game this whole school!"

The whites of Philip's eyes were now red. He ground his teeth. "Dad swinge your ole grave-robber soul! I aim to kill you dead!" he shouted, leaping across the table, followed by all the other boys except Absalom in the direction of the unfortunate Geordie.

It was fully fifteen minutes before Miss Loring, with the aid of Absalom and a broomstick, finally rescued a torn and bleeding boy from the howling, threshing mass under which he was lost and buried, and sent for Miss Shippen, the trained nurse.

THE following week, as Miss Loring and the other teachers thumped, jolted, and banged along on their two-days' wagon trip across the mountains to the railroad, she reflected with satisfaction upon the enlargement of her mental horizon during the school-year, and, among other things, congratulated herself upon the valuable light her acquaintance with Geordie had thrown on the vexed questions of accumulation of capital, cornering of markets, dealings in futures, formation of trusts, and, last, but not least, the perfect compatibility of sharp practice and law-breaking with exalted piety and philanthropy.

ICARUS

(NOW, AS THEN)

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

HE soared as surely as an eagle does,
  Higher and higher toward the zenith still;
And as he rose, a chant came back to us,
  An iron monotone of human will
Made audible. When listening was vain,
  Breathless we followed him with straining eyes,
Adventurer who claimed as man's domain,
  Amazed and impotent, the conquered skies.
"The Prince of Air is tamed! What hinders men,"
  We cried, "from traversing that upper world
In quest of unimaginable things?"

  From awful silence came the answer then,
As like a challenge at our feet was hurled
  Our champion dead, with broken, silent wings.

THE MULE THAT HELD THE BRIDGE

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

Author of "Under Rocking Skies," "The Call of the Sea," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLES J. POST

I HAD eaten my breakfast one morning and was preparing to go ashore before it occurred to me that I had not yet heard the creaking of blocks and the piping of the boatswain's whistle that heralded the arrival of the lighters alongside; for there are no wharves in Pasaquimento, and cargoes are lightered between the shipping and the shore.

Wondering a little, I made my way up to the deck, to find the mate, with the glass in his hand, gloomily scanning the distant water-front. He turned at the sound of my step.

"Must be one of those confounded feast-days again," he fumed. "There is n't a soul at the landing and not a boat in sight. The town 's as empty as the back of your hand."

I took the glass and swept the line of the beach, but saw not a living thing. High on the plateau of the upper town I could discern the roof of the President's palace, and the limp flags on its twin staffs, and near by the towers of the cathedral, bathed in an orange light. The chimes were ringing, and I thought I caught the roll of drums, so hushed was the morning.

"Yes," I replied, "it must be that. Well, there 'll be no work done to-day. You might take the chance to tar down the fore-rigging, Mr. Marshall. You 'd better keep an eye out for me along toward sunset, for all the boatmen may have knocked off, too."

There was none on the harbor that morning, at all events, and after waiting for half an hour for the boatman who usually took me ashore, I ordered the yawl to be lowered. As I stepped out upon the landing-stairs I heard again the roll of drums, and, looking up the steep street that led to the upper town, saw three men run up in the shadow of the wall and disappear in an open doorway. No other living thing could be seen, not even a charcoal-vender's donkey briskly teetering up the cobble-paved road. Even the Fonda Pascala was as tight as a drum, and I had stood at the door vainly knocking for five minutes or more, and was crossing the street, when the voice of the Señora Pascala came down to me from a barred upper window.

"Hide in the doorway, Capitan Jarvees —quickly!" she warned. "I descend to open; but, *caramba!* hide!"

She was breathing quickly as she jerked open the door, and she pulled me in and barred it again before she ventured to speak.

"*Hola!* you desire to get some bullet' shot in you, Señor?" she cried. "You consider that ver' nice, eh? You break the laws for that lit' pleasantness?"

"Why, what 's happened?" I asked.

"War is happen'," she declared. "Ever'-buddy become so excite' at each other, 't is order' that nobuddy shall walk on the street and spick to each other. That is reason I shut my door and spick to nobuddy, just like some nun. *Hola!* I consider that ver' difficult to be nun." She laughed.

"But what is it all about?" I asked.

"This, Señor, small, lit' thing like this: that Presidente becomes ver' much fright' because some peop' play those guitar' by

my lit' daught's window—just that. You consider that ver' brave?"

"Well, they did make a good deal of a row afterward, you know, Señora," I said smilingly, recalling the scene in the plaza two nights before, when we had all been arrested because a man, stirred by Barzilla, had thrown a stone through a window of the President's palace. "I heard you say things against the President yourself, you know."

She laughed with me, then said primly:

"*Como no?* Why not? You think that ver' proper for some lady to spick nice about *all* men? How shall anybuddy know she like them not all ver' evenly? I—" Her voice trailed off in a smothered cry, and she cowered against the wall, with her finger on her lips, warning me to silence, for even as she spoke there came a knock at the door.

I crept up, and, listening, heard an impatient shuffling of feet outside and a heavy breathing, as if of some one quite spent with running. Something in its husky sonority seemed familiar, but it was not until I heard a muttered, "*Gewiss!* sooch a country! sooch a country!" that I was able to identify the voice. In my relief I laughed.

"It 's Schwartz," I whispered.

The señora herself shot back the bolt, and Schwartz stood revealed, breathless, and red with wrath. Then striding in, he stood glaring impersonally at us.

"We consider you one of those soldiers, Señor," the señora explained.

"*Himmel!* Look I like dat!" he rumbled.

"Like nobuddy in the look, because of the shut door; but like those soldiers, because of the fierce knock," the señora sweetly apologized. "You ver' warm with the hurry? You like some nice glass wine, Señor?"

He nodded, and as the señora turned to shut the door, which she had momentarily forgotten, the excited face of Barzilla peered in.

"Is that Passos here?" he whispered huskily.

"No, Señor," replied the señora.

"Then will I enter," said Barzilla.

With Barzilla swaggering in the lead, we went back to the patio, where Captain Miranda and the Señorita Pascala sat at a table under the cool arches, eagerly awaiting us. There we, too, sat down. Barzilla was plainly charged with news of great events.

"They tried to corral us, but we were too quick," he began at once. "We could not gather in Pasaquimento because the Presidente yet holds the soldiers, and they watched us with the ver' great narrowness. But is Pasaquimento the whole country? *Caramba!* no. All night we cross' the river by the twos, the three, the tens. Then we seize' the arsenal, and all Alameda and Palma join us. The whole land is erect—up in arms, you un'stand? Before the sunset, we shall sweep that Presidente and all his friends into the sea, like that." He swept the table with his arm.

"Shall you be of those sweepers, and from here accomplish the sweep, Señor?" quietly asked Captain Miranda.

"I?" said Barzilla, and I thought that he flushed a little at the question. "No, Señor; for, because of the great weariness,

Drawn by Charles J. Post

"THE SEÑORA HERSELF SHOT BACK THE BOLT"

I have oversleep last night, and now the bridge is guard' too greatly to permit the cross'. Yet now shall I be of the rear, and receive with open arms the retreat. *Zut!* perhaps I shall fight there more helpfully than some others."

"Fight!" exclaimed Schwartz. *"Ach!* nefer saw I sooch a country! There is noddings but fightings—noddings. Now once shall I to Chermany return."

Barzilla looked up with new interest.

"But your vineyard, Señor, shall she be desert'?"

"Alretty iss it dat," grumbled Schwartz. "To-day alretty haf I drifen to der bridge; but, *nein,* I cannot cross. *Gewiss!* sooch a country!"

"Ah!" cried Barzilla, and I saw a cunning light appear in his keen little eyes as he laid his hand on Schwartz's knee. "Señor, you desire to learn the manner of the cross'? *Hola!* I will disclose. You have the German consul in Pasaquimento, Señor? Sure-lee. And are there not two German ships of war present to us in the harbor? That also is ver' true. Ver' well. Proceed to that consul with the complaining. He is the quick man of the temper, as I know. Relate to him that you are separate' from your vineyard. You also are threaten'. Shall it be permit'? you shall ask. *Caramba!* that consul and those of*fic*ers to the ships shall declare—and in the writing, Señor; see to that—that if German citizen is injured, or his property, those ships shall take Pasaquimento in the possession. Aha! you un'stand? You think that Presidente shall shoot one hair off your head? *Hola!* I consider he is going demand you to depart ver' quick, but demand gentle like the lamb, yas."

He glanced up at me and smiled. It was clear that his scheming brain was already counting on a new ally for his party, or at least on a new harassment for the President. But Schwartz's face brightened.

"Dat iss goot," he said thoughtfully; *"ya,* dat iss goot. I vill alretty at once go." Then he turned to us. "All shall go vith me, iss it not so? *Ya?* Iss it pleasant for der gracious ladies to be present mit der fightings? They shall be mit der peace of the country, and drink der vine mit me."

"Caramba! that shall be ver' nice!" cried the Señora Pascala. "We shall go together with each other, like some peekneek, ver' much distant from those guns."

"I desire to hear those guns," calmly declared the Señorita Pascala.

Her mother turned upon her sharply.

"And see some deads, foolish lit' daught'?" she demanded.

"I shall shut the eye to me," replied the señorita. "But, *caramba!* those gun' make me to get scare' ver' nize!" She drew her shoulders together, shuddering, to indicate the terrifying ecstasy of the sound.

"Ah! the foolish!" exclaimed the señora. "You shall make the confession, yas, because of the wickedness, bad lit' daught'."

"Yas, if I hear those gun'," replied the unrepentant señorita. "But if no gun—"

"But all vill go?" broke in the impatient Schwartz.

I should, I declared, for no work would be done in the port; only Barzilla hesitated. He would see, he said, and Schwartz took his leave.

He was back at one, driving briskly to the door with the huge, high-sided wagon with which he brought his casks of wine to town. He had his paper from the consul, and he had decorated his four stout mules with German flags as a further protection. Barzilla went with us, his joy in our company having confessedly overcome his desire to harass the retreat of the President's forces. That, as a citizen of Pasaquimento, he might prove no embarrassment to the expedition, he obligingly suggested that he hide under the improvised seats of the wagon till the bridge was passed.

We went away at once, driving rapidly up the narrow streets till we came to the broader thoroughfare that led out of the town. As we turned sharply into it, a voice hailed us from an upper window—the voice of Passos asking where we were going. Schwartz stopped and told him. He looked thoughtful.

"That will be ver' nice," he said slowly, "and save some embarrass'. Aha! if I should stay here to fight and meet that Barzilla on opposite side, even old friend like that, the blood would be shed. I should become ver' sad to behold that, though the duty."

The Señora Pascala looked up, and I saw a mischievous light in her eyes.

Drawn by Charles J. Post

"A VOICE HAILED US FROM AN UPPER WINDOW"

"Then why stay to behold, Señor?" she said. "Come with us."

He shook his head as he replied:

"It would not be permit' to me to pass the bridge."

She motioned toward the straw at Schwartz's feet.

"Could anybuddy behold you there?" she scoffed.

He came, looking about him furtively as he climbed into the wagon and lowered himself painfully to a place in the straw. As his head disappeared below the seat he said:

"To oblige you, Señora, and to save life of friend, though traitor, I come."

"To save life of friend is ver' nice, Señor," replied the Señora Pascala.

We were often stopped on our way, but Schwartz's documentary evidence that we were foreigners always brought us speedy release. So in due time and speedily we came to the bridge over the rushing river that isolated the plateau on which Pasaquimento stood high above the sea.

The drums had been beating when we passed the plaza, and the great square was filled with the troops of the President preparing to march out to the bridge to hold it against the expected attack of the disaffected. On the way we had passed a few straggling companies, and at the bridge itself a disorganized group stood on guard about an ancient cannon that might have served for a boat's gun, but was hardly an effective weapon for the defense of a city. However, it barred our way.

At Schwartz's vehement waving of his document, at once a gorgeous young officer came toward us. He must have read it superficially, for his eyes seemed to be for the Señorita Pascala alone; but he courteously moved the cannon to allow us to pass, and he stood regretfully aside as all that beauty moved on to the bridge, departing in the direction of the place where the foe was presumably gathering.

As for us, we moved out upon the bridge with light hearts, feeling that the worst was behind us and Schwartz's haven of peace already blessedly near, when just at the middle of the bridge the off wheeler swerved in his course, swung our heavy wagon completely across the narrow roadway, and stood still, gazing peacefully over the parapet at the rushing river below.

"Himmel!" exclaimed Schwartz, and dropped the reins in despair. The Señora Pascala caught them as they fell.

"Shall you not wheep him a small, lit' bit, Señor?" she asked sweetly.

Schwartz looked at her hopelessly.

"He cares noddings for dot," he replied —"noddings; but for his own vay, all der vorldt. *Ya,* he iss like dot—stupporn like a mule, like himself."

"You think he going rest ver' longly?" asked the Señorita Pascala. I saw her eyes flash a backward glance over the bridge.

"Perhaps ten minutes, perhaps ten hours," said Schwartz. "God knows, who hass made him like dot, not I."

"Well, we can't stay here," I said impatiently, for I could see that the roads approaching the far end of the bridge were swarming with men.

Schwartz looked at me pityingly.

"You t'ink not so?" he said. "Ah, *Mein Herr,* you are leafing dot mule oudt of der reckoning. You vill know petter when you know him petter. *Mein Freund,* he iss der Rock of Gibraltar. Yet, for der sake of appearance, I vill try der vill of man on der vill of dot image of stuppornness. It vill be as nodding. I know."

"Well, the army is coming," I said. I could see the dust blowing up in clouds beyond the river.

"The two army—bote," corrected the señorita, who was looking back over her shoulder again.

I turned, and saw our friendly officer of the guard approaching with young Casanova, whose serenading had won the heart of the Señorita Pascala and started the tumult that was now leading to war. He was running, and his face wore the look of alarm. He came up crying:

"Señora, Señorita, you are in path of the fight!"

"Then must the fight remove to some better path," replied the señora, with dignity.

Drawn by Charles L. Post

"A GORGEOUS YOUNG OFFICER CAME TOWARD US"

"But, Señora, you do not un'stand," protested Casanova. "You—"

"Speak to Señor Mule, Señor," retorted the señora. "'T is he who un'stands not."

Frantically assisted by Casanova, we tried all the devices that we knew for starting a balky mule except twisting his tail. The whirring flight of his hind legs when Casanova cautiously approached him for that purpose had the appearance of a free propeller run at high speed, and was so far from reassuring that Casanova turned his attention to entreating the Señora Pascala instead. She pointed up the bridge, now thronged with the approaching insurgents. Toward us, in advance, two horsemen were cantering. They reined in at the side of the wagon, and, angrily gesticulating, swept us with an avalanche of Spanish.

Schwartz stepped forward and bowed courteously.

"Señores," he said, "I understandt noddings of dot; I am Cherman. My language I know, und English, but der vays of a mule und Spanish I know not."

The officers swept our faces with a despairing look, and one singled out the Se-

Drawn by Charles J. Post

"'THEN MUST THE FIGHT REMOVE TO SOME BETTER PATH'"

ñora Pascala for his next flood of Spanish. She smiled on him sweetly.

"Señor," she informed him, "I am Americana del Norte—of the Unite' States. You un'stand that langwitch to the Unite' States, Señor?"

It was Casanova, from the far side of the wagon who, with a worried smile, explained the situation to the speaker. Then he turned to us, saying:

"The general inform you to remove the wagon off the bridge. He desire to cross."

Schwartz shrugged his shoulders.

"I desire dot myself," he explained. "But der mule? No."

Casanova interpreted the remark to the general, who was apparently far from satisfied, and made clear his decision through Casanova—to shoot the mule. He declared it a necessity of war, something to be deplored, but unhappily imperative. Then Schwartz presented his paper, which they read with lengthening faces.

"He iss an international complication, dot mule," Schwartz further explained. "Der flag of my country flies ofer him, und der honor of Chermany demandts its preservation in der *statu quo*. Do I regret der situation? Very mooch. Yet it remaints. Any destruction of my property vill compel my Cherman combatriots to seize der city." He held the document out to Casanova. "Señor," he said, "you vill see dot my countrymen know if harm vill come to my property?"

Casanova bowed gravely.

" 'T is my duty as member of Government," he replied.

From a heated conversation with the insurgents he turned to us again. I could see his growing satisfaction in the situation as he began to realize how mightily the welfare of his city lay bound up in the unchanging brain of the patient beast placidly contemplating the alien haste of the river below.

"The general ask you, Señor," he said to Schwartz, "shall the op'rations of war be cause' to halt, with her armies, by the pleasure of one mule? He declare that war is terrible in her require'; 't is nonsent."

But Schwartz only looked the more obstinately determined.

"For all practical purposes," he replied, "dot mule iss no longer a mule, but a Cherman citizen. He iss as mooch der representative of my country as der Kaiser himself. Efery hair of him iss sacredt."

The insurgent leader moved an impatient hand and turned to Casanova.

"He will buy the mule," Casanova now declared, "at ten times the value to him. No, you shall declare any price. He will pay, but declare quickly."

Schwartz smiled the pitying smile of the incorruptible.

"Iss not honor above all price?" he asked. "*Mein Freund,* dot mule iss der image of Cherman honor. He iss not to be soldt."

Casanova smiled with his next interpretation.

"*Madre de Deos!* the general declare, will not the señor at least permit his army to procure the long rope and haul the señor's honor across the bridge? It is in the way."

"Dot is practical," said Schwartz, with gravity. "*Ya,* it shall be so, but hurt not der mule."

The rope was long in coming. Meanwhile, over the obstructing wagon, from time to time the insurgent leader, gazing cityward, saw the approaches to the bridge thronged with the hurrying defenders of the Government. Above the roads beyond, the yellow dust-clouds hung low in the still air. His whole venture had depended upon a sudden dash into the city, and now he was being held in check by an obstacle so ludicrous that the warlike mood of his force was dissolving in laughter. Over the head of the placid beast his men were exchanging gibes with the enemy. Then at last the rope came.

They made it fast to the tongue of the wagon, and passing it through the ring of the bit of the balking mule, tailed on to the rope in a long, joyous line, forging ahead.

Perhaps the balking leader had become weary of inertia, or perhaps he entered into the joyous mood of his trackers, trailing out on the long rope before him; for as he felt the irresistible pull at his head, he braced his feet, took half a dozen mincing steps, then with a squeal and a wild backward fling of his hind legs, broke into a run, with his team-mates following. The rope slackened, and the trailers fell back with a shout.

But the shout, which began in triumph, ended in a scream of dismay and warning; for as the four mules dashed uncontrolled along the narrow roadway of the bridge, with the great wagon swaying from side to side, they became a menacing danger. Like chaff before a gale the insurgents scattered, their leaders spurring through their panic-stricken ranks. It was a rout.

The road to the east of Pasaquimento runs straight up the foot-hills of the Andes, and a mile from the river the mules came to a halt, with heaving sides and hanging heads. Schwartz and his guests looked back at the river. The army of the insurgents was hopelessly scattered, and on the lower road toward Alameda, spurring ahead, with bowed head, the insurgent leader was making for the border, where in safety he could begin negotiations with the President for his peaceful return.

"Dot fight iss ofer," said Schwartz, "und before it hass begun."

The Señora Pascala rose in her seat and held out her hand to Captain Miranda.

"Please to help me descend, Señor," she said.

From a roadside tree she broke a green bough, and binding it in a wreath, placed it on the bowed head of the mule that had held the bridge.

"Should not the Defender of the City be crown'?" she asked. "Behold him, Señores!"

They were not looking, for from the rear of the wagon Barzilla's voice was calling to the startled Passos, who had also seen fit to appear.

"Blood was to be shed if we met, did you say, Señor?" he sneered. "Ver' well, we have met."

"Aha! Traitor, coward!" cried Passos, and across the seats they reached toward each other, grappling.

"Señores!" It was the Señora Pascala who spoke, and at the sharply spoken command the embattled friends looked down into her eyes.

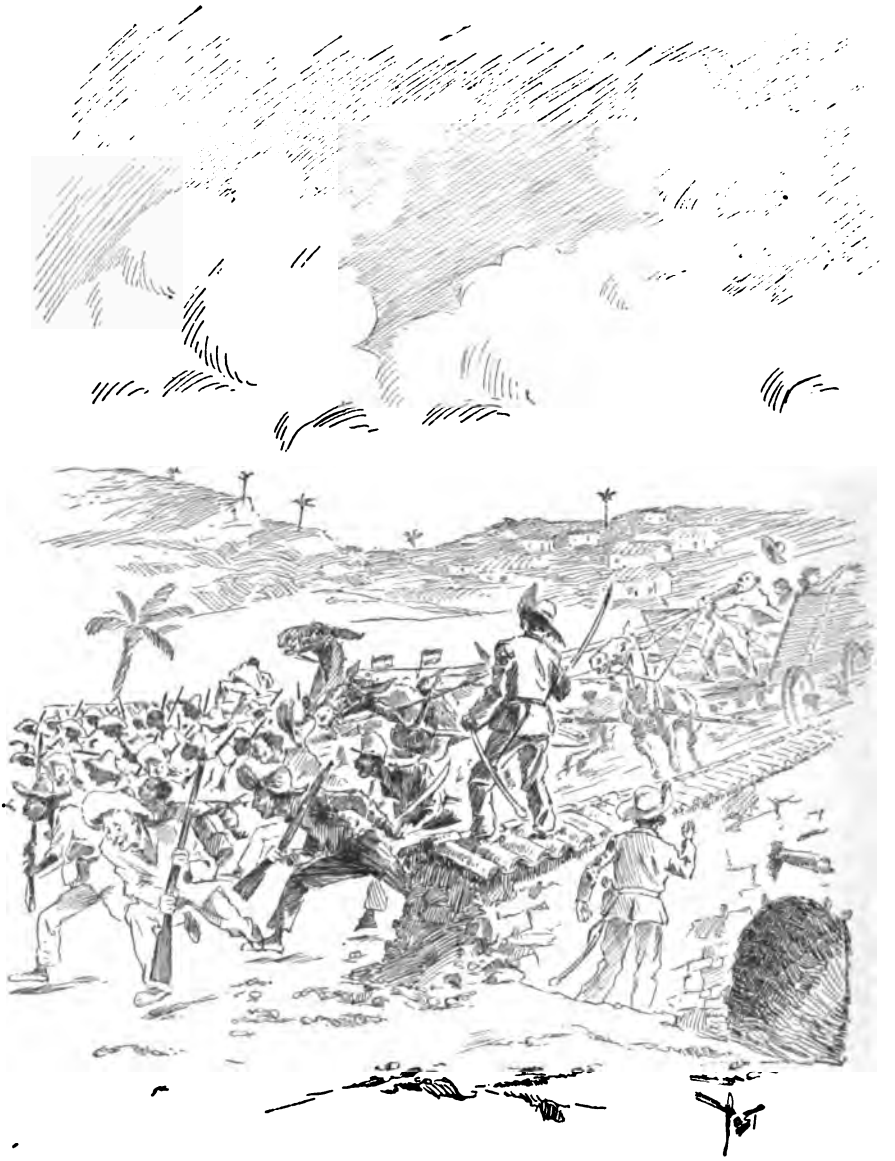
"Señor Passos, did you not also declare 't is nice to save life of friend?"

"Sure-lee, Maria Pascala," he replied.

"Señor Barzilla," she then asked, "you also believe like that?"

"Yas, Señora, as you know," Barzilla replied tenderly.

"Aha!" cried the señora, in triumph,



Drawn by Charles J. Post

"IT WAS A ROUT"

"then why do you not save each other now, wicked mens?"

They saw the justice of the plea, the righteousness, as Barzilla confessed bravely, and fell on each others' necks.

It was then that the Señora Pascala snatched the wreath from the head of the leader and, asking Captain Miranda to assist her again to her seat, placed the wreath on the heads of the friends as they stood together, with clasped hands.

"For you, dear friends, also the crown," she cried; "for desiring the fight, you yet do not. You also are Defenders of the City."

So in peace the three Defenders of the City went on through the twilight, while Pasaquimento lay safe below.

"THE BRAVEST DEED I EVER KNEW"

PATRICK BRICE AND THE NEZ PERCÉ INDIANS

BY CHARLES STUART MOODY

IN the spring of 1877, Chief Joseph's tribe of the Nez Percé Indians, angered at the long chapter of broken promises and repeated acts of coercion upon the part of the Government, went on the warpath. The isolated little frontier settlement on White Bird Creek in Idaho was the first to feel the savage wrath.

Among the settlers were James Manuel and his family, consisting of his wife, Maggie (a child of eight), and a baby in arms. Being warned, Manuel caught his team and, without waiting to harness them to the wagon, placed his wife with the baby on one, while he and Maggie mounted the other. They had gone only a few miles before they were overtaken by the Indians and fired upon. Maggie and her father were both wounded and fell from the horse. The little girl rolled down the hillside and secreted herself in the tall grass, where she escaped detection.

For three days she lay among the willows bordering a small stream to which she had crept. She had been shot through the arm with an arrow, and the shaft was still in the wound.

On the third day, toward evening, Patrick Brice, an uncouth and unlettered Irish miner, passed by on his way from Florence to Mount Idaho. He heard the sound of moaning, and soon found the child, who, in her terror, mistook him for an Indian and attempted to escape. Weak from her wounds and exhausted from starvation, she reeled a few steps and fell. The miner lifted her tenderly and carried her back to her home, now only a heap of smoldering ashes. Among the embers lay the charred body of a woman and her infant. The Indians had taken Mrs. Manuel and her baby back to the house, killed them, and then fired the house. A few scraps of food lay scattered about, and a few chickens remained which had escaped the sight of the Indians. Brice hastily killed one of these with his revolver, and, with a miner's skill, roasted it over the fire. He fed the child and himself, and then set about devising means to take her fifty miles over the rough mountain-trail to Mount Idaho, the nearest settlement. An old chair-back lying in the yard furnished him with a comfortable seat for his burden, some straps from the harness supplied the means of attaching it. As the sun sank and the moon rose, he slung the child on his back, took up his staff, and set out up the winding trail.

All night he trudged along, stopping only at some spring to bathe her wounds and allay her feverish thirst. At sunrise he picked out a dense clump of bushes and hid. Several times that day bands of Indians passed near without discovering them.

Brice had been unable to carry any provisions from White Bird Creek, and he did not dare to shoot the grouse that strutted and hooted tantalizingly near. At nightfall he resumed his march. The route left the White Bird Cañon and led across the open country. By morning they had left the timber and were on the prairie. As there was no place to hide, Brice strained every effort to reach the settlement before the Indians should discover him.

As he caught sight of the little town in the distance he was congratulating himself that he should reach it in safety when his heart sank at sight of fifty mounted Indians charging down upon him from an adjacent hill. They spread out in an im-

mense fan, and, leaning low over their horses' necks, swept toward him. When just out of gunshot they separated and encircled him. The man stood still. They were mystified and halted. Gradually they came closer, until their dark, eager faces were close, the black eyes of each glancing along a rifle-barrel. Brice spread his arms in the peace sign. When they were very close, the young chief, Mox Mox, rode ahead and accosted him.

Brice could speak a little of the Nez Percé tongue and he asked the chief:

"What do you want?"

"We want you," the chief replied.

"Well, here I am. Come and get me."

"Throw down that revolver," was the command.

To hesitate was to court death. Brice threw the weapon in front of him.

An Indian quickly dismounted and secured it.

"Now," said Mox Mox, "we are going to kill you."

"You may kill me, if you wish, but, for God's sake, spare this child."

"No, we will kill not only you, but the girl as well."

"Then," replied Brice, "if you must kill me, shoot me right here." As he said this, he tore open his rough shirt and displayed a blood-red cross tattooed upon his breast.

The Indians fell back in amazement. They were not Christian Indians, but they had a reverence for the emblem of Christianity. The Black Robes had taught them that the cross was sacred and they dared not shoot.

Brice noticed their hesitation, and a gleam of hope came to him. He said:

"If you will allow me to take this child on into Mount Idaho, where she can be cared for, I will return to your camp, wherever it is, and give myself up. You can then do with me as you will. By this cross I swear it."

The Indians consulted among themselves for a minute, then Mox Mox said:

"All right. You go, but if you do not come back in two sleeps, we will ride into Mount Idaho, and when we ride out again there will be no white person alive."

The Indians made way, and Brice went on his journey. In due time he delivered his charge into kind hands, rested himself for a day, and then deliberately walked back into the camp of the hostiles. He went to Chief Joseph and said:

"Here I am. What are you going to do with me?"

"Do with you?" the chief replied. "Why, nothing. We do not want you. We are not making war on people who do not make war on us. It is the long knives we are fighting. Eat, sleep, then go your way."

Brice spent several hours in the Indian camp, and then made his way back toward Florence.

The Indians went to war, fought many battles, made a retreat across the Bitter Root Mountains that will go down in history as the equal of that of the Ten Thousand Greeks, only to be outnumbered and captured on the barren sides of the Bear Paw Mountains, over 900 miles from where they set out.

Little Maggie grew to womanhood and married. She still lives on the Camas Prairie, in northern Idaho, happy, save for the dark shadow cast upon her life that spring day.

Brice went back to his mine without dreaming that his act was anything out of the common. He lived to an old age, and died a few years ago.

WASHINGTON'S SENSE OF HUMOR

BY WAYNE WHIPPLE

"DEFEND me from my friends!" should have been Washington's last words. His early biographers, and even members of his own household, in their anxiety to establish him as a demigod, set him up, stolid and cold, like a colossal image of ice. It is not now an easy task to thaw out his frozen form and prove that warm, red blood ran in his veins. Washington laughed much. Irving, in his five-volume panorama of him, had to admit that every now and then his hero leaned back and "laughed until the tears rolled down his face."

Lincoln has taught the world that even for a President of the United States a hearty laugh may not be lacking in dignity; but in Washington's day custom set its face as a flint against betrayals of mirth in public men. With Washington's rare sense of propriety there also went a keen perception of the incongruous, of which all manifestations should be curbed and concealed. Many people thought that on several solemn occasions Franklin's humor led him into unseemly levity, but Washington never offended in this respect. His fun was slow and unwieldy, rather the playfulness of the St. Bernard than the sprightliness of the terrier; but it was humor, nevertheless.

George Washington kept his first diary at sixteen, while out surveying the vast estate of Lord Fairfax. In this journal he said very little about himself except when a joke was against him. Here is the lad's description of a disagreeable experience as a "tenderfoot," showing his good-humored disposition to make the best of a bad matter:

I, not being so good a woodsman as ye rest of my company, stripped myself very orderly, and went in to ye bed, as they called it, when to my surprise, I found it to be nothing but a little straw matted together, without sheets or anything else but one threadbare blanket with double its weight of vermin. . . . I was glad to get up (as soon as ye light was carried from us), and lay as the rest of my companions. Had we not been very tired we should not have slept much that night.

For the next day the boy surveyor recorded that they had "a good feather bed with clean sheets, which was a very agreeable regale." The next week he witnessed an Indian war-dance, which struck him as "comicle," and referred to some liquor they drank as "elevating their spirits and put them in the humour of dauncing. Ye best dauncer jumps about ye ring in a most comicle manner." While away on this expedition he wrote to his friend "Dickey" Lee:

Since you received my letter of October last I have not slept above three or four nights in a bed, but I have lain down before the fire upon a little hay, straw, fodder, or a bearskin, whichever was to be had, with man, wife, and children, *like dogs and cats!* —and happy is he who gets the berth nearest the fire.

Others of the company told a good story, which the young hero was too modest to enter in his diary. It seems that he had been warned against Big Bear, an Indian chief who, in greeting unsuspecting strangers, had a way of gripping their hands and grunting his satisfaction while they writhed and cried out with pain. Washington had huge, strong hands, and had learned to do a trick or two of that sort himself, so he bided his time. When Big Bear came to him, extending his hand for a friendly greeting, the white youth took the burly chief off his guard, caught his

hand with his powerful grip, and made him roar, and do an agonizing little dance, while the spectators laughed to see Big Bear caught in his own trap.

At variance with the boy's savage humor with the Indian chief was his so-called poetry, which he seems not to have taken so seriously as most of his biographers have done, for he addressed different sets of love-lines to several young ladies at the same time. One of these strange efforts, which excited the wonder of numerous authors, has recently been discovered to be an acrostic, the first letters of the lines, in their order, spelling "F-R-A-N-C-E-S—A-L-E-X-A—" The next leaf having been lost, the maiden's name remained incomplete. The favored one was probably the daughter of a neighbor named Alexander.

At the age of twenty-one, Washington was sent as British envoy to the French commandant in the wilderness region of the Ohio. In describing the supper given him and his party by the French at Venango, the young ambassador writes:

> The wine, as they dosed themselves pretty plentifully with it, soon banished the restraint which at first appeared in their conversation, and gave a license to their tongues to reveal their sentiments more freely. They told me that it was their absolute design to take possession of the Ohio, and by G— they would do it!

On the return trip, the young diplomat, hearing that the Indian "queen" Aliquippa felt somewhat aggrieved because he had passed her by on his way out, called on her to make amends. He records, with the suggestion of a wink, "I made her a present of a matchcoat and a bottle of rum, which latter was thought *much the best present of the two!*"

Two years later, as aide to General Braddock, young Major Washington was detailed to convoy four thousand pounds in money from the Virginia capital to the army, then moving at a snail's pace through the woods of western Pennsylvania. He was evidently skeptical as to the courage of his escort, for he wrote, "Which eight men were two days assembling, but I believe would not have been more than as many seconds dispersing if I had been attacked!"

After rejoining the regulars, he expressed himself somewhat sarcastically concerning Braddock's progress: "I found that, instead of pushing on with vigor, they were halting to level every mole-hill, and to erect bridges over every brook, by which they were four days in getting twelve miles."

After the awful sacrifice of Braddock's army, Major Washington wrote from Fort Cumberland to his "dear brother Jack": "As I have heard, since my arrival at this place, a circumstantial account of my death and dying speech, I take this early opportunity of contradicting the first, and of assuring you that I have not composed the latter," a point of view suggestive of Mark Twain's statement that the report of his death was "grossly exaggerated," when the great humorist also was alive and well.

After the master of Mount Vernon married and settled down to the life of a Virginia planter, he wrote the following letter of congratulation to a nephew by marriage:

Mount Vernon, 28th August, 1762.

Dear Sir:

I was favored with your epistle, wrote on a certain 25th of July, when you ought to have been at Church, praying as becomes every good Christian man who has as much to answer for as you have! Strange it is that you will be so blind to truth that the enlightening sounds of the Gospel cannot reach your ear, nor no examples awaken you to a sense of goodness. Could you but behold with what religious zeal I hie me to Church on every Lord's day, it would do your heart good, and fill it, I hope, with equal fervency. But hark'ee! I am told you have lately introduced into your family a certain production which you are lost in admiration of, and spend so much time in contemplating the just proportions of its parts, the ease and conveniences with which it abounds, that it is thought you will have little time to animadvert upon the prospect of your crops, etc. Pray, how will this be reconciled to that anxious care and vigilance which is so essentially necessary at a time when our growing property—meaning the tobacco—is assailed by every villainous worm that has had an existence since the days of Noah? (How unkind it was of that Noah, now I have mentioned his name, to

suffer such a brood of vermin to get a berth in the Ark!) But perhaps you may be as well off as we are—that is, have no tobacco for them to eat, and there I think we nicked the dogs, as I think to do you if you expect any more—but not without a full assurance of being, with a very sincere regard,

D Sir, Yr. Mo Affect, & Obed.,
Go Washington.

P.S. Don't forget to make my compliments to Mrs. Bassett, "Miss Dudy," and the little ones, for "Miss Dudy" cannot be classed with small people without offering her great injustice. I shall see you, I expect, about the first of November.

To Col. Bassett, at Eltham.

The "certain production" was a son and heir born into the Bassett family. "Miss Dudy" was a small neighbor of the Bassetts, named Judy Diggs, in whom Washington was interested because she had vanquished a big boy, as a small cat might worst a big dog, in a sudden combat.

On the first of January, 1776, just before the raising of the Grand Union flag over the headquarters of the Continental Army, the king's ridiculous speech, threatening all traitors, was promulgated from the British headquarters in Boston, just across the Charles. Of this circumstance Washington wrote ironically:

We are at length favored with a sight of his majesty's most gracious speech, breathing sentiments of tenderness and compassion for his deluded American subjects! . . . Farcical enough, we gave great joy to them without knowing or intending it; for on that day . . . we had hoisted the Union flag in compliment to the United Colonies. But behold! it was received in Boston as a token of the deep impression the Speech had made upon us, and as a signal of submission. . . . By this time, I presume, they begin to think it strange we have not made a formal surrender of our lives!

While at New York, the following summer, the British began making belated overtures of peace. A letter came from General Howe addressed to "*Mr.*" George Washington. This, Washington's secretary, in the absence of his chief, flatly refused to receive. A second letter was brought, with much ceremony, superscribed, "George Washington, Esq., *etc., etc.*" Washington received the British officer with careful courtesy, but declined to accept a letter addressed to a private citizen.

"But," protested the messenger, "the 'etc., etc.,' implies *everything.*"

"It may also mean *anything,*" replied Washington, laughing, and the letter went back to the English camp a second time unopened.

It seemed a small thing, the mere addressing of a letter, yet Washington's humorous view of the affair had the desired effect; for it convinced the British authorities that he, as the representative of the rising republic, should be treated with proper consideration.

Washington's giving the English victors the slip after the battle of Long Island; the crossing of the Delaware through running ice that terribly cold, stormy Christmas night; his narrow escape on the night before his victory at Princeton, after Cornwallis thought he had bagged "the old fox," were all military practical jokes. Washington must have chuckled as he fooled the British commanders every time with his feints and counter-feints, while their imitation tactics and decoys only put him on, instead of off, his guard.

Paul Leicester Ford, who made the most painstaking investigation into the life of Washington, wrote, in "The True George Washington":

There is a very general belief that success in politics and truthfulness are incompatible, yet . . . Washington prospered in politics, and the Rev. Mason L. Weems is authority for the popular statement that at six years of age George could not tell a lie. Whether this was so, or whether Weems was drawing on his imagination for his facts, it seems probable that Washington partially outgrew this disability in his more mature years.

Weld, in his "Travels in America," published that "General Washington told me that he was never so much annoyed by mosquitoes in any part of America as in Skenesborough, for they used to bite through the thickest boot." When this anecdote appeared in print, good Dr. Dwight, shocked at the tarradiddle, and fearing its influence on Washington's fame, spoiled the joke by explaining that "a gentleman of great respectability who was present when General

Washington made the observation referred to, told me that he said, when describing these mosquitoes to Mr. Weld, that they 'bit through his stockings above the boots.'" Whoever invented the explanation should have evolved a type of boots other than those worn by Washington, for, unfortunately for the story, Washington's military boots went above his "small clothes," giving not even an inch of stocking for either stocking or explanation.

So it was Washington who originated the Jersey mosquito joke! The great trouble with his reputation is that he could not perpetrate even a palpable pleasantry without some impervious "gentleman of great respectability" rushing to the rescue with a falsehood, in a frantic attempt to prevent people from seeing the joke.

Here is part of a hospitable note inviting the surgeon-general and two ladies to dine with him at his dismal headquarters:

Since our arrival at this happy spot we have had a ham, sometimes a shoulder of bacon, to grace the head of the table, a piece of roast beef adorns the foot; and a dish of beans or greens, almost imperceptible, decorates the centre. When the cook has a mind to cut a figure, which I presume will be the case to-morrow, we have two beefsteak pies, or dishes of crabs, dividing the space to about six feet, which without them, would be near twelve feet apart. Of late he has had the surprising sagacity to discover that apples will make pies; and it is a question if, in the violence of his efforts, we do not get one of apples, instead of having both of beefsteaks. If the ladies can put up with such entertainment, and will submit to partake of it on plates once tin but now iron (*not* become so by the labor of *scouring!*), I shall be happy to see them; and am, dear Doctor, Yours,

G. Washington.

After Cornwallis's surrender at Yorktown, Washington treated him with high consideration. At a dinner given in honor of the distinguished prisoner, Rochambeau proposed "The United States" as his toast; Washington responded with "The King of France"; Cornwallis, perforce, faintly suggested "His Majesty," when Washington startled them all by announcing, "The King of England—*may he stay there!*" with a ready wit that made even Cornwallis laugh.

During the uncertain days at Newburg before the declaration of peace, Congress was disposed to arrogate to itself too much authority, and Washington expressed a sentiment of which one sometimes hears an echo to-day, when he wrote, "For Heaven's sake! who are Congress?"

It is a great mistake to imagine that life at Mount Vernon was dull or stale because stately, for it was full of good spirits and unbounded hospitality. The general surrounded himself with jovial company. He enjoyed gaiety, lively conversation, "particularly the jokes," as he once said. His adopted daughter, Nelly Custis, found him in enthusiastic sympathy with even her extravagant spirits. He was as responsive to real fun, and even practical jokes, as a sophomore. He never played the clown, but he was a royally good listener, and did his full share of the laughing.

It is not difficult to imagine the quiet amusement with which General Washington signed, and asked his friends to witness, the following agreement with a gardener who pledged himself to keep sober the rest of the year, provided that he should be allowed the following privileges:

Four dollars at Christmas, with which to be drunk four days and four nights; two dollars at Easter to effect the same purpose; two dollars at Whitsuntide to be drunk for two days; a dram in the morning, and a drink of grog at dinner at noon. *For the true and faithful performance of all these things* [!] the parties have hereunto set their hands this twenty-third day of April, Anno Domini, 1787.

Witness:

George A. Washington
Tobias Lear

Philip Barter his X mark

George A. Washington

Washington kept up a voluminous correspondence with friends and prominent people at home and abroad. His relations with Lafayette and others of his French

army associates continued friendly. Here is part of a letter he wrote congratulating the Marquis de Chastellux on his marriage:

In reading your very friendly and acceptable letter . . . I was, as you may well suppose, not less delighted than surprised to meet the plain American words, "my wife." A wife! Well, my dear Marquis, I can hardly refrain from smiling to find you are caught at last. I saw, by the eulogium you often made on the happiness of domestic life in America, that you had swallowed the bait, and that you would as surely be taken, one day or another, as that you were a philosopher and a soldier. So your day has at length come! I am glad of it with all my heart and soul. It is quite good enough for you. Now you are well served for coming to fight in favor of the American rebels, all the way across the Atlantic Ocean, by catching that terrible contagion, domestic felicity, which same, like the smallpox or the plague, a man can have only once in his life, because it commonly lasts him (at least with us in America—I don't know how you manage these matters in France) for his whole life-time. And yet after all these maledictions you so richly merit on the subject, the worst wish which I can find in my heart to make against Madame de Chastellux and yourself is, that you may neither of you ever get the better of this same domestic felicity during the entire course of your mortal existence.

Washington seems to have laughed less during the two terms of his Presidency, and to have longed more and more for his own "vine and fig-tree." He had been very loath to leave his home and was induced to do so only by a stern sense of duty. Besides, the infirmities of age were upon him, hastened by the great hardships he had endured in the Revolution. He suffered considerably from rheumatism and possibly from toothache. Finally a pioneer dentist made him a clumsy set of artificial teeth, which, besides hurting him and distorting his features, often fell down when he laughed. With all these discouragements to affability, his enemies said his rheumatic stiffness and the severe expression of his countenance were due to his dark and secret design to become king, after he had wrathfully refused to listen to such a thing. Early in his administration he was seized with a virulent attack of anthrax, which came near ending his career, and before he fully recovered his health his aged mother died.

With all these pains and sorrows, Washington was kept in hot water by the hostility of the two brilliant men in his Cabinet, Hamilton and Jefferson, who constantly eyed each other with jealous suspicion. When complications arose with the French, who were then passing through the Reign of Terror, Washington refused to aid or countenance the awful acts of those who were just then in power at Paris. The people, remembering French aid to the United States, and not distinguishing between liberty and license, were so enraged that they threatened to mob President Washington in the streets of Philadelphia. Never, with perhaps the exception of Lincoln, was a President of the United States so misunderstood, slandered, and abused as was the first President. While President, Washington's humor seemed to find expression in the diplomacy of self-protection. A French revolutionist came to him for a general testimonial, which Washington did not care to grant; yet he did not wish to give offense to the French by a curt refusal, so he wrote an evasive card worthy of Lincoln:

C. Volney
needs no recommendation from
G. Washington

Again under his vine and fig-tree, Washington was happier, keeping open house as before, and paying the high penalty of greatness. Mount Vernon became the American Mecca for pilgrims from all parts of the world. King Charles of Spain, desiring to do honor to the first of Presidents, sent, with a noble retinue, in testimony of his lofty appreciation of the genius of Washington—a jackass of high degree! The solemn little beast was of a pedigree never allowed to leave Spanish domains, but a special dispensation had been secured in Washington's favor. That jackass was a source of constant amusement to the master of Mount Vernon. He wrote to his friends about its gravity and dignity, expressing comic resentment that such a present had been considered appro-

priate for him, and threatening to retaliate by naming the animal for its royal giver.

He had to write Mrs. Washington's formal letters, which she, like a dutiful wife, copied, mistakes in spelling and all! On a few occasions, he wrote things for her to copy about himself that sounded facetious when one knew how they were composed. After he was President he became an inspiration for poets, specially of the fair sex. One of these sent him some fulsome verses, and begged his forgiveness therefor. He replied to her with ponderous playfulness:

You apply to me, my dear madam, for absolution as tho' I was your father confessor, and as tho' you had committed a crime, great in itself, yet of the venial class. You have reason good—for I find myself strangely disposed to be a very indulgent ghostly adviser on this occasion; and, notwithstanding "you are the most offending soul alive" (that is, if it is a crime to write elegant poetry), yet if you will come and dine with me on Thursday, and go thro' the proper course of penitence which shall be prescribed, I shall strive hard to assist you in expiating these poetical trespasses on this side of purgatory. Nay more, if it rests with me to direct your future lucubrations, I shall certainly urge you to a repetition of the same conduct, on purpose to show what an admirable knack you have at confession and reformation; and so, without more hesitation, I shall venture to command the muse not to be restrained by ill-grounded timidity, but to go on and prosper.

Washington's public deportment was always consistent with his age and dignity, and his manner overawed those about him. It used to grieve his kind old heart that young people specially felt a constraint in his presence. He could not help observing this, so, at a social gathering, he would sometimes walk through the opening minuet or quadrille, a new dance introduced into America by French officers during the Revolution, and, with a gracious smile and stately bow, withdraw and leave them to free enjoyment. Sometimes, unable to deny himself the pleasure of seeing his guests having a good time together, he slipped behind a door, left open by his order, and smiled softly to himself as he secretly witnessed their happiness.

MOONLIGHT IN THE PINES

BY GEORGE STERLING

FULL-STARRED, seraphic Night arose,
Lifting the Pleiades' dim lyre
Above that solitude where glows
Rose-red Aldebaran's fire.

Mute, ere the darkness could forget
The crystal hour of evening's trance,
I felt the little winds that set
The mirrored stars a-dance.

On restless leaves I heard them pass
To touch the yellow vines that lay
Like paler pythons in the grass,
Beside a lonely way.

To forest glades at last it led,
By Silence chosen as her own:
The pines' soft sighing overhead
Seemed but her whispers flown.

Scarcely it seemed to cross the bound
Where she, aloof, stood sorceress—
That twilight where the feet of sound
Pass unto nothingness.

A little weary of the speech
Of burdened man and troubled sea,
I stood and dreamed that time would teach
Her dream of peace to me;

And, awed by the communing night,
Forgot the haggard world withdrawn,
Ere on my face there fell a light
As of a spectral dawn.

It gleamed beyond the barring pine—
That shattered silver of the moon,
The midnight's asphodels divine
On field and woodland strewn.

Among the lesser trees it lay
Like veiled and pallid ghosts that slept,
About whose forms, as in dismay,
The fearful shadows crept.

But o'er the dale where Silence stood,
With tranquil dews austerely crowned,
A wilder glory touched the wood—
A sense of things profound.

And subtlier on the enchanted air
The moonlight's nacre seemed to melt,
While mosses like a witch's hair
Stirred to a wind unfelt.

And, like a messenger of night,
Mystical, ominous, and slow,
A fragile moth, in purposed flight,
Went past on wings of snow.

It may have been that elder powers
Stood, immaterial, in the glade;
Perchance the moon's phantasmal flowers
At shrines unseen were laid.

For in those aisles it seemed there shone
Forsaken marbles, pure and cold—
The gleam of altars overthrown
And ghostly fanes of old;

And since that hour the night can thrill
With haunting chords by day unstirred,
And Beauty's lips, refusing still,
Move with a secret word.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

LAWLESSNESS AND SABOTAGE

DURING the general strike on the railways of France, which occurred in August of last year, reference was frequently made to acts of vandalism perpetrated by the strikers, with the object of rendering the railway equipment ineffective or dangerous or both. This variety of lawlessness, committed by persons who had been the natural protectors of the property, was designated by the word *sabotage,* derived from a slang term meaning to botch. In English, "malicious mischief" would appear to be the nearest explicit definition of "sabotage," which is so much more expressive as to be likely of adoption into all languages spoken by nations suffering from this new force in industry and morals. Sabotage has a flavor which is unmistakable even to persons knowing little slang and no French, as an expression of the barbarous means and atrocious motives involved in the large variety of acts covered by the lawless word.

In America, sabotage has played an important part in many strikes where the mechanism of transportation has been accessible to sympathizing vandals. As a means of thwarting efforts to get along without the strikers by introducing new men, it is so ready at hand and so effective as to make an irresistible appeal. That much desired end is assumed to justify the means, while usually silence follows with regard to the property that is destroyed, and the innocent lives that may be sacrificed. The resort to sabotage has not yet been openly advocated by the more violent leaders of strikes, though the frequently recommended boycott is obviously a form of damage without physical destruction. But, after the French strike mentioned above, the railway employees of Italy in a deliberate ballot by a large majority formally indorsed the principle of sabotage as a resource in the attainment of higher wages and the "uplifting" of labor. There are conspicuous American labor-leaders too law-abiding and too wise to indorse sabotage, but the open opposition of others to police interference with disorder, to armed private detectives, and to the constabulary uses of a State militia, is in effect a preparation for the freer practice of

the principle. This is all the more ominous when one observes that these latter are honored in the counsels of that useful and otherwise admirable body, the National Civic Federation, a fact which is one of the strangest and most regrettable phenomena of well-intentioned philanthropy.

Sabotage in the interest of a cause is probably not so old as sabotage for personal revenge, but under present-day usage the two kinds are growing to be equally prevalent, and the practice of one variety naturally stimulates the employment of the other. At this writing the world has just been shocked by the act of a naval cook who, to avenge his discharge from the Dutch navy, slashed with a knife Rembrandt's famous painting "The Night Watch," in the museum at Amsterdam. A few days later two men were arrested in Alabama for the more common type of sabotage for personal revenge. Previously they had tried to evade paying fare on a railway train, and, having been ordered off, had attacked the conductor, with the result that they were sent to prison for murderous assault. On being released, they derailed a train in charge of the hated conductor, who escaped injury; but the engineer and firemen were killed, and a hundred thousand dollars' worth of property was burned in the wreck.

It is plain that sabotage for private revenge differs from sabotage in the interest of a body of government employees, or for the successful prosecution of a strike of working-men. Though alike in fiendishness, the latter is vastly more damaging to the essential foundations of law and order. Taken together, they are allies in a growing menace against which the conserving forces of government and society must bestir themselves. Under modern conditions, the priceless treasures of the ages, the costly buildings reared to beauty and service, and the structures which are the instruments of commerce and industry, are all at the mercy of individual and collective sabotage. In a time when even women are acclaimed for having gone to jail for offenses against law and order by way of drawing attention to a cause, and when intimidation and violence are, almost with immunity, made the crucial parts of campaigns for class advantage, it is evident that the growth of popular sentiment against lawlessness will be slow. But the sentiment of thoughtful persons, stirred by press and pulpit, will at least quicken the sense of duty of officers of the law and will hearten our courageous judges, who, despite the strange outcry against the idea, are still the bulwark of all rights, whether those rights are defined as "constitutional" or "popular." A prominent labor-leader has lately gone so far as even to suggest that life in the United States would be improved if one third of the judges were suppressed and their salaries devoted to paying indemnities to injured workmen. The moderation of the proposal is indicated by the fact that two thirds of the cost of "justice" would still remain as a possible resource for future betterment.

Lawlessness of thinking has reached that point of progress where the tongue glibly utters what the heart desires, and, as a natural consequence, to those who are infatuated with their own class interests old standards seem superannuated or at least troublesome. The dangerous tendency toward sabotage of the machinery of national life can be overcome only by strong and patient efforts to teach the young that respect for law and order are as sacred as respect for the flag, and that a flag which does not protect property represents no power that can effectually protect human life.

THE TREASON IN OHIO

A KEEN observer of events in America cannot fail to see that we are in the midst of an era of national house-cleaning such as occurs hardly more than once in a generation. Tolerated evils go on from bad to worse by the very easy-going character of our people until they culminate in public scandal, after which the thinking begins; and when we have thoroughly considered the rights and wrongs of a definite state of affairs, the mending of our ways is very rapid. Once a clear choice is presented, the decision of our people on great questions is usually right.

One of the most promising developments in the body politic is the discovery that a large number of citizens of Adams County, Ohio, have been guilty, for a number of years, of buying and selling votes at the political bargain counters. "I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people," said Edmund Burke, but the grand jury of

Adams County came near doing just that, for in one district of the county every male voter has been indicted and disfranchised. The haste of this swarm of money-changers to confess their fault and to accept their punishment is a warning to the entire country that the time has come when there must be a new standard, or, rather, a more rigid enforcement of an old standard of honesty with relation to the electorate.

If the men involved were mere "ignorant foreigners" or people of deficient ethical opportunities, there would seem to be something to be urged in their behalf, but, as it stands, there is nothing to be said but that they have exemplified a very cheap and mean form of treason to their country. The laws that are made by the representatives of their purchased ballots may work incalculable injury to their fellow-men. The candidates, of whichever party, who are chosen by such votes are usually of the bucaneering Tammany type that lowers the standard of political conduct in all directions. Those who have been bribed clearly deserve the fines and disfranchisement which are being meted out to them. But are these penalties adequate? And what of the bribers? Only by punishing severely such crimes of premeditation can their enormity be brought saliently before the people.

It is often urged in a political contest, as a pretext for bribery and corruption, that it is a state of war and that "all things are fair in love and war"—a detestable maxim, by the way. The people have too long been deluded by the cry that the country must be "saved" from the other party, which would mean that nearly one half of the people are incapable of self-government. It has been too easy to create a state of war out of any sort of difficulty. The casuist jumps to the conclusion that any form of activity in which he may be engaged is absolutely necessary to the welfare of the country, and from that point on, corruption has free play in his mind and conduct.

The Ohio incident is likely to bring about a better state of affairs all over the country. It will set men to thinking as to the sanctity of the ballot and to considering not only whether poisoners of the electorate should not be imprisoned, but whether some measure of disfranchisement should not be provided for those who, without excuse, neglect to exercise the franchise which has been conferred upon them as a sacred trust in the interest of their country and their time. Not until then shall we make any approach to the idealism of Whittier's poem, "The Poor Voter on Election Day":

The proudest now is but my peer,
The highest not more high;
To-day, of all the weary year,
A king of men am I.
To-day, alike are great and small,
The nameless and the known;
My palace is the people's hall,
The ballot-box my throne!

. . . . . .

While there 's a grief to seek redress,
Or balance to adjust,
Where weighs our living manhood less
Than Mammon's vilest dust,—
While there 's a right to need my vote,
A wrong to sweep away,
Up! clouted knee and ragged coat!
A man 's a man to-day!

CROSS CURRENTS IN PUBLIC ECONOMY

SEVERAL marked efforts to cut down public expenses have recently been made. Mr. Dix, the new Governor of New York, made the burden of his first message to the Legislature an admirable and urgent recommendation of drastic retrenchment. In national affairs the same subject has been longer to the fore. President Taft set before his Administration from the first a reduction in the annual budget; but at the end of the first year the total of the money appropriated by Congress was as large as before. That it was not much larger might be claimed as a negative triumph. Since then the economizing energies of the government at Washington have been redoubled. The departmental estimates have been sharply cut. In the Treasury, a saving has been effected of nearly $1,500,000, largely through simplification of work and weeding out superfluous employees. The Postmaster-General has succeeded in lowering the annual deficit in the postal service by $11,000,000. Meanwhile the President has been insistent on the policy of lowered appropriations. It

might seem as if we had entered upon an era of retrenchment and frugality.

Yet everybody must be aware of a very common skepticism that any substantial results will follow. That is the curious thing. Many voices are crying out for economy; few people expect governmental outlays to be reduced. Our situation recalls Walter Bagehot's saying: "If you want to raise a certain cheer in the House of Commons, make a speech in favor of economy; if you wish to invite sure defeat, make a motion to cut out a given expenditure." Indeed, the very fact of public saving, accomplished or merely planned, in one direction, seems to provoke new forms of extravagance. Thus in Congress no sooner is it known that reforms are afoot which bid fair to save $30,000,000, than bills are introduced and urged to passage which would spend an extra $60,000,000 or $70,000,000. The pension bill, frankly admitted to mean an added $45,000,000 a year; bounties to shipping to be paid out of the Treasury; fresh demands of the military authorities for millions in fortifications at Panama and elsewhere—these are the responses to the President's plea for public economy. It might appear as if the preaching of the virtue of thrift brought on a reaction in the form of yet more lavish spending.

Now, it will not do to say that this is a vice peculiar to the United States or inherent in the American system of government. Our method of financial control in Congress is, indeed, far less efficient than that in use in the British Parliament, for example. Yet there, too, and, in fact, in nearly every country, the complaint is heard that public expenses go on mounting as if fated. No matter what the form of government or financial administration or taxation, the figures show a constant tendency to climb upward. That this is so universally the case suggests that there must be general causes at work. The pressure for appropriations on all Congresses and Parliaments having the power of the purse seems to be very much the same the world over. It undoubtedly represents, in part, a new and genuine demand of the people. They are asking more of their governments than they once did. They require more of municipalities in the way of providing for public comfort, safety, health, and education; more of the States in the matter, for instance, of care of the dependent classes; more of the National Government in looking after the natural resources of the country, and in extending and enforcing laws to safeguard the rights of the people. All these things cost money and mean higher bills to pay and higher taxes to pay them. On certain lines of public outlay we must apparently make up our minds to an increasing scale.

Yet this fact, which it were folly to blink, does not make the case for economy hopeless. Rather does it render it the more imperative. With so much that we must spend, the need is the greater of watching carefully for every point at which we may save. And here it is well to note certain difficulties in bringing about reduced expenses, or in guarding against their becoming needlessly swollen —difficulties which are great, but which are not necessarily insurmountable. One of them is what may be called the inertia of extravagance. Money once voted for an object tends to be continued automatically. As in the case of the Russian sentry posted once to guard a wild flower that the Empress admired, and provided for on that spot for years afterward, an appropriation of public money seems to have a self-perpetuating power. Those who have once benefited by it come to look upon it as a vested interest. So, too, offices once established get a fatal kind of grip on the public funds, because they have first got the same kind of grip on men's minds. We must reckon in, too, the ways of men assembled and clothed with power to vote away the public money. It is not needful to attribute wrong-headedness and a spendthrift habit to Congressmen and members of our Legislatures in order to understand how they are often pressed into what looks like extravagance, and how hard it is to induce them to take a step backward in the matter of public expenses. They are human beings, like the rest of us; and it is human motive and the ordinary complex interests of mortal affairs that tempt them forward to larger outlay. One legislator seeks to oblige his fellow. The rolling stone gathers no moss but the rolling log of legislative bodies gathers a lot of public money. It is only when some great party issue of retrenchment is placed in the hands of a masterful man like Samuel J. Randall to carry out, that Congress can

easily be kept in hand and led to make such large reductions in expenditure as were achieved under him thirty years ago.

But all these difficulties of public economy are really in the nature of an appeal for it, and a challenge to those set for efficient administration. We have been hearing a great deal about scientific management of industrial concerns and of railroads, and of the large savings which can be made by attention to minute details. It is time we heard of something of the same kind in the public business. A beginning has been made in the Treasury Department. The economies effected in it are in good part the result of careful investigation into personnel and method, and are really an instance of scientific management. This kind of economical work ought greatly to be extended. There is room and a demand for it in all branches of the public service. By that means large sums can be saved for use in the necessary money-bills of the government. Nor must we forget that, as a wise Chancellor of the Exchequer in England said, it is policy that breeds extravagance. When a new policy that has all the marks of lax and increasing expenditure upon it fights for a place on the statute-books, it must be fought. Moreover, when needless and extravagant extensions of an old policy are proposed, as in the case of the pension bill, it is the duty of the true economists in Congress to withstand it, and of the President, if necessary, to veto it.

WHERE NEW YORK LAGS IN ART

IS it not astonishing that, with all the foresight that New York is showing in various directions, it should not be more alive to the cause of creative art? True, the generosity of Mr. Morgan and others is giving great value to the collections of the Metropolitan Museum, which is now in progressive control and has for its director a capable and distinguished American. But much remains to be done to give the city the preëminence it holds in many other departments. Its Museum of Natural History, its Aquarium, its Botanical and Zoölogical Gardens, its Opera, and its great Library, soon to be opened, are institutions to be proud of. What is needed, from the overflow of the purse of Fortunatus, is a central site for a new building for the National Academy of Design (to be obtained without invading the scanty precincts of the public parks), with provision for a permanent salon and larger facilities for instruction in art. The way to the expression of the national spirit in art-forms lies through opportunities for creative work. Taste is disseminated not merely by collections, but by the discovery, training, and encouragement of artists of large talent.

By the way, are we not too prone to urge upon the public the money value of taste? There is a higher view of that joyous quality, and it is well expressed by the saying of Auguste Luchet: "What is taste? Nobody knows. It is perhaps the soul."

"PROFESSIONALISM IN SCHOLARSHIP"

THE restiveness of a part of the college world over the fact that some of the undergraduates' time is still diverted from athletics, is pleasantly indicated in the accompanying excerpt from the "Harvard Alumni Bulletin," which says:

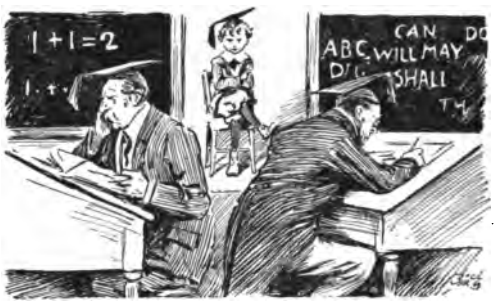
> One of the undergraduate organs voices a mild protest against what it terms professionalism in scholarship. It does not see why athletes are debarred from accepting money rewards while scholars are urged into competition for them. Perhaps we may help remove the mote from our brother's eye by suggesting that this is because, absurd as it may appear to undergraduates, the College authorities persist in regarding a student's studies as his profession and a student's athletics as his pastime. They urge him to be a professional at work and an amateur at play. The onlooker in the outside world is more apt, it is true, to define a college student as one who plays with the zeal of a professional and works with the indifference of an amateur; and this definition, unhappily, is more often square with the facts than otherwise. Nevertheless, in its policy of paying good money without scruple to those students who make the curriculum their chief interest the University is wholly consistent with its own definitions.

OPEN LETTERS

A KINDERGARTEN FOR GRADUATES

From a Tutor in the Sauve-qui-Peut Preparatory School to the Dean of the Princeton Graduate College

My dear Professor West:



I was much interested in your suggestive and modest paper on the Graduate School of Princeton, of which the Editor of THE CENTURY had sent me advance sheets, and I find myself in sympathy with its purposes and standards. You are to be congratulated on the near realization of the project to which you have devoted so many years. I regard the growth of the utilitarian idea in higher education as one of the most malign indications of the progress of socialism, which, when it has equalized and regulated material conditions, will be ready and eager to take up the frightful intellectual inequalities of the day, and particularly the enormous accumulations of pure learning by the opulent few.

With all the admirable provisions you have made for the higher education,—that culture which is to knowledge as the finished product to the raw material,—I miss the mention of one essential department. Perhaps, with all the ideality of the scheme you are not yet ready for this radical innovation. I refer to that desideratum, a *kindergarten for illiterate graduates*. Or, can it be that you were hoping to keep in reserve the announcement of this blessing to mankind until the day of the dedication ceremonies, so that (pardon the bull) the key of the arch of learning might be used for the corner-stone?

Of course by "kindergarten" I do not mean literally the system of straws and games and impersonations employed to amuse and instruct small children. After a four-years' course at college one is no longer a small child. What I mean is an addition to the curriculum that will give the graduate an opportunity to brush up on those commonplaces of the higher education which during those four years he has not been willing to lower himself to acquire.

Take, for instance, so elementary a thing as the usage of "who" and "whom," and "may" and "can," and "shall" and "will," and "should" and "would." Is the brilliant reasoner of the senior class to go on forever in ignorance of the proper employment of these every-day terms? Or shall he emulate the savant who, never having had the advantages of the kindergarten for graduates, confessed that he had spent his life in evading the subjunctive? Is it sufficient to say that it is not the business of the university to supply omissions in public-school education? Or shall our careless senior make a virtue of necessity and declare such niceties of what he and the newspaper men call "diction" as mere superfluities of the idealist, unnecessary in the practical affairs of life? I have given the above words merely as examples. Multiply them by a hundred, and you get an idea of the remoteness of our careless senior from the standards of good English. I hope that such things will be remedied by the Graduate School before he is let loose upon the world. And think of the missionary field awaiting him! Why, I venture to say that five sixths of the "well educated" people of your State will tell you that they live in "Noo" Jersey; and we New Yorkers are no better than our neighbors.

Take also as simple a matter as the writing of a letter—simple, yes; but how important! Ought not a man with a college degree to be fairly skilled in so necessary an exercise? A lady, the mother of several graduates of a university—fine fellows, noted athletes, and with high scholastic records—once told a friend of mine that after graduation every one of them had to be taught laboriously how to answer an ordi-

nary invitation to dinner. (What a blessing the telephone is to such!) And when one comes to the delicate adjustment of attitudes, and the gradations of respect, toward the persons to whom one writes, to say nothing of refined or even legible chirography, certainly there is room and need for the cultivation of this charming art. On the other hand, I received not long ago from a boy of eighteen, for whom I had done a service, a grateful letter of acknowledgment which for deference, appreciation, and, withal, spontaneity and manliness would have done credit to any of the great French letter-writers. I read it with that rare pleasure with which one discovers that a person is better than one had thought him—and is anything in life more delightful than such a revelation?

So I hope we shall have in the Graduate School a chair of belles-lettres—in the literal sense.

And, then, to consider real diction, what a part that plays in French education, and how it is ignored with us! Let the boy miss his chance of it, the man is fixed in a wrong mold. The universities are too proud to teach him, and, indeed, he is too ashamed to learn. And yet speech is almost our intellectual breath, and a man's whole life is colored and affected by his address, of which diction is so large a part. Where is one to go to learn enunciation, accent, modulation of voice, phrasing, and the other musical qualities which give a man power in conversation or debate? I am sure you have this in mind in the new chair which is to be part of the Graduate School, and that you have already chosen its motto, "Better late than never," and have translated it into Latin for the seal of the department.

With my best wishes for the success of this and the other important departments of your great institution,

Sincerely yours,
George Watt Fellows.

ON PUTTING OUT FIRES WITH ROSE-WATER

From a Worker at the University Settlement to his Friend, a Director in the Hard-as-Nails Trust

My dear ——:

It is not a propitious time, when one is running for a trolley, to discuss fundamental questions of sociology with a friend, and I am not satisfied to let you have the last word on the labor question, as you had last night.

Your citation of Garfield's remark that all government is based ultimately on force was apposite; I agree that the time comes when, if society is to be saved from chaos, there is nothing for it but gun-powder: the *ultima ratio regum* is also the last argument of a democracy. The crux of the matter lies in the word "ultimately." Force must be indeed the last resort in dealing with violence, but it is neither the only nor the first nor the most effective expedient.

What I must take issue with is your remark: "You cannot put out fire with rose-water." But why not, if you have enough of it, and if you begin soon enough? If you mean that rose-water is expensive, compared with Croton, for instance, that is another question. Economy is a comparative matter. If plenty of rose-water had been available at the right moments, there might have been a very large reduction of the loss by fire of $234,470,650 in the United States and Canada during 1910. Whether in forest or city, the time to fight fire is in its incipiency. Remember also that authorities state that a large part of this great loss was due to carelessness, the mother of most of the ills of Pandora's box.

To drop the figure, are you not underrating the value of manners in dealing with the whole labor problem, domestic or commercial? My dear cynic, I hear you quoting,

> "There was an old woman said, 'How
> Shall I soften the heart of this cow?
> I will sit on the stile
> And continue to smile,
> And soften the heart of this cow.'"

And you say, "man is a predatory animal." Well, there is something in that, whether you mean it as confession or accusation. But that is stating only the problem not the solution.

Now, of course, society is a tacit compromise of individual and smaller interests for the sake of larger and general ones, and the main road to its benefits is the way of justice. But what I was contending for in our chat was that for one person who can

comprehend the complexities of abstract justice there are a hundred who are moved by the self-respect inspired in them by that form of justice called courtesy, and that if this were more generally inculcated in all classes, employers and employed, soon enough —before the conflagrations of anger and violence are started—the chances for a better understanding all round would be greatly improved. The time to settle strikes is before employers and workmen are ten years old.

I am aware that many people take politeness, as they do forbearance, as a form of obsequiousness, not knowing that the man who is truly courteous is so not merely for the sake of the self-respect of others, but for his own. But, though distinctly a lower motive, it is not a mean one to urge upon children and servants that it is of advantage to them to be considerate of the rights of others. What is needed in a complex and heterogeneous population, such as ours has become, is to maintain a standard of manners, and this cannot be done merely by breeding-in-and-in. You and I see people—noticeably among the vulgar rich—whose theory is that good manners are only for their own circle—that it is a sign of superiority to treat others with contempt. Their very advantages have made them cads.

Now, in a smaller degree, is there not something of this indifference in the attitude of many well-to-do persons toward laboring people? I know men who are the pillars of charities who, in their daily intercourse, with their employees are unsympathetic and even frigid. If their own establishments are not veritable schools of bad manners, at least they show no realization of responsibility for the manners of those who are there employed. And yet where are most of these to get their ideas of conduct except in the daily round of common work? I know one man in a mercantile institution who long before the present wave of interest in "efficiency" began to sweep over the country, awoke to the fact that he was not doing his duty by his boys and men, and who established a few sympathetic lines of personal touch which introduced among them a loyalty and a noticeably higher standard of work merely by increasing their self-respect. This was not patronage, but a level meeting on the plane of humanity. It is the boast of those who are promoting the new scientific management of business that it is a civilizing influence—that it provides new motives besides that of higher wages; that it carries to working-men, and to employers as well, a new impression of the meaning of life, and a new gospel of good work.

But here I am rambling on at great length when I merely meant to suggest to you the falsity of that old-time prudential maxim about rose-water, which I believe to be one of the best fire-extinguishers ever employed.

Yours faithfully,

Warrington Emerson.

GROWING UP

BY EDNA KINGSLEY WALLACE

I 'M growing very big and tall,
Almost to mother's shoulder;
And though there 's lots of things I like
In getting to be older,

My legs and arms have grown so long
That father laughs, and Bobby
Just grins and says, "Oh, Gee, Pauline,
Your knees are awful knobby!"

And uncle calls me Spindle-shanks
And Polly-Doodle-Dandy,
And says, "My child, be thankful that
Your lovely legs are n't bandy."

It 's nice to reach high hooks and things,
If anybody pleases,
But I do wish my family
Were n't all such horrid teases.

I don't know where to put myself
When mother tries to hold me;
I wish she knew some comfy way
To take me up and *fold* me.

Of course she 's always letting down
My skirts and sleeves, to hide me,—
But, then, I wish my bones would wait
Till *I* grow up *inside* me.

Drawn by W. H. Gallaway

SPRING FEVER

DOCTOR: My dear lady, you are in perfect health. I can't find a thing the matter with you.
PATIENT: I wish you 'd try again, Doctor. I do so want to go away to recuperate.

THE PARTY AT CROGAN'S

BY FLORENCE J. BOYCE

'T was a foine time we had down at
  Crogan's;
The five av us slept not a wink,
Wid a fiddle to stir up our brogans,
  An' plenty o' toddy to dhrink.
The grog it was free as the air is,
  An' we managed to store it away;
We whistled and sang like canaries.
  An' who was the five, did ye say?

The two Crogans, that 's one; Mike Sployd, that 's two; Tim Horrigan 's three; an' meself—but there was *five* av us.

We played forty-five. Mike was b'atin',
  An' Horrigan called him a cheat,
Then they threw off their coats widout
  waitin'
  An' tuk at it like dogs in the shtreet.
They stirred up our blood wid their
  brawlin'
  Till we all got mixed up in the fray,
The five av us pullin' an' haulin'.
  But who was the five, did ye say?

Mike Sployd, that 's one; Tim Horrigan 's two; the two Crogans is three; an' meself—sure, there was *five* av us.

Pat Crogan he tuk up his fiddle,—
  Och, Pat is a merry gossoon!—
An' he drew the bow over the middle
  An' played us a bit av a chune;
Himself round the kitchen went prancin',—
  Such a jig as Pat Crogan can play!—
An' it set the whole five av us dancin'.
  Now, who was the five, did ye say?

Meself, that 's one; Mike Sployd, that 's two; the two Crogans is three; Tim Horrigan 's four—I thought there was *five* av us.

It was early daylight in the mor-rning
  When the party at Crogan's broke up;
The cock in the shed called a war-rning,
  An' we all tuk a turn at the cup:
But the truest of friends must be parted,
  An' each av us then went our way,
The five av us all happy-hearted.
  But who was the five, did ye say?

The two Crogans, that 's one; Mike Sployd, that 's two; Tim Horrigan 's three; meself—och, I guess there was only four av us, afther all.

Drawn by J. R. Shaver

A SECRET

THE VISITOR: And what is your baby sister's name?
THE CHILD: It 's Mabel Elizabeth Gwendolen Jane, but we have n't told her yet.

THE BEST METER FOR A SPRING POEM

(PANTOUM)

BY MARY ELEANOR ROBERTS

A PANTOUM is the very thing for me,
  Because twice over I can use each line,
So shall I practise wise economy;
  Such endless repetition will be fine.

Because twice over I can use each line,
  It 's better than a rondeau or rondel;
Such endless repetition will be fine,
  And I prefer it to a villanelle.

It 's better than a rondeau or rondel,
  And sonnets are so difficult at times!
And I prefer it to a villanelle;
  A ballade takes so very many rhymes,

And sonnets are so difficult at times!
  But that 's the trouble with all kinds of verse.
A ballade takes so very many rhymes,
  And those with two refrains are even worse.

But that 's the trouble with all kinds of verse,
  Sestina, chant royal, or virelai,
And those with two refrains are even worse;
  A lyric should have something new to say.

Sestina, chant royal, or virelai,
  I will not choose those measures when I sing.
A lyric should have something new to say
  To chant the glories of the coming spring.

I will not choose those measures when I sing,
  So shall I practise wise economy;
To chant the glories of the coming spring,
  A pantoum is the very thing for me.

Meditations of Marcus Artelius

BEING POSITIVELY THE LATEST WORD ON THE RACE PROBLEM

BY LUCY PRATT

"WELL, cert'nly is gittin' wea'ysome, ser much talk 'bout de culled folks. Dat 's de trufe," meditated Marcus Artelius.

Miss Abolition Jones looked attentive, quite ready, in fact, for *any* new expression on the subject.

"An' nudder thing, I doan' like ter hyeah nobuddy, white or culled, talk foolishness. Now, de gen'leman where written dat piece. Fus place, I doan' r'ally see w'at he written it fer, anyway, 'ca'se he ain' sign 'isself, so 't ain' fer popalarity, an' he cert'nly did n' git no money fer it, so he ain't written it fer mercantile pu'poses. No 'm, he did n' git no money fer *dat* article, Miss 'Lition, dat 's sho, 'ca'se yer kin see way he talk he could n' 'a' studied inter de case 't all. W'y, w'at yer s'pose? *Fus* thing he 'mence right off by sayin' one way o' treatin' de culled folks would be ter sen' 'em all back ter Africa. Now, w'at 's he mean by sech triflin' talk 's dat? W'at 's he thinkin' 'bout, anyway? De culled folks is gwine let 'im pack 'em off in ships like beas's? Well, dey ain' gwine do it. No 'm, I ain' gwine let nobuddy sen' me off ter Africa, so dey need n' be studyin' 'bout it. No, ma'am. Need n' be thinkin' 'bout it, 'ca'se I ain' gwine."

An undertone of remarks from Marcus still continued to trail on while he arranged his ideas in more definite shape.

"Well, co'se could n' nobuddy wid sense r'ally 'gree wid 'im, anyway," he finally declared reasonably, "an' doan' look like he 's ever been ter de culled Baptis' convention or de Mefodis' camp-meetin', eider, 'ca'se ef he is, he 'd see fer 'isself he could n' mek p'eparations sufficient ter properly 'commodate 'em all. Oh, shuh," he exploded, "I cert'nly would like ter see 'im runnin' 'em all on bo'd; 'ca'se cert'nly 's gwine be a heap o' balkin'. An' Preacher Smiff o' de Baptis's he gwine be 'mong de fus ter balk. No 'm, he ain' gwine up no plank fer Africa. No, ma'am. He got too much sense. An'

time he lif' up 'is voice to 'is people, reckon de gen'leman where written dat article 'll 'cide it 's too much wuk, anyway, ter sen' 'em all ter Africa. An' same wid Preacher Miles. De Mefodis' voice is jes ez ca'yin' ez de Baptis'; *jes* ez ca'yin'. An' time dey gotten Preacher *Miles* abo'd, de gen'leman where written dat article would n' have no coat to 'is back ner no ha'r on 'is haid.

"But 't ain' nuth'n' but foolish talk, anyway. Doan' know which 's mos' triflin', 'bout Africa or 'bout ma'iage. You know w'at he say 'bout ma'iage, Miss 'Lition? W'y, he say *ef* de culled folks stay yere, nex' yer know all de culled men 's gwine be steppin' up 'n' axin' de white women will dey ma'y 'em. Well, now, 't ain' so. W'at he think? De culled men 's a-gwine runnin' off f'om dey own folks w'en dey 's han'some, edjercated culled women roun' 'em ez dey is ter-day? No 'm, dey ain't. De Lawd did n' inten' it no sech a way, an' He ain' gwine have it no sech a way, an', mo' 'n all dat, de culled women ain' gwine have it no sech a way. But de gen'leman where written dat article he say ter per*vent* any sech trouble arisin', w'y, he think p'raps anudder way is gwine be ter run all de culled folks off inter one cohner o' de country an' let 'em stay dere—jes keep on livin' dere in de cohner. Now, w'at kin' uv a cohner 's dat gwine be? An' how he reckon he 's gwine keep 'em in dere, anyway? P'raps he 's fixin' ter buil' a fence roun' 'em. Well, I kin tell 'im 'fo' he stahts dey 'd be r'arin' an' cha'gin' f'om de fus, 'ca'se natchelly, yer kin see yerself, Miss 'Lition, it 's gwine be a ve'y discommodin' 'rangement. An' yer know, too, 't ain' sense ter ax no fam'ly man ter go off like dat 'thout offerin' 'im no mo' pummanency o' wuk. No, ma'am. 'T ain' gwine wuk. No 'm. *I* ain' gwine stay in no cohner behine no fence.

"An' lemme tell yer, Miss 'Lition, 't ain' gwine do no good ter start out an' talk like dat, anyway. W'y, way he talk yer 'd think all de folks in de Souf, white 'n' culled, did n' git time fer nuth'n' 't all but quar'lin' 'n' fussin'. Well, now, co'se de culled folks has dey faults, an' 'casion'ly de white folks fusses at 'em. But dat ain't de *r'al* trouble, nudder. No 'm. De r'al trouble is it 's too many white folks spen'in' dey time talkin' 'n' holl'in' *'bout* dey faults, an' not 'nough ter r'ally help 'em an' *'vise* 'em an' tek a hole 'n' *teach* 'em. No 'm, look like it 's too many uv 'em ain't willin' ter demean deyselves by teachin' 'em w'at 's right, an' den complain ef dey doan' *do* w'at 's right.

"Well, trufe is, Miss 'Lition, any one wid sense oughter know dey 's allays gwine be *some* trouble 'long 's dey 's a perpondrance o' dat kin' o' folks."

"EVERY MAN HIS OWN LETTER-WRITER"

[THE Open Letter of George Watt Fellows in the present number of THE CENTURY suggests to us the reprinting of a bit of fun which will pleasantly remind the older generation of readers of a favorite writer. It was one of a series of letters satirizing the correspondence manuals of the time, and was contributed by Frank R. Stockton to the number of this magazine for December, 1877, and is included in the complete edition of Stockton's writings published by the Scribners.—THE EDITOR.]

From the wife of a farmer, who, having sewed rags enough to make a carpet, is in doubt whether to sell the rags, and with the money buy a mince-meat chopper and two cochin-china hens of an old lady, who, having been afflicted with varicose veins, has determined to send her nephew, who has been working for a pump-maker in the neighboring village, but who comes home at night to sleep, to a school kept by a divinity student whose father has been educated by the clergyman who had married her father and mother, and to give up her little farm and go to East Durham, New York, to live with a cousin of her mother, named Amos Murdock, or to have the carpet made up by a weaver who had bought oats from her husband, for a horse which had been lent to him for his keep—being a little tender in his fore feet—by a city doctor, but who would still owe two or three dollars after the carpet was woven, and keep it until her daughter, who was married to a dealer in second-hand blowing-engines for agitating oil, should come to make her a visit, and then put it down in her second-story front chamber, with a small piece of another rag-carpet, which had been under a bed, and was not worn at all, in a recess which it would be a pity to cut a new carpet to fit, to an unmarried sister who keeps house for an importer of Limoges faience.

Greenville, July 20, '77.

Dear Maria: Now that my winter labors, so unavoidably continued through the vernal season until now, are happily concluded, I cannot determine, by any mental process with which I am familiar, what final disposition of the proceeds of my toil would be most conducive to my general well-being. If, therefore, you will bend the energies of your intellect upon the solution of this problem, you will confer a most highly appreciated favor upon

Your perplexed sister,
Amanda Daniels.

TEXT AND PICTURES BY OLIVER HERFORD

I

BELINDA was a model child, as any one could see;
Her clothes were always spick and span and spotless as could be.

She did not care for silly toys, and hated vulgar show,
And she tried to bring her parents up the way that they should go.

How different from their only child were James and Mrs. Gay:
They were fond of jolly parties and they doted on the play.

Belinda looked on joys like these with a superior smile;
She 'd rather spend her evenings with Browning or Carlyle.

Her parents were the favorites of every one they met;
They were hailed as "Jim" and "Nettie" by the people of their set.

But Belinda had for nicknames an aversion most profound:
It was "James" and "Henrietta" when Belinda was around.

"SHE 'D RATHER SPEND HER EVENINGS WITH BROWNING OR CARLYLE"

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

From a copy painted for THE CENTURY by E. A. Schmidt

FREDERICK THE WISE

AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY LUCAS CRANACH IN THE GRAND DUCAL MUSEUM AT WEIMAR

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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MARTIN LUTHER AND HIS WORK

FIFTH PAPER: THE BEGINNING OF THE CONFLICT WITH ROME

BY ARTHUR C. McGIFFERT

Professor of Church History in Union Theological Seminary, New York

"I HOPED the pope would protect me, for I had so fortified my theses with proofs from the Bible and papal decretals that I was sure he would condemn Tetzel and bless me. But when I expected a benediction from Rome, there came thunder and lightning instead, and I was treated like the sheep who had roiled the wolf's water. Tetzel went scot-free, and I must submit to be devoured."

Thus Luther describes the treatment received from Rome; the description is in no way overdrawn. At first the cultivated and liberal humanist who enjoyed the papacy under the name of Leo X thought the affair of no importance, and dismissed it as a mere monk's quarrel. Luther was told that upon hearing of the theses the pope remarked sarcastically: "A drunken German wrote them. When he is sober he will think differently." Whether the report is true or not, the words are entirely in keeping with what we know of Leo's character. After a time, however, it became clear that the theses were having their effect, and the sale of indulgences was rapidly falling off. From the beginning the campaign had not gone as well as had been hoped, and the sums obtained in Germany, usually the best market for such wares, fell far short of the wishes of archbishop and pope. Little as they might care about the right or wrong of Luther's criticism, they were both deeply interested in the financial side of the traffic, and agreed that anything affecting it unfavorably must be suppressed. In a monarchy like the papacy, constitutional safeguards availed little. The question of indulgences was theoretically an open one, and in the absence of conciliar decisions, wide differences of opinion were legitimate; but whether legitimate or not, any opinion was bound to be frowned upon if it seriously curtailed the papal income.

The matter was first taken up by the Archbishop of Mayence, who threatened Luther with condemnation for heresy, evidently expecting that he would be frightened and would immediately recant.

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But Luther was made of other stuff, and though such a response to his theses was not what he had looked for, he was above being terrified even by so august an ecclesiastic. Seeing that his threat availed nothing, and apparently being loath to involve himself in a possible quarrel with Staupitz and the Augustinian order, the easy-going archbishop finally washed his hands of the whole matter and referred the case to Rome. There the situation did not seem at first to call for ecclesiastical action, and the pope contented himself with requesting the general of the Augustinian order, resident in Rome, to silence his troublesome monk.

Meanwhile Tetzel, who had the best opportunity of observing the effects of the theses, felt it necessary to take active measures to counteract them. Early in 1518, the new university of Frankfort-on-the-Oder, where the rivalry with Wittenberg was keen, conferred upon him the degree of doctor of theology, and his promotion was made the occasion for a great demonstration by the Dominicans, who assembled to do him honor three hundred strong. Tetzel employed the opportunity thus offered to publish a series of counter-theses, dealing with indulgences and subsequently another dealing with the power of the pope. The second set out in clear and emphatic fashion the doctrine of papal infallibility, held by a party in the church ever since the later Middle Ages, but given dogmatic definition only at the Vatican Council of 1870. Christians should be taught, it is said, that "The authority of the pope is superior to that of the universal church and council, and his statutes must be humbly obeyed"; that "The pope cannot err in those things which are of faith and necessary to salvation"; and that "They who speak slightingly of the honor and authority of the pope are guilty of blasphemy." Nothing could well be more extreme than this. Where such a notion prevailed, of course the criticism of indulgences or of any other practice approved by the pope must be regarded as illegitimate, and it is not surprising that Luther's protestations of devotion to the welfare of the church availed him little.

While hostility was steadily growing in many quarters, the Wittenberg students showed their sympathy with their favorite professor by publicly burning Tetzel's theses in the market-place. Writing to his friend Lang in March, 1518, Luther said:

The indulgence-sellers are thundering mightily against me from the pulpit, and as they have not bad enough names to call me by, they add threats, assuring the people that I shall most certainly be burned within a fortnight, or a month at most. They are also publishing counter-theses until I fear they may burst with the immensity of their wrath. If by chance you have heard about the burning of Tetzel's theses, I will give you the facts, that you may not be misled by exaggerated reports such as are wont to get abroad in a case like this. When the students learned that a man had come from Halle, sent by Tetzel, the author of the theses, being deeply disgusted as they are at the old sophistical studies and exceedingly devoted to the Holy Scriptures, perhaps also desiring to show their partiality to me, they immediately got hold of him and threatened him for daring to bring such a document here. Buying some copies and seizing others, they burned all he had, to the number of eight hundred, having previously announced that those who wished to attend the conflagration and funeral of Tetzel's theses should gather in the market-place at two o'clock. All this they did without the knowledge of the prince, senate, rector, or any of us. The grave injury done the man by our supporters displeases me as well as every one else. I am without blame, but I fear the whole affair will be laid at my door. It has caused much talk, especially among Tetzel's adherents, and no little righteous indignation. What will come of it I do not know, except that my position is made still more dangerous.

Despite the storm raging about him, Luther went on as usual with his regular work, paying little attention to his enemies' attacks and interesting himself in university affairs as if nothing unusual had happened. One of the extraordinary things about the man was the way he could detach himself from the conflict even when it had grown hottest, and could teach and preach and write as if all were serene. Often when in the thick of the fight he would produce a scriptural commentary or a devotional work such as might be expected to come only from the

From a photograph by Braun & Cie. of the painting in the Pitti Palace, Florence. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

POPE LEO X, BY RAPHAEL

Giovanni de' Medici (second son of Lorenzo) as Leo X, was pope from 1513 till his death, December 1, 1521, which included the period of Luther's chief controversies, his excommunication, and the condemnation of his doctrines at the Diet of Worms, held 11 April, 1521.

pen of one whose whole life was spent in quiet study or in the calm of religious meditation; and this even after he had developed into one of the most active, vigorous, and unresting combatants the world has ever seen.

During the months succeeding the posting of the theses, he said little in public about the matter on everybody's lips. In the spring he published a German tract on indulgences which annoyed the Roman authorities even more than the theses, be-

cause addressed direct to the populace. At the request of his bishop, he promptly stopped its sale, and also withheld an elaborate commentary he had been preparing on the theses, preferring, as he said in dutiful monastic phrase, to obey rather than to work miracles, even if he could. The bishop saw, however, that the hope of putting an end to the agitation by keeping Luther quiet was vain, and soon withdrew his request and left the Wittenberg professor his freedom of action.

In May the triennial convention of the Augustinian order in Germany met at Heidelberg, and Luther went to report upon his administration as district vicar and turn over his office to a successor. Writing to Spalatin en route, he said:

I think you have heard from our Pfeffinger all that we talked about when I met him in the village of Judenbach. It was a comfort to me, among other things, to have the

From the copper-plate engraving by Albert Dürer

CARDINAL AND ARCHBISHOP ALBERT OF MAYENCE AND MAGDEBURG

chance of making the rich man poorer by a few coins. For you know how I like to incommode the rich, if in any way I conveniently can, especially if they are friends. He took pains to pay for the dinner even of two unknown companions, at the cost for all of us of ten gulden. Even now, if I can, I shall get the treasurer of our illustrious prince here in Coburg to pay our expenses; but if he is unwilling, we live nevertheless

From a copperplate engraving by Albert Durer

PHILIPP MELANCHTHON

He was a fellow reformer and collaborator with Luther in the translation of the Bible

at the prince's cost. All is going well, thanks be to God! though I must confess that I sinned in traveling on foot. The sin, to be sure, needs no letters of indulgence, for my contrition is perfect, and fullest satisfaction has already been imposed upon me. I am exceedingly fatigued, and there are never empty wagons to be found; and so I am crushed, I repent, I render satisfaction enough and to spare.

when, at the age of twenty-one, he was called to the university of Wittenberg to become its first professor of Greek. There he speedily fell under the domination of Luther's stalwart personality and threw himself into his cause with all the enthusiasm of youth. He performed invaluable services for the new faith, and though not always fully in sympathy with his greater colleague or duly appreciative of him, for the most part he proved himself a most efficient aide. He was of special use at first in drawing the attention of his fellow-humanists to Luther and his work. His support of the new movement counted for a great deal with many of them, and tended to offset in some degree Luther's oft-expressed contempt for human reason and his rough-and-ready methods in controversy. One of the greatest scholars and teachers of the century, Melanchthon immensely enhanced the fame of the university, and his class-room was thronged with students of many nationalities. His title of Praeceptor Germaniae was fairly won, for he did more than any other man to reform the educational system of the country.

Nothing could be more striking than the contrast between the two colleagues, closely associated for more than a quarter of a century—the robust, fearless warrior, man of action, and leader of men, and the delicate, cautious, almost effeminate scholar, naturally a student and recluse, dragged into the arena of conflict against his will, and never quite at home in it. Luther himself draws an apt comparison in the following words: "I am born to fight with mobs and devils, and so my books are very stormy and warlike. I must remove trees and stumps, cut away thorns and thickets, and fill up quagmires. I am the rough woodsman who must blaze the way and clear the path. But Master Philipp comes along gently and quietly; builds and plants, sows and waters, with joy, according to the gifts God has richly bestowed upon him."

Luther's lifelong affection for Melanchthon is one of the most beautiful things about the great reformer. Older by fourteen years, and of far more massive and heroic mold, he yet felt an admiration for the younger man which he was never tired of expressing. "This little Greek surpasses me even in theology," he wrote his friend Lang in 1519, and similar praise was continually upon his lips. It speaks more for his personal affection, and the simplicity and generosity of his nature, than for his penetration, that for some time he regarded Melanchthon as a greater man than himself and thought of him as the coming prophet for whose work he was only preparing the way. The event proved his mistake. He had gained a useful lieutenant, but his was still the commanding figure, and he remained sole leader till the end.

While he was attending quietly to his duties as professor and preacher, the Dominicans, traditional rivals of the Augustinians, and old-time watch-dogs of the orthodox faith, were bestirring themselves at Rome, endeavoring to induce the pope to proceed with vigor against the audacious monk. The efforts of the Augustinian general to silence him had proved unavailing. Luther stood so well with Staupitz and other leading Augustinians in Germany that the machinery of the order could not easily be employed against him. An ecclesiastical procedure therefore seemed necessary, both the financial situation and the importunity of the Dominicans making decisive action of some sort imperative.

In May the master of the papal palace, Sylvester Prierias, was called upon for a preliminary report. Instead of presenting a dispassionate statement of the case, he prepared and published an elaborate scholastic reply to the theses, filled with bitter personal abuse of Luther, and setting forth in most uncompromising fashion the high papal theory already defended by Tetzel. He looked upon the Wittenberg professors with great contempt, and boasted that his book, evidently expected to crush him completely, had been written in three days. Referring to the matter long afterward Luther said:

> The pope never caused me unhappiness except at the beginning, when Sylvester wrote against me and put on the title-page of his book, "Master of the Sacred Palace." Then I thought, "Horrors! will it come to this, that the affair will be brought before the pope?" But our Lord God gave me grace, for the bacchant wrote such poor stuff that I could only laugh at it.

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greatly cheered and strengthened, looking better, according to his friends, than he had for a long time, and ready to take up the campaign with new vigor. The effect upon his Wittenberg acquaintances and colleagues was also marked. They began to be proud of what he had done as they saw what others thought of him, and to rally to his support with a heartiness hitherto quite lacking.

The circle of his intimates was enlarged before the end of the summer, when there came to Wittenberg from the university of Tübingen a young man, scarcely more than a boy, who was to be his most valued associate and principal helper in his great work. Philipp Melanchthon was a grandnephew of the humanist and Hebraist Reuchlin, and one of the most precocious geniuses of that precocious age. He was already an accomplished classical scholar and a humanist of considerable repute

From a copy by the Photographische Gesellschaft, Berlin, of the painting by Christopher Amberger

CHARLES V, EMPEROR OF THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE
FROM 1519 TO 1556

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Nichols

EDRAL AT AUGSBURG

Again a fortnight later, he wrote:

I do not yet see how I can escape the threatened judgment unless the Prince comes to my aid. On the other hand, I should much rather remain under perpetual censure than have the Prince gain an evil

Drawn by H. D. Nichols

THE CATHEDRAL AT AUGSBURG

with all I am and have. Restore to life, kill, call, recall, approve, reprove, as it shall please thee. Thy voice I will recognize as the voice of Christ, presiding and speaking in thee."

The contrast between this and the brusque declaration in the body of the work, "I am not moved in the least by what pleases or displeases the supreme pontiff; he is a man like others," need not cause surprise. In Luther's situation such a divided state of mind was entirely natural, at one moment humbly submissive, at the next, when thinking only of his own opinions, boldly defiant.

Whatever the writer's state of mind, the dedicatory letter counted for nothing when the book itself denounced unsparingly a doctrine of the papacy which was coming more and more to be looked upon as a necessary article of faith. The conflict had begun with an attack on indulgences, but it was rapidly developing into a war against papal authority. Not that Luther thought as yet of attacking the papacy,—he was still a devout and loyal subject of the pope,—but, like many others, he was strenuously opposed to a theory which destroyed all independence, either of thought or action, for the church as a whole. Unfortunately the theory was shared by the pope himself and by the Roman authorities, and, as the event proved, they were bound to crush any one openly attacking it.

From an old print

DR. PFEFFINGER

In the early summer, anticipating possible excommunication, Luther preached a sermon on the ban, declaring that exclusion from the church could harm no one provided he retained his Christian faith and character, for the true communion of the church is spiritual and internal, and no one can be put without its pale except by his own act. The sermon made him many enemies particularly in the ruling classes. It was widely felt that he was undermining the safeguards of society. Even the Emperor Maximilian, usually tolerant enough, although he had recently told Frederick's counselor Pfeffinger that Luther's theses were not to be despised and that the elector would better take good care of him, for he might some day be useful, now wrote the pope urging him to silence the dangerous monk before he did worse damage.

Formal proceedings against him were finally set on foot at the papal court, and in August he was summoned to appear in Rome within sixty days to answer the charge of heresy. The situation was now becoming serious. It was quite evident that he could not expect even justice in Rome. The trial must prove a farce, and inevitably result in his condemnation. Indeed, one of the three judges appointed to try his case was his antagonist Prierias. Luther realized the gravity of the situation and at once wrote as follows to Spalatin, who was at the Diet of Augsburg in attendance upon the elector.

Greeting. Your good offices, my Spalatin, I am now in especial need of, as for that matter the honor of almost our whole University is too. What I ask is this, that you labor with the most illustrious prince and Doctor Pfeffinger to have our Prince and His Imperial Majesty secure from the supreme Pontiff my remission or the transfer of my case to Germany, as I have written our Prince. For you see how craftily and maliciously the Dominicans, my murderers, work for my destruction. I have written to the same effect to Lord Pfeffinger that by his own good offices and those of his friends this favor may be secured from his Imperial Majesty and the Prince. It is necessary to act quickly. They have given me very little time, as you will see from this Lernaean citation, with its hydras and monsters. Therefore if you love me and hate iniquity, you will see to it that the counsel and aid of the prince are sought at once, and will inform me, or rather our reverend Father Vicar, John

Drawn by H. D. Nichols

EXTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL AT AUGSBURG

Staupitz, who is perhaps already with you at Augsburg, or will be soon. For he is staying at Salzburg and has promised to be at Nuremberg for the Feast of the Assumption. Finally I beg you not to be troubled or distressed about me. The Lord with the temptation will provide a way of escape.

Again a fortnight later, he wrote:

I do not yet see how I can escape the threatened judgment unless the Prince comes to my aid. On the other hand, I should much rather remain under perpetual censure than have the Prince gain an evil

Drawn by H. D. Nichols

CLOISTERS OF THE CATHEDRAL AT AUGSBURG

name on my account. Believe, therefore, that as I offered myself before I am still ready, and persuade any others you think best to believe the same. I will never be a heretic. I may err in disputation, but I wish to assert nothing, nor hereafter to be taken captive by the opinions of men. It seems advisable to our learned and wise friends that I should ask from our Prince Frederick a safe-conduct, as it is called, through his dominions. When he refuses it, as I know he will, I shall have an excellent

From the painting by Christopher Amberger

CITY COUNCILOR CONRAD PEUTINGER, THE AUGSBURG HUMANIST

excuse, so they say, for not going to Rome. If therefore you are willing and will procure from the most illustrious Prince in my name a written reply, refusing me a safe-conduct and leaving me to go if I wish at my own risk, you will best serve me.

In a letter written about the same time to his superior Staupitz, he said: "See how invidiously I am attacked. Everywhere I am hedged in with thorns; but Christ lives and reigns yesterday, and today, and forever. Pray for me that in this time of temptation I be not too joyful and too confident." A very human touch this last! Joy in battle he always felt, and was never so happy as when in the midst of the fray.

Meanwhile, moved perhaps by Luther's sermon on the ban, and by reports of the growing radicalism of his utterances, the pope decided not to wait until the sixty days were gone, but to have him arrested at once and held for trial, and the elector was called upon to turn him over to Cardinal Cajetan, the papal legate at the Diet of Augsburg. This Frederick was unwilling to do. Though he disclaimed all sympathy with heretics and heresy, he was yet determined that his most famous professor, the chief ornament of his university, should enjoy fair play. He therefore endeavored to have his case transferred to Germany, where there was more likelihood of securing justice. His support was of incalculable benefit to Luther. Without it he would have been destroyed at the very beginning, before his great reforming work was fairly under way. Frederick was the most highly respected and influential prince in Germany, and the pope, particularly just at this juncture, could ill afford to offend him. The Emperor Maximilian was endeavoring to secure the imperial succession for his grandson Charles, but Leo, foreseeing that his own power would be greatly curtailed if the King of Spain, already possessed of large territory in Italy, should also become Emperor of Germany, supported the candidature of Francis I of France. In these circumstances it was of the utmost importance to remain on friendly terms with so influential an elector as Frederick. He therefore yielded so far at least as to commission Cajetan, one of the leading theologians of the day, to hear Luther's case at Augsburg instead of arresting him and sending him to Rome unheard.

Luther was accordingly directed by the elector to appear at Augsburg and answer for himself before the legate. This was not what he had wished. He had hoped for a trial before some German tribunal, not already prejudiced against him, and his friends urged him not to go, warning him that the whole thing was a ruse and that he would certainly be arrested and forfeit his life. But he felt in duty bound to obey the elector's mandate, and, though he was far from well, made the journey on foot, arriving in Augsburg on the seventh of October, and putting up in the

THE CARMELITE MONASTERY OF ST. ANNE, WHERE LUTHER LODGED IN AUGSBURG

Carmelite monastery of St. Anne, the prior of which was a former Wittenberg student. His mood during the journey is shown by the following passage in a letter written from Nuremberg: "I have found some men so pusillanimous in my cause that they have even undertaken to tempt me not to go to Augsburg. But I continue firm. The will of the Lord be done. Even at Augsburg, even in the midst of his enemies, Jesus Christ reigns. Let Christ live, let Martin die, and every sinner." Years afterward he remarked that he saw only the stake before him when he set out from Wittenberg, and was troubled to think what a disgrace he would be to his dear parents.

In Augsburg he was warmly received by some of the leading men of the town and was entertained at dinner by the City Councilor Conrad Peutinger, a humanist of patrician birth, whose fame among his brother humanists was great and whose library was one of the wonders of the age. Augsburg, an important imperial city, was then at the height of its prosperity. It was the home of the Fuggers, the principal financial magnates of the day, and the bankers of emperors and popes. Tradition has it that the papal legate made the palatial residence of Jacob Fugger, the head of the house, his stopping-place, and that Luther appeared before him there.

A few days after his arrival he wrote his colleague Melanchthon:

Nothing new or wonderful is happening here, except that the city is full of my name, and everybody desires to see the Herostratus who has kindled so great a fire. Play the man as you are doing, and teach the young rightly. I am going to be sacrificed for you and them, if it please the Lord. I prefer to perish and even to lose forever your most delightful companionship—a thing most grievous to me—rather than revoke what I have rightly said, and be an occasion of loss to the best studies. With these most ignorant and bitter enemies of literature and education Italy has fallen into palpable Egyptian darkness. For they are all ignorant of Christ and his affairs. These men, nevertheless, we have as lords and masters in faith and practice.

The impatience of Roman rule thus expressed is very significant. It was already wide-spread in Germany, and Luther's awakening sense of the situation was prophetic of what he was yet to do for his native land. At the Diet of Augsburg, which had closed shortly before he arrived in the city, hostility to the papacy found most emphatic utterance. It was no new thing. For many generations the avarice of the Roman curia had provoked the

complaints of Christendom. In all sorts of ways, and by the most devious paths, money flowed to Rome, and the wealth of the nations was drained for its support. Sovereign of the states of the church, a small territory able at best to sustain only a modest court, the pope was at the same time a world ruler and kept up the pomp and circumstance of the greatest of potentates. To Christendom at large he must look for funds to meet the needs of his government and of the thousands of retainers who thronged his court. It was inevitable that the veneration naturally felt toward the head of the church should be tempered with impatience at a foreign power to maintain which the peoples of Christendom were very heavily taxed. No country felt the burden more than Germany. With its historic devotion to the holy see, with its numerous and wealthy ecclesiastical states, with the conflicting interests of its various principalities, and with the weakness of its central government, making common action impossible, it offered abundant opportunities for spoliation.

From a wood-engraving by Hans Burkmair

JACOB FUGGER OF AUGSBURG

He was the head of the immensely wealthy family of merchants at the time of Luther's trial.

It had long been growing clear to German princes and people that they were being exploited by a race which despised them for their very submission, and national pride was finally taking fire everywhere. At the Diet of 1510 a long and ominous list of grievances against the papacy was formulated, and at Augsburg, in 1518, the bitterness was equally marked. The old plea that money was needed for the defense of Christendom against the Turks was urged both by emperor and pope, but the Diet was obdurate, believing that so far at least as the pope was concerned the plea was only a pretext, and that the money would go to line the pockets of his relatives and retainers. In these circumstances it was hardly to be expected that Luther should find the papal legate in particularly good humor, or disposed to treat him with leniency. It would seem as if the temper of the Diet might have warned Cajetan of the necessity of handling the case of the Wittenberg professor with circumspection; but he evidently did not realize the gravity of the situation and did not dream, as, for that matter, Luther did not, that the affair would yet assume national importance.

Luther's interviews with him proved exceedingly unsatisfactory. The cardinal refused to enter into the merits of the case, insisting quite in the spirit of Prierias and Tetzel that it was the monk's duty to submit unquestioningly to the authority of the pope and to recant unconditionally. This he naturally refused to do, and when he undertook to defend his positions, a protracted and heated discussion ensued, which served only to confirm him in his own views and to convince the legate of his obduracy and heresy. The remark attributed to Cajetan by an early biographer of Luther is probably apocryphal: "I do not wish to talk further with this beast, for he has deep eyes, and his head is full of amazing speculations"; but that his impression of the Wittenberg professor was very unfavorable is shown by his account of the affair sent to the Elector Frederick, and Luther's opinion of the cardinal is recorded in a letter written from Augsburg

to his colleague Carlstadt. "He is perhaps a famous Thomist, but he is an obscure and ignorant theologian or Christian, and therefore as well fitted to manage this affair as an ass to play the harp." Years afterward Luther declared that his break with the pope might have been avoided had a more conciliatory policy been adopted by the legate, and a papal ambassador is reported to have said that Cajetan ruined the cause by using violence instead of diplomacy. But neither remark does justice to the fundamental difference of principle between Luther and the papacy—a difference fully apparent only sometime later, but already realized by Cajetan. As a convinced and consistent supporter of the theory of papal absolutism he really followed the only course possible in the circumstances when he demanded unconditional submission.

Successive interviews having proved quite futile, Luther was finally dismissed with the command not to appear again until he was prepared to recant. After waiting a few days for further developments, he was smuggled out of the city by his friends, who had heard rumors of his impending arrest, and made his way hurriedly back to Wittenberg, where he arrived on the last day of October "full of joy and peace," as he wrote Spalatin the same day, "so that I wonder that this trial of mine should seem so great a thing to many great men." He left behind him in Augsburg an appeal duly signed and executed from the pope-ill-informed to the pope-to-be-better-informed, demanding that the process against him be begun anew and unprejudiced judges be substituted for those already named.

That the seriousness of the situation did not wholly absorb him, or dampen the buoyancy of his temper, is shown by the following playful note to Melanchthon, written shortly after his return home apropos of a dinner he gave as dean of the theological faculty to a newly made doctor.

To Philipp Melanchthon, Schwarzerd, Greek, Latin, Hebrew, German, never barbarian. Greeting. To-day you despised both me and the new doctor, so-called. May the Muse and Apollo forgive you for it. Although it was not altogether my affair, I have forgiven you. But unless you show yourself on the hour to Dr. Andrew Carlstadt and Licentiate Amsdorf, and especially to the Rector, not even Greek will be able to excuse you, much less the little brother Martin, as Cajetan calls me. The new doctor thinks, as he says jestingly, that as a barbarian he is held in contempt by a Greek. Take care what you do, for I have promised that you will surely come this time. You will do me a kindness if you come, but I should very much like to have you bring with you Dr. Veit and John Schwertfeger, for this evening I shall be host to my best and dearest friends. Use your influence and my command, if the little brother counts for anything, that they may come with you. Farewell.

Little brother Martin Eleutherius.

Within a week after the dinner, on November 28, expecting speedy condemnation from Rome, he drew up another formal appeal, this time from the pope to a general council. The appeal was a master stroke of policy. It arrayed upon his side opponents of papal absolutism whatever their attitude toward indulgences. From time immemorial a general council had been regarded as supreme in the church, the only final and infallible authority in faith and practice. But during the later Middle Ages papal absolutism had steadily grown, and in the early fifteenth century, in the struggle between the papacy and the great reforming councils, the former had won a complete victory. Discredited as the conciliar party was in Luther's time, the general council still remained the one hope of all who deprecated the unlimited power of the pope. To appeal from pope to council was to put oneself on the side of multitudes of devout Catholics of the highest standing, particularly in Germany and France; and it was inevitable that Luther's case should at once assume in many eyes the aspect of a struggle between the newer papal claims and the older principle of representative government. As a result, the particular reform which interested Luther was widely lost sight of in the larger issue, and the bold professor came to be regarded as a champion of the rights of the church against the usurpations of the pope. In such a struggle, loyal and orthodox Catholics were as likely to be with Luther as against him. His appeal served to rally and consolidate forces of Catholic devotion long existent,

COURTYARD OF THE FUGGER HOUSE, WHERE THE POPE'S LEGATE, CARDINAL CAJETAN, IS SAID TO HAVE LODGED

but for sometime past without the power of effective and concerted expression.

Greatly annoyed at the outcome of the Augsburg interview, Cajetan wrote a sharp letter to Frederick, assuring him that Luther's teachings were heretical, reminding him of his duty as a loyal son of the church, and calling upon him to deliver the refractory professor to the Roman authorities or expel him from his dominions.

EXTERIOR OF THE FUGGER HOUSE AT AUGSBURG

The elector referred the letter to Luther, who immediately returned it, with his own version of the Augsburg interview, and with the request that he be not sent to Rome, where his life would scarcely be safe for an instant. He offered to leave Saxony, if Frederick felt embarrassed by his presence, but suggested that the cardinal be told to put his proofs in writing and not content himself with mere asseverations that brother Martin was a heretic. In an admirably firm and temperate reply to Cajetan, the elector followed Luther's suggestion. Thus he wrote:

> There are many scholars in our principality, in the university and elsewhere, from whom we have not yet been able to learn with certainty that Martin's teaching is impious, unchristian, and heretical, though there are some who have opposed him on private grounds, because his learning has injured them pecuniarily; but even they have as yet proved nothing against him. For if we had adequate evidence that Martin's teaching were impious and unsettling, we should ourselves know by Almighty God's help and grace what to do without being exhorted and admonished. For we are determined in this whole affair to act as becomes a Christian Prince who desires to consult both his honor and his conscience with the aid of God. Since Martin offers to submit his case to the judgment of certain universities, and to stand trial in some safe place, and to surrender himself obediently for instruction and guidance, when his cause has been heard, we think he ought to be allowed to do so, or at least that his errors should be indicated in writing. This we also ask, that we may know on what ground he is to be regarded as heretical, and may be able to proceed accordingly. For we think that when he is not yet convicted, he ought not to be reputed and written down a heretic.

Opposition to the papal absolutism of the Roman party, which made the mere word of the pope sufficient to determine heresy, here speaks in decided terms. Against such absolutism Frederick could evidently be counted on to stand firm, whatever his views as to the right or wrong of his famous professor's reforming efforts.

Luther was delighted with the elector's reply, as he might well be. With such a prince to see that he had fair play, he could feel the ground firm beneath his feet; and Frederick's attitude made it clear enough to the Roman authorities that to crush Luther summarily was quite out of the question.

Force having failed, diplomacy was resorted to. The papal chamberlain Carl von Miltitz, a Saxon nobleman and agent of the Saxon princes in Rome, was despatched to Germany to discover how the land lay, and, if possible, induce the elector to yield to the wishes of the pope. His instructions gave him considerable latitude. He was to seize Luther and send him to Rome if he could, but if not, to accomplish the desired end in some more indirect fashion. He was commissioned to bestow upon the elector the golden rose, the most coveted decoration in the gift of the pope. Apropos of this, Luther repeats a tale brought from Rome, that when it was proposed to offer Frederick the golden rose on condition that he surrender the monk, one of the cardinals angrily exclaimed: "Are you all children or idiots that you propose to buy the monk from the prince?" and tore up the document containing the proposal. Whether the report was true or not, at any rate the gift just at this juncture might easily be construed as an attempt to bribe the elector; and though he had long desired it, he accepted it now with marked coolness.

Arrived in Germany, Miltitz speedily discovered that the situation was much more serious than had been imagined at Rome. He found the whole country stirred up over Luther's case, and not more than one German out of every four on the pope's side. An army of twenty-five thousand men, he confessed, would be insufficient to carry Luther off to Rome. It was quite evident that the time for suppressing him by force or threats had passed, and the adroit envoy at once decided that the only course was to gain him by flattery and promises of favor. He apparently let it be known quietly to Luther's friends that ecclesiastical preferment, possibly even a bishopric, would be his reward if he yielded. At least Pfeffinger, who was with Miltitz in Nuremberg, was sure the Wittenberg professor could have any dignity he wished if he would only recant, as Christopher Scheurl was careful to inform Luther in a very interesting letter of December 20. A couple

of years later, it may be added, at the Diet of Worms, the Elector Frederick informed some of his fellow-princes that he knew to a certainty that Martin could have a rich archbishopric, or a cardinal's hat, if he would only recant.

Finding such hints of no avail, early in January, 1519, Miltitz secured a personal interview with Luther himself. He met him with assurances of respect and protestations of affection, and succeeded in inducing him to agree that his case should be submitted to the Archbishop of Trêves, whose decision he would recognize as binding. He further promised, as he had already offered to do at Augsburg, to say no more upon the subject of indulgences, and to refrain from all controversy if his opponents would do the same. The one thing the curia most desired was to put an end to the discussion. The more public attention was called to the matter, the worse for the indulgence traffic, so long unpopular in many quarters. If Luther could not be induced to retract, the next best thing, as Miltitz rightly saw, was to secure his silence; and out of consideration for the peace of the church Luther entered cheerfully into a conditional agreement to remain quiet. He was persuaded at the same time to write a humble letter to the pope, though it was apparently never sent, perhaps because not submissive enough to suit Miltitz, and he also published a pamphlet for circulation among the people, warning them against putting too radical an interpretation upon his utterances and exhorting them to loyalty and obedience.

To call all this a retractation on Luther's part, and to accuse him of cowardice or undue regard for his own safety is entirely to misunderstand him. The situation was very natural and reveals the genuine humanness of the Wittenberg monk. It was never difficult to work upon his feelings, and the adroit German knew how to make an effective appeal to his ingrained devotion and his long-time habit of monastic obedience. He was assured that the welfare of the church he loved was threatened, and all else for the moment shrank into insignificance. Like many another man of his temperament, he could never be driven, but he could very easily be led. Miltitz, despite the somewhat questionable reputation he enjoyed, was the only person who showed any understanding of the man he was dealing with.

It is a further evidence of the papal envoy's appreciation of the situation that he recognized the need of publicly admitting the justice of Luther's criticisms and doing something to mend the evils he had attacked. Tetzel, he decided, must be made a scapegoat of, and so he passed summary condemnation upon him for immorality of long standing and for alleged dishonesty in connection with the indulgence funds. Tetzel felt his disgrace keenly, and did not long survive. It was like Luther to write him a letter of sympathy before his death, telling him not to take the matter too much to heart; the fault was not his, for "the child had another father altogether." The responsibility for the abuses attaching to the indulgence traffic, formerly attributed to Tetzel, or at worst to Archbishop Albert, he now began to see belonged to the papacy itself. It may well be that his recent stay in Augsburg, where the anti-papal attitude of the Diet was on everybody's lips, had opened his eyes to the real situation. At any rate, thenceforth he laid the fault at Rome's door, and held the pope himself, or the curia, chiefly responsible for the evils he condemned.

The diplomatic success scored by Miltitz proved, after all, only temporary. When the impressions of the interview had somewhat faded, and he had leisure to think the matter over calmly by himself, Luther reverted not unnaturally to his earlier state of mind. He became aware once more of the gravity of the issue, and began to feel with considerable annoyance that under the spell of the courtly nobleman's blandishments—his "Judas kiss and crocodile tears" as he irreverently called them in a letter to a friend—he had gone too far and yielded too much. When his opponents, paying no attention to Miltitz's efforts, gave him the opportunity to break silence, as they soon did, it is not surprising that he entered the arena again more determined and more radical in his views than ever.

(To be continued)

THE TWO FARMERS

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

Author of "The Thief of Virtue," "The Whirlwind," etc.

I

IN midmost Moor, among the untamed hills, will be found the ancient tenement of Sherberton. Great Sherberton, as it is called, to distinguish it from a lesser homestead of the same name a mile away, stands on a bluff above the valley of the Swincombe River, where that stream, after brief journey from her cradle upon Fox Tor Mire, sinks with song to the valley, and is lost in her sister, the Dart:

At Great Sherberton there once reigned a solitary man, and his sole near relative, an elder brother, farmed Little Sherberton.

Jonathan and Silas Merripit, albeit of characters very different, were good friends, for Jonathan was not built to quarrel with any creature, and to his younger brother he had always yielded allegiance and loyalty unquestioned. Jonathan was a man of mighty thews and sinews; but Silas possessed the stronger intellect, and easily dominated his elder by force of will.

You shall see the master of Great Sherberton where rivers sing the prelude of these events. He stood by Swincombe stream and looked into the water. He was of medium height, clad roughly in fustian, with a blue handkerchief about his throat, a withered "deer-stalker" hat upon his head, and brown leggins of the color of dead fern buttoned about his calves. His hands were in his pockets, and he stared listlessly at the running river. His beard was brown and close-cropped; his eyes were pale blue and as hard as a spring sky when the wind blows easterly. He was straight in the back and narrow in the thigh; a grim and masterful air sat upon him, and his mouth, the upper lip of which was shaven, showed courage and pitiless strength of purpose. No tramp ever stopped Silas Merripit; no dog or man ever loitered when he called.

He was a bachelor of forty-five, and had never desired companionship of women. Yet now he stood and dawdled by stream-tide, a thing in itself extraordinary. He loitered and looked into the water, yet saw it not, for his mind's eyes were occupied with a living picture.

"Burn it all! what next?" he asked himself, snorted impatiently, and flung the thought of a brown-eyed, full-lipped damsel from his brain. He did it roughly, as though he was actually pushing the woman away. By the shoulders he seemed to thrust her out of that secret chamber of thought, and he would have shaken her if he could. Then he slammed the door of his mind, and locked it, and went his way up the hill homeward; but before he got there, the same woman was looking in upon his heart through the window. Silas Merripit felt alarmed at this attack, and yet the sensation did not wholly anger him by reason of its novelty.

Drusilla Copleston and her father were new settlers. They rented a cottage that belonged to the farmer, a small abode standing upon the highroad that ran across Dartmoor about a mile from Sherberton, and to-day, for the second time, Silas had called at Brownberry cot; for the second time he had seen his tenant's daughter.

"To catch the same female twice in my thoughts—and her a foreigner! Be I mazed?" the man asked himself. Then he dismissed this matter with an oath and an expiration of contemptuous breath as he entered his house. Stout and square it

stood upon its own hill-crest, with yard and byres spread round about it, with ancient thatch, weathered to silver above its little, leaded window-panes, and ivy gripping tight to the granite face of it. Above the farm, crofts rolled out quite dwarfed by the immensity of the great waste around them; below, the ground fell sharply, and Swincombe curled and cried in flashing foam and glittering water.

Mr. Merripit ate his dinner and then, still cursed with this new complaint, lighted a pipe and set out to see his brother.

" 'T will do me good to have a tell and get that wench's eyes out of my head," he said. "Burn my soul! what next? And me up home five-and-forty year' old!"

But Jonathan was not to be seen. A hind came out of Little Sherberton, a cautious soul who spoke but seldom and never risked the truth.

"He might have gone to Two Bridges, and, again, he might not; and he might have fetched over to Hexworthy, and, again, he might not," said Sam Bonus. His hair was reddish gray, and his mouth shut only when he chewed or talked.

Little Sherberton showed none of those signs of prosperity that marked the larger farm, for Jonathan Merripit loved ease and lacked ambition. He, too, was a bachelor; he followed sport, and made no effort to save money or stand well in the eyes of his neighbors. He was a gentle man of kindly disposition. He never criticized any living being; and the fact, being known, stood to him for credit and made Jonathan many friends. His brother was his hero and exemplar. But Jonathan did not emulate Silas; he could not. People disliked the latter, though none ever spoke a word against him when Jonathan was by. The elder, whose age was forty-seven, cited his brother in season and out; he pointed to his probity and his prosperity: but he did not covet anything that belonged to him, though humorously he was wont to lament that all the brains of the family had gone to Silas.

"A fool am I," he declared; "but 't is only to be in the fashion; and if 't was n't for the like of me and the neighbors, such fine men as my brother could n't shine so strong and stand so high."

He resembled the master of Great Sherberton in build, in beard, and in carriage; but he stood three inches taller and weighed two stone more. His eyes were gray and of a soft luster; his mouth was more ready to expand with laughter than to tighten in argument. He was sociable and idle.

And this man now stood where his brother had stood in the morning—at Brownberry cot; for while Silas was asking for him at his home, and Sam Bonus could not tell where he might be, Jonathan, out of good fellowship, had ridden off upon his pony to call on the newcomers.

Saul Copleston was only fifty, though he had a daughter no more than twenty years younger. He had come to work as water-bailiff on the River Dart, and desired, where possible, to be friends with his neighbors.

Saul, a bull-necked, underhung man who enjoyed wide reputation in his business, talked now of the river and the salmon in it, of otters and poachers, and of the honest and dishonest folk he might expect to find ranged for him and against him.

And Jonathan answered his questions, and gave him practical advice and information, albeit he had no ill word to say of any man. Even the otters did not win his grave reproof. He doubted whether they wrought much harm, and since they made good sport for the gentlemen in summer, it seemed to him not unreasonable that they should take their toll of the salmon.

Drusilla Copleston sat and listened; and she brought both men cider when they grew dry with speech and tobacco smoke.

And Jonathan, who liked women generally, but had never done more than philander with them, took pleasure in Drusilla, and addressed not a little of his conversation to her. She was older in mind than in years, of buxom build and breezy tongue. She had mingled with men all her life, and understood nearly as much as a maiden does concerning them. She could always please them if she desired to do so, and many had striven hard to please her, but none had made her love him. Jonathan admired her mass of straw-colored hair, contrasting curiously with pale brown eyes. He appreciated the generous contours of her shape, the rose in her cheek, the laugh on her lips, and the ready wit of her mind.

He stayed two hours, and returned home well content with the spending of his afternoon.

"I 'll befriend 'em," he thought. "I 'll spare no pains to do it, neither; for they 'm nice folk seemingly, and the girl 's a terrible fine piece for sartain. 'T will be a bit of a story to l'arn how she 's got to thirty year' old and escaped a husband."

Thus, then, was sown a tragic seed, no common strife of good with evil, but the subtler thing, the mystery at the root of all highest human sorrow, where good conflicts with what is not bad, and justice with what is no injustice. Yet from such clash, indeed, may spring stark evil beyond all palliation.

On this uncertain ground, lured by the common lot, now unconsciously drifted the brothers, so that peace vanished from their story and suffering made its home in one heart, eternal wrath in the other. But not alone these passions came, for, with them, a woman entered the life of each.

II

Silas Merripit found that he loved Drusilla, and he strove to reason with himself against it; but his brother, who soon loved likewise, felt no need to put from him such a fair experience. While the younger hung back, the elder pushed forward. He was seventeen years older than the woman, but she held this no objection, and welcomed him frankly as a friend. They discovered that their opinions and ideas ran much together. She, indeed, soon perceived that friendship was ripening very rapidly, and began to question herself upon the situation. It revealed a humorous side for one who loved jesting, because, while Jonathan openly courted her, his more powerful and self-contained brother did the same by stealth. Each asked her and her father to their homes, and Saul Copleston, who perceived what might presently happen, threw in his weight on the side of the younger man.

After they had been at Brownberry cot six months, Drusilla, not because any opinion was likely to change her own, asked Mr. Copleston which of the Merripit brothers he better esteemed; and he answered without hesitation.

"There 's but one in it, and that 's Silas. I 'll grant you t' other be best company for a revel, and softest-hearted, and easiest with his neighbors; but Silas be built to stand up against any rough weather; and you 've got to remember that rough weather 's the largest part of every life, be you king or tinker. Silas is rich and strong and straight; and he knows right from wrong, and sometimes I go in doubt if t' other one do. They 'm both after you, in my opinion, and 't is a kicklish case, for each have been terrible clever to keep his secret from the eye of the other. Silas have hid his courting from pride, I reckon, and Jonathan from just the opposite. He 's humble as a worm where his brother be concerned, and this I know: if he had any idea that Silas was on your track, he 'd very soon throw up the sponge. His brother be that man's God, and a jealous God at that."

Drusilla had expected light entertainment from her father's criticism; instead, she received a shock.

"No man would be such a coward as to give in because his brother told him to," she said.

"Power 's the thing, and one have got ten man's share, and t' other be badly off for any," answered her father. "Silas is a just man, as I soon found out on the river; and when this chap or that spoke ill of him, 't was a broad hint to me to keep my eye on them, because no honest man has ever quarreled with him, but a good few rogues have."

"He 's got no pity for weakness," argued Drusilla. "He 'll never forgive a foolish deed, nor forget a foolish saying. He bores into you like a gimlet, and, for my part, he leaves me limp as a davered [1] flower when he 's done with one of his catechisms."

"God knows I don't want you away," said her father; "for if you go, I must wed again myself, a thing very far from my wish at present. But there 't is: you 'll have to make up your mind between them two afore the year be gone."

"Ba n't sure I want either," she answered; "and if I do, 't is n't blue-eyes. I 'd so soon home along with the east wind as that man."

The matter progressed and fell out strangely, for Drusilla found herself loving Jonathan presently, and, on the day

[1] Withered.

that he discovered this mighty fact, Jonathan himself heard that his brother loved Drusilla.

It happened that the master of Little Sherberton took the water-bailiff's daughter for a pony-ride, and showed her certain of the wonders of the Moor scattered within only a few miles of her home. Old Risdon's triad of particular marvels did they visit, and Drusilla stood upon Crockern Tor, where of old the stannators held their parliament in hypethral court. Next she visited Wistman's Wood, to see the little lingering colony of dwarf oaks that still keep tryst with time beside Dart, as they have done for centuries. And lastly Jonathan showed her Childe's tomb, beneath Fox Tor, and told her the legend of the dead hunter and his horse. The farmer had read something of his native land; he understood the granite relics of the past, and pointed out to Drusilla where hut circles and dolmens still stood to mark the stone man's labors, and where the broken cross, the cyclopean bridge, and the pile of furze-clad granite, streamed in Tudor days for tin, told of medieval piety, industry, and toil.

"They old men built better than us," Jonathan declared. "They took more trouble with the graves of their dead than we do with the homes of our living. Not but what my brother's house is a very brave house and good for many a hundred year' yet."

" 'T is not a patch on Little Sherberton," she declared. "I was past your place late last night, when the moon shone, and the leather-birds [1] was shrieking and catching chafers round the fir-trees. And I never see no better house, nor one I 'd sooner live in."

"My stars! that 's great news to me!" he exclaimed, drawing up.

"That I was passing after 't was dark?"

"That—and the rest."

"The moon shone on the white face of the house and glistened on the windows; but there were n't a blink of fire in the kitchen, seemingly."

"How d' you know that?"

"I oped the gate an' looked in. 'T was all dark."

"Thank the Lord I 'd took my dog with me and not left him to home, else he 'd have gone for 'e!"

"Not him! D' you think you 've brought him to Brownberry all these scores and scores of times and us ba n't friends?"

"Scores and scores of times without a doubt—you beautiful creature!" he said.

She did not speak, but listened. She loved him, and knew that he cared for her, and she was weary of waiting. Now she looked between her pony's ears and wondered how he would offer his worship.

But she was doomed to wonder. A man hailed them, and Saul Copleston lumbered up from a river-path below the sheep-track on which they rode. The spell was broken, and soon the lovers parted.

"I 'll leave you now, Miss, since we 've falled in with your father," said Jonathan; "and if you 'll come to tea at my house to-morrow and get better acquaint' with the dwelling, you 'll be doing me a great service—more welcome far than the lambs in spring."

He went away, and she laughed tearfully and chid her father for coming at a moment so inopportune.

"You 'm a fool for your pains," he said. "To choose that soft soul, when you might have t' other, be a silly thing, and I deny it and defy it in you. And as for coming where I ba n't expected, or looked for, or wanted, 't is the life's work of a water-bailiff so to do, and you did ought to know it by now. And 't is well I did come, for you 'll do well to think twice and again afore you take that gawk of a man."

Drusilla changed the subject.

"Did 'e see any lent rosen along the river?" she asked.

"Ess, I did. They be very plenty this year."

She nodded.

"I 'll take Jonathan a bunch to-morrow," she thought. "He 's a simple, flower-loving soul, same as me, and he 'll set store by 'em. He 'll kiss me to-morrow,—only the third man in my life as ever did so,—and I shall be tokened afore dark, and he 'll see me home and face father."

III

SHE came, and found Jonathan haggard, downcast, and troubled. He was waiting for her, and had terrible news. For a time he avoided it, and when Drusilla offered

[1] Bats.

him the daffodils he was deeply moved. He showed her great tenderness and consideration. He spoke fitfully, gazed at her as a hungry man gazes upon food beyond his hope, sighed often, and was deeply and sorrowfully abstracted.

She rated him at last, yet loved him none the less. He suffered, and she knew it, and longed to help him if it was in her power. She supposed that she was the cause of it. Her heart brimmed over. She saw the man transformed to the precious and paramount thing of her desire.

"My goodness!" she cried, "you 'm like a bear with a sore head this afternoon, Jonathan Merripit. What have come to 'e?"

"Strange news—terrifying news for one in my state. Such a thing never falled out afore, I reckon. 'T is too awful for words, Drusilla Copleston. Yet words must tell it."

"You 've been very good to me, and—and—I 've felt your goodness," she answered.

"Good—good? I would have been—I 'd have laid down my life for 'e, and there 's no harm in saying it now."

Her eyes beamed love upon him. She sighed and shut them, expecting him to come to her; but he did not come.

"I 'm only a man, and if I die for it, I must tell you what a glorious and gracious thing 't was for me to meet the likes of you. I never knowed I was alive till I did so, you blessed wonder! and long, long I 've marveled how 't was that some fine chap had n't snapped you up afore to-day. But now—now I see the ways of Providence as I never did afore, and the wonder be dead. In a word, 't is my brother—my famous brother Silas. You 've took him. He 's mad after you. He 's told me so, and I heard him tell it, and 't was like a death-knell. I stared upon the man as he told me. I was dumb afore the awful news. I say 'awful,' Drusilla, being but a selfish, heartbroken wretch; but 't was awful for me—not for you; I don't mean that."

"And what did he say when you told him that you loved me, too, Jonathan?"

"I did n't tell him. You don't know him."

"Did n't he see it in your face?"

"He did not, though 't was there clear enough for him to see. But he felt full of himself, as such a terrible powerful man was bound to be at such a time. Full of himself he was, and full of the wonder that he could tell another of the thing that was burning him up alive. 'Burning him alive'—that was his great word. And he 'd reached such a pass that he had to tell it; and he ordered me to go over to him; and he talked about you from supper-time till two in the morning; and all he said was true. And then I left him and staggered home—God He knows how."

"Why for did n't you let the chap know as you cared for me quite as much as he did?"

"I could n't do it. You don't understand Silas. He was like a lion ramping up and down his cage. He 'd have blazed lightnings and shrunk me into a rag under his rage. For any man to stand between him and what he wanteth is little better than to stand afore a flood. He goes on his appointed way and don't care no more for the thing that lies in it than the wheel cares for the frog. That 's the mighty strength in him."

"Ba n't you strong, too?" she asked.

"Yes, but not with his strength. He 's greater and better and wiser than me. I 've always looked up to him in everything; I 've always allowed him best. And who be I to come between you and a better man than me, Drusilla? Even suppose, for the argument's sake, as there was that in me you could have stooped down to like—even suppose it—would such a poor thing as me have stood for a moment afore the whirlwind of that man's love?"

"You 'm a thought too humble, I reckon," she answered dryly. "Never was heard a man had such a poor conceit of himself."

"Only afore him; only afore him. To none else on earth would I bate my right to love you and serve you, and to fight for you and slave for you till I die; but Silas—'t is born in my blood to yield to him, and even there—even there—if—what be I saying? I 'm mad to-day, and you brought me they beautiful daffodils with your own hand! Oh, my God! can such things fall out!"

"And picked 'em for 'e with my own hand, too."

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"You heard me yesterday, and then went and did this?"

"Don't put it so; it ba n't fair, Silas."

" 'T is true, whether or no. You 've dragged my name afore that woman, and made laughter of it—you—you dust, as be comed of my havage, but lie so far below me in honor and honesty and might afore the people as a child below a man! So be it, then; and since she could sink to you, she 's no mate for me, and I 'm well rid of her. And let God bear witness if ever I speak to you again, or touch your hand, or pass you in the way without spitting on the earth! You be cast off by me as though you 'd never drawed breath. Your name be to my ear as a foul smell in my nostrils. I would n't let you die on my dunghill, but fling you forth beyond the gate. And never you dare to cast your shadow on my earth, or set your foot inside my drexel[1] more. Henceforth you be worse to me than a night thief, viler than a horse-stealer. The dogs shall be trained against you, and no man that looks to me for bread shall speak to you again."

Jonathan stared in silence, and Drusilla's temper broke loose for her dumb lover.

"Get off, you evil wretch, and begone!" she cried. "Crooked as a sickle be your tongue, and hateful your pride to any modest creature. Who be you to curse a man worth fifty of such a Lucifer as you? And save your breath, for when once he 's married to me, I 'll see he don't—"

Her father silenced her—not with a word, but with a blow. He struck her high on the bosom, and knocked her back against a wooden settle. He raged and cursed, and bade Jonathan depart. Drusilla rubbed her breast and glowered. Then she laughed as Silas took his hat and disappeared.

"A pair of 'em," she said. " 'T would be out of the frying-pan into the fire to go from father to that cussing devil. But you 'd best to see as parson axes out our names so quick as may be, for there won't be enough of me left to come to you, Jonathan Merripit, if I bide here long."

Jonathan spoke mildly with the water-bailiff, and refused to go when ordered to do so.

"No," he said; "I don't leave that woman at the mercy of an angry man like you, and if you won't listen to reason, I 'll bide here till you do. I 'll drink your drink and eat your meat and keep guard over her till she 's free to come, or else take her where others will watch her for me. And if you lift your cruel hand to her again, Copleston, I 'll smite you and spoil your usefulness. I 've never put out my full strength except in a bout of wraslin'; but 't is there, and you 'll be made to feel it and forget it never."

"Take her, and go to Old Scrat' with her!" said the father. "I 've done with her—the jolter-headed fool! Get out of this, and let me seek a sane woman 'stead of this cat-handed, cat-hearted, foul, false creature. The Goodger[2] may have the pair of 'e to roast through eternity for all I care."

He raved, and Drusilla spoke to Jonathan.

"I ba n't going to stop along with him to-night," she said. "He broke my mother's arm in a rage like this, and, so like as not, he 'd break my neck. You keep him off till I gather a thing or two up aloft in my chamber, and then I 'll come with 'e, and you shall find where to hide me beyond his wrath."

"I 'm sorry to the soul to stand against you, Saul Copleston, for 't is a bad thing to be drawn up against your future father-in-law; but needs must," said Jonathan. "I 'd not put a finger on you if I could help it, for I want nothing better than to be friends all round; but since that ba n't to be, then I 'll be as harsh as the winter wind to you. Sit you there by the hearth then; and bide you there, or I 'll manangle you so as your mother would n't know you!"

Copleston looked at his gun, but it was out of reach, and he obeyed the stronger man. Drusilla vanished, and was away for five minutes. Silence fell during that time, and there was no sound heard but the father's snorting and the daughter's quick feet moving overhead. She came back with the few possessions that she cherished, and then she departed with Jonathan.

Her lover took her to friends in a distant hamlet, where none was like to find her, and he kept the secret of her hiding-place very close until the day of their marriage.

[1] Threshold.

[2] The devil.

"If I thought," he said—"if I thought—then all the devils in hell—but, at best, I never did more than dare to hope it. And when he said that he loved you—there—I fell away, like a man struck by a thunder-stone. But he did n't see. He did n't think any other human would dare to lift his eyes to a woman once he had done so."

"He was right seemingly," she said.

A silence fell between them, and he walked up and down the room with heavy feet.

" 'T is 'most candle-teeming. You 'd best to light thicky lamp 'ere," she advised.

He did not answer, and she, admiring in secret the huge dim shape of him, spoke again:

"I knows he loves me. He 's loved me so long as you have—longer, perhaps."

"If you know it—then—"

He picked up the flowers, which finished his question.

"I never gived him no lent rosen, nor anything else. I don't like your brother, and I would n't marry him for ten farms so big as his."

Jonathan stared.

"Would n't marry him?"

"No; I don't like the man, I tell you. He 's selfish and a long sight too high and mighty for me. Let him come and let him ax, and let him get 'No,' and then go his way. I don't want him. What a mumphead you be, Jonathan! Have the man mazed you?"

"You give him up—for me, Drusilla—for just a common, every-day chap like me?"

"Be you common? Be you every-day? Not to me—never to me! I love you, and for ever and ever I 'll love you—the best—the best, big-hearted, dear man as I 've seen in my life or shall see!"

She was in his arms, and throbbed to feel his immense strength. He crumpled her to him like a flower, and kissed her, and called on God and angels to make him good enough for her.

Love swept stormily over them, and the great hour passed by, and they went out together. He saw her home, and walked with her little hand in his big one. At the threshold of Brownberry cot his brother's voice arrested Jonathan. Silas was within, talking to the water-bailiff.

"Come and tell him and save any further trouble," urged Drusilla. "Come! I want to see you tell the man. Be you his slave? No, dear heart, you be mine."

IV

Silas Merripit had just offered himself as son-in-law to Saul Copleston, and the lesser man, overwhelmed by such a prospect, was servile. The farmer, liking servility, found himself in good humor when Drusilla returned.

"All falls pat," he said. "Now, if you 'll go out, neighbor, and seek summat to busy yourself in and leave us to ourselves, I 'll thank you."

But Drusilla entered not alone, for Jonathan came with her.

He was as white as a dog's tooth, but he was firm, and he chose his words with dignity.

"A happy time is this," he said, "for I have a mighty bit of news, and you two men are them that must have heard it this day, afore either my woman or me slept. 'My woman,' I say, for we be tokened! Drusilla here have stooped to love me, and I 've soared up to love her, and, please God, will make her as good a husband as in me lies."

"You!" cried his brother. "And after yesterday!"

But Jonathan showed no more fear.

"Not after yesterday, Brother Silas; long—long afore yesterday. 'T was but yesterday I knowed you cared for her, too, and the thought froze my speech, like thunder hushes a man's voice. And I listened and heard you tell over her good points, and itched to add a million more. I knowed right well that I ought to have spoke'; but what was I to say? I did n't guess then that she loved me; I did n't guess 't was in any female to love me better than you; but so the lot fell out. 'T is me that Drusilla here have looked upon and loved."

"Have done!" said the other. "I 'll not heed this foolery. I—"

Drusilla interrupted him.

" 'T is you had best have done, if you can speak so rude," she said. "This lies with me surely, don't it? And why for won't you heed? And who be telling foolery? Is 'tokened' such a weak word that it counts for foolery?"

Silas spoke, but not to Drusilla. He turned upon his brother.

"You heard me yesterday, and then went and did this?"

"Don't put it so; it ba n't fair, Silas."

" 'T is true, whether or no. You 've dragged my name afore that woman, and made laughter of it—you—you dust, as be comed of my havage, but lie so far below me in honor and honesty and might afore the people as a child below a man! So be it, then; and since she could sink to you, she 's no mate for me, and I 'm well rid of her. And let God bear witness if ever I speak to you again, or touch your hand, or pass you in the way without spitting on the earth! You be cast off by me as though you 'd never drawed breath. Your name be to my ear as a foul smell in my nostrils. I would n't let you die on my dunghill, but fling you forth beyond the gate. And never you dare to cast your shadow on my earth, or set your foot inside my drexel [1] more. Henceforth you be worse to me than a night thief, viler than a horse-stealer. The dogs shall be trained against you, and no man that looks to me for bread shall speak to you again."

Jonathan stared in silence, and Drusilla's temper broke loose for her dumb lover.

"Get off, you evil wretch, and begone!" she cried. "Crooked as a sickle be your tongue, and hateful your pride to any modest creature. Who be you to curse a man worth fifty of such a Lucifer as you? And save your breath, for when once he 's married to me, I 'll see he don't—"

Her father silenced her—not with a word, but with a blow. He struck her high on the bosom, and knocked her back against a wooden settle. He raged and cursed, and bade Jonathan depart. Drusilla rubbed her breast and glowered. Then she laughed as Silas took his hat and disappeared.

"A pair of 'em," she said. " 'T would be out of the frying-pan into the fire to go from father to that cussing devil. But you 'd best to see as parson axes out our names so quick as may be, for there won't be enough of me left to come to you, Jonathan Merripit, if I bide here long."

Jonathan spoke mildly with the water-bailiff, and refused to go when ordered to do so.

"No," he said; "I don't leave that woman at the mercy of an angry man like you, and if you won't listen to reason, I 'll bide here till you do. I 'll drink your drink and eat your meat and keep guard over her till she 's free to come, or else take her where others will watch her for me. And if you lift your cruel hand to her again, Copleston, I 'll smite you and spoil your usefulness. I 've never put out my full strength except in a bout of wraslin'; but 't is there, and you 'll be made to feel it and forget it never."

"Take her, and go to Old Scrat' with her!" said the father. "I 've done with her—the jolter-headed fool! Get out of this, and let me seek a sane woman 'stead of this cat-handed, cat-hearted, foul, false creature. The Goodger [2] may have the pair of 'e to roast through eternity for all I care."

He raved, and Drusilla spoke to Jonathan.

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Then he wedded her at dawn of a May morning, and presently, returning to his home with her, began his new life shadowed with cares, but fortified with the possession of a sane, brave woman who loved him dearly, and had the art to help him where he was weak and praise him where he was strong.

But Copleston cast his daughter off, and Silas Merripit disowned his brother forever. He stated, and believed, that the elder had robbed him by stealth.

V

FATE, having withheld love of woman from Silas Merripit until the dawn of his middle age, now awoke the emotion a second time, and, to the amazement of his brother, within six months of Jonathan's wedding the master of Great Sherberton was betrothed.

An absolute barrier now existed between the farmers, and the elder prayed that so great an event might serve to lift it. He and Drusilla talked through a long night upon this news, and both drew hope from the circumstance.

"Joyce Haycraft have got more pluck than I should have reckoned," said Jonathan. "She 's a silent woman, and a wonderful hand at l'arning other folks' business and keeping her own a secret. Like to like, no doubt. 'T is a great and good news."

Drusilla laughed.

"The sparks must fly when they go courting—flint rubbing on steel, I reckon."

"I be full of his wedding gift a'ready. You 'll have to be witty, Drusilla, for much may depend on reaching his heart at that time."

"There 'll be no difficulty there, if you can part with your big-flowered china bowl—the whacker in the parlor. Afore the trouble, when he used to speak to me about his possessions, he said your grandmother gived you thicky famous bowl, and he declared 't was a precious thing as he ought to have had himself in justice. I know what store you set on it, however; and that fishing gentleman, as come up for a drink of cider a bit ago, said it was a very valuable bit, and offered ten pounds for it."

He praised her.

"Was ever such another! And so long as the baby have his mother's brains, the reproach will be took off me altogether. No man can say the chap as won you was a fool, so I 'm half righted a'ready."

"If the little one be like you, Jonathan, then there 's promise of another good man or woman for the world," she said.

But albeit they lived in the perfect understanding of a happy pair, both suffered from the attitude of those nearest to them. Drusilla mourned her father's anger, and Jonathan felt that a very vital thing had gone out of his life when his brother turned from him. Sometimes, indeed, his heart smote him, and he went in fear that he had sinned and would surely suffer for it. A lifelong respect and veneration for Silas had left its mark on his character and, looking backward, even now, at a distance of many months, he marveled sometimes that he could have withstood the stronger and taken from him the desire of his heart. That Silas was consoled—a thing of all things least to have been expected—put great hope into his brother.

He waited only until the date of the wedding was noised abroad, and then, with his own hand, he carried the heirloom to Great Sherberton, knocked at the door, and asked a wondering servant for Silas.

The old woman who heard him was moved and showed fear.

"Be you sane?" she whispered.

"'T is neck or nothing," the man answered. "I 'm staking the best thing I own upon it. Surely to God his sweetheart have touched him to softness?"

She shook her head and retreated, while Jonathan, with unsteady hands, took the paper from his present and prepared to offer it to his brother.

For some moments he waited, then Silas appeared. The hour was afternoon on an October day. The blue of autumnal woods, deep and delicious as Demeter's robe, stretched down in the valley, and at hand a great beech lifted leaf-work of gold above the fading splendors of the year. Sunshine broke fitfully through gray clouds shepherded by a west wind.

"What do you here? Begone, you carrion!"

"Brother—brother! Let be, let be, I say! Can you hate forever—and you with a woman to love you? I 've fetched this. For God's sake, take it for a good-will

offering! 'T is the best in the world I 've gotten to give. Silas—for old sake's sake—"

He held the bowl, a fair, ancient piece of blue and white, and the other seized it from him and dashed it to the ground with all his strength. It struck the granite steps of the entrance, seemed to explode from force of impact, and splintered into countless pieces. Then Silas fell back a step and slammed the heavy door with violence upon his brother.

Jonathan crept away and told his wife presently of the thing that had happened.

"Ten pounds gone," she said. "That man hath a devil, and you 'll live to find it out."

"The china be nought; but his face—his face! the hate of it, the venomous, awful hate of it—'t will scorch into my brains till I be dead. And I 'd have died—Heaven be my judge, but I 'd have died—sooner than see what I 've seen glaring out of that man's eyes to-day!"

She comforted him, and was wrath with her brother-in-law.

"God send him his deserts!" she cried. "Cruel curmudgeon! I would I had the making of his wife's heart. She should have a stone for him to break himself on till she drove him into his grave. But 't will be the other way: he 'll break her, and we shall live to see her go down to the pit; and she 'll live to welcome death for her best friend."

VI

Prophecies are vain things. Drusilla died when her daughter was born, and the infant opened the mother's grave again six months afterward.

"He 'll forgive you now," were almost the final words that his wife spoke to Jonathan; and because his quarrel with his brother had mightily cast him down and was still a very green source of grief, the dying woman hoped that her end might serve that purpose and heal that wound.

But it did not do so, and when the lesser Drusilla perished, and Jonathan, his short love-story closed, sank back, a broken man, into his former slovenly existence, his brother made no sign.

And watching the prosperity of Silas from afar, beholding him the husband of a healthy wife, the father of a daughter and a son, this humbled giant, suffered superstition to ride rough-shod over his small wits, and cried out to himself that he had sinned. He believed that Silas was of the chosen, that to have wronged him was to have injured one of the Lord's own people. He grew strange in his ways and said wild things. He told the folk that he was laboring under divine displeasure; he called upon such as would hear him to remember his woe in their prayers and ask the Lord to turn away His wrath and soften the heart of his brother.

Until now his moral sense and his attitude to man had been bounded by what he held to be "sporting," and he had lived a very useless and harmless life; but now the stricken creature turned to religion for comfort. He read the Bible, and found, in the Psalms and in Job, sad, God-forsaken men whose tribulations were akin to his own.

Years passed, and those who were concerned for Jonathan strove to change his brother; but they failed. Three attempted to bring about a reconciliation, and the third, a small farmer called Reep, carried a command from the farmer's presence.

"Let no more madmen come yelping to me about that dog at Little Sherberton," said Silas; "and I tell you, as I told t' other fools, that you 've cut yourself from me forever by doing it. I 'll never speak to neither of them more; and I 'll never speak to you more, or deal with you more; so remember it. I 'm a good-natured stone if you strike with the grain; but no tool on God's earth will splinter me if I be struck wrong. That filthy, round-backed beast, once my brother, is less to me than the beetle in the dung-heap, or the rats in the wheat-stack, or the fox on the Moor. You say he is alive, and I will take your word for it. Now and again I pass a thing that may be him, but the scarecrow stuck over the corn is more to me. Cut off—cut off from the children of men should he be if I could bring it about—a jackal, a hawk, a snake, a thing not worth an honest gun and a charge of powder and shot. And speak never again to me, John Reep, for I 'll not hear you."

The awful bitterness and animosity of the man reached the ears of the church, and an ancient priest, hearing of his attitude, bearded him and ordered him, in the name of Christ, to seek peace and ensue it.

But Silas was as good as his word. He raved at this interference, thrust the messenger out with his own hands, and never more prayed in his parish church, but sought a conventicle elsewhere.

Of the man's wife little was known and little seen. His son and daughter grew up well-favored, and the girl was like her father, and the boy, by some streak of blood, resembled much his banished uncle. But he was forbidden to have any truck with Jonathan and, on the solitary occasion when he argued for liberty in this matter, after meeting the old man, his uncle, and speaking with him, Silas turned upon the lad and flogged him with a heavy whip until he fainted.

The feud had its evil effect upon Silas as well as upon his brother: for while Jonathan became more and more superstitious, and suffered increasingly from his conviction that a curse hung upon his head; while he, crushed beneath his load, saw in it the hand of God lifted to strike for one who was more precious to Him than Jonathan, the master of Great Sherberton became increasingly embittered and sullen. His hostility grew by what it fed on, and did not even cease at the original object. He refused to change; he refused to forgive; he refused to suffer the other's misfortunes and desires toward friendship to soften his heart or diminish by one ray of light the black hate that poisoned his spirit.

Through eighteen years, from the time of Drusilla's death, he persisted; then once more, for the last time, Jonathan and Silas met; and it chanced that this day was the anniversary of the death of the elder's wife. Hope still struggled in him, and to-day, coming upon his brother beside the river suddenly, Jonathan spoke.

"Copleston be gone too—have 'e heard it, brother? His lungs catched fever, and he was dead inside a week. And if he 'd died to-day instead of yesterday, 't would have been the same day as my Drusilla."

The other quickened his pace and paid no heed; but Jonathan lengthened his stride and kept beside him.

"So meek as Moses I 've fallen of late. All my hopes and desires gone from me and nought left but to make peace with Heaven afore I die. Be that much? 'T is only a very broken man don't lift higher than that. Can't you forgive after all these dark years? And me so lonely—so cruel lonely in the world. You, that be so strong, can't you forgive the weak? Look at my life and say if I have n't paid full price for crossing you. Remember as she never, never would have took you. Remember the short joy she won of marriage, and the cruel way she died, and her child called after her so quick as the fruit after the flower. And God have darkened all my days for what I done, and forced me to go in sackcloth and ashes. But He 've forgived me at last. I know it, Silas, I know it. And won't you do as much?"

The path was narrow, and there offered no escape from it. On one side ran Dart, laced with foam above its chocolate billows; on the other a wall of granite, crowned with overhanging oak and birch, rose under the hill. The river was in spate, and shouted so loudly that Jonathan was called to shout still louder in order to be heard.

Silas looked this way and that, but could see no escape. He perceived that the elder's physical strength, albeit waning now, still far exceeded his own. He eyed his ragged bulk with hate, and looked with loathing upon him. But Jonathan was become short-sighted, and did not mark the other's malevolence.

"Can't you be as forgiving as the Lord of Forgiveness? Can't you take a leaf from the Book of Mercy, brother? We 'm old now,—me far older than you,—but I thirst yet to hear you forgive me and to feel your hand grip home on mine afore I go out of it. Be there no way even still? Be there nothing, no hard thing as you can set me?"

They had come where the water ran into a narrow channel between great stones, and Silas, familiar with the crossing, made a sudden dash for it. He seized a bough above his head, strode over with its help, lighted on the other side, and vanished in the woods beyond.

Jonathan stood still; his heart grew weak within him, and he wept senile tears. To him, on first marking his brother, this encounter had seemed a thing timed by Heaven. The place was lonely, the day was pregnant with a memory unutterably sorrowful to him, in that it stood for the saddest loss that his life had known. Moreover, a great inspiration had seized

upon him, and he fancied that some kind spirit had spoken with his tongue to his brother. He believed that forgiveness was at hand; he judged that the silence of Silas would anon be broken with blessed words of pardon. And then, instead, the younger turned from him, and risked no small danger in thus crossing the swollen river and putting the stream between them.

The men never met again.

VII

BEFORE the end of his life there came to Jonathan Merripit a sort of peace. It blossomed in his aging heart and comforted it. He continued obsessed by a conviction that he had done a deadly wrong, and, as time sped and the memory of his wife and his brief wedded joy was clouded by passage of years, only this mistaken sense of great evil-doing remained with him. The glow of his romance and the grief of its ending alike had passed into the dim, unlighted limbo of vanished time; but poignant and keen remained sense of the ill that he had wrought against his brother and the punishment that had fallen with it. This consciousness persisted until, like a gracious flower, there bloomed within his mind a conviction that he would expiate his wrong before he died. The assurance brought active satisfaction with it, and served to make Jonathan a happier man. He was old and very lonely now, but no companion might have equaled the power of this arisen hope to calm and cheer his weakening intellect. He believed that Heaven had ordained an expiation for that far-off error before he died; he declared, with shaking head and tongue, that his days would not end until, by his own good deed, and under divine inspiration, he had won back again the love of his brother.

Much consolation he reaped from the thought, and the folk marked an increase of energy and happiness in the master of Little Sherberton.

There came a day when, walking on the Moor alone, he met a neighbor and fell into conversation with him. The wayfarer was also old, and he understood the circumstances of Jonathan's life from the close standpoint of service. Therefore he did not hesitate to touch upon them, and when the other repeated this undying hope which now animated him, his listener doubted not that it would happen so and trusted the reconciliation might come soon. The man had worked for Jonathan in time past, and his name was Sam Bonus. From force of habit he still called Jonathan "master."

"'T was but an hour agone I seed the man's only son pass by," he said.

"A dashing young chap and never happy off his hoss. 'T is a great loss to me not to know him."

"A dashing and fine young fellow, as you say. By me he galloped like a flame of fire,—hoss and man together,—a brave sight. 'T is told that he be cut on a very different pattern from his father, and you can't lay no more than the common selfishness of youth to his charge."

"I wish again and again that I was allowed to know him; but I am not. Yet sometimes, hid from every eye but God Almighty's, he have stopped me and said a kind word."

"Why should n't he, master? A good uncle you would have been to the boy if your brother had suffered you to be."

"That would I—and may be yet. The time will come, Bonus; and since it must come, it must come soon, for I 'm getting an old man. Indeed, I be an old man."

"Good for half a score o' years o' usefulness yet, I warn 'e!"

They parted, and Jonathan took his way into the Moor. Four lonely miles he went, to see a dam that he had built to deflect a rivulet of sweet water; and he came there to face the shock of mighty trouble.

A horse lay beside the stream with its neck broken, and upon approaching, the farmer discovered that a man was caught fast under the dead beast. Whether he, too, was dead, the discoverer could not learn; but he knew him for the younger Silas Merripit, his brother's son. Remains of his former immense physical strength still belonged to Jonathan; and now he exerted it, and with a great effort succeeded in half-lifting, half-dragging the dead horse off its rider.

Young Silas was unconscious. His leg had been broken above the knee, and other injuries were indicated by the blood that had welled from his mouth. The place of the mishap was named Cater's

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Beam, a lonely, lofty, bog-foundered region far from every human haunt. Weeks might have passed before another human being went that way, and Jonathan, with his master thought seldom absent from his mind, knew that here and now had the great ordeal come to him. He satisfied himself that his nephew was alive; then, convinced that every moment must be precious and that only he was called to this task of salvation, lifted the senseless man as tenderly as might be, and, rejoicing for himself, sorrowing for the sufferer, began his struggle. Doubting little that man or beast would presently approach to lessen his labor, he fought on; but no pony came near enough to be enlisted in the service, no human being appeared.

Dusk was down, and Jonathan had grown hoarse and dumb from shouting. He had carried the injured man two miles, and a like distance still remained to be traversed before he could hope for succor. The lad weighed little less than eleven stone, and the task of bearing him for a man near seventy years old was too great. But Jonathan soon ceased to summon aid. As his strength began to sink, his heart rose the higher. He gloried in this tremendous task, and would now have grudged all aid, for it was a part of the perfect atonement and propitiation that only his back should bend and his might be quelled by this burden.

He grew light-headed, and stopped often as he came into the last mile of the way. He believed the dead weight of the unconscious lad was his sin. He imagined himself the hero of "The Pilgrim's Progress." Each yard was a physical torment now, and he stopped often; but finding after his final rest that it was only with untold difficulty he could lift the body again, he declared to himself that he would tarry no more until the highroad should be reached. He welcomed the physical suffering, and feared only that he would lose his sight, for every sense fainted under this terrific strain.

Unknown to him, young Silas Merripit began to return to consciousness. It was now nearly dark, and three hundred yards remained to be traveled. The old man's heart pumped on; but he could barely see or feel, and his mind was rocking. Through the gloom ahead stretched a gray line, and he knew it for the road. Then a voice fell upon his ear—a murmuring voice from the man on his back. For some time the injured rider had recovered consciousness, and yet held his peace. Now he began to understand that an old, struggling man was carrying him with awful difficulty.

"Well done! Well done, you!" he murmured.

The other only heard the faint words, and thought they fell from on high.

"'T is God! 'T is God looking down!" he said to himself, and a great pant of triumph burst from him.

They were at the edge of the road, and, as he reached it, Jonathan's thighs gave under him, and he fell forward in a heap.

Thus it happened that twice in one day was the unfortunate Silas the younger thrown heavily upon the earth, and now long and loud he shrieked with his agony. None heard him, however, and not until half an hour had passed did a cart go that way. Then came aid to the living; but Jonathan was dead.

The youth survived, and the obvious manner of his salvation became known at a later time; yet no man was suffered to speak Jonathan Merripit's name before his brother, or mention his life or his death in the hearing of him.

But Silas went to the funeral, and that on a day when his son's life still hung in the balance. And when the time had come, he erected an iron-blue slate above the elder's dust, with his name and the dates of his birth and death upon it. More he did not set down; and it was not until he, too, had died that his son banished the laconic monument, lifted a cross and told thereunder the way of his uncle's death.

Owned by Mr. P. A. B. Widener, Philadelphia

"THE LADY WITH THE ROSE." BY FRANS HALS

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF MASTERPIECES IN AMERICAN GALLERIES—III)

explosion, which tore out one end of the building and half blinded Dick, who had fortunately crouched down behind the hoist. Although shaken and confused by the explosion, he was virtually unhurt, and noted with relief that the engine was still working. The bucket, he judged, was now about half-way up the shaft. The side walls were blazing fiercely, and the heat was almost unbearable. A tongue of flame wrapped itself around his head, burning off the hair on one side, and part of his eyebrows and mustache. Fortunately, however, the smoke was blown away from him by the wind, so that he could still see and breathe freely.

Another and more serious danger now confronted him. Over toward his left, near the corner of the building where the fire was thickest and the floor was burning, he saw a pile of sticks of giant-powder. Just as he caught sight of them he heard his companions calling in the shaft. He knew he must save them from the coming explosion, if possible, so he pushed the lever over, stopping the engine just as, with a few preliminary sputters of flame, the giant-powder exploded.

It tore the building completely to pieces. Dick was thrown into the air, only to fall doubled up across the drum of the hoist, where for a few moments he lay stunned.

He slowly regained consciousness, and managed to crawl over the drum to the floor. Deaf and half-blinded, with burned hands he groped for the hot iron starting-lever, found it, and almost by instinct started the engine, which, wonderful to relate, had not been injured. In a few minutes the men reached the mouth of the shaft.

Dick was at once carried to camp, put on the first train, and sent down to me, and the same evening I treated him. With hair, eyebrows, and mustache half burned off, one eye swollen and useless, hands and face blistered, almost deaf, bruised in many places, and with hat and clothes charred full of holes, he presented a sorry sight. Thanks to his splendid physique and healthy life, he soon made a perfect recovery, and when I last heard of him was somewhere in the wilds of Canada working on a claim as usual.

When I suggested that he had done a brave thing, he replied quietly: "Oh, no, Doc. Any one in camp would have done the same. You see, the boys were in danger below, and there was nothing else to do."

DISCOVERY

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

OUT of the Eden of my love,
The little house so lean and spent,
The little room where, like a dove,
Under the rafters lives my love,
Back to the bustling world I went.

I wandered down the dusty street.
Men jostled there and laughed and swore,
But in the throbbing and the beat,
The Babel of the feverish street,
Was something that was not before.

Deep into each pale, passing face
I gazed in wonder. What strange gleam
Had in this gray and sordid place
Clothed as with glory each pale face,
And lit dim eyes with dream?

Like an explorer midst those eyes,
By unimagined deeps I trod;
And, lo! where yesterday were lies
And lusts in those world-hardened eyes,
I saw the stars of God.

Owned by Mr. P. A. B. Widener, Philadelphia

"THE LADY WITH THE ROSE" BY FRANS HALS

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF MASTERPIECES IN AMERICAN GALLERIES—III)

TIMOTHY COLE'S
WOOD ENGRAVINGS
OF
MASTERPIECES
IN
AMERICAN GALLERIES

"THE LADY WITH
THE ROSE"

BY

FRANS HALS

From the sculpture by Edward C. Potter

ONE OF THE LIONS (IN MARBLE) ON THE MAIN APPROACH FROM FIFTH AVENUE

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

(CARRÈRE & HASTINGS, ARCHITECTS)

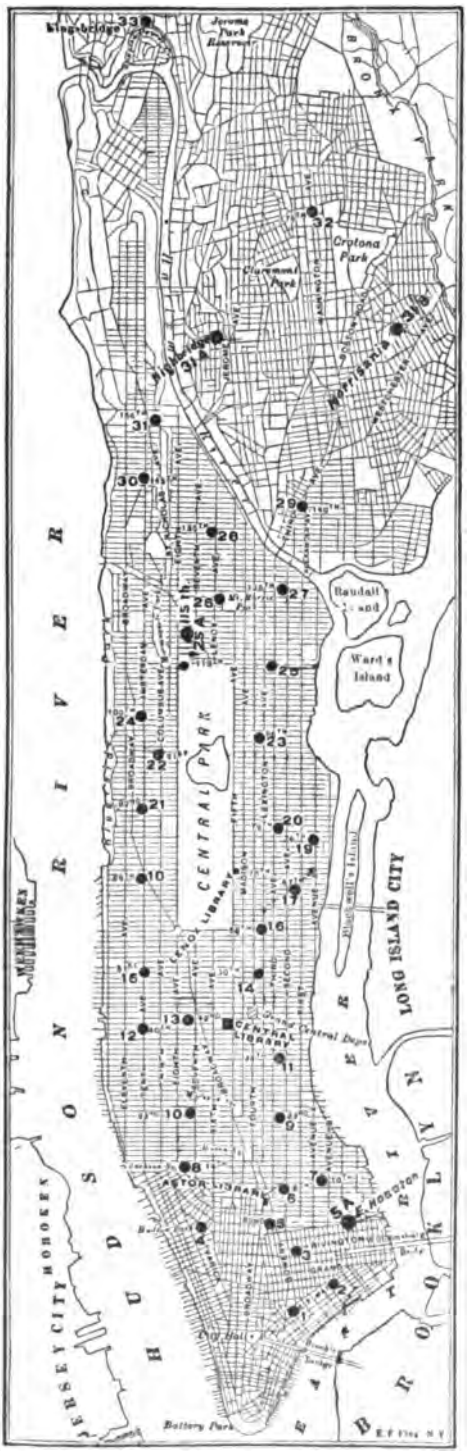
BY JOHN S. BILLINGS

Director of the Library

THE New York Public Library differs from the great libraries of London, Paris, St. Petersburg, and Washington in that it provides both a library of reference and a system of circulation, and is thus the largest library system in the world, supplying a greater number of readers than any other. In the number of books and pamphlets contained, it is exceeded by the British Museum, the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris, the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg, the Library of Congress at Washington, and perhaps one or two others, being in this respect the sixth or seventh in the order of magnitude of the great libraries of the world; but as a system for supplying books to all classes of readers, it is unequaled in size, and is likely to remain so.

It is now fifteen years since the formation of this library system was begun by the consolidation of the Astor and Lenox libraries and the Tilden Trust, the first meeting of the trustees of the new corporation having been held May 27, 1895, at which time the consolidated library contained about 353,000 volumes. Since that time the following libraries engaged in circulation have been consolidated with it: the New York Free Circulating Library, with eleven branches; the Washington Heights Free Library; the St. Agnes Library; the New York Free Circulating Library for the Blind; the Aguilar Free Library, with four branches; the Harlem Library; the Tottenville Library; the Library of the University Settlement; the Webster Free Library; the Cathedral Free Circulating Library, with five branches; being nearly all of the public libraries exclusively engaged in the circulation of books. In 1902, under the provisions of agreements made with the city of New York and with Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the construction of new branch library buildings was begun, and thirty-two of these have now been completed and opened to the public. The number of Carnegie libraries ultimately to be erected in the boroughs of Manhattan, the Bronx, and Richmond is about sixty.

In the autumn of 1910, the New York



LOCATION OF THE CIRCULATION BRANCHES OF THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY INDICATED BY BLACK DOTS

Public Library included in its reference department about 800,000 volumes, 300,000 pamphlets, 100,000 manuscripts, 70,000 prints, two picture-galleries, and a large collection of maps, all being contained in the old Astor and Lenox buildings, and to be transferred to the new building now about completed. It includes, in addition, forty branch libraries for the circulation of books, containing about 780,000 volumes, and circulating over seven millions of volumes per year.

The reference department is mainly for the benefit of scholars and writers, the circulation department for the education and recreation of the great mass of the people, though each does both kinds of work and supplements the other.

The annexed map shows the distribution of the branch libraries of the circulation department in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx. Each of them contains from eight to thirty thousand volumes, and supplies a population of from 30,000 to 60,000, being about half a mile from its nearest neighbors. Each has a large room devoted to children and children's books, a small reference-library for adults, and many have a special assembly-room for lectures. All have telephone connection, and interchange books freely to meet the needs of readers.

The new library building on the site of the old reservoir on Fifth Avenue has accommodations for about three million volumes and over seventeen hundred readers. When it is completed, the collections now in the Astor and Lenox buildings will be placed in it, and its reading-rooms will be open to the public every day and evening.

The architects, Carrère & Hastings, have shown that it is possible to supply all the demands of library administration in a building which is a work of art worthy of its site.

It has been planned with special reference to the needs and convenience of several different classes, so that great facilities can be given to the general public and the casual visitor without interfering with those required by scholars and special students in serious research work. The large reading-rooms on the third floor, seating 768 persons and containing about thirty thousand volumes of reference freely accessible on open shelves, the periodical-

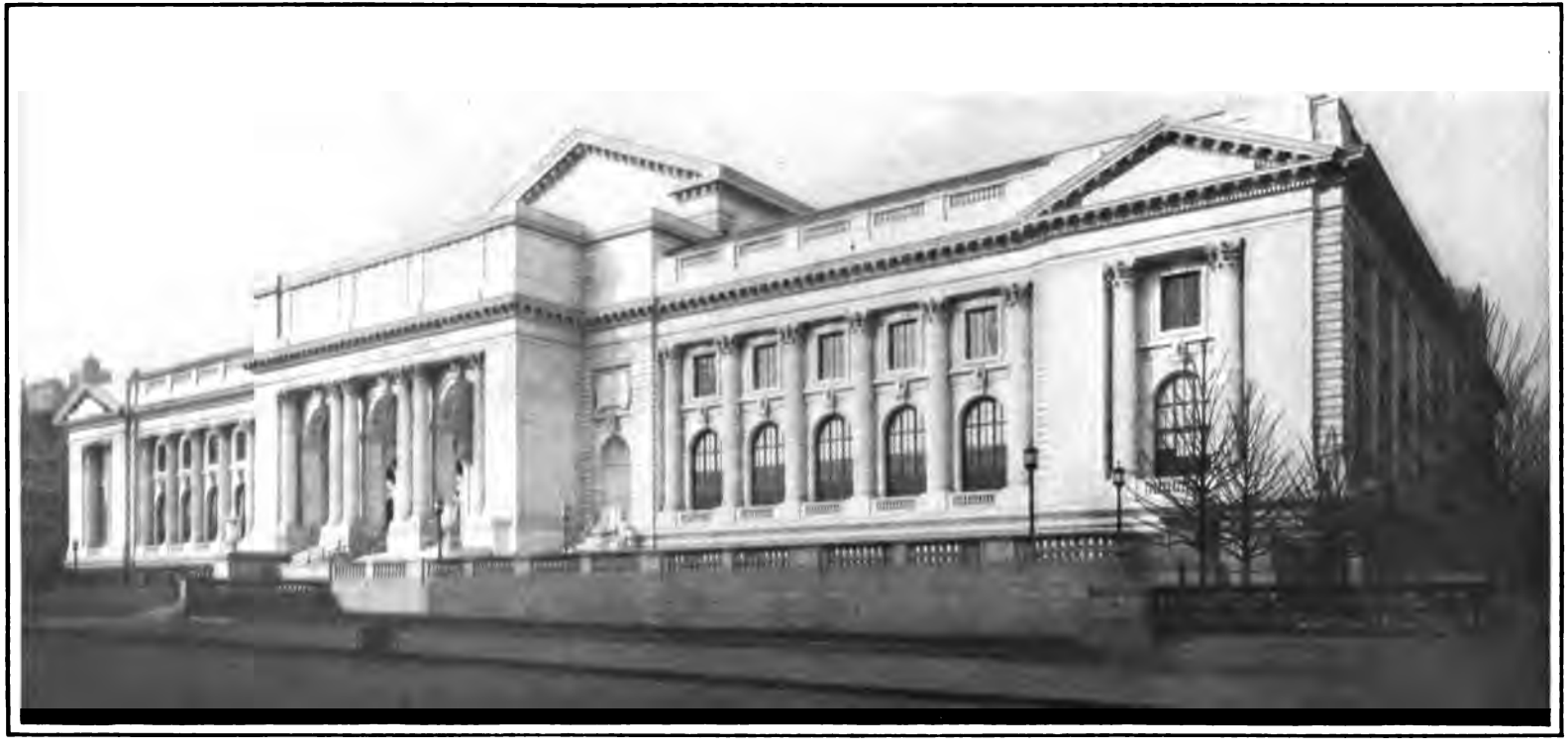
THE ORIGINAL SCHEME FOR THE FIFTH AVENUE FAÇADE (FROM THE COMPETITIVE DRAWING OF THE ARCHITECTS, CARRÈRE & HASTINGS)

The reader who wishes to spend an hour or two in search of something new and interesting, but who has no particular book or subject in mind, will find what is required either in the periodical-room or among the new books, which will be kept for a short time in a special case in the main reading-room.

The scientific inquirer, the engineer and technologist, the patent attorney, the student of political science and economics, the investigator of early American history, the

VIEW OF THE BRYANT PARK FAÇADE OF THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, JANUARY, 1911

The long, narrow window spaces are for the lighting of the book stacks, while the arched windows above belong to the main reading-room. At the left of the picture is seen the Bryant Memorial (see page 849) which faces Bryant Park on the medial line of the library.



VIEW OF THE MAIN FAÇADE OF THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, FROM THE EAST SIDE OF FIFTH AVENUE, AT FORTY-SECOND STREET, JANUARY, 1911

THE ORIGINAL SCHEME FOR THE FIFTH AVENUE FAÇADE (FROM THE COMPETITIVE DRAWING OF THE ARCHITECTS, CARRÈRE & HASTINGS)

The reader who wishes to spend an hour or two in search of something new and interesting, but who has no particular book or subject in mind, will find what is required either in the periodical-room or among the new books, which will be kept for a short time in a special case in the main reading-room.

The scientific inquirer, the engineer and technologist, the patent attorney, the student of political science and economics, the investigator of early American history, the

VIEW OF THE BRYANT PARK FAÇADE OF THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, JANUARY, 1911

The long, narrow window spaces are for the lighting of the book stacks, while the arched windows above belong to the main reading room. At the left of the picture is seen the Bryant Memorial (see page 843) which faces Bryant Park on the medial line of the library.

reader in Jewish history and literature, in Slavonic literature, or in Oriental literature, the musician, the genealogist, and the blind man, will each find a special library for his use contained in a separate room with an attendant. The science rooms, on the northeast corner of the second floor, will contain on opening about fifty thousand volumes and seats for sixty readers. The technological and applied-science rooms, on the main floor immediately below, will contain about sixty thousand volumes. The patent room, on the northwest corner of the main floor, will be much used, and will contain twenty-three thousand volumes and have seats for sixty-four persons. Above this will be the public-documents room, with eighty thousand volumes and seats for thirty readers, and connected with this the room for economics, with twenty thousand volumes and seats for twenty readers.

MARBLE VASE—DETAIL OF THE PORTICO

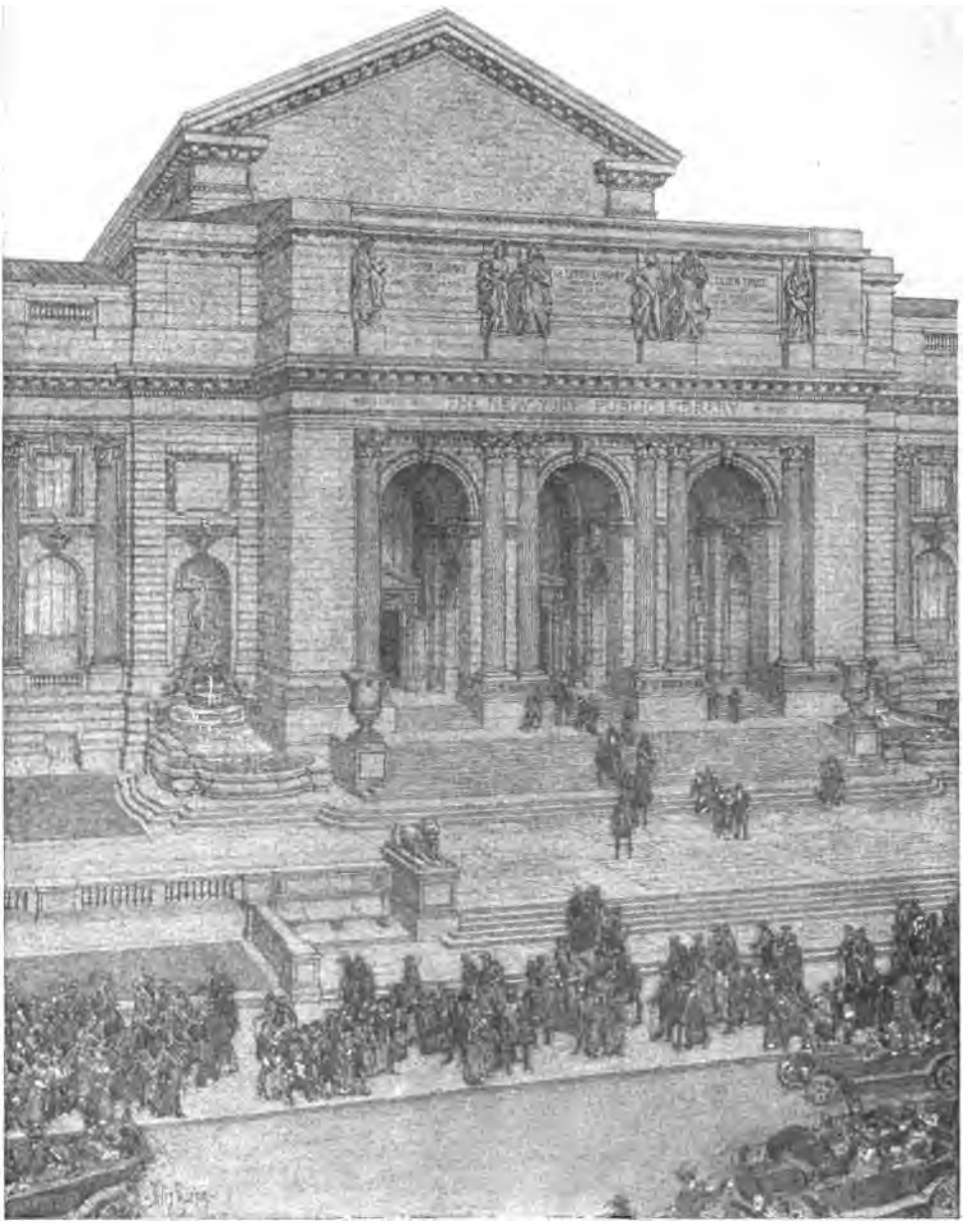
The special rooms for students in Jewish, Slavonic, and Oriental literature will accommodate from six to thirty-two readers, will have from seven thousand to ten thousand volumes, and will communicate with the main stack, where other collections related to cognate subjects, such as Bibles, are placed.

While many special students will find all or nearly all they desire in these special-library rooms, the great majority of readers will find it necessary to learn something of the contents and uses of the central "information and catalogue" room on the third floor, which is an anteroom to the large general reading-room. This room is about eighty feet square, and against its walls will stand cases containing the catalogue of the library, on about two million cards.

Near the middle of the room will be an information-desk, where a skilled librarian with assistants will be ready to help readers to obtain what they desire. In this room will also be the catalogues of the British Museum, the Bibliothèque Nationale, and the Library of Congress, with several hundred volumes of bibliography. It will be a part of the duty of the librarian at the information-desk to show readers how to use the catalogues and bibliographies and how to make out their order-slips, and tell them where to receive the books they call for. Most of them will go to the main reading-rooms adjacent, where they will find about thirty thousand reference-books on open shelves from which they can help themselves, and where any book in the library will be furnished to them from the central delivery-desk.

The south side of the building contains the mechanism for supplying heat, light, and mechanical power, and the offices for administrative work. These are not open to the public, and have a separate entrance on Fortieth Street. The steam and electrical machinery are in the cellar, the printery, bindery, and shipping-room in the basement, the offices of the circulation department, of the superintendent of the building, and of the disbursing officer on the first floor, and the catalogue-rooms, order-room, and director's offices on the second floor. Of the work done in these offices the public sees nothing and can judge only by the results as shown in the manner in which its needs are supplied.

This is not the time or place to give details as to how the library is to be arranged and managed; but of immediate interest to the students of the present gen-



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

MAIN APPROACH FROM FIFTH AVENUE AND PORTICO OF THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY (CARRÈRE & HASTINGS, ARCHITECTS)

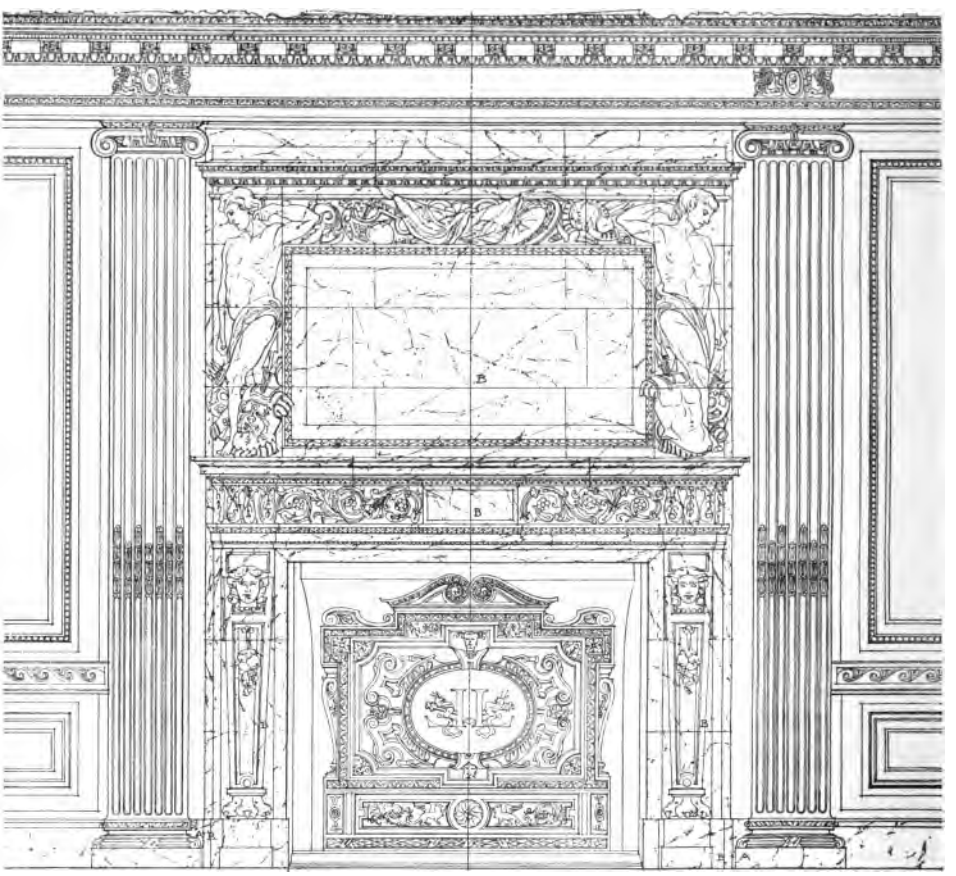
DRAWN FOR THE CENTURY BY JULES GUÉRIN

eration are the character and completeness of the collections to be found in it.

The most artistic building, the most perfect mechanical devices, the most elaborate system of catalogues, are of small importance to a reader if the books which he wishes to see are not there; but it should be remembered that the presence of a suitable home has a powerful influence in bringing in the books. When the Astor, Lenox, and Tilden collections are placed in the new building, it will be one of the best libraries in the country for general and miscellaneous work, and, in a few sections, the best of all; but it will need extensive additions to make it what it should be, and it is certain that these additions will be made.

There are very few books of importance to the scholar of which it will not contain the text in some form, although not always in the first edition, nor in the edition most desirable on account of typography, illustrations, or notes.

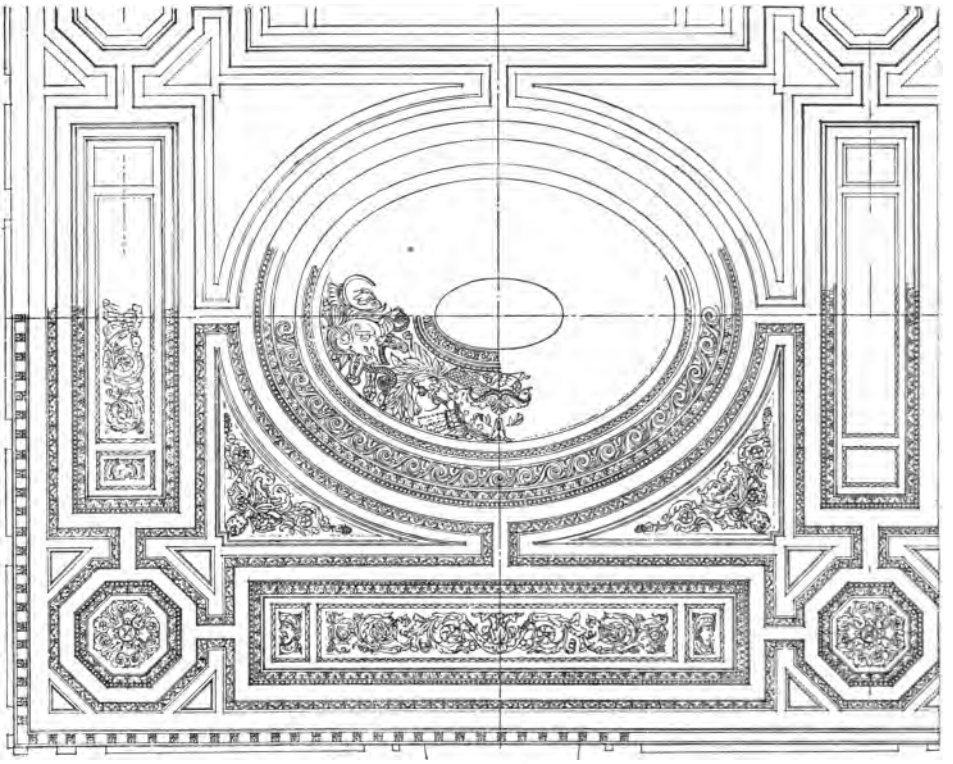
While the demands upon a large general reference-library, and its needs, are much the same everywhere, including the sources, important commentaries, monographs, and summaries new and old in every department of printed literature in all languages, the only library in this country which at present has sufficient means to justify it in making its collections from this point of view is the Library of Congress in Washington. The public libraries of the large cities and universities cannot fully cover the entire field even in the new publications, and must make selections. For each library, subject to the limitations of cost and of space, the choice



From the architects' drawing

MARBLE MANTEL IN THE TRUSTEES' ROOM

The Board of Trustees consists of twenty-four members, the officers being: John Bigelow, President; John L. Cadwalader, First Vice-President; Charles Howland Russell, Secretary, and Edward W. Sheldon, Treasurer.



From the architects' drawing

DETAIL OF THE CEILING IN THE TRUSTEES' ROOM

must depend largely upon the demands actually made upon it, the character of the special collections which it already possesses, the resources of other reference-libraries in the city, and the probability of increases by gifts of special collections, or of endowments for special purposes.

The greatest demand upon this library is for periodicals, both new and old, including, under this head, journals, magazines, transactions of societies, and reports of institutions and corporations. The greatest number of calls is for numbers of current periodicals, literary, scientific, philological, historical, artistic, technological, industrial, philosophical, and religious, and this demand is supplied on a large scale, one half of the fund available for the purchase of books being now devoted to this purpose. About seven thousand current periodicals are received, covering all subjects, in all languages, and these are instantly available for the use of students. About one thousand of these are indexed for important papers, the titles of which are copied on cards, with the proper references, and these cards are at once placed in the public catalogue under the subjects to which they refer. The periodical room in the southeast corner of the main floor of the new library includes a space 120 feet by 40 feet, and will be one of the most attractive features of the building.

The modern slang phrase, "a back number," to indicate uselessness, does not apply to the files of old periodicals in the library. There are about ninety thousand volumes of these, and they are of the greatest value to students in search of historical data on any subject. In the field of American history the files of old newspapers are of special importance, and of these the library has one of the largest collections in this country. Current newspapers, showing the course of events in all parts of the world, will be supplied in a room 110 by 35 feet in the northwest corner of the basement floor. At present only about fifty important newspapers are subscribed for; but this room will give space for two hundred, which it is hoped will be supplied by a special endowment fund.

The field in which the New York Pub-

lic Library is strongest is history, and especially American history, including not only the United States, but all countries in North and South America. No library in the world has a complete collection of the literature of American history, or even of the history of the State of New York from the colonial period to the present time. The largest collections of this kind are in New York City, Washington, Philadelphia, Boston, Providence, and Cambridge, and in London, but even if all these collections were put together, there would still be some deficiencies to be discovered by the special student.

The materials of the library in this field are not surpassed by any other library, as they include the books and manuscripts of the Lenox, Tilden, George Bancroft, T. A. Emmet, Bailey-Meyers, and Ford collections, a large section of local histories and genealogies, and an extensive series of old newspapers and of State and municipal documents, which are being constantly added to as opportunities offer.

The "Americana" begin with the letter of Columbus announcing the result of his first voyage, include the contemporary reports of Vespucci, Cortés, Pizarro, and their followers, of Smith and the Virginia settlers, of Bradford and Winthrop for New England, the Dutch in New York, and the French in Canada, the original "Jesuit Relations," etc. Special facilities to students in this department will be given in the rooms on the third floor devoted to manuscripts and rare Americana.

HERBERT ADAMS'S STATUE OF WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

In many of the older European libraries the manuscripts are of more interest and importance than the books, and form the special attraction to scholars and historians in all fields of literature. In this coun-

THE BRYANT MEMORIAL, WITH PEDESTAL FOR THE BRYANT STATUE

try the manuscript collections of interest relate mainly to local history or to the history of the United States. This library includes about fifteen hundred volumes and fifty thousand separate pieces of this kind, among which may be mentioned one hundred and seventy volumes of Spanish papers relating to Spanish America, seventy-four volumes of transcripts of the loyalist papers, being the applications, memorials, petitions, etc., of the so-called distressed American loyalists, with the reports upon them by the British Commissioners of Inquiry, dating from 1783 to 1790; the Bancroft, Emmet, and Ford collections, and the Gates, Schuyler, and Tilden papers.

It has also some valuable illuminated manuscripts, such as the lectionary of the Gospels, with miniatures by Giulio Clovio, made for Pope Paul III about 1540 A.D., a lectionary with miniatures and illuminations on purple vellum, about 870 A.D., and a few fine specimens of Persian and Arabic manuscripts. It also has a Samaritan Pentateuch of 1232 A.D., and four manuscripts of Wyclif's version of the New Testament in English, dating between 1380 and 1420.

The art department is one of the most important sections of the library, from the educational and historical, as well as from the esthetic, point of view. The rooms on the east front of the upper floor of the new building will be devoted to this department, and will contain the Lenox picture-gallery, the Stuart collection, the print rooms, and the most important works on the history of the fine arts, including the important art books of the Tilden collection. These rooms cover a floor-space of 18,000 square feet, and will be one of the most attractive features of the library to the general

MARBLE URN—DETAIL FOR THE BRYANT MEMORIAL

A PART OF THE MAIN PERIODICAL ROOM

public, as well as to artists and art students.

The print department is an important one, and contains the collection of the late Samuel P. Avery, which is specially rich in the works of the French etchers of the second half of the nineteenth century; a valuable collection of Japanese prints, the gift of the late Charles Stewart Smith; and a good collection of the work of American artists. Its treasures will be brought before the public by exhibitions not only in the main building, but also in the branch libraries.

The great reading-rooms will supply the readers in general history, ecclesiastical history, literature, philosophy, etc., and in each of these fields, besides all the standard works, there are many small collections of unusual fullness and interest. The seeker for first editions, ancient and little known poetry and fiction, privately printed brochures, and curios, will find many things in his line, but possibly not the particular thing that he most wishes, or fears, to see.

The collections of Irish history and literature, of naval history, of dramatic literature, including over twelve hundred prompt-books; of philosophy, folk-lore, and the history of Mormonism, Shakerism, and other sects, are all exceptionally large, and contain some rare and curious pieces.

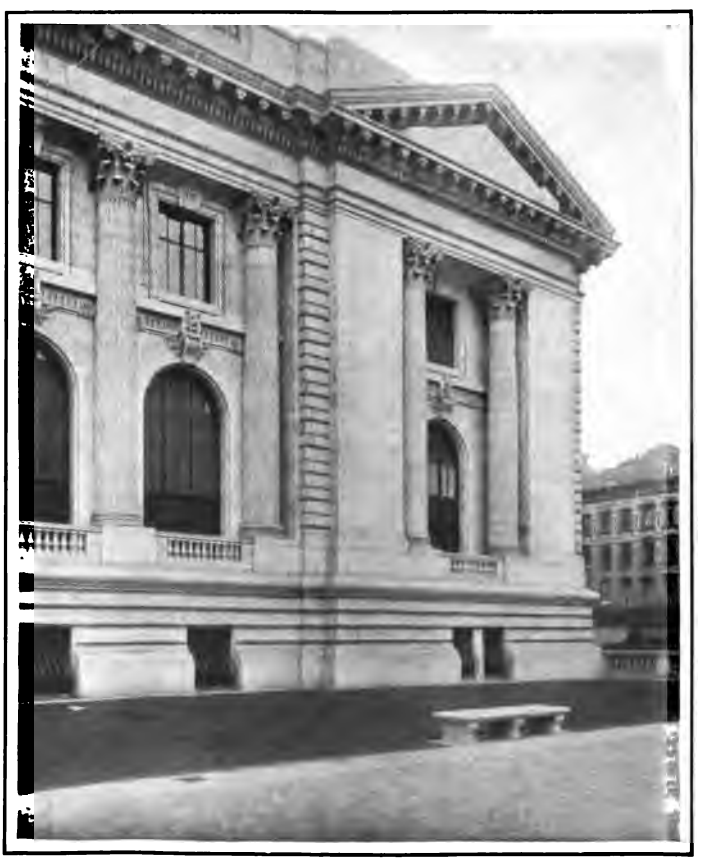
When the library has a special fund given to it for the purchase of a particular class of books, such, for example, as the fund given by the late Alexander M. Proudfit for the purchase of works relating to naval history, and the fund given by Mr. Jacob H. Schiff for the purchase of Semitic literature and works relating to Jewish history, of course these are used exclusively for the enlargement of these

special collections, and in this way a permanent monument to the donor is being constructed, as each book is marked with his name.

New York City being a great commercial center, the demands which its merchants and traders make upon the library are many and varied. As a rule it is the latest information that is wanted, the most recent issues of trade directories and journals of all countries and in all languages. Many of these are costly and bulky, and, for the most part, only of ephemeral interest, becoming obsolete in a year or two at best. On rare occasions back volumes of these publications are called for for historical purposes, but probably no library would be justified in attempting to obtain and preserve all, or even a majority, of them.

At present the library is receiving a fairly good supply of the journals devoted to special trades and industries, and to commerce and finance in the broader sense of the words; but its supply of trade directories of other countries is very poor, and it is to be hoped that this may be largely increased in the new building. In official statistics of commerce, of State and municipal finance, of railroads, etc., it has one of the best collections in this country, and these must be kept up to date, and made more complete, as opportunity offers.

Virtually within two blocks of the new library building, are three important special libraries, namely, the Library of the Academy of Medicine, the Library of the Association of the Bar, both in Forty-third Street, and the Engineering Library in the new building for the engineering societies on Thirty-ninth Street, erected at the cost of Mr. Andrew Carnegie. The character and management of these libraries will have much influence on the action of the Public Library in collecting books relating to these several specialties. The Library



PAVILION OF THE MAIN FAÇADE (FORTY-SECOND STREET END)

of the Academy of Medicine contains about eighty thousand volumes relating to medicine and the allied sciences, being one of the four largest medical libraries in this country, and is open to the public. This relieves the Public Library of the necessity of doing more for medicine than it is now doing, namely, the taking of a few of the leading medical journals of the world, the occasional purchase of a medical book desired by lay readers, and of a good selection of works on hygiene. The Library of the Association of the Bar contains about fifty thousand volumes, and is one of the best working libraries of its kind in the country. It is not a public library, but a card of admission may be obtained from any member of the Bar Association. Its collection of statutes, session laws, and law reports is a very complete one, and it is strong in international law. Just what and how much the Public Library should do for its law department is an unsettled question and one upon which opinions differ widely. It has a good collection of works on the principles of law, the rights of man, etc., and on constitutional law; also on the history of law, on international law, and on criminal law, but it has little on commercial law, and few modern text-books or monographs. It contains a large amount of source material for the history of law, including an extensive series of the legislative proceedings of all countries and States publishing such documents, but it does not as yet attempt to supply the demands of undergraduate law students.

It is not yet certain whether the engineering societies in the new building on Fortieth Street will undertake to make a complete collection of the literature of engineering, but this library will be accessible to the public, and it is possible that the Public Library can properly lessen its large expenditure in this direction.

The library of the Union Theological Seminary, now in the new building near Columbia University, is a public library, and has a large collection of books relating to theology. Another important special library is that of Spanish literature, formed by Mr. Archer M. Huntington, and established in a separate building under the auspices of the Hispanic Society of America. Other special collections which are kept in mind in the selection of books for the New York Public Library are the collections on architecture, on botany and zoölogy, and on anarchism, in the Columbia University Library, and those of the New York Historical Society, the American Geographical Society, the Numismatic Society, etc.

The library has a good selection of books and periodicals on all these subjects, and keeps them up to date to meet the wants of general readers, but it does not purchase rare and costly works which are known to be in the special collections above referred to, not from lack of desire to possess them, but because the limited funds available for the purchase of books compels it to make restricted selection.

The most important addition to the convenience of the reading public from the opening of the new library building will be due to the fact that it will be open in the evening and on Sundays and holidays. This will require a large addition to the library staff, and an increase in cost of administration. This fact, together with the great size of the building, and the existence of a number of special libraries set apart in it, will make the cost of administration of the new building nearly double the present expenditure for the Astor and Lenox buildings together. This increased cost must be met from the funds of the library, for such is the agreement with the city, which has erected the building.

If the New York Public Library is to hold its place as one of the six greatest libraries of the world,—not to say improve its position, as it certainly should do,—public-minded citizens interested in its work and in the greatness of their city, must aid its trustees by increasing the means for the purchase of books. The new building will have accommodation for three and a half million volumes, and it ought to possess this number of books within twenty-five years.

There is no library in this country in which special collections of books can be placed, established, or endowed with greater certainty as to their preservation and usefulness, and every such collection will be a lasting monument to its donor or founder.

MOTHERING ON PERILOUS

(KENTUCKY MOUNTAIN SKETCHES)

V. THE BOY THAT FIT THE MARSHAL

BY LUCY FURMAN

Author of "Stories of a Sanctified Town"

ON Thursday of the first week Miss Loring came over to live at the small boys' cottage in the Settlement School on Perilous. While Philip, Taulbee, Joab, and Keats were building up the embankment under the back fence washed away by a "tide" in Perilous, Geordie Yonts, who had been left at the cottage to scrub Miss Loring's room with carbolic-acid solution (on account of fleas), came back to the stable-lot bringing a new boy, whom, with a flourish of his scrubbing-brush, he introduced as follows:

"Here 's the boy that fit the marshal that kilt his paw last spring 's a year. And one time he went to Virginia and seed a railroad-train. Killis Blair 's the name he goes by."

Killis was a handsome, blond boy of "very near twelve," as straight as an arrow, and pleasantly aware of his double importance as participant in a tragedy and as a noted traveler.

At study-hour in the cottage that night, when the boys and Miss Loring all sat about the sitting-room table, Geordie watched the hands of the clock for at least fifteen minutes before they reached eight, and at the first stroke slammed his geography shut and commanded:

"Tell about seein' the railroad-train!"

All the boys woke up at once, and Killis began: "About a month before paw got kilt, the officers was a-watching him so clost he was afeared to sell any liquor round about home, so me and him we took a barrel acrost the mountains to Big Stone Gap, over yander in Virginia, where there 's mines, and it would fetch a good price. We loaded fodder on top of the barrel. The going was awful sorry, and the steers was three days making the trip. When we got there, I seed men walking around with their hats afire, and went down to the railroad-train and rid on the engine."

"What did it look like?" inquired Philip, breathlessly.

"Sort of like a saw-mill sot up on wheels. And the rest of the train was long houses full of glass windows—never seed so much glass in my life. They was on wheels, too, like the engine."

"Wished I knowed I 'd ever git to see ary 'n'," sighed Philip.

"I aim to, when I 'm a professor," remarked Taulbee.

"I bet I see several when I go to be a soldier," said Nucky.

Geordie settled back in his chair, and folded his fat hands. "Now," he said, "tell about your paw gettin' kilt."

Killis said the officers had been spying around after his paw a long time for stilling liquor, but his paw was too smart for them, and moved the still about, and made liquor by night, so there would be no smoke by day, and also frightened them by sending word to the marshal he would never be taken alive. One night they had just "drug" the still up to a new place in the hollow near the top of the mountain, and boarded it up close, so the light could not shine out, and started up the fire, and he and his paw and his two uncles were sitting around it, when there was a yell, and the marshal and a deputy burst in, shooting as they came. The uncles returned the fire from their revolvers, but before his paw could grab

his gun, which leaned against a near-by tree, he fell, with a dreadful wound through his stomach. He himself, when he saw his paw fall, snatched a hunting-knife and cut the marshal in the forearm with it as he was running out. This last item he told without bragging, and quite as a matter of course. The other boys gave him looks of approval and envy.

"By Heck! though, I would n't 'a' stopped with his arm," declared Nucky.

"I hain't," replied Killis, quietly. Significant glances went round the table.

If Geordie was eager for Killis's story, Miss Loring was impatient for something else: she planned to dress her boys up on Sunday. In the attic of the Big House were friendly barrels and boxes containing clothing for the children, and Thursday and Friday she spent hours there hunting up coats, trousers, shirts, collars, and ties. Of course the boys were pretty enough in the homespun, home-made coats and trousers they wore when they came; still, she had a great desire to see how they would look in clothes such as outside boys wore. It was hard to find enough things to go around; but in a last trip on Saturday she succeeded, and that night she slept but little. The fleas had something to do with it, but the clothes had more.

Sunday morning, however, when she called the boys into her room, and spread out the garments before what she had expected would be admiring eyes, she was doomed to disappointment. They expressed boundless contempt for the short trousers, held up the knickerbockers with shouts of ridicule, calling them "meal-pokes," and declined point-blank to wear the pleated and belted coats, which they designated as "sissy," "foreign," and "fotch-on." The shirt-waists they accepted without great remonstrance, but collars and ties were a different matter. Taulbee, the oldest, said that even preachers did not wear those, so why should he?

Miss Loring was nonplussed for five minutes. Then an idea came. Sending them all out of her room but Killis, she told him she considered he had more style about him than any of the other boys (she did not mention his other grounds of prestige), and just for her own pleasure she would like to see him in some of the "brought-on" clothes. Selecting a dark blue suit, very little worn, with knickerbockers and pleated coat, she requested Killis to go inside her closet and put it on. He did, and then, when she had fastened a collar and a soft red tie on him, she invited him to look in her mirror. He was frankly delighted with the result. "By dogs! now, did you ever see anybody look as good as me?" he exclaimed.

"I think I never did," replied Miss Loring, with entire truth. "I suppose you don't want to keep them and wear them, do you?"

"Well, dad swinge my hide! I reckon I do!"

"Very well, then; I suppose you may. Go along now." She calmly laid out the white dress and hat for her own toilet.

Within three minutes Philip, Absalom, Geordie, and Hen burst into her room without knocking. "Lemme take another look at that 'ere brown coat and breeches," said Philip; and the others made a bee-line for the pile. Then Taulbee sauntered in. "I don't mind to try on some of them new styles," he condescended. Then there was a general rush. Miss Loring let them take their pick, and fight it out over disputed garments. Then, having buttoned all the collars, tied all the ties, parted all the hair, and, at the last minute, washed difficult cracks in all the ears, Miss Loring at last set forth with her boys for the church-house down in the village, swelling more and more with pride at every step. Never anywhere had she seen such a handsome set of boys; and having a weakness for good looks, she was foolishly happy.

That night Miss Loring found that Killis spelled his name "Kls." He said the teacher in the five-month district school he had attended two terms over on Clinch had spelled it that way. When she asked him if he knew whom he was named for, he did not know. She told him she thought it probable his namesake was a man named Achilles, who had lived several thousand years ago, and had been the greatest fighter of his time. Afterward she feared it had been a mistake to mention this; certainly neither he nor any of the other boys needed encouragement in that direction. Also, she was compelled then and there to launch upon stories of the Trojan War, which were received with huge delight by the boys, but seemed rather bloody for Sunday telling.

To a person of such heroic antecedents as Killis, it was inevitable that some of the work required of the boys at the Settlement School should be humiliating. Imagine Achilles, Hector, Alexander, Cæsar, and such gentlemen making beds, sweeping floors, washing wash-stands, as the cottage boys were required to do every morning! To the outdoor work there was never any objection; but one morning during bed-making Killis and Nucky announced sadly but firmly that unless permitted to do men's work all the time, they would leave at once.

Miss Loring's reply, "But making beds *is* men's work," was met by a snort from Nucky and a whistle from Killis.

"Now, boys," she said, "what do you think of soldiers? Do you call them men?"

"By grab! them 's the only men *is* men," said Nucky. "I aim to be a soldier myself. I got a cousin fit in Cuby and got his arm shot off. And another went off to the Phillipynes and never was heared of no more. I 'd ruther be dead as to not be a soldier."

"Gee! fighting 's the best job they is!" agreed Killis.

"Well," said Miss Loring, "the very first thing a soldier has to learn is to make his own bed."

The boys gazed at her, open-mouthed and incredulous.

"And he has to make it every morning just as long as he is a soldier," she continued.

Killis drew a deep breath. "Dad burn! if that hain't the beatenest ever I heared!"

"Your cousin, Nucky, will tell you the same thing," Miss Loring went on. "I myself have a cousin right now at West Point, where they train boys into soldiers, and his name is Thomas, and he makes his bed every morning, and if he did n't, he could n't stay and be a soldier. And as soon as he is graduated, he will be a lieutenant, and command a whole company."

The two stood, dazed and pondering, for some minutes. Then Killis grabbed his side of the sheet. "Here, take a holt, there, son, and pull them wrinkles out of that kiver, and lay it straight!" he commanded.

From that time difficulties were at an end. Killis promptly became the swiftest worker on the entire place, and more in demand than anybody. The Heads, the woodwork teacher, the trained nurse, and the housekeeper were always sending for him when they wanted odd jobs done swiftly and well, and Miss Loring, being determined to keep him for her own outdoor department, had a fight on her hands all the time.

And not in energy alone was Killis remarkable. In grace and agility he could not have been surpassed by his famous namesake. To see him dance a breakdown was a perfect joy. Nobody could compare with him, nobody else knew half the steps he did. The boys danced a good deal in the evenings, sometimes to Geordie's one tune, "Hi, Mr. Rabbit," picked on his little home-made banjo, more gladly to the fascinating strains of "Hook and Line" and "Sourwood Mountain" played by Granville Dudley, a grown-up boy, who brought his fine banjo over to the cottage occasionally on Saturday evenings.

One night in early November, when the boys were tired of dancing, and had settled down to pop corn over the sitting-room fire in the wire poppers Miss Loring had sent away for, Killis remarked that he used to "cap" corn in a skillet under the still while he and his paw made liquor.

"You made liquor?" exclaimed Miss Loring.

"Can't ricollect the time when I did n't," he replied. "I holp paw from the time I could walk. I 'd follow him up the hollow, and gather wood for the fire, and watch the singlings whilst he kep' a look-out for officers. And I 'd help him mix the doublings, too. And when folks would come to our house to buy it, I 'd circle around up in the corn-field to show where it were hid, and they 'd go up and fill their jug and put the money under a stump, and I 'd fetch it to paw. I knowed so much about the business I could have run it myself."

"I hope and pray that you never will run it, Killis," said Miss Loring, earnestly. There were rumors that the still had not ceased operations with the death of its owner, but that it was now run on his place by his brothers. "I 'd rather see you dead, I think."

"Gee-oh!" he exclaimed. "What you got ag'in' it? You hain't no officer."

"No," she said; "but I think it 's wrong"; and she gave her reasons.

"Well, by Heck! that 's the quarest ever I heared!" said Killis at the end. "I never knowed nobody but officers was ag'in' it."

As Christmas approached, Miss Loring was astonished to see how apathetic the boys were about it. The girls were greatly excited, but the boys appeared dreadfully bored by the talk and preparations. One night, after she had had them practise the old English carols they were to sing through the Big House and down in the village street early Christmas morning, she asked them why they were not happier over Christmas.

"Nothing to feel happy about, by Ned!" said Nucky. "No chance for no Christmas doings here."

"But there will be great Christmas doings, and the best times you ever saw," she replied.

"What, you women aiming to get drunk and do a lot of shooting?" he asked, with dawning hope.

"Horrors! no!" Miss Loring exclaimed.

"Them 's the good times I allus seed a-Christmas," he said.

"Me, too," chorused the other eleven.

"Did n't you ever hang up your stocking, or have a Christmas tree, or get presents?" asked Miss Loring.

"Never heared tell of no such till I come here. Nobody but quare women does it."

"But it 's the greatest fun," insisted Miss Loring.

"Fun enough for women, maybe. But men! Gee!"

"Gimme a big jug of corn liquor!" shouted Philip.

"And a pistol in both hands!" cried Geordie.

"And a galloping nag!" added Killis. The others all joined in an ecstatic whoop.

"Oh, boys," sighed Miss Loring, "you can't mean to tell me you are in the habit of getting drunk Christmas!"

Philip whistled. "What you think we made of?" he inquired. "If there 's ary boy here hain't been drunk or halfways drunk every Christmas he can ricollect, hold up your hand!"

Not a hand moved, till suddenly, as if by an afterthought, Killis's went up. "I were n't last Christmas," he said. "Paw axed me when he was a-dying never to drink nary 'nother drap, so I hain't toch it sence."

"Mighty hard on you!" remarked Joab. "I never passed a Christmas in my life without bein' drunk. Paw he used to fill me 'n' Iry up till we could n't see single, and then make us walk a crack in the floor."

"I used to lay around just hog-drunk from New Christmas to Old Christmas," said Killis. "Paw he 'd turn me loose in the doublings, and lemme swill all I wanted."

"Blant and Ezry they allus gives me all I can hold, and then lets me ride around behind 'em and shoot off paw's pistols," said Nucky.

"One time when I were a little five-year-old," contributed Geordie, "my uncles give me all the liquor I could drink, and then put a pistol in my hand, and p'inted it at Absalom—he were seven—and told me to shoot. I fired away. Good thing I were n't sober, I 'd 'a' kilt him sure!"

Hen Salyer, nine, cast a contemptuous glance at his elder brother. "Keats he hain't half a man," he said. "I can drink twice as much as him."

"Self-brag is half-scandal," exclaimed Keats, angrily. "It 's because I 've had white-swelling and typhoid I hain't able to drink as much as you, you sorry little scald-pate!"

"Paw and me we got so drunk last Christmas we could n't roll over in bed," piped up eight-year-old Jason. "He gimme a whole pint!"

Taulbee Bolling, the oldest, and a great stickler for propriety, summed up the matter authoritatively: "Folks would think they was bad-off if they could n't pass around a jug of liquor a-Christmas," he said slowly. "They would n't think it were showing hospitality."

After a moment Killis spoke again. "I want every boy here that can get to my house a-Christmas to come, and see a good time," he announced. "Come the Saturday after New Christmas. I can't drink myself, on account of paw, but I got good and plenty for my friends, by Heck! And maw she 'll give you all you can eat, too; and we 'll get out all paw's guns and pistols."

There was a unanimous acceptance, even by boys who lived nearly forty miles distant from Killis.

Miss Loring sighed again, deeply this

time. "Boys," she said, "you know what I think about drinking liquor; you know I think it 's very wrong."

"Quare women has quare notions," murmured Joab, impartially.

"You know I hope the day will come when none of you will ever touch it," she continued; "but I suppose not a boy here thinks enough of me now to promise not to drink this Christmas?"

The silence that followed was broken at last by Philip. "We like you all right; but, by grab! a fellow 's got to see some fun!"

With this conversation in mind, it is small wonder Miss Loring was loth to see her boys depart for their homes on Christmas day, after the tree, the stockings, the carols, and everything had ended. She called Killis into her room the last thing, and talked to him again, but without visible effect. Her heart grew more and more heavy during the two days that followed, so much so that she could not enjoy the other trees she helped with over on Wace and on Right Fork of Perilous. Friday night she did not sleep at all for worrying, and by noon Saturday she could endure the strain no longer, and saddling 'Mandy, and taking Jason, who had had no place to go, behind her, she set out for Killis's home, over on Clinch. Dark pictures rose before her all the way—her dear boys drinking and fighting and shooting and maybe killing one another. She might at least get there in time to avert the worst. All the ten miles she was too anxious and miserable to feel the cold wind that came down from the snowy mountain-tops.

On her arrival, about half-past-three, Killis's mother welcomed her at the door. They had met before at the school. She was a large, handsome young woman of twenty-five, only a dozen years older than Killis, having married at twelve.

"Where are the boys?" Miss Loring asked anxiously, seeing nobody but the little girls about the fire.

"They been in and out all day; now they 're up in the deadening, shooting," was the reply.

"Have they been drinking much?" asked Miss Loring.

"A sight!" answered Mrs. Blair. Then she continued, smiling: "But what they 've drank won't hurt 'em much, I reckon. When Killis come home a-Wednesday, the first words he said was: 'Maw, I 've bid a lot of the boys here a-Saturday to see a good time. I want you to gimme three or four jugs of liquor, and all paw's guns and pistols, and bake up a good batch of pies and gingercakes.'

" 'All right, son,' I says; 'you know your maw never denies you nothing.'

" 'Maw,' he says, 'Miss Loring she axed me not to give them boys no liquor and get 'em drunk; but I 'm ashamed not to a-Christmas. But if I had something that were n't pine-blank liquor, but would just make 'em a little happy, dad burn me! if I would n't give 'em that to please her!'

" 'We got a barrel of cider left in the corn-crib,' I says.

" 'Gee! Maw, I never thought of that. It 's the very thing—hard enough to make 'em happy, but not wild-drunk!'

"So yesterday I cooked up, and this morning, a little grain before the boys begun to come in, he drawed off a kag of cider, and poured in two or three gallon' of water, so 's they would n't get *too* happy, and all day they been eating and drinking fit to burst, and then running out in the road to shoot a while, and then filling up again. And this evening, after dinner, Killis he took 'em up in the deadening to shoot at the trees. I never seed such a boy for shooting at trees as him."

Relieved and happy beyond expression, Miss Loring leaned back in her chair, relaxed her weary mind and body, and gave thanks to God. Jason ran in from stabling 'Mandy, and she told him he might join the other boys in the deadening. A few minutes later Killis burst in the back door with beaming face.

"I never give them boys nary drap to drink but cider," he said; "I done it to please you!"

Miss Loring threw her arms around him, yes, she even wept, so great had been the strain.

"And I watered the cider, too," he continued. "Them boys think they 're drunk and seeing a big time, but they hain't. But it does 'em just as much good!"

Soon the other boys followed, piling up guns and pistols on one of the beds, and taking another round of gingercake and cider. Miss Loring looked at them hun-

grily, thankful to see them in possession of life and limb. Finding that they were not at all abashed or sorry to see her there, she accepted pressing invitations to spend the night. Taulbee, Philip, Hosea, Absalom, Geordie, and Nucky were the ones there, the Salyers and Atkinses not having come.

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"'SOMETIMES I FETCH A NAG UP AND GALLOP AROUND AND SHOOT'"

All the boys spent the night, too, of course, and there was a very gay time, picking Killis's new banjo his mother had just bought, and dancing and singing. Miss Loring herself danced some fancy dances learned in her childhood, and while she could not hold a candle to Killis, never had she danced with such joy and freedom. Killis sang a new song he had just learned from his uncle. Of his picking, the least said the better, but the song was very good:

GROUND-HOG SONG

Oh, whistle up your dog, boys, and shoulder your gun,
And up to the hills for to see some fun.

Oh, shoulder your gun and whistle up your dog,
And off to the hills for to ketch a ground-hog.

One in the bushes, one in the ground,
One for me, and one for my hound.

One in the hollow, one in the log.
All I want is a gun and a dog.

Sold my steer and bought me a gun,
Got no money, and don't want none.

Run along, boys, run, rip, tear,
The meat 'll do to eat and the hide 'll do to wear.

Belle 's on the scent; hear her sing, see her scratch,
Up yon side of the pawpaw patch.

Hi there, Joe, bring a ten-foot pole
And root this gran'pap out of his hole!

Rufe 's struck another, there on the knob.
Dang my looks! we 're in for a job!

Four now, boys, and dark a-drawing nigh;
Hungry hain't the word: I 'm fitten for to die!

Here, Maw, fill up the pot.
Don't forgit the 'taters, and fire up hot.

Two little boys, Tom and Sam;
Tom grabs a shoulder, Sam grabs a ham.

Don't slight the babe, give hit a chunk of fat;
There, now, hit 's a-chokin'! Slap hit in the back!

Yonder sets Sam, with a snigger and a grin,
The ground-hog grease a-runnin' down his chin.

Oh, Maw, make Sam quit;
He 's et all the ground-hog, I can't get a bit!

Oh, Maw, look at him;
He 's et all the ground-hog and now wants the skin!

So whistle up your gun, boys, and shoulder your dog,
We 're bound for the hills for to ketch a ground-hog;

So shoulder your dog, boys, and whistle up your gun,
We 're off for the hills for to see some fun!

In the morning when Killis went to the stable to saddle Miss Loring's nag, she followed him, to express once more her appreciation of what he had done, and to tell him how happy he had made her. "And some day, Killis, you will do good and noble deeds to make God happy, not just me," she said. "You know He wants, even more than I do, to see you a great and good man."

"That 's what I 'm a-going to be," he declared confidently. Then, looking away thoughtfully, he spoke in a lower voice: "But there 's one thing I got to do before I can be any man at all. Do you reckon you could climb that 'ere knob?" pointing to a steep hill-shoulder that rose behind the stable.

"I 'll try," said Miss Loring, wondering. He led the way, pulling her up when necessary. Deadened trees rose gauntly on all sides of the knob, and from its summit they looked up into a great, dark hollow of the mountain, thickly wooded with hemlocks. Killis pointed to a spot high up. "Right there," he said, "is where paw got kilt."

Miss Loring gazed up with a shudder into the dark recesses, and shuddered again when she remembered that somewhere there, if report were true, the still even now continued its deadly work.

"And do you see this here tree?" Killis continued, turning toward the one dead tree, silvery and bare, on the level top of the knob. About this tree, nearly opposite Miss Loring's shoulders, was a broad, black band, which, on approaching nearer, she saw was made by innumerable bullet-holes. Killis spoke again. "I come here and look up yander where my paw was kilt, and then I make out like this here tree 's the marshal that done it, and then I shoot him. Sometimes I shoot walkin', and sometimes runnin', and sometimes I fetch a nag up and gallop around and shoot. Where them bullet-holes is at is his heart-band. 'T ain't often I miss it. And when I get so I *never* miss it, I aim to ride over in Boyne, where the marshal lives at, and tell him 'I 'm Steve Blair's boy, look out for yourself!' and shoot him down like a dog, and revenge my paw, and make God and everybody happy!"

Miss Loring's knees went suddenly weak, but with a great effort she controlled herself, and only said as quietly as she could: "Promise me, Killis, that you won't undertake this before you are eighteen. It is really a man's business, not a boy's, and a very solemn thing." She knew that only the long years could say the rest for her.

"I know it is," he replied, gazing off into the hollow; "and I want to do it right when I do it. I reckon I 'll promise you to wait till then."

CHIKIE, THE BURGOMASTER

BY BRISTOW ADAMS

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

SOME time ago the United States Government sent a lot of men to the Pribyloff Islands, in the Bering Sea, to find out how to keep the fur seals from being killed off altogether. Among these men was one scientist in particular who studied everything he could get his hands on—books, birds, bugs, and boys, even small boys of the Aleutian type. It was due to this latter trait that he made the acquaintance of Antone Melovídof, the most American of the Aleut children at St. Paul village, on the biggest of the misty islands. Antone had winning ways that were used mainly to obtain oranges from the scientist, who pocketed them from the government-house table. Antone in return brought his scientist seal-teeth by the bushel, and insects of every description.

PARRAKEET AUKLET, OR "SEA-QUAIL"

One day Antone learned that the scientist was to go in the revenue steamer to visit Walrus Island, the little rock he could see from his house during the ten clear days of the year. But Antone knew even more than this about Walrus Island, for he could remember that his father had been there twice the year before in the great *baidarrah,* or skin boat, to gather guillemot eggs. He remembered it very well indeed because the fog had shut down on the first trip, and the boat was lost for two days, while the young men who stayed at home rang the chimes in the green-roofed Russian church during the gray days and the half-lighted nights that in summer-time were much alike. When the boat did come back, his father had brought him a "Chikie," or young burgomaster gull; but it died before the second trip was made, only a week later. And on the second trip the father was too busy with the eggs to think of another Chikie. Antone knew all about these egg trips, for the Aleutian Easter eggs came only in midsummer, and only then when the villagers braved the fog and the tide-rips to make the eight-mile trip to Walrus Island. They could get eggs on the St. Paul cliffs, but these were only few and hard to get. When they really wanted eggs, they took a boat-load of men to Walrus Island, which is really only a great rock, and with brooms swept acres of guillemot eggs into the sea. They were laid so thick that one could not walk without stepping on them, and their brilliant, blue-green, mottled color made a beautiful carpet. That is, it was beautiful to see, though not to smell.

After the men had swept the rock clear of eggs, they would go away, to return in a week, after each guillemot had laid another egg; then they could be sure that all of the thousands of eggs on the cleared space would be comparatively fresh. They loaded the baidarrah with eggs, four tons at a time, and the shells were so thick that they piled them like potatoes, and handled them almost as roughly, for, with so many, a little breakage was to be expected.

The scientist had heard of this wonderful island, but had never seen it close enough to verify the marvelous stories of the birds. So, when the revenue cutter

HORNBILLED AUKLET

came in, he determined to pay it a visit. It was on this account that Antone took an interest in the revenue cutter, for he had heard of the proposed trip, and he got the scientist to promise to return with a baby Chikie.

The cutter sailed away, and the fog hid it from Antone's straining eyes. He began to fear that it, too, would be gone many days, while the bells rang, some said to let God know that the boat needed His protection, others to let the boat know where the land and the village could be found. Antone did not know that the revenue boat had a compass that showed the way in the densest of fogs even on the darkest of nights.

So in due time the scientist came to the island and found there more birds than he had ever hoped to see. There were mainly the guillemots that stand upright, with black coats and white waistcoats on. There were long-necked cormorants, and the somber sea-parrots, or puffins, with their gaudy beaks. One was the judge, and wore horn spectacles; and his clerk followed him with his pens stuck behind his ears, and his whole beak made of red sealing-wax. There were auks and auklets, the "tschutskie," and the sea-quail; there were three or four kinds of gull, and the greatest of them was the burgomaster, the biggest sea-gull that lives. And there were eggs and young birds of all ages and sizes; and no one could tell which was the greatest, the noise, the smell, or the sight.

CRESTED PUFFIN

CRESTED AUKLET

The scientist, in the midst of all this material, did not forget Antone. He picked out a healthy specimen of the young Chikie, a long-legged, long-necked, and brown-spotted mass of yellowish down, and made for it. Chikie fled, but in so ludicrously ungainly and awkward a fashion that the scientist had to stop to laugh at the stilt-like strides and the grotesque wabbling of his big, fuzzy head. If the Chikie had not had so much natural dignity, it would not have been so funny. At the sound of the laughter, Chikie hid his head in a rock-crevice and, ostrich-like, imagined himself safe. The scientist picked him up by his half-feathered wings,

Drawn by Charles Livingston Bull. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"THE GROWN BURGOMASTER IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BIRD THAT FLIES"

and Chikie began to swear in a raucous voice in the Chikie language, a thing he did remarkably well, considering his extreme youth. After the capture, he ran a double risk of death by drowning and by being mashed as he was carried up the side of the rolling revenue steamer from the landing-boat, because the scientist had to drop him; for just at a critical moment he lacerated the scientist's hand with his curved beak, a most ungracious act, since the scientist was trying to be careful.

Antone was at the St. Paul landing-place waiting for the boat that should

come from the cutter to the shore with the scientist and the bird. Chikie was extricated from a gunny sack, and Antone gathered up the sprawling conglomeration of wings, legs, and head that was squawking expostulations in the burgomaster language.

The next time the scientist saw Mr. Chikie he was tethered to the government house rain-barrel by a piece of the twine used for bundling the salted seal-skins. He was unhappy. He would sit dejected for long periods, then he would suddenly start off as if he had just remembered an important errand. Invariably he would come to the end of his rope, and poor Chikie would fall grievously upon his face.

But Chikie grew, and got uglier. The ugly duckling would have been beautiful beside this young bird that was also destined to be a grand one; for the grown burgomaster is the most beautiful bird that flies. But the future did not trouble him. He was too much impressed with the miserable present. He was morose when it was foggy,—which was always,—though he might have been more cheerful in the sunshine if there ever had been any. He was draggled and discontented; but he grew. At times he sought the warmth of the government house ash-pile, where, although he sometimes burned his feet on the hot cinders, he seemed less woebegone; but no abatement showed in the stern and unbending dignity of his martyrdom, away from all the other Chikies of his own age.

Drawn by Charles Livingston Bull

PUFFIN

Antone had great fun with him. He would catch hold of Chikie's wings by their tips and drive him to starboard or port by pulling one or the other. Antone fed him and petted him until Chikie learned to follow his little master about the village, thereby instilling envy and covetousness into the hearts of the other little Aleuts who did not own Chikies.

About this time two important things happened. The scientist went away in another revenue steamer, and the supply of oranges was cut off. Also Chikie learned

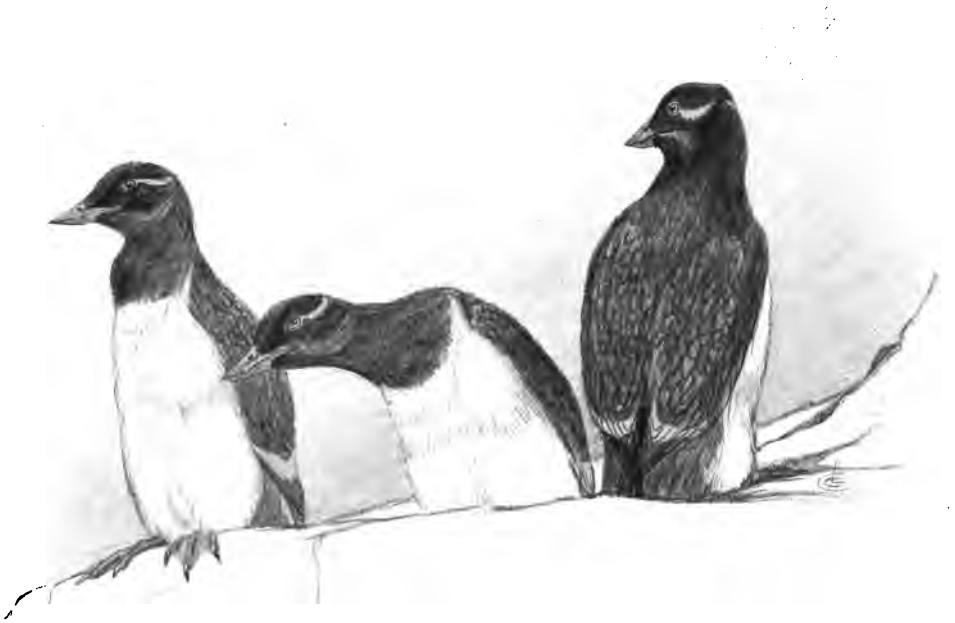
Drawn by Charles Livingston Bull. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

ANTONE DRIVING CHIKIE TO STARBOARD OR PORT BY PULLING ON THE WINGS

to fly and could escape his playfellow by perching on the roof of the government house. Other Chikies came around, so Antone one day tied a red-flannel anklet about his pet's yellow leg. Chikie was now of a streaky, dirty brown, but he was full-feathered, and could fly fairly well. Usually he stayed about the village, but he learned to go off and forage for himself among the carcasses on the seal killing-fields. Or he would steal from the red-legged "goverooski" gulls, only half

his size; and when he wanted real tidbits, he would get the eyes of the little "pup" seals that starved on the beaches when their mothers had been speared at sea.

Winter came, and with it a great longing that told Chikie to go away to the warmth of the South, past the volcanoes of the Aleutian chain and over the broad Pacific. He did not know of these places, but he knew that all of the burgomasters were going away, and that most of the rowed, while his companions openly rejoiced that his source of pride had been taken away. But after the ice had broken up and floated off, Chikie came back, and Antone knew him by the rag on his leg. He took up his abode for a while with the Melovídofs, and stalked around the village, and flew over the killing-fields as of yore. But he was too big for Antone to play with, and Antone's former love changed to a pride in Chikie's great, white wings, his strong, yellow bill, and his ma-



Drawn by Charles Livingston Bull

THE GUILLEMOTS

other birds except the dirty cormorants had gone, and he did not want to stay with them. So Chikie spread his brown wings and sailed away to the South, still wearing his red anklet.

For six months he stayed away from St. Paul, and in that time he had grown to be the biggest burgomaster of them all. His great wings, which now grew white, had carried him miles and miles over the broad swells of the Pacific, and no bird could fly as well as he, save only the sooty albatross. Then the longing came over him again, and this time it was to sail to the North, where he had been Antone's pet.

During all this time Antone had sorjestic and independent ways. Later, Chikie's visits to the St. Paul village grew less and less frequent, and finally he came only at rare intervals. But Antone knew him always by his draggled anklet, and welcomed him with pieces of seal-blubber and other things that Chikie liked.

One day the scientist came back to the islands to collect more facts and more material for the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. He shot birds, which he made into "choochils," or specimens; and as he was gunning at Vostochni, thirteen miles from St. Paul village, at the other end of the island, he saw a giant burgomaster sailing over his head, and brought it down with a broken wing. When he

had killed it he was surprised to see a dingy strip of cloth about one leg. He was at a loss to explain it until he had come to the village with his prey.

Then Antone cried:

"He has killed my Chikie! He has killed my Chikie!"

But Antone was finally consoled with the promise of another Chikie, and with two oranges, which the little lad sucked furtively while the after-sobs of his crying were still choking him.

And as for Chikie, he now stands majestically in a somber glass case with a lot of other gulls, among them the despised "goverooskies." His unwinking eyes ignore them and glance neither to right nor left. It has been a long time since Antone fed him, but he is not altogether neglected, for once in a while he is gently dusted. It is true his red anklet is gone; but, then, it would not be the proper thing for a coldly scientific "choochil" to wear a rag about its leg.

MRS. FISKE AND HER INFLUENCE ON THE AMERICAN STAGE

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

Author of "The American Stage of To-day," etc.

AN American playwright recently met Mme. Réjane in Paris, and the actress at once inquired what dramas Mrs. Fiske was engaged upon. "As a producer of plays," said Mme. Réjane, "Mrs. Fiske has no superior in Europe."

These words of a fellow-artist explain why Mrs. Fiske, who seems to some people curiously limited as an actress, is yet acknowledged by all as one of the leaders of the American stage, her productions of plays never failing to command unflagging attention and the interest of perfectly simulated life. Mrs. Fiske is both actress and stage-manager, exceptionally brilliant, subtle, and incisive, and the two faculties are perfectly combined in the final representation of the play.

To be a great stage-manager requires varied powers—the power of imaginative sympathy with the author's ideas, the power of logical and detailed attention to the surface illusions of the action, and the power of inspiring and instructing the actors to catch the rhythm and message of the drama. These powers Mrs. Fiske possesses. Moreover, unlike too many noted players,—among them some of the greatest,—her sense of her own importance as a "star" never warps her sense of the total values of the play. She never shifts the author's emphasis, she never appropriates "fat speeches" for herself, but she gives each player in her company opportunity to make the smallest part contribute as much as possible to the effect of the play. Mrs. Fiske's companies, indeed, have long been the best training-school for acting in the country, because the players there secure the best instruction, the best parts, and the fullest opportunity and encouragement. Mrs. Fiske has never feared comparison with her leading men, and with her they have either added to their laurels or achieved a first distinction. Nor is she less generous or just to the women in her company, many of whom have won their spurs in her support.

In reality, the pleasure at a production by Mrs. Fiske is threefold rather than dual: for it is usually the pleasure of watching a vital and interesting play unfold, often a play of pungent freshness; then, secondly, it is the pleasure that comes from well-balanced and carefully considered stage-management carried into the smallest detail of the production; and, finally, the pleasure in the keen, nervous, vivid acting of Mrs. Fiske herself. So it happens that even those people who do not

consider her a great actress, who consider, indeed, that her limitations are great, still cannot fail to find in her productions so much of interest and unusual merit that they must perforce admit the power of the whole effect. The secret of her leadership is the breadth, the many-sidedness of her equipment.

In the narrower field of her mere ability as an actress opinions differ, much as they differed in the case of Sir Henry Irving. That is, there are many people who complain that Mrs. Fiske does not truly impersonate, while they find, also, her voice unpleasant or indistinct, her carriage without charm, and her acting too predominantly intellectual—"from the head," as the phrase is.

Ardent admirers and cordial enemies are a sign of a vital artist, at any rate. The present writer confesses himself a most ardent admirer of Mrs. Fiske's acting; to him her enunciation is almost never indistinct, and her voice is frequently of thrilling eloquence. There is so much of significance in every pose she makes that he cares not whether it is graceful or awkward; nothing, indeed, that is fitting seems to him awkward. Finally, her sympathy with every part she plays seems so great that he has strongly the sense of true impersonation, and feels that those who complain of her irrepressible "personality" or of her acting "only with her head," somehow miss one of the finest pleasures of her work. Surely, at any rate, the influence of her example on other players has been great; even as an actress alone she is an acknowledged leader in the "profession." Some power she must have to an exceptional degree, some secret worth the finding out.

Of the more obvious tools of her trade Mrs. Fiske is naturally a passed master, because she was born to the boards and has had a long and thorough training. She was the daughter of Thomas Davey, a theatrical manager in the South, and of Mrs. Minnie Maddern, who was the daughter of Richard Maddern, an English musician who brought his large family to America and presented them in concert as "the Maddern family." Later, Minnie Maddern became an actress, and when Mrs. Fiske first went on the stage it was also under the name of Minnie Maddern. Her first New York appearance was with Laura Keene, in "Hunted Down," at the age of five. She played a long round of child parts with the Booths, Barry Sullivan, Lucille Western, J. K. Emmet, and E. L. Davenport. When only thirteen she assumed the rôle of the *Widow Melnotte,* it is said "with great success." At any rate, up to the time of her marriage, in 1890, to Harrison Gray Fiske, a journalist, she had gone through a long list of parts and had received a thorough schooling in the practical art of the theater.

When she emerged from her retirement a few years later, she was a matured woman, bringing a sound technical training and a progressive mind to the problems of the new and more "naturalistic" drama just then getting a foothold in America. With that new drama and the consequent new methods of acting she at once identified herself, and she has remained their earnest champion and inspiring advocate. She was, for example, the first to make Ibsen commercially successful in America, because she was the first to take him out of the hands of those zealous, half-baked disciples who babble of a mysterious "culture" and "symbolism," and to play him as a keen, human, and theatrically effective dramatist. Her triumphant stage-management helped to this result, of course; but her own acting, keen, definite, restrained, "naturalistic," but never neglectful of the theatrical "points," was an even larger factor.

She early began a policy of alternating from year to year the more advanced of European drama with native plays or plays of a more conventional (though never a false) appeal, giving by turns "A Doll's House," "Hedda Gabler," "Rosmersholm," and "Pillars of Society," with "Becky Sharp" and "The New York Idea" for comedy, and "Tess," "Salvation Nell," and "Leah Kleschna" for realism, tragedy, or excitement. A mere list of such plays, and this is an incomplete one, shows that the actress must possess great versatility, at least. But in her acting Mrs. Fiske has always displayed much more.

This more might be described as a kind of nervous, spiritual grasp of the significance of the character as a whole, and the technical skill to make this significance apparent, with all the vividness of the old-

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

MINNIE MADDERN FISKE

PAINTED FROM LIFE FOR THE CENTURY BY SIGISMOND DE IVANOWSKI

time acting, but with none of its exaggerations. The icy, glittering, staccato comedy of Mrs. Fiske in, let us say, "Divorçons" or "Becky Sharp," or her tragic moments in "Tess," are examples of wonderful technical facility; but they do not so well illustrate what is meant here as her performance in the first act of "Salvation Nell" or in the last act of "Pillars of Society."

In the first, Mrs. Fiske, as the scrub-woman in the bar-room, sat holding her drunken lover's head in her lap for fully ten minutes without a word, almost without a motion. Gradually one could watch nothing else; one became absorbed in the silent pathos of that dumb, sitting figure. Miss Mary Garden, herself a distinguished actress, said of this, "Ah, to be able to *do nothing* like that!" In "Pillars of Society," while the *Consul* was making his confession to the mob, again Mrs. Fiske, as *Lona,* sat quiet, one of the crowd; but gradually, as she saw the man she loved throwing off his yoke of hypocrisy, the light of a great joy radiated from her face, ending in a stifled cry, half-sob, half-laugh of triumph, of indescribable poignancy. To one beholder, at least, it brought the rush of tears, and made the emotional as well as the intellectual drift of the play suddenly completely clear, completely fused and compelling.

Is this not acting of a very high order, this so intense living in the whole life of the drama that her quietest moment is charged with tingling significance? Is this not true "impersonation," indeed, even though Mrs. Fiske's voice and face and manner be so much her own that she cannot alter them? Such things are, after all, only the shell of impersonation. It is less the realization of outward form than inward spirit which counts in impersonation, if the stage is to reflect the deeper truths of character. Mrs. Fiske was never outwardly Thomas Hardy's *Tess,* but the total emotional effect of her acting in that rôle was astonishingly to justify the subtitle of the novel, "The story of a pure woman." It was not so much any single scene of poignant woe in the play, though they were acted almost to the limits of endurance, which made the critic call her acting great, using for once his most treasured word. Rather was it this total effect of a life so lived that it related itself less to the scenes upon a stage than to the world of suffering men and women, and with heartbreaking irony became indeed "the story of a pure woman."

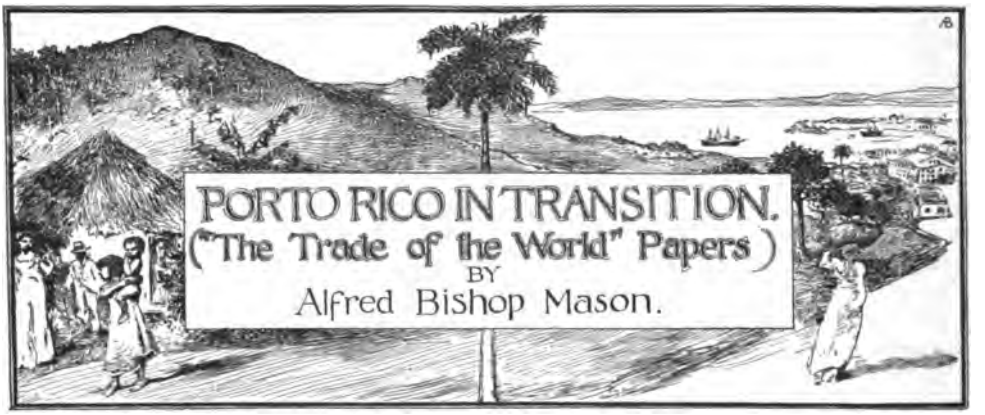
Acting like this, which sees the character steadily and sees it whole, which sees it in its setting and holds it there, of course can be no mere intuition of the emotions: it must "come from the head." But it must come from the heart, too, or how could it move so many of us to tears? And surely in its truthful naturalness, in its artistic restraint, its exquisite moments of significant by-play and repose, its nervous intensity, its vital, lively, unflagging obedience to every turn and twist of the drama, it is acting to be admired, to be studied, to be emulated. Mannerisms and limitations Mrs. Fiske has; but her combined talents of intellectual judgment in selecting plays, imaginative skill in stage-management, and nervous intensity and spiritual insight in acting, make her, though she be a woman, the leader of the American stage to-day.

TIDINGS

BY WITTER BYNNER

GONE, but beside me in the upper air;
Silent, but singing; vivid, though unseen;
You have not left me here but met me there:
That, O my friend, is what your whisperings mean.

But listen, whisperer!—lest, in learning well
The simple satisfaction of our end,
You find through this brief Time no need to tell
Eternity's good tidings to a friend!



IN a steamer that at least was clean and comfortable we waddled from New York to San Juan, 1380 miles in five days and three hours. A twenty-knot boat could do it in three hours less than three days; but we went with the mail, and a subsidy is paid for carrying it. So far as speedy intercourse is concerned, we have left our only Atlantic colony two days farther away from us than is necessary, and by so doing have to some extent checked its growth. A semi-weekly mail, with enforced delays of only three or four days, has now been arranged, but the time is still five days.

On October 22, we steamed away from New York in a cold, gray rain, and two days later were floating on summer seas, "where the flying-fishes play." Midway between Hatteras and the "still-vexed Bermoothes," a gorgeous little bird took passage with us. He was bound in the blue and gold we used to give our poets fifty years ago. A feathered Homer, he sang his own poems. After another day the ocean was a Tyrian purple.

From the north, the coast-line of Porto Rico consists of beautiful curves, with hills rising into modest mountains, green to the top. At San Juan, the harbor is protected by a shore-line like a man's curving arm. Morro Castle, a medieval pile, frowns from the shoulder. Passing the governor's palace, and next to it the Casa Blanca (the White House) built by Ponce de Leon, we reached one of the two docks in the recessed elbow. At the other dock lay a steamship flying, strange to say and see, the American flag. Our flag, now almost a stranger in foreign waters, in 1860 was a most familiar pennon from the Spanish Main to the China Sea. It was then that our cotton goods clothed China. In 1887, over the tea-cups on the Terrace of the House of Commons, an English manufacturer told me that millions of yards of cotton goods shipped to China every year went in boxes marked "Lowell, Mass." The Chinese esteemed the label. Lowell has held the home market behind our tariff wall, but, in doing so, has lost the world market. With the latter have vanished the famous "Yankee clippers."

San Juan, though theoretically ruled by aliens, was electing its own alcalde. The *Republicano* candidate had an English name, but was born on a neighboring island and came here as a boy of three. The *Unionista* candidate was native-born and bore the name Señor Coll y Cuchi. There were processions, speeches, electric-lighted platforms for the speakers, artificial flowers strung in long lines over the heads of the populace, blaring brasses, and thunderous drums. The Porto Ricans take their politics seriously. Men of the same party are "coreligionists." If you do not agree on every point and on every person with your neighbor, you are anathema to him.

The Porto Rican has already progressed as far as the United States had a few years ago, when it was wicked to be a Democrat north of Mason and Dixon's line and wicked to be a Republican south of it.

San Juan is a mixture of the medieval and the modern. In the cathedral one may commune with Ponce de Leon and chivalry. On the other hand, nearly 400 automobiles and a languid bustle may be observed in the streets. Two days after our arrival, we took the morning train of the

"American Railroad Company of Porto Rico," which is owned in France. It is 175 miles long, and extends round two thirds of the island, from San Juan, near the northeastern corner, to Ponce, on the southern shore. The other railroads are unimportant, though they would cease to be so if they were connected and consolidated.

Emerging from the suburbs of San Juan, the train for three hours pounds along a semicircle, through a sea of sugar-cane, with islands of oranges, grape fruit, pineapples, and bananas. The narrow gage, the lack of ballast, the tiny cars that sway and pitch, make the journey a Swedish-movement cure. The parlor-car, at about a cent a mile, gives comparative privacy and cleanliness. After glimpses of the ocean, the train swings broadside to the sea, and runs along it for many miles, sometimes almost touching the tide-washed sands. The trees are all bent from east to west, proclaiming the constant trade-winds. At the stations, water is offered in cocoanut shells, and also gold-fish in water. There must be travelers who buy gold-fish, for these are also a staple of railway platforms in Mexico. Breakfast is served about noon at Ysabel, just east of which a river breaks the shore-line. The train loops abruptly inward, uses a horseshoe curve, with a tunnel or two in it, crosses a high bridge, dips swiftly downward, runs through a cocoanut grove at the water's-verge, slips along a wave-battered sea-wall, where one gets "the surge and thunder of the Odyssey" on one's own journey, and tunnels a headland that thrusts a bluff shoulder a hundred feet out to sea. Those few minutes are a keen delight. The train makes about 17½ miles an hour, which is fair time, considering the condition of the roadbed, rails, and rolling-stock, and the surprising fact that business requires a station every three and a half miles. With the exception of Massachusetts, Porto Rico is the most thickly settled region ruled from Washington. Passengers may descend, an they will, at strange-sounding stations —The Gilded Man, Silver, The Lemon, The Colossus, the Field of Joy, Filial Love.

We spent five days at the greatest sugar mill on the island, a town in itself, set on green hillsides sloping down to a deep cup of a harbor, where vessels drawing twenty-four feet can lie alongshore. The giant plant (established where in 1898 there was nothing) is the chief commercial monument of the American invasion. Last year it furnished its full quota toward the total world production of the fourteen million tons of sugar which the world ate. It is officered by Americans down to near the bottom, where there is a broad base of Porto Ricans—a few clerks and many laborers.

From Ponce we rode back to San Juan, across the mountain backbone of the island, over a perfect road in an imperfect automobile. But as every foot of the way was a delight, a beautiful view awaited us wherever the machine broke down. We climbed up from the cocoanuts fringing the sea through sugar-cane to coffee, down through coffee to tobacco,—where cheese-cloth covers many acres,—and then to cane again, and so to cocoanut-trees and the sea. Later we motored hundreds of kilometers, crossing and recrossing the island.

Meanwhile, friendly courtesy brought me face to face with nearly all the leaders and makers of public opinion in Porto Rico. History in the making, as well as history made, "resolves itself very easily into the biography of a few stout and earnest persons." I have talked with these same persons in their own tongue. I know what they think and what they wish. There is a famous saying of which we used to be proud, that a government should derive its powers from the consent of the governed.

Statistics show marked changes for the better during the ten years of our rule. Remembering Bagehot's truthful jest about three kinds of lies—"lies, damned lies, and statistics," we may nevertheless prove something by them. I use round figures. Exports and imports, which amounted to $17,500,000 in 1901, had increased to $68,500,000 in 1910, in which year the exports were nearly $7,500,000 more than the imports. The sugar trade amounted to fifty-six per cent. of the whole; tobacco and cigars, sixteen per cent.; coffee, fourteen per cent.

In 1899, there were not 28,000 children at school, and there was only one school-house on the island built for that purpose. There are now 1025 school-

houses, and 121,000 children at school. In almost ninety per cent. of the graded schools the instruction is wholly in English. Nearly 80,000 other children are growing up in absolute illiteracy through the lack of sufficient schools. That this should be true after ten years of American administration is hardly less than a disgrace, but not to the Porto Ricans, since they have been trained for centuries to rely wholly upon government initiative. We ought to feel bound to see that these children get a primary education.

Assessed valuations in the island total $122,000,000. In accordance with our silly custom, the assessment is made at a rate of about sixty per cent. of the real value. The only direct tax is one per cent. upon assessed values, a small part of it for the insular government, but most of it for the municipalities. The remainder of the $3,500,000 of income is derived from customs duties and sundry internal-revenue taxes, the net income from both going into the island funds.

In 1902, bank deposits amounted to $2,500,000, while in 1910 they advanced to $11,000,000. Several banks have savings departments, the deposits in which are not separately indicated.

For the decade ending 1898 the death-rate was thirty per thousand; in 1901 it was 40; while in 1910, it was reduced almost a half, or to 22.10. A wonderfully successful war has been waged against the hook-worm. There are still 300,000 sufferers from anemia,—nearly one fourth of the population,—and fifty-five "Anemia Stations" are open. When you get "that tired feeling," instead of dropping into a druggist for a tonic, you go to an anemia station for treatment. In 1910 nearly 20,000 patients were completely cured.

In 1905, the average rural holding was fifty-seven acres, 2,000,000 acres being held by 35,000 people. It is believed that the number of landowners has since decreased, chiefly owing to the increase of large sugar and tobacco estates. Therein lies a danger to be discussed later.

In 1900, the 132 miles of railway then in operation earned $150,000 gross. In 1910, 331 miles of railway earned $1,255,000. In 1900, the principal railroad was, like "all Gaul," "divided into three parts," which have since been united; but still it fails to circle the island. The mountainous interior, studded with small towns, can perhaps be served to advantage hereafter by the monorail, if that system achieves all that is expected of it.

The Spaniards left 100 miles of excellent wagon roads in the island. There are now 700 miles, and 200 miles more are being built. These roads, apart from their stimulus to local trade and transit, and enabling children of the mountain folk to get to school, will surely make the island a great tourist resort. The tourist season is five full months, in which the climate is a dream of perfection. Porto Rico is virtually a mountainous park and garden, 100 miles long, and 40 miles wide. Automobiling is a delight there, and so is golf on the San Juan links, within the lines of Morro Castle. One hole is in the moat. The next drive takes the ball over the many-arched stone bridge that crosses the moat to the great gateway of the fortress. The ocean is on three sides, and to my eye the views are finer even than those from the links at Newport.

On the south side of the island the Government is carrying out an extensive system of irrigation with borrowed capital, through contractors, the purpose being to derive government revenue from renting the water. In the concentration of the tobacco industry, the promoters bought lands at high prices, from owners who now to a large extent live idly in San Juan, which is growing rapidly, partly on this account. The new owners introduced modern methods into the growing, curing, and manufacture of the leaf, and made a market for the product in the United States. Save as a producer of idlers in San Juan, the change seems to have done good, but the larger cultivation has already resulted in lower prices to the grower, and the end of the small producer is easy to see.

The development of the sugar business is amazing. An export of 68,000 tons in 1901 has grown to 330,000 tons in 1910. It used to be the dream of a Porto Rico sugar-planter to marry his daughter to the son of a coffee-planter. Nowadays the dream is reversed. The insular idea is that the sugar business is not now of insular value, because the dividends from the great mills (they are called "centrals") go chiefly to Americans. But

these Americans have bought lands from native owners, they have brought in machinery, they pay freights to the railroads, they buy cane from thousands of individual cultivators, and they employ thousands of laborers. All these things are of great value to the island. Moreover, there are many mills not owned by Americans. At the present time a native capitalist is reclaiming twelve square miles of sugar-land from a marsh. After forty years, the land reverts to the Government. The Spanish resident often makes sugar, but he seems to prefer the business of money-lender with instantaneous foreclosure.

Three abuses pertain to the sugar-industry in Porto Rico: large plants openly disobey the Foraker Act, which limits sugar estates to 500 acres. Large companies not only have thousands of acres in their own name, but they own other thousands in the names of employees and friends. Every cane-grower on the island knows that the centrals are violating the law, and that there is in Porto Rico under American rule, one law for the rich and another for the poor. It is true probably that the law is unwise and that the limit of 500 acres should be reasonably increased, and it is also true that the present law, while it is the law, should be enforced. The companies buy large quantities of cane from small cultivators, paying for each hundred pounds of cane so many pounds of brown sugar, and complaints of unfair weights are general. There seems to be something about the sugar business incompatible with honest weights, in Porto Rico as well as in New York. For the satisfaction of small growers, the mill scales should be under governmental inspection. A third source of dissatisfaction to the small cane-grower, who supplies land and labor, is that he often claims to get from the centrals as his share less than one third of the value of the product of his cane. Government regulation of private business is dangerous, but in view of the entire subjection of the grower to the mill and of the utter lack of initiative among our Spanish-American subjects, the doctrine of the United States Supreme Court in the Illinois elevator cases might well be applied. The mills might be declared to be "affected with a public use," and their charges to the individual grower regulated by law.

As to coffee, there are loud complaints. Production has decreased 7,000,000 pounds a year. Last year land in coffee decreased 25,000 acres. Comparison must be made with 1897, because the records for 1898–1900 are confused, and a hurricane in 1899 did great damage and it is said to have reduced the productive capacities of the coffee-plantations nearly fifty per cent. In 1897, Porto Rico sent to France 12,900,000 pounds of coffee, and to Spain, 15,000,000. In 1910 it sent 4,300,000 to France and 8,000,000 to Spain. In Porto Rico coffee is particularly a poor man's crop. A large part of it is raised by peons (they call the Porto Rico peons *jíbaros*), who cultivate little patches on their own account. The changed conditions have therefore brought much suffering among the poor. The new tariffs of Spain and France have checked exportation to them, though France kept up her preferential treatment of insular coffee until the Payne-Aldrich tariff exhausted her patience. There is virtually no exportation to the United States. I found the coffee particularly good, especially for after-dinner use. It has never tickled the American palate, however. We are said not to roast it in the right way. Our insular folk would like us to tax coffee one or two cents a pound, admitting the island coffee free. That is impossible. They would like a bounty, which also is impossible. They would like us to negotiate with Spain and France and Italy for a preferential tariff on insular coffee, we making concessions on wines and oils to that end. That would be difficult, but perhaps not impossible. We have, however, procured for Porto Rico preferential treatment by Cuba, which has become the greatest consumer of its coffee, taking over a third of the export. Also the Philippines, which import some 20,000,000 pounds of coffee a year (the Porto Rican crop is 30,000,000 pounds) have a tariff on all other coffee and none on Porto Rican. Exporting coffee to the Philippines will be easier after the opening of the Panama Canal, when direct steamship lines are possible. The islanders themselves, however, should do two things on their own account: like the tobacco interest, they should conduct a deliberate campaign to popularize their coffee in the United States; and they should increase their product per acre.

With unexcelled land, they get 200 pounds per acre, while Guatemala and Brazil produce 800 pounds, and San Salvador and Venezuela about 1000. There doubtless are well-cared-for coffee plantations in Porto Rico, but in all my journeyings I saw none. The hook-worm and the tropic tradition seem to have mastered the hill-folk who grow the coffee. Several Americans are said to be doing excellently at present prices, which are about thirteen cents per pound, as against a maximum of sixteen in the past. Perhaps the Porto Rico Association, a recently created organization of planters and merchants, may do for the public good what a possible future Coffee Trust would do for its own good,—stimulate production per acre and create markets.

The cost of living in Porto Rico is high. Americans resident in the towns say that it is higher than in New York. In the mountains, wages have not advanced. In the country near the sea, wages have advanced, but not so much as prices. Some things are cheaper. Typewriters of the makes for which we pay $100 are advertised for sale by the makers in San Juan at $60, an interesting fact in its bearings upon our tariff policy. General prices, however, are undoubtedly high. The poor are very poor. Grisly want, starved bodies, and starved souls there will always be everywhere until Christendom is converted to Christianity. But I went through the poorest quarters of the two largest towns and saw nothing to compare with the misery that stabs one's eyes and heart in New York. The necessities of existence in Porto Rico are few. The jíbaro in the hills gives the most pitiful proof of poverty. His straw-thatched hut swarms with children, while outside not a chicken, a pig, or even a vegetable-patch is to be seen. Within one finds neither beds, chairs, nor kitchen utensils to speak of; there is only dirt. And yet the jíbaro is freer from the curse of drink than any other Latin folk north of the equator.

Politics in Porto Rico are bitter. As I have said, one's fellow-partizan is called one's coreligionist. They are also petty, because the people have little power. They elect their mayors and aldermen, their municipal judges, and the lower house of their legislature. The results would seem to indicate that the people are yet unfit for self-government. When Secretary Dickinson recently visited the island, some fifty alcaldes harangued him about politics. Not one touched on public needs. Nineteen of the thirty-five members of the house are from San Juan, although the law says that each of the seven districts shall elect five residents. It may be because the hands of the lower house are tied by the appointed senate that it has developed during these years no great man and has done or tried to do no great thing, with the possible exception of refusing to vote the appropriations in 1908. Far from thinking this to be, as it has been often called, a proof of unfitness for self-government, I think it was a proof of growth toward it. Our Emerald Isle, like England's, must make itself disagreeable in order to have any attention paid to its needs. As a result of the refusal of 1908, the islanders got one thing they wanted—a health, charities, and correction department under a native commissioner; and they are to get sundry other things for their good—some of which they don't want—under the Olmstead Bill, which has passed our House of Representatives, and is pending in the Senate this winter. The native-ruled department, by the way, is a failure. Its work, of peculiar importance, is badly done. It is merely a political machine. Every employee is a "Unionista." It is true that there is an Insular Civil Service Commission, but it is a sham. It certifies to the appointing power the whole list of candidates who have passed. Of course a coreligionist is chosen for every vacant post, and at the polls, individual votes are bought and sold with cynical frankness. While it is the fact that self-government has been a failure in every detail that has been tried, it is not fair to argue on this account that real self-government there would be a failure. We should give the island a bigger dose of freedom.

Of the two parties, the Republicanos are largely negro, and the Unionistas are largely jíbaro. The Republicanos wish American citizenship, and, after Territorial government, Statehood. The Unionistas are not averse to American citizenship, and they wish independence or autonomy or Statehood. The party name signifies the union of all the people who wish any one of these three finalities. The

Unionistas have a great majority of votes, and have elected every member of the house three times in succession. By a two thirds majority they have just sent their leader, Luis Muñoz Rivera, as Delegate to Congress for the term beginning in March, 1910. The prevailing desire among them seems to be that Porto Rico shall be to the United States what Canada is to Great Britain. We are to appoint a governor to perform the ornamental part of government, always important with a Latin people, and the Porto Ricans are to do the rest. There is also a small third party which proclaims that whereas the Unionistas profess their willingness to have Congress decide between independence, autonomy, or Statehood, they, the Radicals, insist that Porto Rico shall decide this. I found, too, a Socialist ticket on the official ballot for the San Juan election.

Under the Foraker Act, the President appoints the Governor and Secretary of Porto Rico, and six heads of departments, who are *ex officio* members of the Senate. The President also appoints the six other members of the Senate. Of the twelve, five must be natives. This hodge-podge of executive and legislative functions has been even more of a failure than might have been expected. The Olmstead Bill, if passed, will bring some changes for the better. It will make all Porto Ricans American citizens in a lump, though citizenship ought to be granted only to Porto Ricans who apply for it and can read and write. The bill also keeps Cabinet officers and the Federal judge in office during good behavior, instead of, as now, for four years. This is a wise change. President Taft has recommended the passage of the bill, with an amendment leaving the Senate appointive; but does not the appointment of one whole branch of the legislature tend to make the elective branch a nonentity? Nowhere else in the world do executive and legislative powers, vested in the same person, result in giving good government to civilized folk. Why should it be done in Porto Rico?

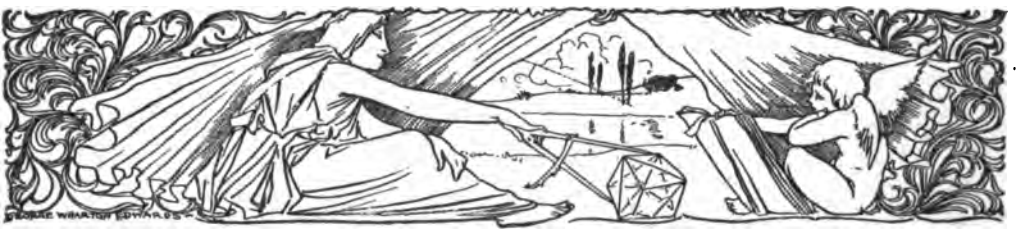
Apparently we have given the island honest administration. In the Federal service there have been no embezzlements; in the insular only four, three by Spaniards, one by a Porto Rican. In fact, Porto Rico is being as well governed to-day as our laws allow; its administration is non-partizan, non-political, businesslike, and it is beginning to grow a people. But, in my opinion, Porto Rico should never become a State of the Union. It would be a negro and poor-white State. It would never feel as we do, think as we do, or act as we do.

THE MASTERY OF DEATH

BY O. W. FIRKINS

I SOMETIMES think I should be glad to die,
Because with death the dead alone are brave;
I live, and fear and, fearing, am his slave.
Who are his minions? They who cringe and cry,
Or he who with calm brow and fearless eye
Sleeps in the portal of his gloomy cave?
The grave's true empire lies outside the grave:
To suffer were to vanquish and defy.

The thought of death is death's true mastery,
Felt by the living. Doth he spoil and rend?
The dead will not one fawning eyelash bend,
Nor tame their proud lips to one abject plea;
He whose mere shadow slew stands at the end
Helpless before his scornèd victory.



THE INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS OF ITALY

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

("THE TRADE OF THE WORLD" PAPERS)

BY ERNESTO NATHAN

Mayor of Rome

THIS spring, half a century after Italy asserted her right to unity by proclaiming Rome the capital, several international exhibitions will attest her progress. While Turin, the sober and hard-working capital of Piedmont, will collect in a world's fair the exhibits of the world's work, and Florence will display man's intellectual progress by a unique collection of portraits, Rome will unite the evidence of art from its earliest lyrical, pictorial, and sculptural shapes to its latest international manifestations.

In that majestic monument of imperial times, the Baths of Diocletian, a collection of ancient art will be gathered from all quarters of the globe; in the Castel Sant'Angelo,—the mausoleum of Hadrian, the prison of Beatrice Cenci and of Benvenuto Cellini,—now converted into a national museum, will be held an exhibit of medieval art, with scenes and costumes of the times; while in a new palace nestling among the hills of the Borghese Villa, and surrounded by the pavilions of the twenty-three principal states of the world, an international exhibition of painting and sculpture will permit a comparison with the classical galleries, and show how far art has been advanced by civilization. In edifices now being constructed, Italy will also present a complete picture of the life and customs of its various regions, from the mountaineers of the Alps to the swarthy, semi-oriental inhabitants of Sicily.

THE CENTURY has desired of me a brief description of Italy's progressive industrial capacity, her mean weight as a factor of civilization among nations.

The seven states out of which the young Italian nation was formed represented seven different forms of government, ranging from a military despotism to a flabby, corrupt tyranny, with different laws, dealing out different measures of justice to populations of radical differences of character, aptitude; education, and customs.

To weld such a variety into one body politic presented enormous difficulties such as have confronted no other nation, past or present. Still, it has been done, and every day marks a strengthening of the unification. A uniform system of elementary instruction, uniform military education for all who serve in the army or the navy, the transfer of Northern governmental functionaries to the South, and vice versa, carrying out the nation's laws and regulations, meting out justice, and teach-

ing in the schools, have brought the various ethnological groups into touch, while industrial and commercial enterprises have contributed to the same end, and brought about an interchange of thoughts, habits, and language. Despite the tangles of political strife, hurried, makeshift legislation, imperfect organization, excessive taxes, relatively small and ill-distributed wealth, Italian unity has been a plant of rapid and steady growth, fostered and stimulated by the silent forces of labor and thrift.

Should Americans be inclined to compare our progress with the gigantic leaps and bounds of their own people, let them bear in mind that they are citizens of a new country, settled by Europe's best modern energies,—and better than the Puritans and the Dutch it were hard to find,—a new country possessing a vast expanse of unappropriated land, great, untouched resources, enormous currents of human labor seeking employment; and with all these, modern tools unencumbered by traditional methods. On the other hand, we are a nation with a long and lean peninsula, the whole of which, even to the limits of eternal snows,—plain and mountain, water and land,—is totally appropriated and divided up; the birthright of which dates back some twenty centuries; which possesses no coal, indeed, no fuel beyond its meager forests, no source of energy beyond its streams and rivers, with all its natural resources long ago sucked dry. Yet even here men of purpose have moved onward in the international competition for human welfare.

We Italians are a thrifty people; yet our public expenses have risen very greatly, and are not inclined to lessen. Our budget estimates for 1882 were 1272 million lire (say five lire to the dollar); they are now somewhat over 2000. On the whole, in these thirty years, taxation has been diminished, notably such as bears on the prime necessaries of life. An encouraging proof of progressive prosperity is the fact that that seven hundred odd millions of increase in budget receipts far overleaps the increase of population during this period. It is so solid a fact that even in the lean years when pressing needs fathered hasty public debts, and the depreciation of the currency fell to sixteen below par, and the bullion reserves of the state banks did not exceed ten per cent. of the circulation, nevertheless, rentes (Italian consols) were quoted at 88 in paper, while paying four per cent. net. The state banks have now a minimum gold reserve of over fifty per cent. of their circulation in notes; rentes are over 103, and do not net three and a half per cent. We consider ourselves very hardly treated just now with the exchange against us at four per thousand, since of late years we have had the gold point in our favor, and our paper has been at a slight premium. In these times of enormous expenses and enormous indebtedness, the Italian budget, with its increasing receipts, its invariable surpluses, is considered by statesmen and economists one of the most solid in Europe.

How has this been brought about? Our people have worked hard, lived rather closely, and saved money; they have bought back nearly all our stocks that were in foreign hands (something like a billion dollars' worth), besides putting aside other savings; capital has increased; post-office savings-banks, which, in 1882, had deposits of 59 million lire, now hold over 1600 millions; the 740 millions in the private savings-banks are now 2460 millions; the deposits in banks of various kinds have swollen from 858 millions to 2372. These seem small amounts to countries that calculate in billions of dollars, but they are satisfactory for poor people, and they are trustworthy, being culled from the statement made to Parliament last December by our Minister of the Treasury, Signor Tedesco.

But if money has been saved more rapidly, and wealth has accumulated in a satisfactory manner, it is because industry in all its branches, agricultural, textile, and mechanical, has grown rapidly both in quality and quantity.

In 1882, two and a half million tons of coal was sufficient for our boilers; now we require over nine, besides half a million horse-power of water. In our textile production, mainly cotton cloth and fancy materials, we produce more than Belgium, and not only supply our home markets almost entirely, but export a considerable amount. Thus, the mixed fancy goods of Pisa have such a reputation as to be completely monopolized by the London market. This is not altogether an isolated example, for the black silks of Como,

the umbrella silks, and the brocades are taken up exclusively by the big English houses.

The manufacture and use of artificial manure, once almost unheard of, have become familiar in all parts of the land, to fertilize fruit, corn, and pasture. As a result, we have doubled our head of cattle, and our wheat crop from forty-two million hectoliters has crept up to fifty-seven. In 1882 our wine crop totaled twenty-eight million hectoliters; now it is over forty. Little by little there will be more wheat to eat, less wine to drink; for like all wine-growing countries we are overstocked, while the consumption does not tend to increase. Notwithstanding our heavier crops, our import of wheat increases yearly, and surplus population does not account for it. There is a more satisfactory reason: our people eat more bread, drink more wine, consume more animal food, than in the past, decreasing or stamping out pellagra, malaria, and other terrible ills due to insufficient nourishment of the human body.

With no fear of race suicide, as in France (for the population is increasing with a tendency to outrun subsistence), a higher standard of wages is a guarantee of progressive economics, evidence of a greater amount of well-being throughout the whole country, filtering down to the most needy. This increase applies not only to men and women, but to boys and girls. Within my remembrance the agricultural laborer's salary averaged one lira (nineteen cents) a day; now it is two and a half lire. Haymaking and harvesting double these figures. So the increase runs throughout the whole range of skilled labor, with one dreary exception common to all countries and exemplified in "The Song of the Shirt," sung with tears of blood in all languages wherever the jetsam and flotsam of life abounds and sweaters abide.

Figures of imports and exports, of roads, of railway traffic, of our merchant fleet,—all these and dozens of other data might supplement the main facts outlined here. The economic renaissance of Young Italy is, I hope, clear to men's eyes, showing how liberty and unity bear fruits of material prosperity and economic progress.

As everywhere else, the country people, thirsty for bigger gains, greater comforts, and more sense-satisfying amusements, crowd into the towns,—a questionable benefit. Our principal cities have doubled their populations, increased their areas, widened their streets, and let in more air and light. All have to deal with the special difficulties attendant on old towns, vested secular interests, and historical association. In following modern lights, our birthright is not the least of our encumbrances.

Rome, for instance, grows at an alarming rate, and under Italian rule it has tripled its population. In 1882 it had to double its available building area. This has all been covered, and now has been doubled again, leaving a presumptive margin for twenty-five years' growth. History repeats itself. The "Città Quadrata" designed by Servius Tullius gave way to the more extensive medieval center surrounded by the so-called walls of Belisarius; then it took centuries to bring about and consolidate what we have carried through in a couple of generations. But within the charmed circle of the past, the present can move only warily, hampered on all sides with difficulties. In Florence, where every stone records man's progress through time, in the Eternal City, where three strata of civilization lay one atop of the other, all one can do is to widen out, framing the old with the new, and harmonizing the two as far as possible.

Were proof required of Italy's economic vigor, it is patent to all. From our ironclads to our fruit and flower culture, from our textile stuffs to our artistic furniture and earthenware, from our food-stuffs to our motor-cars, the whole world can witness an industrial renaissance which, if yet in its infancy, gives an earnest of a vigorous future.

We have been speaking here as though man were merely an animal born to consume corn and wine. He has a higher mission, individual or national. Hence an inquiry into the trend of a people, more especially one awakened to a renewed activity after centuries of vegetation, is manifestly one-sided, imperfect, and illusory, if it be not extended to the moral and intellectual atmosphere in which it lives. Only when those aspects of Italy's national life have been investigated can any trustworthy conclusion be drawn as to its highest progress.

PROVING IT BY THE BOOK

FROM THE PAINTING BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF "THE MEETING HOUSE," NEW YORK

THE FORSAKEN SPRING

BY VIRGINIA WATSON

WHEN you were thirsty in those budding days,
You loved to drink from the curved hands I filled
With clear drops of my mountain spring, and praise
Gave cup and water that your thirst had stilled.

Now if you thirst, from glass of crystal fine
Or ancient, sculptured goblet you may drink;
And so no more you ask my sylvan wine,
No more you seek the wood-spring's flowered brink.

But if some day you weary of the wine
In costly vessels, and again shall kneel
Here on the moss by tangled flower and vine,
At the world's outpost I your need shall feel.

And I will haste to the neglected spring,
So long by fallen stones and dead leaves pent,
And in the chalice of my hands will bring
To your parched lips once more the sacrament.

ON THE DECAY OF MANNERS

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

Author of "Mars' Chan," "Meh Lady," "Red Rock," etc.

THE subject of manners was much kept before me in my youth in a way to make an impression of their importance, if not to call for their practical exemplification. It was a saying of an old "mammy" in the family that "Manners will carry you where money won't." She had not traveled far, at least in later times; but she declared a fundamental truth which, however limited by traffic rates or by "smart sets" in glittering cities roaring after wealth, points like an eternal sign-post to that life of quality the foundation of which is good breeding, the native air of which is refinement, and the membership of which are all gentlefolk the world over. Moreover, it casts a light on a civilization in which even slaves inculcated such teachings.

Having heard a good deal lately of the decay of manners, and having been at times the witness of a change of manners for which the term "decay" is a tempered euphemism, I fell to considering the subject with a view to determining whether our manners are worse or better than those of our fathers or of other peoples. Curiously enough, this particular presentation of the subject appears to have been almost overlooked by students of manners, even the most thoughtful. An examination of a number of writers who, I knew,

dealt with manners disclosed the singular fact that this particular subject has largely escaped their notice. Even Plutarch and Montaigne are well-nigh silent on the point. Mr. Spectator, who has given us the model of the fine gentleman, neglects to discuss the relative delicacy of charm and manners in different countries or different parts of the same country, and among moderns, of those capable of presenting the subject plainly, only Charles Lamb lays down the standard by which we judge social life to-day, declaring it, at least inferentially, to be kindness to all men and specially courtesy in the treatment of women.

The bloom on the ripened fruit of civilization, and the proof of its perfection, is delicacy. Indeed, Dr. Lounsbury confirms me in the conclusion that while courtesy is a growth of ancient date, delicacy is a refinement of modern times and is scarcely to be traced further back than the eighteenth century. We had it once in perfection. Shall we let it escape again? Its essence is so volatile that it may readily be blown away by a "suggestive" play or a fashionable novel.

Swift, who is not noted among moderns for his good manners, declares good manners to be "The art of making those easy with whom we converse." But I take it this is a definition of the Chesterfieldian type of manners, and that Swift had little idea of the gentle breeding and kindness which Charles Lamb had in mind when he declared Joseph Paice the finest gentleman of his acquaintance. However, whatsoever the form may be, and there are many forms in which good breeding may present itself,—as many, indeed, as are the incidents of social intercourse,—whatever tends to put at ease the person one meets is good manners, and whatever tends to the opposite is rudeness.

Elia, in one of his essays which touch every subject with a wand of delicacy, gives us a picture of one Joseph Paice, merchant and ancient bachelor, which should be duly read every season by every man and woman who cares for the politeness which makes life in a city tolerable and gives it, wherever lived, its chief and most heart-lulling charm. He lays down the standard of gentle breeding for all time—the treatment of woman. History shows no other absolute standard.

A gentleman is precisely what his name implies. We may call one such who is not; but this baptism of mere form without the spirit confers no grace; to be a gentleman, he must be this and nothing more—a gentle man. But underneath all lies the one essential: the kindness or the address—which for the time wears the same countenance—to treat others with consideration, and to make them feel at ease.

It used to be said that it took three generations to make a gentleman. We make most things more quickly in these days than of old; but they do not last so long, and possibly are not so carefully or so well made. At least the machine-made gentleman does not stand the test when pressure is applied; he cracks.

Observation leads to the conclusion that while gentle birth gives men the best knowledge of good breeding and an innate sense which only one to the manner born can have without effort, the knowledge is often unapplied.

In truth, gentility is of so delicate a texture that scarcely by possibility can it be counterfeited to deceive one who is to the manner born. A word, a gesture, a tone will betray the counterfeit. The treatment of a servant or a subordinate is an infallible test. Whoever takes advantage of another we know cannot be a gentleman, for the first word of the law of good breeding, as the last, is kindness. The Golden Rule contains the last word on manners, as it does on most other laws of living.

We are given naturally to looking for good manners from those who have the outward seeming of the class with which good breeding is traditionally associated —the class which by inheritance is assumed to have birth and the attendant advantages of travel, culture, training, and refinement. If people have the indicia of the class,—wear the habiliments and insignia of the service,—we expect them to be members of the gild in fact and not mere interlopers masquerading in the uniform of their betters, jackdaws strutting in the plumage of nobler birds. We do not expect them to vie in vulgarity with the company of *Trimalchio;* and when we find their characteristics hardly dissimilar to that circle of parvenues and upstarts, we feel justified in repudiating

them as typical of our best examples of manners.

It is no uncommon thing to find a servant with so much better manners than his master that we know at once which is the true gentleman. Indeed, the servants of the old-time gentlemen of the South are among the fine gentlemen to be met with, and happily some of them, like some of their masters, still survive to give us models of what the old-time gentleman was. The negro of this class is—except his master—the most impressive relic of an age that took pride in its manners. He is proud of the manners that linked him with gentlemen in the past, and his good breeding still sets an example which no one who knows him is likely to forget or ignore.

The rudeness of manners in a republic has often been the subject of remark. It would appear, however, that this refers rather to that want of subservience which we find ingrained under monarchial forms than to the deference which dignity and merit are likely to evoke everywhere. I have never observed that age or merit meets with want of respect anywhere except in two classes, the ruffians of the streets and the ruffians of the drawing-rooms.

In that singularly unsocial sphere, of vague and nebulous boundary, which calls itself "society," the respect and deference generally accorded elsewhere to age and merit and accomplishment are singularly lacking. It is not too much to say that in that plane of life where manners should be most polished they are most lacking in what is the chief ingredient of all polish—kindness. Having been brought up as children without the tempering and softening influence which comes alone from gentle training during the plastic period,—having, indeed, been led through ignorance to imagine that their own desires are to be gratified at whatever cost,—they not unnaturally, on being released from the comparative restraints of childhood, feel at liberty to pursue their desires at whatever cost either to themselves or to others. Partly through indifference to, but, at first, mainly through ignorance of the established canons of breeding, they ignore them until ignorance passes into contempt, and they violate with reckless disregard the ordinary laws of civility.

Time was when travel was the parent of knowledge—when youth, under some proper tutor to guard it, made the grand tour to complete its education; when it passed from country to country commended by such letters and guided to such society as tended to add experience of other manners to the store already observed. Travel may still be the parent of knowledge, but it is certainly also the parent of selfishness. Youth, no longer under tutorage at all, is turned loose, often with funds enough to ruin a man of experienced and established age, to disport itself in the muddiest currents of Lutetian streams; and it is small wonder that it returns, if not grossly soiled, at least with the smirch of loose manners glaringly stained on its front.

A critic of manners not long since excited some discussion by a public declaration that the people of New York City had exceptionally bad manners. Specifically, his charge was that New York was the most insolent city in the world.

What made the criticism more painful was that the critic, a noted artist and writer, was not only a man of unusual powers of observation and expression, but one of exceptionally wide experience, as a traveler, familiar with every country in Europe, and, what was more to the point, a devoted, if adopted, son of New York, who for years has drawn rosy pictures of her with such lines of beauty as might have filled full the measure of completed vanity. To be told plainly and publicly that all this self-gratulation which has resounded from a hundred journals through a thousand cities was mere empty sound and vanity, that this New York manner and air, smelling rankly of money, was sheer insolence, was, indeed, too much. Especially was this so when the critic pointed out that gentle breeding still held sway elsewhere.

There leaped up at once scores of defending champions. One humorous person, according to the press, actually undertook in the rain to help women off a street-car and hand them to the sidewalk under his umbrella to prove that there was a gentleman in New York. It may be said at once that of course the distinguished critic referred to was speaking in general terms of that New York which buffets one in public thoroughfares and places, like

a billowing tide that sweeps all before it, and was not speaking of the numberless intersecting circles within the city where the social life is as charming as is to be found in the world. In these inner circles culture and refinement and good breeding are their heritage. The literature, art, and science of that city, and the fabric of manifold and marvelous texture that holds a civilization together are their work. They continue to cherish the traditions of good breeding and to exemplify them in quiet lives spent as serenely as possible amid the maelstrom of glitter and gaudiness and display which might well quench their light but for its imperishable quality. The vulgarians, wherever they live, who have deposed courtesy and good breeding and recognition of the amenities of life as useless clogs on society, and have set money up as the sole standard of preëminence, are not typical of America, but, rather, of a world class whose country is unbounded by any confines of territory. Those who have stamped their ways on the population amid whom they live so that not only courtesy, but even decency, are banished from public conveyances, and "crush" has become the established order in every department of life, are not representative of America.

Courtesy still survives in many places and parts. Civility, which had its origin in the city, has moved its abode to more rural surroundings. There are many places where a man can still offer a seat to a woman in a public conveyance without being made the object of something like scorn on the part of the majority of his fellow-travelers; where street-car conductors and guards can still answer questions courteously, or wait for an elderly woman to take her seat without feeling degraded. And I have even known a porter or a waiter to say thank you for a pleasantly bestowed "tip" without waiting to see if it is as much as a sewing-woman gets for a long day's work. Indeed, these and many more things which are as obsolete in smart sets as the rapier and the cocked-hat are the ordinary amenities and customs of life in many, if not in most, parts of the country.

The express-train and the "crush-hour" are in many ways great advantages, but they are not conducive to good manners. If there be any doubt on the subject in any person's mind, let him go on a street-car, elevated, surface, or subway, in one of our large cities and test the matter for himself. He will see not once, but everywhere, such a scene of sheer and primal brutality as can be found nowhere else in the world where men and women are together—men driving themselves by sheer brute strength into cars already packed to suffocation, tearing clothes, and recklessly crushing whomever and whatever is in their way. It is urged in justification—would it were only in mitigation of this barbaric rudeness!—that in a great city with a huge population such things must be. But there are other cities as great, and with quite as large a population, where the decencies of public travel and communal existence are not so persistently violated.

For example, to quote one who knew a great city intimately:

> Joseph Paice of Bread-Street-hill, merchant and one of the Directors of the South-Sea Company . . . was . . . though bred a Presbyterian, and brought up a merchant, . . . the finest gentleman of his time. He had not *one* system of attention to females in the drawing-room, and *another* in the shop, or at the stall. I do not mean that he made no distinction. But he never lost sight of sex, or overlooked it in the casualties of a disadvantageous situation. I have seen him stand bareheaded—smile if you please—to a poor servant girl, while she had been inquiring of him the way to some street—in such a posture of unforced civility, as neither to embarrass her in the acceptance, nor himself in the offer, of it. He was no dangler, in the common acceptance of the word, after women; but he reverenced and upheld, in every form in which it came before him, *womanhood*. I have seen him—nay, smile not—tenderly escorting a market-woman whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over the poor basket of fruit, that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as if she had been a Countess.

But imagine a great merchant and director of, say, the American Company of Federated Wealth following the example of this predecessor of his! What a chorus of derision would go up from his fellows! How the successors of that newspaper writer who, after bank hours, wrote his essays over the name of Elia on such town-

topics as caught his fancy would ring the changes on this crank and madman!

Yet one cannot but wonder whether, if the successors of Joseph Paice, Merchant, etc., the directors in these great businesses among us, were to pause in their mad "rush"—as mad in the pursuit of other pleasures as of increasing wealth—and think of leading somewhat in a movement to restore courtesy and good breeding, the effects would not be felt.

After all things are considered, the chief cause of the decadence of manners is the lack of manners on the part of the upper class, from which the lower class take their cue and tone. They have set the possession of gold as the chief aim in life, and the mad pursuit of this object outweighs all else and, in the rush of one mad crush-hour that never ends, sweeps away all social amenities that once made social intercourse sweet and pleasant. It is not a new phase of life. It may be found pictured in the writings of the satirists in former civilizations, which, after an honored history, fell into a slough of debauchery, in which the dignity of the ancient manners was supplanted by the vulgar ostentation of the parvenues. Tacitus and Suetonius, Juvenal and Martial and Petronius, have pictured for us a society startingly like that in which "smart sets" and their imitators welter to-day. Only Petronius draws this frank rating of a man's worth and character "in terms of cash," as the gage of a class that have been slaves. "Assem habeas, assem valeas," is the valuation of upstarts who had risen from slavery through wealth. They have no idea of culture, and their only test is gold, no matter how amassed. The famous scene in the "Satiricon," where the freedman-host, amid a vulgar display of luxury which no noble could have rivaled, assembles a company of millionaires who discuss money as the chief aim in life, and, to show his superior culture, reads Homer in translation, and displays his art treasures and his plate, which he declares was fashioned from the metal flung by Hannibal into flaming Troy, might have been, in these respects, a picture of a more modern banquet in a more modern city than "hundred-towered Ilium."

To revive ancient good breeding and bring back the old-time manners, it is necessary to set aside money as the chief foundation of respect, and to set up once more the ideals of courtesy and kindly conduct.

Happily for us, traditions of good breeding and gentle manners still survive in parts of the country both North and South, and

the tender grace of a day that is dead

is still cherished with a loyalty that is a harbinger of its complete resurrection.

The unconscious insolence of the manners of the brazen gilded youth of the day would be amusing enough but for its vulgarity. Their easy indifference to the courtesy of their elders and, though they may not recognize the word, their betters, is less exasperating than deplorable. When young men who should be gentlemen fail to recognize the *devoirs* due to the courtesies extended to them by their elders, to the presence of gentlemen of advanced age or ladies of any age, it is more than a personal blemish; it is a popular misfortune.

From the days of Solomon, who rose from his throne to offer a seat to his mother, to this day, the mark of a gentleman has been to recognize the presence of ladies by a deferential bearing. By this test there are many men to-day moving in what the irony of language terms our "best society" who would be thrust out even among the heathen.

Happily for our peace of mind, the cry, *O tempora, O mores!* is not a new one. The lament that "these days are not as the old days" is as old as the prophet Micah. We may therefore hope that an evil which has been chronic in human nature is not absolutely mortal, and that we shall survive our present decadence of manners as our predecessors survived theirs. Yet it was a sad spectacle which I witnessed not long since in a railway car returning from a great foot-ball game at one of our most noted universities. The car was crowded with a well-dressed and well-looking company, evidently of the upper class—of both sexes and all ages. Many ladies both young and elderly were standing, and many men who appeared to be gentlemen were seated. Yet during the two hours I was in the car I saw only one gentleman offer his seat to a lady. I have termed them gentlemen, but I wonder if they could have been only "gents." The reflection recalls an anecdote of an old gen-

tleman I used to know who once, going to Niagara Falls, found himself in a situation similar to that which I have related, when presently a little Irishman with the dust of the quarries on him, rose and, offering his seat to a lady, said, "I a-always rise for the ladies. My mither was a lady." "Yes," said my old gentleman, "and her son is a gentleman."

And as with man, so with woman; indeed, with women, though happily rarer, where it exists, ill breeding is worse than with their ruder brothers. Whether it be that we look for good breeding with more confidence among the softer sex, whether it be that its absence is less common and therefore is the more shocking, where a woman has bad manners it always has in it an element of vulgarity which is more painful than it could be in a man.

It may be that I am speaking only from a man's point of view; but I feel sure that I am voicing the general sentiment of the ruder sex. There is something in the cut of a figure attired in satin and fine linen, something in the more chastely chiseled form and airier movement, which leads us to expect a delicacy of breeding and manners in harmony therewith; and when it fails—when the disclosure comes, and the mouth from which we looked for pearls drops, like the evil princess, reptilic forms, it is not merely a disappointment, but a misfortune. Familiarity breeds contempt now quite as certainly as in the days of Solomon, and the most disheartening feature of the matter is the recklessness with which the young women of the silken class leave their traditional place of vantage and vainly trying to put on the skin of Esau not only fail to win a new birthright, but lose the one that is theirs by nature.

Women make both the manners and the morals of a people. Neither rises higher than the gage which women set in a community. Charles Lamb has suggested this in his charming essay on "Modern Gallantry." In his description of Joseph Paice already referred to, standing with hat off to the servant girl who asked of him a direction, he illustrates the truth by explaining how he came to realize his devoir to the sex: It was "the beautiful Susan Winstanley—old Winstanley's daughter of Clapton"—"a reputed beauty and known to be a fortune"—who brought him to a sense of duty to her sex. In the midst of her gracious reception of his addresses, paid with "the common gallantries" suitable to so interesting a relation, she, says Lamb, "had overheard him by accident, in rather rough language, rating a young woman, who had not brought home his cravats quite to the appointed time," and, as she said, "woman's pride came to my assistance; and I thought, that if it were only to do *me* honor, a female, like myself, might have received handsomer usage; and I was determined not to accept any fine speeches, to the compromise of that sex, the belonging to which was after all my strongest claim and title to them."

This is the crux of the whole question. Among all civilized peoples woman is the custodian of good manners. She places the stamp on the currency which gives it value in the public mind, and if she will not assert her royal prerogative it will soon become debased. If the women of a community abdicate their throne and surrender their high privilege of being accorded courtesy not because of their strength, but because of its honor; if they boast their power; if they rival men in violence; if they flaunt their wealth in public with shameless ostentation; if they display arrogance before the eyes of their hapless sisters of toil; if they accept with complacency the insolent indifference of the male sex, and with gratitude the scattered and scornful crumbs of attention that they deign to let fall before their eager eyes, the result will be the natural consequence—a society hopelessly vulgarized from its former distinction of chivalrous courtesy, and with no end but to sink in an ever deeper abyss of vulgarity.

It being, then, the province of women to set the standard of manners, we may have license to wonder that they should be so indifferent to their high privilege, and should not only surrender their prerogative, which implies something of compulsion, but should voluntarily cast it away, accepting with alacrity a change of manners which one might think they would resist with resentment.

Some of us were brought up to reverence gentleness and delicacy as admirable if not inseparable attributes of the divinities whom we worshiped by inheritance, and to us the free-and-easy manners of the generation of young men who in "society"

hold the stage at present are something that we find it hard to reconcile with our recollection of our sunlit youth. To find young Strephon whistling to Chloe with his fingers in his mouth, like a gallery god at a vaudeville-show, might have passed the outer picket of propriety; but to see Chloe whistling with the same ear-piercing call to Strephon racks a nerve somewhat unused to this particular transformation of traditional wooing.

"Ah, wasteful woman, she who may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing he cannot choose but pay,—
How has she cheapened Paradise!"

If young women will set up ideals to imitate openly, and these ideals must be taken from the conduct of youth of the opposite sex, it seems a pity that they should select to follow the peculiar type of manners of the present age. Sophomores and other youth of this stage have many admirable points, but assuredly manners are not general among them. It is, indeed, a question whether young women, by engaging in such imitation, do not lose more than they gain.

The basic flaw in our breeding lies at the very bottom of our society; that is, in the manners existing in the relation of husband and wife and in the training of children. Before children have left what used to be known as their mother's apron-strings, they have their manners, or want of them, to use an old term, "set"; in other words, having been reared without manners, they have no manners. Their mothers, indeed, have no apron-strings. The old terms of respect, "Sir" and "Madam," have been banished from the nursery by those who fear that they may be thought subservient, and growing up without respect to others, the children end by having no respect for themselves or for anything else. Where manners are thrown away in the nursery, they are not likely to be picked up later on, and the *jeunesse dorée* of newly acquired gold are about the most intolerable class that any society has ever been called on to carry.

This matter of manners goes much nearer to the heart of life than is usually thought. William of Wykeham's maxim, "Manners makyth man," holds a deeper philosophy than is commonly allowed. Custom makes character, and a people are only an agglomeration of men fused by common customs into a nationality. Our place among nations to-day and in the future is to be determined more by our manners than by the armament of our battle-ships. Bayard and Sidney have by their courtesy and breeding cast a richer light on the France and England of their day than all the histories of battles written by their historians. The reported politeness of the Japanese has in the esteem of students of manners done more to prove their civilization than the campaigns of Ito and Kuroki.

A soft answer turneth away wrath to-day, as in the time of Solomon, and the manners that first gave his title to the Gentleman in the age when he rose, like Saul, head and shoulders above the barons and other fighters, and brought a civilization of refinement out of the clamor and rudeness of constant war, still have a refining influence that makes for a society based on kindness and sweetness and charm.

After all, however, the manners of a community are in the custody of the best class in it. All others follow suit.

It would be a safe wager to say that if the representatives of the upper class would decide to place manners in any city on a more gentle basis than they have at present, and would act on their decision in all the concerns of life, the result would be an immediate change for the better. If, say, the members of the best clubs in a city would adopt the course of rising and offering their seats in public conveyances to any woman who might be left standing, it would not be long before every man in the city who aspired to be mistaken for a gentleman would follow the gentle example. What benign results would flow therefrom who may tell!

Possibly, one other method might be essayed with good effect. If those who are gentlefolk—who possess the rare, but often unprized, treasures of refinement, culture, taste, and high ideals of living and thinking, would scrupulously hold themselves above pandering to vulgarity simply because it has wealth behind it, a society would soon be formed which would have not only the stamp of good breeding, but, as possessing the thing itself, would have the authority and power to dictate its own terms.

From a carbon print by Braun & Co. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

DETAIL FROM THE PAINTING, "THE LAST SUPPER," BY P. A. J. DAGNAN-BOUVERET. OWNED BY THE COMTESSE DE BÉARN

See also a larger reproduction of the head of Christ in THE CENTURY for December, 1896.

KEY-SKETCH OF THE PAINTING, "THE LAST SUPPER." DRAWN FOR THE CENTURY BY P. A. J. DAGNAN-BOUVERET

THE LAST CONVERSION OF SALLY-IN-THE-HOLLOW

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Author of "Pigs is Pigs," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY F. R. GRUGER

IN her early days of grass-widowhood there was never a revival that came to Zeekville and departed leaving Sally-in-the-Hollow unconverted. Her conversions, although violent, were not notably permanent. While they lasted they were full of woe and agony, but, as Sally herself admitted, they did not "take." For a few Sundays and Thursdays after the revival she would attend church and prayer-meeting with savage vim; then, as her mind slipped back into the daily routine care of her children, and the necessity of keeping her wash-tub full pressed upon her, she would slide away, and slide away, until she was completely and joyously backslidden.

"Ah swear Ah dunno whut the matter wif me," she admitted to Mrs. Dugan, the only other dweller in the Hollow. "Ah jus' done give up hope of eveh stayin' converted. Ah do wish Ah been born Cath'lic, like you-all, Mis' Dugan, foh yo' 'ligion do seem to stick right to you; but my 'ligion runs off'n me lak water off'n a duck's back. Ah 've been urged on to the mourner's-bench twenty-two—no, twenty-three times, an' each time Ah said, 'Sally, dis time yo' been save' foh good'; an' next thing Ah know Ah 'm jus' as backslid' as ever. Ah have all dose yere pangs an' agonies fer nuffin'. So Ah jus' done mek up my mind t' stay backslid', yassum."

Mrs. Dugan, to whom these soul crises of her colored neighbor were an old tale, did nothing but sigh sympathetically.

"Co'se," said Sally, "Ah reckon you-all don' think it meks much diff'rence whuther Ah stay slid' or backslid'. But 't ain' as if 't was 'come easy, go easy' with me. When Ah get took with 'ligion, Ah get took mighty pow'ful, an' 't ain' nothin' but agonize, agonize, agonize day in an' day out. Yassum, seem lak my soul jus' get caught in the pinchers of de Lawd, an' Satan grab de udder end with he pitchfork, an' it 's twist, twist, till Ah 'clare my soul 'most twist clean in two."

"An' will ye listen t' that now!" said Mrs. Dugan, sympathetically.

"Ah jus' mek up my mind Ah ain' gwine to tek one step t'ord dis yere revival whut 's been start' up in town," said Sally, positively. "Ah got so much washin' on hand Ah dass n't tek de time. When Ah get in a soul-agony Ah forgit all about washin' an' ironin', an' Ah get iron-rust all over de white shirt-fronts, an' Ah don't get de grass stains outen de clothes, an' Ah ain' fit to be call' no decent washwoman at all. The las' time Ah been converted Ah lost three mighty good-payin' customers, an' when de wash comes home lookin' lak de dickens, de white folks don't tek soul-agony for 'scuse. No 'm; dey jus' say, 'Sally, you can agonize all you feel lak, but Ah reckon Ah 'll get my wash done elsewheers.' "

So this time Sally kept her face resolutely away from the path that led out of the Hollow toward the church and Zeekville. She clung to her washboard and wringer as to opiates, and she slammed her irons down hard on the ironing-board to deaden the call of her conscience. From time to time she had visions of the crowded, ill-ventilated church, where super-excited nerves burst into hysterical cries and moans, and she could see as clearly as if she were present the shouting congregation as another convert was

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"SALLY'S HOUSE HAD NEVER BEEN PAINTED"

aided, sobbing, to the "bench." By the third day she was so nervous that her hands trembled. She was like a drunkard who sees a bottle, but who has sworn never to touch drink again.

But this time Sally was firm in her resolve to stay away from the revival meetings. She had had a hard time of her life, "boot-legging" whisky on the sly until she was twenty-five, and then marrying a "no 'count" colored man. Upon her marriage with him she had found that boot-legging did not serve to support them both, and she had taken to washing. The constantly increasing family of small brown children had fastened her firmly to this more respectable calling. It was no loss, but rather a relief, when her worthless husband wandered away, never to appear in the Hollow again.

On Wednesday afternoon of the second week of the revival Sally was in the condition of an inveterate smoker the second day after giving up tobacco. She was cross and fidgety, and she could not keep her mind on her ironing, and when she heard a loud knocking on her front door, she welcomed it. Even a visit from the stove man, seeking to collect an instalment, would have been a relief. She needed diversion.

Sally's house had never been painted; but once, years before, she had whitewashed it, and a few patches of yellowed lime still clung under the eaves. Otherwise the house had weathered into a soft gray, into which the dust had settled, and the tall, dusty weeds about it were almost as high as the house. Her front door was seldom used. It opened outward, and it sagged on the rusty hinges. Sally unhooked the staple, and kicked the base of the door with her large, carpet-slippered foot, but the door refused to yield. She placed one strong shoulder against the upper part of the door and pushed. The lower part of the door still stuck fast, but the upper part gave open an inch or so, and her visitor, eager to aid, put his brown fingers in the crack. Then Sally stood back to give the door another kick.

Instantly the four brown fingers were clasped between the door and the casing, and her visitor howled. The sharp edge of the door caught him just below the first knuckles with a grip like that of a steel trap.

"Lemme out! Lemme out!" yelled the man.

Sally stared at the fingers. Something in their appearance reminded her of her vagrant husband, and her eyes blazed.

"Let yo' out!" she cried. "Yo' ain' in yet! Who is you? Is you my husban'?"

"No, Ah ain'," cried the man. "Ah ain' nobody's husban'. Lemme out!"

It was not her husband's voice, and with a mighty kick, followed by a battering-ram blow from her shoulder, Sally managed to move the door a foot or so.

She pushed her head through this opening and surveyed her visitor.

" 'Scuse me, sah," she said contritely. "Ah 'm so sorry Ah pinched yo' hand. 'T was mighty foolish fo' yo' to put dem fingers in dat crack. Yo' might have been mah husban', an' den Ah would jus' have lef' yo' holler there."

"De do' did cert'ly pinch mah fingers perniciously, ma'am," said the man, politely; "but Ah ain' yo' husban'. Ah ain' so lucky."

"How long yo' been sellin' books?" asked Sally, who thought she recognized in his words the preliminary complimentary palaver of the book-agent kind, and wished to let him understand that she was possessed of insight. The man did indeed look like a book-agent. He was tall and dark, and he wore black clothes and a hat that had once been a silk hat. Now he was seeded from head to foot with dust and pollen from the forest of weeds that edged and encroached upon the narrow path that led to the Hollow. That he carried no book in his hand meant nothing, for Sally was acquainted with the wiles of book-agents, and knew that, once seated in the house, the book could be made to appear from the inside of the hat, from the capacious skirt of the black coat, or even from a hiding-place between the shoulders. But, willing as she was to receive entertainment, Sally would not invite her visitor into the house on false pretenses.

"Ah don' want to buy no books today," she said.

"An' Ah don' want to sell yo' none, ma'am," said the visitor. "Ah jus' come down to have a talk—jus' a little friendlike talk—"

"Then if yo' jus' turn sideways-like, an' squeege a little," said Sally, "Ah 'll be glad to welcome yo' into mah house. Ah can't seem to 'nipulate dat door no more outwards than what it is."

"An' Ah don' requiah no mo' room," said the man. "Ah 'll get in, if yo' jus' kindly remove yo' head outen the crack."

Sally backed away, and her visitor edged into the crack. He was a close fit.

"Mah name," he said, as he squeezed through, "is Mistah Jones."

Once in the house, he took the chair that Sally motioned to. It was the only chair in the room, which was both bedroom and parlor, but not exceedingly parlor. It had a few scraps of soiled and worn matting on the floor, and the one iron bed had been gilded as far as the gold paint had held out. Otherwise the room was furnished with several pallets, laid along the wall—the beds of the numerous children. Sally seated herself on the edge of the iron bed. She leaned her elbows on her knees and sighed contentedly. The next move would be for the man in the white tie and black garb to say, "Now, Ah ain' sellin' books, but Ah got a work here whut Ah 'm introducin' to a few high-toned culled famblies—" But he said nothing of the kind.

He laid his hat carefully on the floor at his side, placed the tips of the fingers of his two hands carefully together, and smiled reassuringly at Sally.

"Sistah," he asked, "has yo' ever took consideration of the fac' dat we all mus' die?"

Instantly Sally sat upright. The placid calm of her face gave place to a harsh, defiant frown.

"Yas, Ah has," she declared. "An' furdermo', it ain' goin' do you no mite of good t' call dat fac' to mah mind. Ah know all 'bout dat boun'-to-die business, an' Ah been converted twenty-three times; an' when Ah got to die, Ah got to, an' Ah ain' gwine care two shucks whut happens. No, sah. Ah know whut yo' here fo', an' it ain' gwine do yo' no good to waste yo' conversation on me. My mind 's made up."

But Mr. Jones only smiled a pitying smile.

"Ah hear dat," he said, "from one week till the nex'. Ah 's got so 'customed to dose words Ah jus' don' pay no 'tention to dem at all. Sistah Sally, Ah say unto yo'—yo' gwine die. Yo' gwine be cut down like de grass some day. No mistake 'bout dat. We all gwine be cut right spang down."

"All right," said Sally, stubbornly. "Ah jus' got to take my chances 'bout dat. 'T ain' no use talkin'. It mighty kind on yo' to come down into de Holler for to preachify to me, but Ah jus' can't afford to hearken to yo'. Ah got all my chillun to support—"

Mr. Jones nodded his head, and tapped the tips of his fingers together lightly.

"Sistah Sally," he said, "yo' do well to think 'bout yo' chillun. Ah ask yo' to think 'bout them specially—specially.

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"'AH COME TO YO', . FO' TO 'PEAL TO YO' ON BEHALF OF DEM CHILLUN!'"

Don't it wrack yo' heart to think of goin' off an' leavin' dem little chillun oncared fo' an' onprotected? Ain't yo' more high dan the beastes of de field? Ain't yo' gwine be more to dem little chillun dan de fowls of the air? Now, ain't yo'?"

Sally rocked herself to and fro. Through her veins she felt the quiver of the coming exaltation, but she tried to fight it back.

"Ah come to yo'," said the man, leaning forward and clapping his hands, "fo' to 'peal to yo' on behalf of dem chillun! Ah want dem chillun to think of deir ma in glad respect when she 's gone off'n de yearth. Yassum. Ah want to save yo' from remorse dat day when yo' lie flat on yo' back an' the Angel hovers over yo'. Ah want yo' to know an' feel, Sistah Sally, 'bout de mighty guardian whut Ah repersent. Ah want to tell yo' 'bout how dat mighty guardian watches ovah de little chillun an' pertecks 'em. To-day yo' may consider yo' are all-fired well, but to-morrow— "

Sally rocked backward and forward, and the tears gathered in her eyes.

"Oh, yes! Oh, yes!" she cried. "Ah know! Ah know!"

The man in black struck his hands sharply together.

"Now yo' shoutin'!" he cried. "Now yo' on de right track! Now yo' begin' to see de light! Now yo' considerin' yo' poor little chillun in the depths of yo' heart! Sistah, I ain't heah to plague yo'. I ain't come down unto the Holler to force yo' to do yo' duty. No, 'deed! Ah got my work to do, an' Ah can't 'low mahself to be put off jus' because yo' ain't acquainted with whut Ah mean. Ah ain' workin' in dish yere field 'cause Ah gets money fo' it. No, 'deed! Ah been felt a call, Sistah. Ah ain't nothin' but a humble worker in de big field. Ah on'y repersent de mighty power whut sends me forth. Ah ain't talkin' fo' mahself; Ah 'm talkin' fo' yo' peace of mind; Ah 'm talkin' fo' de good of yo' little chillun."

Sally raised her hands in the air and brought them down on her knees.

"Glory!" she shouted. "Glory!"

Then suddenly she tried to control herself.

"Dat all right," she said. "Dat all right. Ah see yo' gwine get me if yo' want to. But 't ain' no use, brother, 't ain' no use. Ah been convinced before, an' Ah been took in before, an' 't ain' no use. Ah gwine drop right out ag'in, lak Ah always do. 'T ain' nuffin' to work me all up, an' get me convinced; but byme-by Ah forgets, an' Ah slides right out ag'in! Ah forgets! Ah forgets!"

Brother Jones brought his fist down on his knee.

"An' Ah tell yo', Sistah Sally," he said fiercely, "dis time Ah ain' gwine let yo' forget. No 'm! Ah gwine watch over yo', an' mek yo' way easy. Ah gwine come see yo' every blessed week! Yo' can't forget! Yo' can't drop out!"

" 'T ain' no use," said Sally, wiping her eyes. "Ah knows how 't will be. Yo' gwine get me in, an' harrow me all up, an' den yo' gwine away from Zeekville, an' Ah gwine be right back spang where Ah was."

"No 'm," said Mr. Jones, positively. "No 'm, Sistah Sally. Da' 's de old way, but de new day has come. Da' 's not my way. Ah been given dis field, an' Ah stay right here. Yassum, Sistah Sally. 'T ain' 'nough fo' me to get yo' to come in; Ah *keeps* yo' in. Ah knocks on yo' do' every Friday mornin', an' Ah says, 'Sistah Sally—' "

"Wha' 's dat?" asked Sally. "Yo' gwine come down unto dis Holler yevery week?"

"Ah certainly am," said Mr. Jones. "Ah gwine do dat thing. Ah ain' gwine let yo' forget. Ah gwine say, 'Sistah Sally, 'member yo' little chillun!' "

"Oh, glory! glory!" cried Sally.

"Ah gwine have mah place up-town," said Mr. Jones, enthusiastically, "an' if yo' wants, yo' can come unto me; an' if yo' don't, Ah 'll come unto yo'."

"Oh, glory! glory!" cried Sally.

"Ah mek de way easy," said Mr. Jones. "Are yo' ready to give me yo' name, Sistah Sally? Ah yo' ready to—"

"Ah 's ready!" cried Sally, clapping her hands. "Hallelujah! Ah 's ready! Ah 's convinced! Ah 'm done converted!"

The visitor took a large envelop from his pocket, and from the envelop he took a paper. From another pocket he drew a pen.

"Sistah," he said, "Ah got to ask yo' whut is yo' name."

"Sally Johnson," cried Sally. "An' Ah want to jine de Baptis' church."

"Yo' gwine jine any church whut yo' wants to," said Mr. Jones. "Ah don't have nothin' to do wi' dat. How old yo' is?"

"Fifty-fo', an' Ah done been baptized. Ah 'm safe in the church!" cried Sally, joyfully.

Mr. Jones folded the paper and tucked it into his pocket again. He carefully placed the cap on his pen, and put it in his pocket. Then he rose.

"Mis' Johnson," he said, "Ah got to 'gratulate yo' on dish-yer act what yo' done consummated. Yo' ain' gwine nebber regret it."

"No. Glory! Ah gwine be so happy! Ah gwine be like new!"

"Yo' is indeed," said Mr. Jones, taking his hat and rising. Sally stared at him.

"Ain' yo' gwine to—ain' yo' gwine to —to lead in pra'r?" she asked wistfully.

Mr. Jones placed his head on one side and looked at Sally, doubtfully.

"Well, co'se," he said, "Ah *can* lead in pra'r if yo' want me to so do, but it ain' usual. No 'm; it ain' usual. Ef yo' was to get a reg'lar preacher, 't might be more seemly. Ef Ah was a revival preacher—"

Sally jumped from the bed and stood facing him with angry eyes.

"Wha' 's dat?" she cried. "Wha' 's dat? Ain' yo' no revival preacher?"

"Why, no 'm," said Mr. Jones, with a puzzled frown. "Why, no 'm."

"Ain' yo' done converted me?" cried Sally, angrily. "Ain' yo' come down yere to bring me unto repentance?"

"Why, no 'm," said Mr. Jones, vacantly.

Sally stared at him silently for a full minute. When she spoke, she snapped out her words like the clicking of steel.

"Look yere, man," she said, "ef yo' ain', what has yo' done? Ef Ah ain' done been converted, what *has* Ah been an' done?"

"Why—why—" said Mr. Jones, feebly, "yo' done tuck out a life 'surance policy in de Colored Gyardian 'Dustrial Life 'Surance Comp'nv."

"Fo' de land's sake!" exclaimed Sally.

THE DWELLER ON THE THRESHOLD

A TALE OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH IN SIX PARTS: PART SIX

BY ROBERT HICHENS

Author of "The Garden of Allah," "Egypt and Its Monuments," "The Holy Land," etc.

XI

"YOU have heard of doubles, of course, Professor?" said Chichester, leaning his arms on the table and putting his hands one against the other, as if making a physical effort to be very calm.

"Of course. There was an account of one in that sermon of yours."

"Have you ever seen a double?"

"No; not to my knowledge."

"I suppose you disbelieve in them?"

"I have no reason to believe in them. I have not collected enough evidence to convince me that there are such manifestations."

"You know a double at this moment."

"Do I, indeed? And may I ask the manifestation's name?"

"Marcus Harding."

"Marcus Harding is a double, you say. Whose?"

"Mine," said Chichester in a low voice.

He clasped and unclasped his hands.

"I don't understand you," said Stepton, rather disdainfully.

"I will try to make you." And Chichester began to speak, at first in a low, level voice. "That sermon of mine," he said, "was a sort of shadow of a truth that I wanted to reveal—that I dared not fully reveal. Already I had tried to tell Evelyn Malling something of it. I had failed. When the moment came, when Malling was actually before me, I could not speak out. His mind was trying to track the truth that was in me. He got, as it were, upon the trail. Once he even struck into the truth. Then he went away to Marcus Harding. I remained in London. When I knew that those two were together, I felt a sort of jealous fear of Malling. For there was pity in him. Despite his intense curiosity, he had a capacity for pity. I realized that it might possibly interfere with—with something that I was doing. And I recalled Marcus Harding to London. From that moment I have avoided Malling. I could never tell him. But you, hard searcher after truth as you are—you could never find it in you to drag away another from the contemplation of truth. Could you? Could you?"

"Probably not," said Stepton. "I usually let folks alone even when they 're glaring at falsehood. Ha!"

He settled himself in his chair, looking sidewise toward Chichester.

"You, like every one else, have noticed the tremendous change in Marcus Harding," Chichester went on. "That change, the whole of that change, is solely owing to me."

"Very glad to have your explanation of that."

"I am going to give it you. The beginning of that change came about through the action of Marcus Harding. He wished for facts that are, perhaps,—indeed, probably,—withheld deliberately from the cognizance of man. You have sneered at those who live by faith, you have sneered at priests. Well, you can let that Marcus Harding go free of your sarcasm. Although a clergyman, he was not a faithful man. And he wanted facts to convince him that there was a life beyond the grave. Henry Chichester—"

"You! You!" interjected Stepton, harshly.

"I, then, came into his life. He thought he would use me to further his purpose. He constrained me to sittings such as you have often taken part in, with a view to sending me into a trance and employing me, when in that condition, as a means of communication with the other world—if there was one. We sat secretly in this room, at this table."

"You need not give me ordinary details of your sittings," said the professor. "I am familiar with them, of course."

"Henry Chichester—"

"You! You! Don't complicate matters!"

"I never was entranced; but presently I felt myself changing subtly."

"People very often imagine they are developing into something wonderful at séances. Nothing new in that."

"Please try to realize the facts of my case without assuming that it resembles a thousand others. I believe, I feel sure, that it resembles no other case that has come under your observation. To grasp it you must grasp the characters of two men, Marcus Harding as he was—and myself, as I was."

"Put them before me, then."

"That Marcus Harding you knew. He was the type of the man who, sublimely self-confident, imposes his view of himself upon other men and especially upon women. He had strength—strength of body and strength of mind. And he had the strength which a devouring ambition sheds through a man. A fine type of the worldly clergyman he was, of the ardent climber up the ladder of preferment. To him the church was a career, and he meant to succeed in it. If he had to begin as a curate, he meant to end as a bishop, perhaps as an archbishop. And he had will to help him, and vitality to help him, and the sort of talent that brings quick notice on a man. And he had also a woman to help him, his wife, Lady Sophia. He chose well when he chose her for his helpmate, though he may not think so now. He should have been content with what he had. But he wanted more, and he thought he might perhaps get what he wanted through me. Marcus Harding was a full-blooded type of the clerical autocrat. I once was an equally complete type of the clerical slave—slave to conscience, slave to humble-mindedness, slave to my rector as soon as I knew him.

"St. Francis of Assisi was the character I worshiped. I strove after simple goodness. I desired no glories of this world, no praises of men. I did not wish to be clever or to shine, but only to do my duty to my fellow-men, and so toward God. When I was first to make the acquaintance of Marcus Harding, with a view to becoming his senior curate if he thought fit, I felt some alarm, I had heard so much of his great energy and his remarkable talents. The day came. I paid my visit to Onslow Gardens. For the first time I saw—" Chichester paused. His face became distorted. He turned toward the window as if anxious to hide his face from the professor's small, keen eyes. "I saw—that man," he continued in a withdrawn and husky voice, and still looking away.

Stepton sat motionless and silent, sidewise, with his arms hanging.

Chichester, after another long pause, again faced him.

"My very first impression was unfavorable. I attributed this to his great size, which had startled me. I now know I was wrong in thinking I took that impression from the outer man. It was the inner man who in that moment announced himself to me. But almost instantly he had surely withdrawn himself very far away, and I, then, had no means of following him. So he escaped from me, and I fell under the influence that Marcus Harding was able to exert at will.

"I was dominated. Buoyancy, life, energy, self-confidence, radiated from that man. He steeped me in his vigor. He seemed kind, cordial. He won my heart. My intellect, of course, was dazzled. But—he won my heart. And I felt not only, 'Here is a man far greater than myself to whom I can look up,' but also, 'Here is a man to whom I must look up, because he is far better than myself.' At that interview it was settled that I should become senior curate at St. Joseph's.

"As you know, I became, and still am, senior curate. As I grew to know Marcus Harding better, I admired him more. In fact, my feeling for him was something greater than admiration. I almost worshiped him. His will was law to me in

everything; his slightest wish I regarded as a behest. His talents amazed me. But I thought him not only the cleverest, but the best, of men. It seemed to me right that such a man should be autocratic. A beneficent autocracy became my ideal of government. That my rector's will should be law to his wife, his servants, his curates, his organist, his choir, to those attached to his schools, to those who benefited by the charities he organized, seemed to me more than right and proper. I could have wished to see it law to all the world. If any one ventured to question any decision of his or to speak a word against him, I felt almost hot with anger. In a word, I was at his feet, as the small and humble-minded man often is at the feet of the man who has talents and who is gifted with ambition and supreme self-confidence.

"For a long time this condition of things continued, and I was happy in it. Probably it might have continued till now, if—if that accursed idea had not come to Marcus Harding."

Again Chichester paused. In speaking he had evidently become gradually less aware of his companion's presence and personality. His subject had gripped him. Memory had grown warm within him. He lived in the days that were past.

"That accursed idea," he repeated slowly, "to use me as his tool in an endeavor to break down the barrier which divides men from the other world.

"As I told you, we began to sit secretly. Marcus Harding wished me to fall into the entranced condition. I did not know this at first, so at first I did not consciously resist his desire. He had told me a lie. He had told me that he desired only one thing in our sittings—to give to me something of the will power that made him a force in the world. He had declared that this was possible. I believed him unquestioningly. I thought he was trying to send some of his power into me. Soon I felt that he was succeeding in this supposed endeavor. Soon I felt that a strange, new power was filtering into me."

Chichester fixed his eyes on Stepton as he said the last words, and seemed to emerge from his former condition of self-absorption.

"You have sat often. Have you ever felt such a sensation? It is like growth," he said.

"When one first begins to sit at séances, one is apt to imagine all sorts of things in the darkness," returned Stepton. "I dare say I did, like other folk."

"I understand," said Chichester, with a sort of strange condescension. "You think I was merely the victim of absurdity. The sense of this coming of power grew slowly, but steadily, within me. And presently it was complicated by another development, which involved—or began to involve, let me say at this point—my companion, Marcus Harding. I think I ought to tell you that in beginning the sittings I had had certain doubts, which were swept away by my admiration of my rector and my faith in him. Hitherto I had always thought that our human knowledge was deliberately limited by God, and that it was very wrong to strive to know too much. The man of science no doubt believes that it is impossible to know too much; but I have thought that many great truths are kept from us because we are not yet in a condition properly to understand them. I had, therefore, begun these practices with a certain tremor, and possibly a certain feeling of resistance, in the depths of my soul. As I felt the power coming to me, I had put away my fears. They did not return. Yet surely the new development within me, of which I now became aware, was connected with those fears, however subtly. It was a sensation almost of hostility directed against Marcus Harding."

"Ah, now!" ejaculated the professor, as if in despite of himself. "And where 's the connection you speak of?"

"Marcus Harding had constrained me to do a thing that in my soul I had believed to be wrong and that had roused my fear. As power dawned in me, directing itself upon everything about me, it was instinctively hostile to him who had dominated me before I had any power, and who, by dominating me, had for a moment made me afraid."

"Retrospective enmity! Very well!" muttered the professor. "I understand you. Keep on!"

"This hostility—if I may call a feeling at first not very definite by so definite a name—induced in me a critical attitude of mind. I found myself, to my surprise, secretly criticizing the man whom till now I had regarded as altogether beyond the

reach of criticism. I felt that Marcus Harding was giving me power. I was grateful to him for doing so; yet I began to see him in a new and at moments an unpleasant light. Presently, after trying in vain to combat this novel sensation, which seemed to me almost treacherous, almost disloyal, I sought about for a reason, to give myself at least some justification for it. I sought, and one night it seemed to me that I found.

"On that night I was more than ever aware that strength of some kind was pouring into me. I had an almost heady sensation, such as one who drinks a generous wine may experience. When we rose from the table, I told my rector so. He stared at me very strangely. Then he said: 'Good! Good! Did n't I tell you I would give you some of my power?' He paused. Then he added: 'It will come! It must come!' As he spoke the last words he frowned, and all his face seemed to harden, as if he were making a violent mental effort to which the body was obliged to respond. And at that instant I was aware that the reason Marcus Harding had given to me to persuade me to these sittings was not the true one, that his purpose was quite other than that which I had hitherto supposed it to be. I was suddenly aware of this, and I thought: 'I must already have been aware of it subconsciously, and that accounts for my sensation of hostility toward the rector.' A lie had been told to me. My new self-confidence resented this; and I said to myself, 'If Marcus Harding can tell a lie to me, who almost worshiped him, he must be an arrant hypocrite.'

"We sat again, and again I knew that there was something in the mind of my companion which he concealed from me—something to which I should strongly object if I knew what it was, something which troubled the atmosphere, the mental atmosphere, of the sitting. Instead of being in accord, we were engaged in a silent, but violent, struggle. I was determined not to be overcome. A sort of fierce desire for tyranny sprang up in me. I longed to see Marcus Harding at my feet.

"Again and again we sat. My hostile feeling grew. My critical feeling grew. My longing to tyrannize increased, till I was almost afraid of it, so cruel did I feel it to be. 'Down! Down under my feet!' That was what my soul was secretly saying now to the man whose will had been as law to me. And one night, as if he heard that ugly voice of my soul, he abruptly got up from the table and said: 'It seems to me that you and I are not *en rapport*. It seems to me that no more good can come of these sittings. We had better not sit again.'

" 'We must sit again,' I replied.

"Marcus Harding turned scarlet with anger. He looked at me. He opened his lips to speak. I let him speak. I even argued the question with him. I pointed out to him that his only design—the only design acknowledged by him, at any rate, in beginning these practices—had been to give me strength such as, he had declared to me, he himself had drawn while at Oxford from a Hindu comrade. In carrying out this design, I now told him, he was being successful. I felt that I was growing in power of will, in self-confidence. How, then, could he refuse to continue when success was already in sight? 'Unless,' I concluded, 'you had some other design in persuading me to sit, which I did in the first instance against my secret desire, and you feel that there is now no probability of carrying that design into effect.'

"He gave in. I had him beaten. Hastily he muttered a good night and left me. I let him out into the night. As soon as the street door had shut on him, I ran upstairs. I went to that window,—" Chichester flung out his hand—"pushed it up, leaned out, and watched him down the street. I saw him pass under a gas-lamp and I said to myself: 'You have submitted to my will, and you shall submit again. I am the master now.'

"In that moment all the domination which I had so joyously endured, which I had even surely reveled in,—for there are those who can revel in their slavery—abruptly became in my mind a reason for revenge. Marcus Harding disappeared in the night; but still I leaned out, staring down the way he had gone, and thinking: 'You shall pay me back for it. You shall pay me back.'

"From that night I made no effort to check the critical faculty, the exercise of which at first had seemed to me a sort of treachery. And as I let myself criticize, I saw more clearly. The scales fell from my eyes. I realized that I had been

nothing less than blind in regard to Marcus Harding. I saw him now as he was, a victim of ego-mania, a worldling, tyrannical, falsely sentimental, an unfaithful steward, a liar—perhaps even an unbeliever. His whole desire—I knew it now—was not to be good, but to be successful. His charity, his pity for the poor, his generosity, his care for his church, for his schools—all was pretense. I saw Marcus Harding as he was. And what followed?"

Chichester leaned forward to the professor.

"Fear followed," he said in a withdrawn voice.

"Fear!" said Stepton, clearing his throat with a loud, rasping noise.

"Whenever I was with Marcus Harding in any public place I was now companioned by fear. I dreaded unspeakably lest others should begin to see what I saw. When he preached, I could hardly sit to listen: I felt as if any shame falling upon him would overwhelm me also. I strove in vain to combat this strange, this, then, inexplicable sensation. With every sitting this terror grew upon me. It tortured me. It obsessed me. It drove me into action. When I was with my rector, I tried perpetually to prevent him from exposing his true self to the world, by changing the conversation, by attenuating his remarks, by covering up his actions with my own, sometimes even by a brusque interruption. But in the pulpit he escaped from me. I was forced to sit silent and to listen while he preached doctrine in which he had no belief, and put forward theories of salvation, redemption by faith, and the like, which meant less than nothing to him. Finding this presently unendurable by me, I strove to govern him mentally when he was in the pulpit, to track him, as it were, with my mind, to head him off with my mind when he was beginning to take the wrong path."

"Did you succeed in that effort?" interrupted the professor.

"I made an impression, a terrible impression, upon him. I almost broke him down. I sapped his self-confidence. His power as a preacher deserted him, as his power outside the pulpit deserted him. With every day I felt that I saw more clearly into every recess, every cranny, of his mind and nature. Just at first this frightfully clear sight was mine only when we were sitting; but presently it was mine whenever I was with him. And he knew it, and went in fear of me. Gradually, very gradually, it came about that our former positions were reversed; for as he sank down in the human scale, I mounted. As he lost in power, I gained. And especially in the pulpit I felt that now I had force, that I could grip my hearers, could make a mighty impression upon those with whom I was brought into contact.

"But I must tell you that now I gained no satisfaction from my own improvement, if so it may be called. My whole life was vitiated by my secret terror lest Marcus Harding should be found out, should ever be known for what he was. His actions, and even his thoughts, affected me with an intimacy that was inexplicable."

"You were in telepathic communication with him!" interjected Stepton.

"Call it so if you like. Often I felt what he was thinking, almost as if each thought of his were a hand laid upon me—a hand from which I shrank with an almost trembling repugnance. Sometimes when he thought something contemptible or evil, I shrank as if from a blow.

"There was a link between us. Presently, soon, I knew it. We seemed in some dreadful way to belong to each other, so that whatever was thought, said, done by him, whatever happened to him, reacted upon me.

"At this time Lady Sophia Harding hated me with a deadly hatred. Formerly she had been indifferent to me. Concentrated upon her husband, adoring him, vain of him, greedily ambitious for his advancement, she had had no time to bestow on a clerical nonentity. But as I grew to understand what her husband really was, she grew to hate me. She was almost rude to me. She spoke ill of me behind my back. She even tried to oust me from my position as senior curate of St. Joseph's. Why did not she succeed? Are you thinking that?"

"Well, what if I was?" snapped the professor, moving in his chair.

"Marcus Harding could not make a move to get rid of me. There was a link between us which he could not even try to break.

"One night—one night—I discovered what that link was."

It was growing dark in the room. The

"I must tell you that Marcus Harding is a sinner, and not merely in the sense in which all men are sinners. There have been recurring moments in his life when he has committed actions which, if publicly known, would ruin him in the eyes of the world and put an end to his career. As I looked at myself standing before my house, I saw that I was hesitating whether to go in with my misery, or whether to seek for it the hideous alleviation of my beloved sin.

"Professor,"—it seemed to Stepton at this moment as if Chichester's voice loomed upon him out of the darkness by which they were now enshrouded,—"it has been said that nothing shocks a man so terribly as the sight of his body-double; that to see what appears to be himself, even if only standing at a window or sitting before a fire, causes in a man a physical horror which seems to strike to the very roots of his physical being. I looked now upon my soul-double, piercing the fleshly envelop, and it was my very soul that sweated and turned cold. For I perceived the dreadful action which, if known, would certainly ruin me, being committed by the spirit. The slavish body had not yet bowed down and done its part; but it was about to obey the impulse of the spirit. Slowly the body turned away from its home. The spirit was driving it. The demon with the whip was at work in the night. I looked till the dawn came. And only when at last my double crept, like a thief, into its house, did sleep take me for a little while—sleep that was alive with nightmare."

Chichester was silent. The professor heard him breathing quickly, saw him, almost as a shadow just shown by the faint light that entered from the street through the two small windows, clasp and unclasp his hands, touch his forehead, his eyelids, move in his chair, like a man profoundly stirred and unable to be at ease.

"When I woke," he continued, after a long pause which the professor did not break by a word or a movement, "I woke to combat. As I told you, I had resolved at once to resign my curacy, and never to see that man again. In the light of the morning I sat down to write my letter of resignation; but I could not do it. A fearful compulsion to remain was upon me. I wrote a few words. I stopped, tore the note up, began again. But writing was impossible. Then I resolved to visit Marcus Harding and to tell him that I must go. I went to his house. He was at home. When I saw him I told him that I wished him to sit again that night. He strove to refuse. He did not understand the truth, but he was terrified. I ordered him to come to my rooms that night, and left him. As I was going away, I met Lady Sophia. To my amazement, she stopped me, spoke to me kindly, even more than kindly, looked at me with an expression in her eyes that almost frightened me. I said to myself, 'But those are a slave's eyes!' as I left her. Never before had any woman looked at me like that. In that moment, I think, she began to turn from him toward me, to forsake weakness for strength. Yes, I say strength. I was rent by the tumult within me, but I had strength. I have it now. For, despite his hypocrisy, his unbelief, his active sinning, Marcus Harding had been a strong man. And even Henry Chichester, with all his humbleness, his readiness to yield to others, to think nothing of himself, had had the strength that belongs to purity of soul. And then there is the strength the soul draws from looking upon truth. There was strength, there is now, for the woman to follow. And instinct has surely guided her. She does not, she cannot know. And yet instinct sends her in search of the strength."

"What do you mean by that? What do you claim?"

"You read that sermon?"

"I did."

"Don't you understand? I am that man at the window. He did not flee away. He could not. He was, he is, compelled to remain. He watches that dreadful life. And the other within the room is fading. The strength, the authority, the power, are coming to me. Every sitting broadens that bridge across which the deserters are passing. When I preached that sermon, my congregation sat as if numbed by terror. And he in the choir listened, never moving. I saw his spirit, dazed, stretching out to grasp the truth, slipping back powerless to do it. It was like a thing moving through the gloom of [illegible] waters—[illegible] deep waters."

[illegible] Chich[illegible] voice died away. [illegible] the profes[illegible]

had sweated with fear lest my own truth should be discovered by all those to whom for so many years I had been presenting a lie. Yes, I had sweated with fear; but even then how little I had known! A voice cried out suddenly, 'Turn on the light!' It was the voice of my double. It seemed to awake, or to recall perhaps,—how can I say?—Henry Chichester. I was aware of a shock; it seemed strongly physical. I got up at once and turned the light on. Marcus Harding was before me, trembling, ashen. 'What is it? What has happened?' he said in a broken voice. I made no reply. He left me. I heard his step in the street—out there!"

Chichester was silent. The professor said nothing for a moment, but passed his tongue twice over his lips and swallowed, sighing immediately afterward.

"Transferred personality!" he muttered —"transferred personality. Is that what you 'd have me believe?"

"I 'll tell you the rest. When Marcus Harding's steps died away down the street I remained here. Since that shock I have spoken of, I felt that I was again Henry Chichester, changed, as I had long been changed—charged with new force, new knowledge, new discrimination, new power over others, gifted with a penetrating vision into the very soul of the man I had worshiped, yet Henry Chichester. And as Henry Chichester I suffered; I condemned myself. This I said to myself that night. I was determined to see. I disregarded the voice within me which warned me that I was treading a forbidden path. God has punished me. He has allowed me to see. But this shall be the end. I will never sit again. I will give up my curacy. I will leave St. Joseph's at once. Never more will I set eyes on Marcus Harding. I was in a condition of fierce excitement—"

"Ah, exactly," muttered the professor, almost as if consoled—"fierce excitement!"

"I could not think of sleep. For a long time I remained in here, sitting, standing, pacing, opening books; I scarcely know what I did or did not do. At last a sensation of terrible exhaustion crept over me. I undressed. I threw myself on my bed. I tried to sleep. I turned, shifted, got up, let in more air, again lay down, lay resolutely still in the dark, tried not to think. But always my mind dwelt on that matter. In those few, frightful moments what had become of myself, of Henry Chichester? Had the powerful personality of that man whom once I had almost worshiped thrust him away, submerged him, stricken him down in a sort of deathlike trance? What I had seen I remembered now as Henry Chichester. What I had known in those moments I still knew now as Henry Chichester. In vain I revolved this matter in my feverish mind. It was too much for me. I was in deep waters.

"I closed my eyes. The fatigue wrapped me more closely. Sleep at last was surely drawing near. But suddenly I knew—how I cannot exactly say—that once more the shutter was to be drawn back for me. This knowledge resembled a horrible physical sensation. The entry of it into my mind, or indeed into my very soul, was as the dawning of a dreadful and unnatural pain in the body. This pain increased till it became agony. Although I still lay motionless, I felt like one involved in a furious struggle in which the whole sum of me took violent part. And there came to me the simile of a man seized by tremendous hands, and held before a window opening into a room in which something frightful was about to take place. And the shutter slipped back from the window.

"Again I looked upon myself. That was my exact sensation. The shutter drawn back, I assisted at the spectacle of Marcus Harding's life. And it was my life. I knew with such frightful intimacy that my knowledge was as vision. Therefore, I say, I saw. Not only my spirit seemed to be gazing, but also my bodily eyes.

"I saw myself in the night slowly approaching my house in Onslow Gardens, ashen pale, shaken, terrified. At a corner I passed a policeman. He knew me and saluted me with respect. I made no gesture in response. He stared at me in surprise. Then a smile came into his face —the smile of a man who is suddenly able to think much less of another than he thought before. I left him smiling thus, reached my house, and stood before it.

"Now I must tell you, and I rely absolutely on your regarding this as said in the strictest, most inviolable confidence—"

"Certainly. Word of honor, and so forth," said the professor, quickly and sharply.

"I must tell you that Marcus Harding is a sinner, and not merely in the sense in which all men are sinners. There have been recurring moments in his life when he has committed actions which, if publicly known, would ruin him in the eyes of the world and put an end to his career. As I looked at myself standing before my house, I saw that I was hesitating whether to go in with my misery, or whether to seek for it the hideous alleviation of my beloved sin.

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Again Chichester's voice died away. In the silence that followed the professor

heard the faint ticking of a clock. He had not noticed it before. He could not tell now whether it came from within the room or from the room behind the folding-doors. It seemed to him as if this ticking destroyed his power to think clearly, as if it threw his brain into an unwonted confusion which made him feel strangely powerless. He was aware of a great uneasiness approaching, if not actually amounting to fear. This uneasiness made him long for light. Yet he knew that he dreaded light; for he was aware of an almost unconquerable reluctance to look upon the face of his companion. Beset by conflicting desires, therefore, and the prey of unwonted emotion, he sat like one paralyzed, listening always to the faint ticking of the clock, and striving to reduce what was almost like chaos to order in his brain.

"Why have you selected me to be the hearer of this—this very extraordinary statement?" he forced himself at length to say prosaically. The sound of his own dry voice somewhat reassured him, and he added: "Though there is nothing very extraordinary in the facts you have related. Telepathic communication between one mind and another is a commonplace of to-day, an old story. Every one of course accepts it as possible. What novelty do you claim to present to startle science?"

"I say that telepathy does not explain the link between Marcus Harding and myself."

The professor struck his hand on the table. It seemed to him that if only he could get into an argument, this strange confusion and fear might leave him. He would be on familiar ground.

"What you call vision might be merely mind-reading, what you call perceiving the action of the spirit, mind-reading. Your terror lest others should find out bad truths about Marcus Harding would spring naturally enough from your lingering regard for him. Your acute anxiety when he is preaching arises of course from the fact that, owing to bodily causes, no doubt, his mental powers are failing him, and he is no longer able to do himself justice."

"You don't understand. What I desired in our sittings was to draw into myself strength, power, will from—him. What have I done? I have drawn into myself the very man. That night when the shutter slipped back he looked out from the body of Henry Chichester. His mind worked, his soul was alive, within the cage of another man. And meanwhile Henry Chichester lay as if submerged, but presently stirred, and, however feebly, lived again. He lives now. But not from him comes my frightful comprehension of Marcus Harding. Not him does Marcus Harding fear. Not to him does she, the woman, look with the eyes of a slave. It is not he who dominates the crowds in St. Joseph's. It is not he who conceived that sermon of the man and his double. It is not he who has sometimes been terribly afraid."

"Afraid! Afraid!"

"There have been moments when I have been moved to snatch my double out of the sight of men. That day when we met Evelyn Malling I feared as I left them alone together; and when I found Malling intimately there in that house, I felt like one coming upon an ambush which might be destructive of his safety. My instinct was to detach Malling from my double, to attach him to myself. My conduct startled him. I saw that plainly. Yet I tried to win him over, as it were, to my side. He came to me. I strove to tell him, but something secret prevented me. And how could he assist me?"

Chichester got up from the table. The professor saw a darkness moving as he went to stand by the empty fireplace.

"I must look on truth," he continued; "I have to. The fascination of staring upon the truth of oneself is deadly, but it surpasses all other fascination. He sins more often now. I watch him sin. Sometimes under my contemplation I see him writhing like a thing in a trap—the semblance of myself. How the woman despises him now! Sometimes I feel deeply sad at my own ruthlessness. It is frightful to contemplate the physical wreck of a being whom, in some strange and hideous way, one always feels to be oneself. When I look at him, it is as if his fallen face, his hanging, nerveless hands, his down-drooping figure and eyes lit with despair, were mine. His poses, his gestures, his physical tricks, they are all mine. I watch them with a cold, enveloping disgust, frozen in criticism of everything he does, anticipating every movement, every look, hating it

when it comes, because it is bred out of the remnant of a spirit I despise as no man surely has ever despised before. Henry Chichester would pity, but he is overborne. He is in me as a drop may be in the ocean. I am most aware of him when my double sins. Only last night we sat"—Chichester came back to the table, and stood there, very faintly relieved against the darkness by the dim light which penetrated through the windows—"we sat in the darkness, and more deeply than ever before I went down into the darkness. I felt as if I were penetrating into the last recesses of a ruined temple. And there, in the ultimate chamber, crouched all that was left of the inmate, terrified, helpless, and ignorant. As I looked upon him, I understood why man is never permitted really to know himself unless, in an access of mad folly and overweening pride, he succeeds in crossing the boundary which to pass is sheer wickedness. And I tried to turn away, but I could not—I could not. I made a supreme effort. It was in vain.

"I saw him go home. At last he was sick of his sin. There rose within him that strange longing for goodness, for purity and rest, that terrible, aching desire to be what those who once loved him for long had thought him to be, which perhaps never dies in the soul of a human being. Is it the instinct of the Creator burning like an undying spark in the created? And, as he drew near to his house, there came to him the resolve to speak, to acknowledge, to say: 'This is what I am. Know me as I am! Care for me still, in spite of what I am!' He went in, and sought her—the woman. She was alone. Sleep had not come to her. Perhaps some instinct had told her she must wake and be ready for something. Then he gathered together the little that was left to him of courage, and he strove to tell her, to make her understand some of the truth, to obtain from her the greatest of human gifts—the love of one from whom a man has no secrets that he can tell.

"She listened for a moment, then she thrust out her hands as if to push the truth of him out of her life. And last night she left him—going in fear of him."

The professor shook his narrow shoulders, and sprang abruptly to his feet. The ticking of the clock now sounded almost like a hammer beating in his ears.

"It 's time we had some light," he said in rather a loud voice.

The darkness that was Chichester moved. A gleam of light shone in the little room, revealing the thin Madonna, "The Light of the World," the piano, the neatly bound books of the curate of St. Joseph's; revealing Chichester, who now stood facing the professor, white, drawn, lined, but with eyes full of almost hideous resolution and power.

"I advise," said the professor—"I advise you from this time forward—"

He stared into the eyes of the man opposite him, and his voice died away in his throat.

When, immediately afterward, he found himself walking hurriedly toward Kensington High Street, the sweat was pouring down his face.

XII

One night of that autumn, driven by an overmastering impulse, Evelyn Malling set out toward Kensington. He felt that he must know something more of the matter between Marcus Harding and Henry Chichester. Stepton still kept silence. Malling had not approached him. But why should he not call upon Chichester, an acquaintance, almost a friend? It was true that he had resolved, having put the affair into Stepton's hands, to wait. It had come to this, then, to-night that he could be patient no longer? As he stood at the corner of Hornton Street, he asked himself that question. He drew out his watch. It was already past eleven, an unholy hour for an unannounced visit. But slowly he turned into Hornton Street, slowly went down that quiet thoroughfare till he was opposite the windows of the curate's sitting-room. A light shone in one of them. The rest of the house was dark. Even the fanlight above the small front door displayed no yellow gleam. No doubt the household had retired to rest and Henry Chichester was sitting up alone. A rap would probably bring him down to open to his nocturnal visitor. But now Malling bethought himself seriously of the lateness of the hour, and paced slowly up and down, considering whether to seek speech of the curate or to abandon that idea and return to Cadogan Square. As in his mental debate he paused once more opposite the solitary gleam in the

first-floor window, an incident occurred which startled him, and gave a new bent to his thoughts. It was this: the light in the window was obscured for a moment as if by some solid body passing before it. Then the window was violently thrown up, the large figure of a man, only vaguely perceived by Malling, appeared at it, and a choking sound dropped out into the night. The man seemed to be leaning out as if in an effort to fill his lungs with air, or to obtain the relief of the cool night wind for his distracted nerves. His attitude struck Malling as peculiar and desperate. Suddenly he moved. The light showed, and Malling saw for an instant a second figure, small, slight, commanding. The big man seemed to be sucked back toward the center of the room. Down came the window; the tranquil gleam of the light shone as before; then abruptly all was dark.

Malling realized at once what was happening in the curate's lodgings. As he paused, gazing at the dark house, he knew that the miserable Marcus Harding was within, constrained to endure the observation which, to use his own hideous but poignant phrase, was "eating him away." It was he who had appeared at the window, like a tortured being endeavoring to escape into the freedom of the night. It was Henry Chichester who had followed him, who had drawn him back, who had plunged him into darkness.

The street was deserted. No policeman passed, regarding him with suspicion, and Malling went on sentinel duty. The dark house fascinated him. More than once a desire came to him to make an effort for the release of Marcus Harding, to cross the street and to hammer brutally at the green door. He recalled Henry Chichester's strange sermon, and he felt as if he assisted at the torture of the double, which he himself had imaginatively suggested to the two clergymen in Lady Sophia's drawing-room. Ought he not to interrupt such a torture?

Midnight struck, and he had not knocked. One o'clock struck; he had paced the street, but had never gone out of sight of the curate's door. It was nearly two, and Malling was not far from the High Street end of the thoroughfare when he heard a door bang. He turned sharply. A heavy, uncertain footstep rang on the pavement. Out of the darkness emerged a tall figure with bowed head. As it moved slowly forward, once or twice it swayed, and a wavering arm shot out as if seeking for some support. Malling stood where he was till he saw the broad ghastliness of Marcus Harding's white face show under the ray of a lamp. He discerned no eyes. The eyes of the unhappy man seemed sunken out of recognition in the dreadful whiteness of his countenance. The gait was that of one who believes himself dogged, and who tries to slink furtively, but who has partly lost control of his bodily powers, and who starts in terror at his own too heavy and sounding footfalls.

This figure went by Malling, and was lost in the lighted emptiness of the High Street. Malling did not follow it. Now he had a great desire, born out of his inmost humanity, to speak with Henry Chichester. He made up his mind to return to the curate's door: if he saw a light, to knock and ask for admittance; if the window was dark, to go on his way. He retraced his steps, looked up, and saw a light. Then it was to be. That man and he were to speak together. But as he looked, the light was extinguished. Nevertheless, he struck upon the door.

No one answered. He struck again, then stepped back into the roadway, and looked up at Chichester's window. The curate must surely have heard. Yes, for even as Malling gazed, the window moved. No light appeared. But after a pause a voice above said:

"Is that you, Mr. Harding?"

The dim figure of a man was apparent, standing a little back and half concealed by a darkness of drooping curtains.

"It is I—Evelyn Malling," said Malling.

The form at the window started.

"Mr. Malling!" the words came uncertainly. "What is it? Has—has anything happened to—why do you want me at such an hour?"

"I chanced to be in your street and saw your light. I thought I would give you a hail."

"Do you mean that you want to come in?"

After a short pause Malling answered, "Yes."

"I cannot let you in!" the voice above cried out lamentably.

Then the window was shut very softly.

THREE days later Malling saw in the papers the news of the complete breakdown of Marcus Harding. "Nervous prostration," was the name given by the doctors to his malady, and it was announced that he had been ordered to take a sea voyage, and was preparing to start for Australia with a nurse.

Soon afterward Malling was walking in the afternoon down Pall Mall, wondering deeply what would happen, whether the rector would ever start on that voyage, when he came upon Professor Stepton sidling out of the Athenæum.

"Heard about Harding?" jerked out the professor.

"Yes. Has he sailed for Australia?"

"Dead. Died at half-past three o'clock this morning."

Malling turned cold.

"Poor fellow!" he said. "Poor fellow!"

The professor was drawing his plaid shawl round his shoulders. When it was properly adjusted, he began to walk on. Malling kept almost mechanically beside him.

"Did you expect this?" Malling asked.

"Well, I knew he was failing."

"And Chichester? Have you seen Chichester since his death?"

"No. Would you like to see him for me?"

Malling was deep in thought, and did not answer.

"Do you think?" said the professor, "that Henry Chichester will be greatly affected by this death?"

"Affected? Do you mean by grief?"

"Yes."

"I should suppose that to be highly improbable."

The professor shot a very sharp glance at Malling.

"I 'm not sure that I agree with you," he observed dryly.

"Have you seen him lately?" asked Malling.

"Not quite recently. But if I had seen him, say, yesterday, I don't think that would greatly affect my present dubiety. I should, however, like to set that dubiety at rest. Are you busy to-day?"

"No."

"I am. Will you make a little investigation for me? Will you go and pay a visit of condolence to Chichester on the death of his rector, and then come round to the White House and report?"

"I will if you wish it."

"I shall be in after seven."

"Very well."

"I dare say you will be surprised," observed Stepton. "I see my bus."

Malling left him imperatively waving his arm, and, turning, walked toward Kensington.

What were his expectations? He did not know. Stepton had upset his mind. As he went on slowly he strove to regain his mental equilibrium. But he could not decide exactly what Stepton had meant. He felt inferior to the professor as he turned into Hornton Street.

He did not hesitate, but went at once to the curate's door and rapped. No one answered. He rapped again, and touched the bell, half hoping, even while he did so, that there was no one within to hear.

But an inquiring head appeared in the area, observed, and was sharply withdrawn. Steps sounded in the passage, and the maid Ellen presented herself, looking somewhat disordered.

"Yes, sir?" she said.

"Is Mr. Chichester at home?"

"He is in, sir, poor gentleman," replied the maid. "Did you want to see him?"

"Yes."

"I 'm sure I don't know whether he will see you, sir."

"Is he ill?"

"Not to say ill, sir. But have n't you heard?"

"What?"

"His poor rector 's gone, sir, what used to come here to visit him so regular. I never see a gentleman in such a way. Why, he 's so changed I don't hardly know him."

"Have you been here long?" said Malling, abruptly.

"Only six months, sir."

The maid began to look rather astonished.

"And so Mr. Chichester is quite altered by his grief?"

"You never did, sir! He was so firm, was n't he, above every one! Even his rector used to look to him and be guided by him. And now he 's as gentle and

weak almost as a new-born child, as they say."

Malling thought of Stepton. Had he looked forward to some such change?

"Perhaps I could console Mr. Chichester in his grief," he said. "Will you take him this card and ask if I can see him? I knew Mr. Harding, too. I might be of use, possibly."

"I 'll ask him, sir. He 's laying down on the bed, I do believe."

Ellen hurried up-stairs with the card. It seemed to Malling that she was away for a long time. At last she returned.

"If you please, sir, Mr. Chichester wants to know if it 's anything important. He 's feeling very bad, poor gentleman. But of course if it 's anything important, he would n't for all the world say no."

"It is important."

"Then I was to ask you to walk in, sir, please."

Chichester's sitting-room was empty when Malling came into it, and the folding-doors between it and the bedroom were shut. Ellen went away, and Malling heard a faint murmur of voices, and then Ellen's footstep retreating down the stairs. Silence followed. He waited, at first standing. Then he sat down near the piano. Not a sound reached him from the bedroom. On the curate's table lay a book. Malling took it up. The title was "God's Will be Done." The author was a well-known high-church divine, Father Rowton. To him, then, Henry Chichester betook himself for comfort. The piano stood open. On it was music. Malling looked and saw, "Oh, for the wings, for the wings of a dove!" by Mendelssohn. The little room seemed full of pious orthodoxy. Surely its atmosphere was utterly changed since Malling last was in it. The melody of "Oh, for the wings!" went through his brain. That the Henry Chichester he had recently known, that cruel searcher after and expounder of truth, that he should be helped by those words, by that melody, in an hour of sorrow!

There was a movement in the bedroom. The folding-doors opened inward, and the curate appeared. He was very pale, and looked really ill. His face had fallen in. His fair hair was slightly disordered, and his blue eyes were surrounded by red rims. His expression suggested that he had recently undergone an extremely violent shock, which had shaken badly both body and mind. He looked dazed. Coming forward feebly, he held out his hand.

"I believe it is something important," he said in a gentle, rather wavering voice; "otherwise—I am hardly fit, I fear, to be with my kind. I"—He sat down—"I have had a terrible shock, Mr. Malling. You have heard?"

"You mean Mr. Harding's death?"

"Yes."

"I have just heard of it."

"It occurred at half-past three o'clock last night, or, rather, this morning. He had been declining for a long while. At the last he just faded out, as it were. The strange thing is that I knew the exact moment when he entered into rest."

"You were n't with him?"

"Oh, no. I was here, asleep. But at three o'clock I awoke. I felt violently agitated. I can scarcely describe the sensation. It was as if I was torn, as if mind and body, or spirit and body, were torn, lacerated. I suffered the greatest conceivable agony. I tried to cry out, but I could not. Nor could I move. Then everything suddenly seemed to fail, all in a moment, and I was at peace. But it was like the peace of death, I think. And I was aware—I don't know how—that Mr. Harding was dead. I moved. I looked at my watch. It was a minute after half-past three. I noted down the time. And this morning—I heard."

"And then?"

"Only then I understood my loss—the loss to us all. Ah, Mr. Malling, you knew him, but not as I did! Few or none knew him as I did. He was the greatest and best of men, full of power, but full of kindness and goodness, too. He guided me in everything. I can never tell you how I looked up to him, how I trusted him. His judgment was extraordinary, his reading of character was unerring. I do believe he knew me better than I knew myself. What shall I do without him?"

The curate's grief was almost as genuine and unself-conscious as a child's, and Malling felt as if at that moment, like a child, he felt himself adrift in a difficult world. His gentle, kindly, but not strong face was distorted, but not hardened, by his distress, which seemed begging for sympathy. And Malling remembered the Henry Chichester he had known some

years ago, before the days of St. Joseph's, the saintly but rather weak man, beloved by every one, but ruling no one. That man was surely before him, and that man knew not how to play a hypocrite's part. Yet Malling felt he must test him.

"His death is very sad," he replied; "but surely his powers had been on the decline for a long while."

"His powers, but not his capacity for goodness. His patience was angelic. Even when the cruelest blow of all fell upon him, even when his wife—whom, God forgive me! I don't think some of us can ever forgive—even when she deserted him in his hour of need, he never complained. He knew it was God's hand upon him, and he submitted. He has taught me what true patience is. What I owe to him! What I owe to him!"

As if distressed beyond measure, the curate got up, almost wringing his thin hands.

"It was he who sacrificed his time for me!" he continued, moving restlessly about the room. "But I seem to remember I told you. Did n't I tell you—or was it some one else?—how he gave up the hours which should have been hours of repose in order that my will might be strengthened, that I might be developed into a man more worthy to be his coadjutor? When I think, when I remember—"

His light, tenor voice failed. Tears stood in his gentle, blue eyes.

"If I am worth anything at all," he suddenly cried out, "if I have gained any force of character, any power for good at all, I owe it all to my rector's self-sacrificing endeavor on my behalf—of course, through God's blessing."

"Then," said Malling, "you think that Mr. Harding changed you by his influence?"

"He helped me to develop, he brought me on. Jealousy was unknown to him. I was a very poor preacher. He taught me how to hold people's attention. When I knew he was near me, I sometimes seemed almost inspired. I was inspired by him. I preached almost as if out of his mouth. And now!"

He made a despairing gesture.

"Now it will all be different!" he exclaimed.

And almost involuntarily Malling found himself echoing:

"Yes, now it will all be different."

He had seen, he had heard, enough to make his report to the professor, and he resolved to go. He held out his hand.

"Oh, but," said Chichester, pressing one hand to his forehead, "I 'm so selfish, so forgetful in my great grief! Surely you said you had come on some matter of importance."

"It will wait," said Malling. "Another day. Go and rest now. You need rest. Any one can see that."

"Thank you, thank you," said Chichester, with quivering lips. "You are very thoughtful, very good."

Malling took his hand in farewell. As he did so there was a sharp knock at the front door. Chichester started violently.

"Oh, I do hope it is no one for me!" he cried out. "I cannot—"

He opened the door of the sitting-room a little way and listened. Voices were audible below, Ellen's voice and another woman's.

"You, ma'am! Oh, of course he will see you!"

"Of course."

"I did n't know who it was, ma'am."

"Is it this way?"

"Yes, ma'am. I 'll show you. We do feel it, ma'am. The poor gentleman used to come here so often of nights."

"Did he? I did n't know that."

Malling recognized the second voice as Lady Sophia's. A moment, and she was ushered into the room. She was dressed in black, but not in widow's weeds, and wore a veil which she pushed hastily up as she came in almost with a rush. When she saw Malling, for a moment she looked disconcerted.

"Oh, I thought—" she began. She stood still. Chichester said nothing, and did not move. Malling went toward her.

"I was very much grieved," he said, "at the news I heard to-day."

She gave him her hand. He knew his words were conventional. How could they be anything else? But Lady Sophia's manner in giving him her hand was not conventional. She stretched it out without even looking at him. She said nothing. Her eyes were fixed upon Chichester, who stood on the other side of the little room in a rigid attitude, with his eyes cast down, as if he could not bear to see the woman who had just entered.

"I offer you my sympathy," Malling added.

"Sympathy!" said Lady Sophia, with a sharp note in her voice suggestive of intense, almost febrile excitement. "Then did n't you know?"

She stared at him, turning her head swiftly.

"Know?"

"That I had left him? Yes, I left him, and now he is dead. Do you expect me to be sorry? Well, I am not sorry. Ah, I see you don't understand!"

She made a movement toward Chichester. It was obvious that she was so intensely excited that she had lost the power of self-control.

"Nobody understands me but you!" she cried out to Chichester. "You knew what he was, you knew what I endured, you know what I must feel now. Oh, it 's no use pretending. I 'm sick of pretense. You have taught me to care for absolute truth and only that. My relations, my friends—ah! to-day I have been almost suffocated with hypocrisy! And now, when I come here—" she flung out her hand toward Malling—"to get away from it all—'grieved,' 'my sympathy!' I can't bear any more of that. Tell him! You tell him! You 're so strong, so terribly sincere! One can rest upon your strength when all else fails one!"

She tottered. For an instant it seemed to Malling that she was going to fall against Chichester's shoulder; but she caught at a chair, and saved herself.

"Mr. Chichester!" she said, "tell him! Tell him for me!"

"I have nothing to tell him," said Chichester, with a sort of mild, almost weak coldness, and wearily.

"Nothing!" She went nearer to him. "But—you don't welcome me!"

Chichester looked up, but immediately cast down his eyes again.

"I cannot," he said. "At this moment I simply cannot."

An expression of terrified surprise transformed Lady Sophia's face. She went close up to Chichester, staring at him.

"Why not?" she asked.

"You must know that."

She stood still, always staring at him, as if searching for something which she did not find.

"Why not?" she repeated.

"You left—him when he needed you most. You left him to die alone."

Lady Sophia suddenly turned round to Malling and scrutinized his face, as if demanding from him sympathy in her horrified amazement. He regarded her calmly, and she turned again to the curate.

"What do you mean?" she said, and her voice had changed.

"That his friends can never be yours," said Chichester, as if making a great effort, driven to it by some intense feeling.

"You call yourself his friend!" said Lady Sophia. Her voice vibrated with scorn.

"At any rate, he was mine, my best friend. And now he has gone forever!"

Lady Sophia drew in her breath.

"You hypocrite!" she said. "You hypocrite!"

She spoke like one under the influence of an emotion so intense that it could not be gainsaid.

"To pretend you admired him, loved him—*you!*"

"I did admire and love him."

She seemed to be struck dumb by his quiet manner, by the conviction in his voice. In a moment she turned round again toward Malling. Her face had quite changed. It was working nervously. The mouth quivered. She stood for a moment, then suddenly she made for the door. As she passed Malling, she whispered: "The strength—where is it? Oh, I 'm afraid of him! I 'm afraid of him!"

She disappeared. Almost immediately Malling heard the street door shut.

"I—I cannot pretend to her," Chichester said, "even in my own house."

He seemed greatly moved, almost on the verge of tears.

"I 'll leave you alone," said Malling. "You need to be alone."

"Thank you! Thank you!" said Chichester.

And without another word he went into the bedroom, shutting the folding-doors behind him.

At half-past seven that same evening Malling was with Professor Stepton, and made what the professor called his "report."

"Ah!" said the professor when he had finished.

"Did you expect Chichester to behave like that, to be like that?" asked Malling.

"I hoped he would."

"Hoped! Why?"

"Because it enables me to accept as facts certain things about which I must otherwise have remained in doubt. Of course I must see Chichester for myself. But he 'll be just the same, just the same."

The professor's eyes shone, and he poked his chin forward.

"The reverend gentlemen of St. Joseph's have provided me with a basis," he exclaimed emphatically.

"A basis! For what?" asked Malling.

"For future experiments and investigations of a highly interesting nature. Ruskin was very often wrong, but he was right when he said, in a lucid moment, that every creature is precious. Well, good night, Malling. I must get to work. I 'll explain everything to you later."

Almost joyously he shut the door on his friend. Almost joyously he sat down once more before his writing-table and seized his pen and his note-book.

But he did not begin to write. His face suddenly changed. He put his pen down, pushed his note-book away, sat back in his chair, and let his pointed chin drop toward his breast. And presently he began to mutter to himself.

"A little science!" he muttered. "A little science sends man far away from God. A great deal of science brings man back to God. Which is it now—you professor, you? Which is it now?"

THE END

SUBURBAN GARDENING

BY FRANCES DUNCAN

Author of "Mary's Garden and How it Grew"

WITH PICTURES BY HARRY FENN

GARDENING in the suburbs is by no means as easy as it seems. It ranks with "How to dress well upon a slender purse," "How to entertain charmingly on a limited income," and other modern questions, which, when ingeniously solved by folk of peculiar gifts, seem to the onlooker to present no problem at all.

The owner of a large estate, or of a small place, if blest with an abundant bank-account, may seek out a landscape-gardener of approved worth and on broad and accustomed shoulders lay all his responsibilities, while for himself there remains only the pleasing and comfortable task of criticizing. But for the average owner of the suburban place there is no such convenient refuge; either he must work out his own salvation or let his place go gardenless.

The suburbanite is not left unaided or unencouraged in his necessity; he is the recipient of much advice. It is he who is constantly urged in large and easy phrase to "beautify his grounds"; for him in horticultural papers appear plan after plan wherein numbered circles stand for shrubs, and scallops, like the marks of surf on the sand, for herbaceous "borders." It all seems simple until he tries to apply the plan to his own place, only to find, after repeated efforts, that his mind begins to wander under the strain, like a lost plainsman's after days of thirst; for much lies between plan and performance.

When the suburbanite goes a-gardening he may have in his mind a charming picture of what his place is to be—a veritable little Eden, rare and secluded, "all grace summed up and closed in little." But how is he to accomplish this? His may be a suburb where the street presents a pleasing and uniformly "parked" appearance. Village improvement societies have bereft

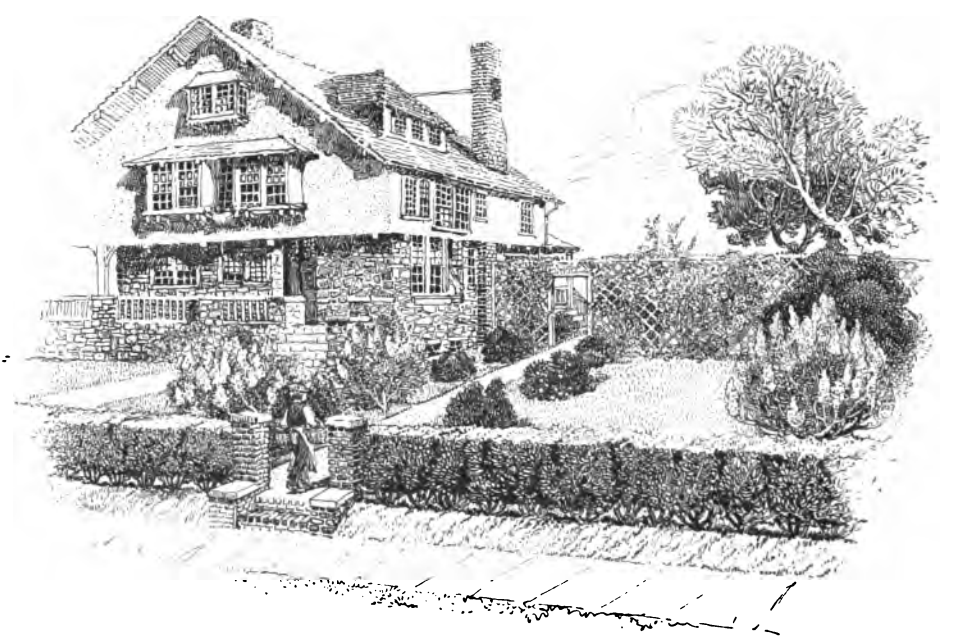
him of his fences, and dogs may work havoc at will among the flowers. Then, too, when the street is "parked" and the planting is much alike, there is very little seclusion, and a suburbanite, who, if he lived in the country, might boldly experiment and perhaps achieve something wholly charming, feels a bit shamefaced about following his heart's desire under his neighbor's scrutiny; for gardens, like children, go through an "awkward age," when only the parent's eyes can discern the coming beauty. So the dreamer sighs inwardly for his rose-arbor, and, like his neighbor, plants *hydrangea paniculata grandiflora*.

Besides the general aspect of the street, there is the neighbor to consider; for how can a peacefully inclined suburbanite plant crimson rambler roses on a trellis while within three feet are *grandiflorum* rhododendrons, the magenta blossoms of which will fight the roses as long as a petal stays on the bush? And if he plants to harmonize with his neighbor and the street, where is the fun of gardening?

The simplest way of meeting most of the difficulty of the street and the neighbor is to compromise—to divide the grounds into the "street side" and the "garden side"; to "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," and on the street side plant to promote the general welfare, so that the house may with some degree of grace take its place among its fellows; while at the back of the house one may cheerfully engage in the pursuit of individual happiness, and, planting after the imaginations of his heart, make his garden to suit himself.

As for the practical ways of arranging this division, they are various. When the space is small, a lattice or an arbor with screening vines will serve; when the planting in front is irregular, an irregular group of shrubs will make a barrier in fact, while in appearance there is none. If the front space is shallow, an opening in the barrier which gives a glimpse into a garden beyond will make the street side seem more spacious without diminishing the privacy of the garden side.

This separating of the front from the rear of the grounds is a thing often done in older gardens not only in the South, but about Salem, Newburyport, and near Philadelphia; for in the older gardening the provision for privacy, the making of the garden a place of quiet and retired enjoyment, was considered of greater mo-



Drawn by Harry Fenn

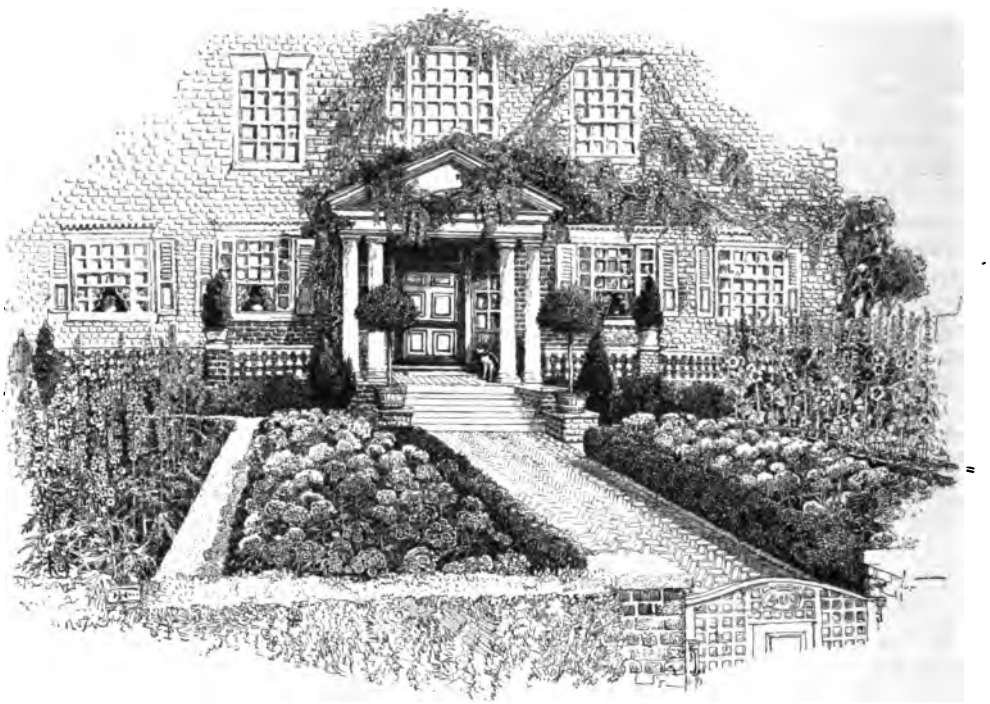
A LATTICE TO SCREEN THE GARDEN FROM THE FRONT LAWN AND STREET

ment than that the passer-by should be impressed by the size and handsomeness of the estate.

The first task to which the suburbanite addresses himself is the matter of making his house at home in its environment, of "tying it to the site," as gardeners say, so that it shall seem securely anchored and not likely to slip its moorings. When he begins literally "from the ground up," then he seeks out a landscape-gardener or an architect of gardening proclivities and lays out the entire space—plans not only the house, but garden, garage or stable, so that all may fit together and make a consistent and harmonious whole. This is comparatively easy.

But if, instead of building, he rents or buys or inherits his house, he must make the environment fit the house, in the achievement of which there are several uncharted rocks ahead that may wreck his garden enterprise. Houses differ. One can no more prescribe a treatment applicable to all expressions of the builder's art than one can prepare a medicine which will cure every human ill; although at the same time there may be principles capable of wide application and decalogues of gardening sins to avoid, just as there are simple and wholesome rules which suffice to keep a person in ordinary health.

Roughly speaking, architecture in the suburbs shows two widely differing types. There is the stately and imposing house commonly called "Colonial," by which nowadays is meant a house of good proportions, balanced, of the square and substantial type which held sway until about 1830, and of which that called "Georgian" shows it in its most beautiful form. At the other end of the architectural program is the modern cottage, picturesque and piquant, which, when seen at its best, is a building full of individuality and charm. These are the two extremes, while between them are innumerable houses partaking slightly of the nature of both, and leaning with more or less definiteness to one type or the other.



Drawn by Harry Fenn

A COLONIAL HOUSE, WITH LIMITED FRONT SPACE FOR PLANTING

Take first the difficulties which beset the Colonial house in the suburbs, largest

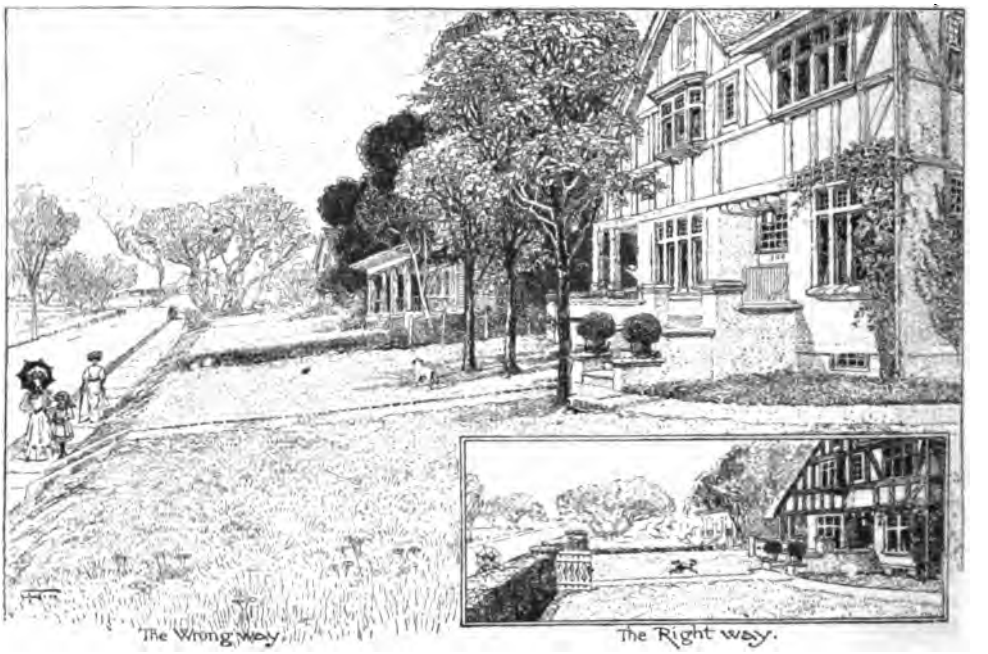
of which perhaps looms the problem of a house on a lot too small for it. If newly built, its author may have desired simply to put up as large a house as he might on the ground at his disposal, building with a cheerful indifference to the surroundings. If an old house, probably it once had its setting of stately trees and a fine old garden; but other houses have encroached on its garden space, new streets have been cut through, until its draperies and garden accessories have been shorn like the clothes of the old woman who fell asleep on the king's highway. Near Boston there are many houses so afflicted. A low stone wall separates the place from the sidewalk, and usually a curving path leads across the tiny lawn to the doorway, or a semicircular drive makes the approach, and there is no walk at all. On each side of the path or beside the door and against the house are groups of shrubs and small evergreens, but the shrubs look futile and inadequate in comparison with the house, and the grassed space is uncomfortably small. The reason for its discomfort is not far to seek, for the chief beauty of a lawn, aside from mere texture, lies in the contour of the land, the gracious curve and sweep of the surface, the play of shadows which great trees throw on the grass at their feet, excellences for which a lawn twenty by fifty feet gives little room.

Now, a square and substantial Colonial house, if it be well built and of good architecture, is not a cottage to "nestle," or a little bungalow to play at hide-and-seek among concealing shrubberies; for it is too large to nestle becomingly, and coquetry is not its line. There is no reason why such a house should not face the world boldly and unashamed, and in the period to which the best of Colonial architecture belongs —the Georgian—that is precisely what it did. On country estates, the approach was a stately avenue of great trees; in the city or town houses, a fence the design of which was in keeping with the house formed the boundaries, and the whole space inclosed was subordinated to the house.

If, therefore, the suburbanite indulges in a house of 1750, he had better accompany it with a garden of the same period. It is not necessary to search from Dan to Beersheba in nursery catalogues to find the precise flowers that great-grandmother used to plant, but the planting can be done on these old lines, and house and grounds considered as a whole. If the house fronts the street squarely, as it probably does, and is blest with a beautiful doorway, then have a broad, straight path from that to the gate, as wide as is becoming to the door and porch. This path may have a low edging of box or be bordered by privet or lilac-bushes, anything one likes: the important thing is the straight approach. On each side of the path lies a little garden, so devised that it fits exactly into the space. Its paths may be grass or gravel, the geometrical beds may be outlined in box or anything else one chooses; but the design should be symmetrical. Here the formality stops, and within the beds the planting may be what one pleases—tall hollyhocks and larkspurs, if the suburbanite stays in his house all summer; but if it is used in winter, then the beds are best outlined in box, with tree box or slender, pyramidal evergreens to accent important points in the little garden. They will not interfere with the summer display, and will give an air of comfort and well-being in winter. If the owner has sufficient moral courage, he will put up one of the beautiful old fences that is in keeping with his house.

Sometimes it happens that the house stands above the street-level. Now, a house of a staid and dignified type does not care to perch, as a bungalow might; it should have a broad and ample site whereon it may sit comfortably. Therefore, instead of having a gradual slope, it is better to make a terrace of sufficient depth to be becoming to the house, guarded by a balustrade which, like the fence, will be in keeping with the architecture of the house. Such a terrace lends itself very readily to decorative gardening, and clipped evergreens or pots of bay-trees on each side of the short flight of steps will give the house a finished appearance.

At the opposite end of the architectural scale is the cottage, which, in an ill-fitting environment, is capable of quite as much suffering as a Colonial house, although the cause of its misery is different. Now, a cottage is by nature of a feminine disposition: it craves accessories; it should be vine-embowered and rose-wreathed; in verse it nestles rather shyly amid its garlanding greenery. When an architect de-



Drawn by Harry Fenn

INEFFECTIVE AND EFFECTIVE WAYS OF SECURING PRIVACY FOR A HOUSE SLIGHTLY ABOVE THE STREET LEVEL

signs one, he fondly depicts it framed by tall and protecting trees, its porches and porticos embraced by abundant vines, and shrubs nestling at its feet: all of which are to the cottage as appropriate millinery is to a woman's face. Yet when his vision materializes, there stands the cottage planted on a bare site quite bereft of alleviating shrubbery; its path may curve with a futile coquetry, but it has not even a shrub to crook its elbow about. Sometimes an even worse unkindness befalls, and we see it placed on an unrelieved elevation, where only a building like the Acropolis of Athens could stand the architectural strain of the position.

Such a house, to feel at all comfortable, ought to be fairly embedded in green. The porches should have vines, the foundations should be masked by shrubs, and there should be shrubs or low-growing trees for the paths to curve about. If the arrangement of the street permits, a hedge and a little gate will be the gardener's first move, with a few tall shrubs or low-growing flowering-trees behind it. A very little planting near the street will afford complete seclusion, for a comparatively low obstacle near the sidewalk is a better defense from the eyes of the passer-by than a much taller one planted near the house. The latter only obstructs the occupant's vision. If the suburbanite may not plant a hedge, then a grouping of shrubs will answer his purpose.

The chief charm of a cottage, it should be remembered, is its individuality, and if instead of being properly framed, it stands between cottages of a totally dissimilar type, this is difficult to preserve. Therefore it is well to cut off also the neighbors. I remember a little house on Long Island which was charmingly managed in this respect. It stood on a long, narrow lot far back from the street, with a neighbor on each side not more than fifty yards away, and yet the little place was absolutely apart and a thing by itself. The houses on each side were of different types, but only their roofs were visible. From the house one could not see the street, the path to the gate losing itself in flowering-dogwood and viburnums. There was a stretch of lawn framed in blossoming-trees, but the boundaries were not "planted out" or otherwise defined; instead, the flowering-shrubs and low-growing trees parted, giving glimpses across the neighbors' lawns and the effect of much more ample grounds than really existed.

It requires no small amount of skill to make an irregular plantation look as if it had "just growed." Imitating nature is another of the things one is advised to do, but this is not so easy as it looks. Amateur gardeners have to remember chiefly that in grouping shrubs one puts the taller, growing ones at the back, and if any seem particularly uncomfortable, to dig them up in the spring and plant them where they will be a better fit.

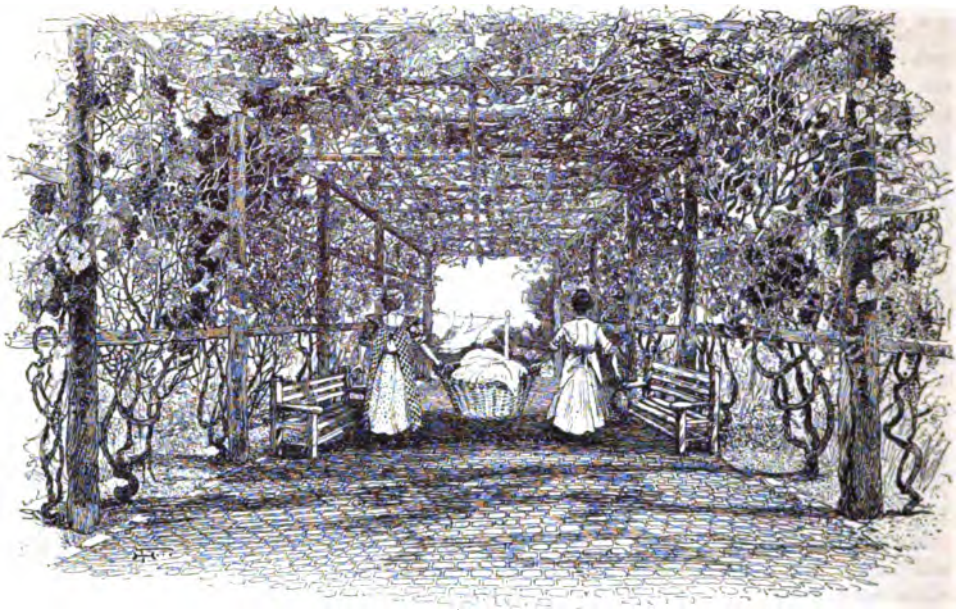
Between the Colonial house and the cottage are, as I have said, many kinds of houses, and the moral of all this is that if the house is dignified and symmetrical, it needs a dignified and balanced approach; if irregular and inclined to be piquant, then the planting should match it, fitting the house as the punishment fits the crime.

Next comes the treatment of the outbuildings. Northerners seem to feel the moral necessity of turning all the ground about their houses into what gardeners call "dressed ground," not permitting an inch of it to be in anything but "calling costume." Though there would be as much reason for throwing the house into one room and having the kitchen and laundry tactfully concealed from the drawing-room by screens and potted plants as for treating the various offices of the home as if they did not exist and shutting the eyes firmly to the fact that clothes should be dried in the air and sun. There is no reason in the world why a well-inclosed drying-yard may not be provided and ample space for linen to bleach on the grass in the good old fashion, and no reason why washing itself may not be done in a vine-covered arbor instead of a hot kitchen. All of which would make much for the comfort of life in the suburbs and the successful liming of that domestic bird of passage, the servant.

A drying-yard, moreover, is not difficult to arrange. The essentials are that it should be convenient to the laundry and placed where it will not obtrude itself on the garden or lawn. There are a score of ways of screening it—a lattice, a grape-

Drawn by Harry Fenn

OLD-FASHIONED TREATMENT OF A SMALL SUBURBAN GARDEN



Drawn by Harry Fenn

A SHADED WALK FROM THE KITCHEN TO THE VEGETABLE GARDEN

trellis, tall-growing shrubs, such as lilacs, viburnums, or Rose of Sharon. A hedge of hemlock will give welcome protection in the winter, but since this is comparatively slow-growing, a trellis and vines would need to be employed as an understudy until the hemlocks were ready to act their part. The lattice is the simplest and most expeditious; on it may be trained vines or climbing-shrubs, and, so dealt with, it makes a delightful background for the flowers of the garden. It may even open into the garden through a fetching little gateway and the laundress, when hanging out clothes, may look down a garden path and be blest with the survey of a pleasing vista.

As for the outbuildings, while they should not occupy the center of the stage and the calcium light, they may certainly be becomingly disposed in the background. On a lovely little half-acre place in Charleston there are stable and servants' quarters, chicken-runs and turkeys, all comfortably provided for, with ample room besides for the most charming flower garden in Charleston. But the arrangement is very simple. The house stands about thirty feet from the street and faces east; on the south side are the piazzas, overlooking the lawn, which runs between a vine-covered wall and the house straight back from the street to the flower garden. On the north, between the house and the boundary-wall, are the entrance gates, and the driveway leads direct to the stable, it being assumed that visitors are able to walk the twenty or thirty steps from the street to the house. Along this boundary-wall are the servants' quarters, a low brick building, then carriage-house and stable, then the chicken-run, which is narrower and extends to the end of the lot. Between chicken-run and garden is a woven-wire fence; in front of this there is a rose trellis. A little arched gate at the end of one of the paths across the garden admits to the chicken-yard, through which the hens may look, as Moses into Canaan, but not enter. Before the stable and behind the house is the service yard, inclosed by a fence. Here there is a huge hackberry-tree, and from this yard also a little, arched gate leads in line with the rear door of the house, and opens into the garden.

This is merely one way; there are many others. There is no reason why a suburban place should not be adapted to the convenience of its owner, why it should not have a tool-house, a cold frame, a little workshop; why the stable or garage

should not be conveniently placed. They need not be obtrusive, but they also need not skulk. In short, one should remember his Longfellow and his childhood:

> Nothing useless is or low;
> Each thing in its place is best.

The crux of the matter is to get the thing into its right place, which is what Mr. Longfellow did not tell us.

After the house is peacefully at anchor in its environment, on friendly terms with its neighbors, and the outbuildings are properly and comfortably disposed, the suburbanite, with a sigh of relief, turns to his own preferred gardening. One may have no end of amusement in a suburban garden. If horticulturally inclined, one will have his tiny greenhouse and cold frames or a little experiment plot, try espalier fruit on his walls, or specialize in some one thing and be happy. The bird-lover has only to plant white mulberry and the white-fruiting dogwood, and straightway the birds for miles around will make his place their preferred hostelry. For what to plant is like Dr. Johnson's advice on what to read—precisely what one pleases.

Naturally, however, one chooses plants that will do their prettiest when the owner is at home and not be so impolite as to bloom in his absence.

If the suburbanite is away all summer, if he has but little time or small inclination to bestow what time he has on his garden, it is wiser to eschew a flower garden and turn the garden space into greensward framed by flowering-shrubs and blossoming-trees, with early flowering-bulbs in front of these, and tucked away in corners, wherever there is room. In front, if the place is open to the street, may be Rugosa roses, barberry bushes, and perhaps hawthorns, stoutly enough armored to take care of themselves against stray dogs and children.

There are a host of exquisite early-flowering things which are rarely planted, but which would suffice to keep a garden as far north as New York abloom from February on until late November, and then stout evergreens and scarlet-berried plants to give cheer until the first touch of spring comes again with the snowdrop and the darling blue of the little Scilla, as exquisite in color as October gentians.

So planted in shrubs and trees and flowering-bulbs, the garden will go on with as little trouble to its owner as Tennyson's brook, though it is not so much fun as a flower garden.

One of the advantages that a flower garden has over the mere skilful grouping of shrubs and trees is that while the latter planting "stays put," the flower garden may be varied indefinitely. In fact, one of the most exhilarating things a gardener can do is to move plants about in his garden and change its scheme; as a remedy for the "blues" it is equal to Mrs. Kemble's prescription of rearranging the furniture. For gardens change; they alter, as children do. Larkspur and phloxes must be dug up and separated; every three or four years roses should be taken up and their beds made anew for them, which ever tempts the gardener to making a different arrangement. For unless the gardener interferes and separates his flowers, lovely and peaceable as they seem, they engage in as bitter warfare as ever did rival powers for the possession of disputed territory. If near the house, a small formal garden ought to be on an axis with the house; when one steps down from a porch, the garden, if just below it, ought not to seem below. For the laying out of paths and beds, Saint-Gaudens had a beautifully simple method. He "tried on" the garden dress; laid down laths to indicate where the paths should be, moved them nearer together or farther apart, to widen or narrow the paths, until they and the beds "looked right." Carrying this neat and practical method a bit further, one would stick up a bit of brush where a shrub is to be. This trying on of the garden's dress may interest and amuse one's neighbors, but it will save the amateur the making of many mistakes.

As to what to plant, that depends upon climate and soil and whether the garden is for all the year round or merely for summer and autumn. If the place be lived in during the winter, then a hedge-like thorn, with its gay scarlet berries, a few evergreens marking important points, and edgings of dwarf evergreens or box will give no small amount of cheer and emphasize the fact that the garden is not dead, but sleeping.

If you make a rose garden, it is far more effective when the roses have a setting of green. The thorn hedge I have just mentioned would be excellent for this. It takes little from the soil, would be dazzlingly white with blossoms in early May, which would fall just in time that its leaves might make a background of sober green for the roses; and in autumn again would be brilliant, holding its berries well into the winter. This would keep a rose garden from looking bare and uninteresting during the "off season." In the Charleston garden above mentioned, which is essentially a rose garden, the owner has a beautifully simple method of caring for his garden-beds. There are rose-arbors, rose-trellises beside the paths, roses on the garden-walls. The garden-beds are as large as may be conveniently reached, the cages are of wood, and when the roses are past there are marvelous poppies and larkspur of exquisite hue. When the time comes for remaking and enriching the garden-beds, the chicken-yard soil to the depth of six inches is put on top of the beds. This is not only rich, but full of seeds. The flowers spring up apace, the gardener pulls up those that he does not want, and throws the stalks to the ever-useful chickens. As Maeterlinck says of another device, "It 's curious, it 's practical, and quite noiseless."

Another blessedness in a garden which suburban folk miss more often than flowers is comfort, and rarely is there any provision for this. Why should we not plant so that we have shade in the summer when we want it, or give a path shelter from a northeast wind if it is accustomed to freeze our marrow? Why should we strive frantically to make plants grow under a wide-spreading tree when we might plant a comfortable garden-seat, and add to that a table where one might be blest with tea as often as a heroine of Mrs. Humphry Ward's? I remember a wide, low arbor at the rear of a Southern town house. Underfoot was a brick path edged with violets, overhead were grape-vines, and on each side, half under the arbor and half outside, were peonies and irises. No one thought of calling it a pergola. It was merely the way to the kitchen garden, of which one had a glimpse through an archway in the tall hedge of privet at the end of the path. The mere charm of the arbor would tempt any housewife to go through it and inspect the fresh vegetables.

We Northerners seem to plan our grounds to be looked at from the porch, and not lived in at all; for which reason our gardens pose; they seem as self-conscious as a child in unaccustomed new clothes. One longs to see them look as if they were lived in and played in, and made to fit the needs and uses of their owners.

A small garden may be limited in scope, but it often has possibilities of charm that a large place has not. A miniature may be a better work of art than that portrait of his family which the Vicar of Wakefield was unable to bring into the house.

Charm is an exquisite quality in a garden, but as rare and elusive as a hermit thrush. It comes of itself when plants are happily placed, feel at home in the garden, and begin to be on terms of friendly intimacy with every one. Mere expenditure is powerless to bring it in. The garden may be a blare of color and an admirably arranged show-case of handsome plants, but it will be as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal if the love for the plants is not there, while the simplest of gardens may have an abiding and inescapable charm if the gardener has a real love for it. When our gardens are loved enough, there will be no question about their being charming.

"THE ONSLAUGHT"

A FOOT-BALL GROUP BY R. TAIT McKENZIE

IN the development from the confused mêlée of Rugby foot-ball to the highly specialized and scientific American college game, the characteristic is the coöperation of the entire team in every play. Varied as the attack may be, there will always come a moment when, with only a yard or two to gain for a touch-down, the team will mass its strength and weight for a plunge through some weak point in the line, and when the defenders bring up their reserves to repel it. This is the moment of the *onslaught,* which has been chosen by Dr. McKenzie to typify the spirit of the game.

The ball has been snapped back by the center, who has pulled his opponent forward and down on his face; the right guard on the defense is crumpled beneath his opponent; and the left guard on the defense can be seen lying impotently, resting on his elbow. Into this wide opening plunges the half-back carrying the ball, the apex of a wedge, forced through by two men on each side; and into this breach the secondary line of defense has hurled itself. The right half-back has struck the advancing attack obliquely and has glanced off to the right, taking with him the last man of the "V," but failing to stop the onrush.

The left half-back has stopped his man, and they remain blocked, while the full-back, meeting the combined speed and weight of the three remaining men, is bent backward, and clutches desperately but unavailingly at the ball. The ends are either down or struggling to get into the play, except the right end of the defense, who turns his back on the play and is about to fall.

The apex of the group curls and doubles like a breaking wave, and the player carrying the ball will fall, after making a gain a yard or two, just over the line.

The general composition of the group is that of a breaker, the contours being convex on one aspect and concave on the other. The heads of the attacking team form the ragged crest of the surge, the lines leading up to the ball.

Dr. McKenzie has never had any regular training in sculpture. He was born in Ontario in 1867, and was graduated at McGill University, Montreal (B.A., 1889, M.D., 1892). He was house surgeon at the Montreal general hospital in 1893, and then pursued private practice until 1895, when he was appointed house physician to the Earl of Aberdeen, Governor-General of Canada. In 1904 he became professor of physical education, and director of that department, in the University of Pennsylvania, with which he is still connected.

In 1902 he modeled four masks to illustrate violent effort and the progress of fatigue, his first figure in the round being the "Sprinter" (Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, England), one quarter life-size, the proportions compiled from the measurements of one hundred noted runners. In 1903 followed the "College Athlete" (Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, England, Fitzwilliam Museum, and library of McGill University), modeled to determine the proportions of the typical college athlete. In rapid succession followed the "Boxer," the "Supple Juggler" (Metropolitan Museum, New York), the "Competitor" (Metropolitan Museum, New York, and National Gallery, Ottawa, Canada), and the "Relay," just completed. He has also done many medallions and other work in low relief.

Dr. McKenzie has exhibited at the Société des Artistes Français, and at the Royal Academy (since 1902); he received a silver medal at the Universal Exposition, St. Louis, 1904; and was represented at the International Expositions of Brussels, 1910, and of Buenos Ayres, 1910.

Copyright by R. Tait McKenzie

"THE ONSLAUGHT." FOOT-BALL GROUP (FROM THE PLASTER MODEL) BY R. TAIT McKENZIE—FRONT VIEW

Copyright by R. Tait McKenzie

"THE ONSLAUGHT." FOOT-BALL GROUP BY R. TAIT McKENZIE—BACK VIEW

THE WITCH-WIFE

BY MARY ELEANOR ROBERTS

"OH, I have swept the hearth clean,
Lest any ill betide,
And I have fed the little babe,
And laid him at thy side;
The winds are out with roar and shout,
The mare-tails scud the sky about;
This ane night, this ane night,
John Andrew, let me ride!

"Oh, I have spun the strong web,
And bleached it white as snow,
And I have baked, and brewed the ale,
And set the tins arow;
'T is All Souls' Eve, my sisters grieve,
They call nor with nor by your leave;
This ane night, this ane night,
John Andrew, let me go!"

"If you have swept the hearth clean,
It 's by it you shall bide;
The door is haspened for the night,
And none shall set it wide.
Think shame to you, and blame to you,
To even name the godless crew!
There 's nae night, nor ae night,
A wife of mine shall ride!"

"A true wife I 've been to you
This full year, as ye know,
But hold me not beside the hearth
The night the great winds blow.
I 'll catch the blast, for dawn comes fast,
I shall be back when night is past;
This ane night, this ane night,
John Andrew, I must go!"

"And if you go this ane night,
For you are overbold,
You 'll come not back to fire and light,
But stay out in the cold."
"Then farewell hearth, and cheer, and mirth,
And christened babe, and friendly earth,
For love that will not read aright
Can neither let nor hold!"

Drawn by Henry McCarter

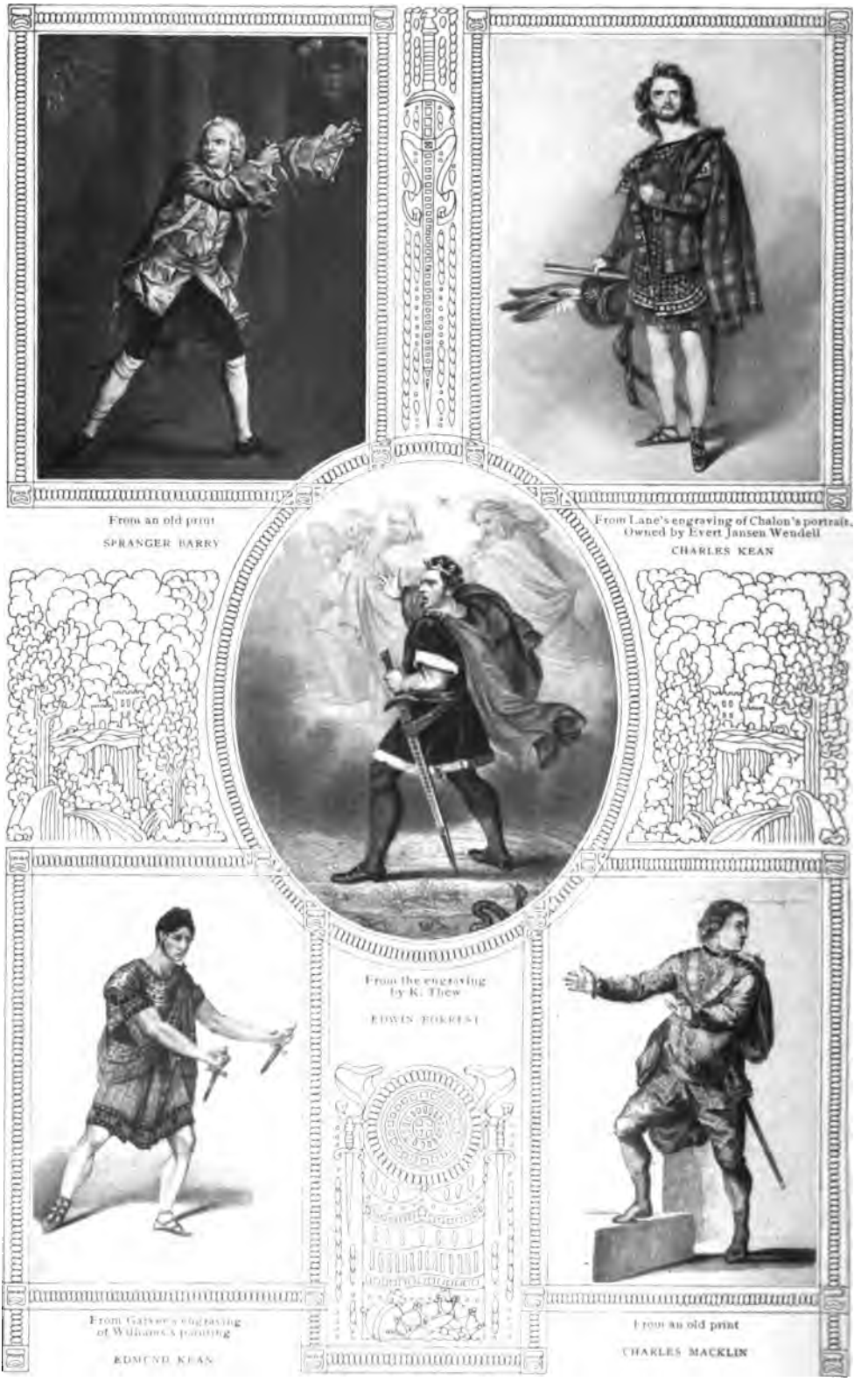
SHAKSPERE ON THE STAGE

SECOND PAPER: MACBETH

BY WILLIAM WINTER

TRAGEDIANS of authority have designated *Macbeth,* among all Shakspere's characters, as the most difficult of adequate representation. Indeed, a great embodiment of that character has seldom been seen. No performance of the part is impressive that does not inspire sympathy, and an actor must possess peculiar and exceptional magnetism in order to inspire sympathy with a man who receives into his home a friend and benefactor, steals to his bedside in the depth of night, and murders him in his sleep. *Macbeth* should be embodied and displayed as a person who is intrinsically noble, but in whose nature, nevertheless, there are seeds of evil, and who is *compelled* into crime by preternatural, infernal agency which he is absolutely powerless to resist. Thus embodied, he is shown as a massive type of agonizing, colossal conflict between good and evil. He arouses the imagination, and through the imagination he thrills the mind, if he does not actually touch the heart. No situation has been devised in English tragedy which is at once as awful, terrible, and pathetic as that in which *Macbeth* and his *Queen* are placed at the close of the banquet scene in this play, when they are left alone at the summit of their ambition, their guilty triumph, and their immedicable misery.

The play of "Macbeth" has been on the stage for more than three hundred years. Trustworthy authority names 1606 as the date of its composition. In 1610 that subtle knave, Dr. Simon Forman, the nefarious astrologer, saw a performance of it at the Globe Theater, and recorded the fact in his diary: but that record is only a meager synopsis of the story, and provides no account of the acting. However, one remark in it, to the effect that *Macbeth* and *Banquo,* when they met the *Witches,* were *riding* through a wood, possesses a certain significance, seeming to indicate that those chieftains made their first appearance on the stage on horseback. The first publication of the tragedy occurred in the precious folio of 1623. It had remained in manuscript, in the possession of the managers who owned it, for about seventeen years, and the text, there is reason to believe, was freely altered and seriously marred in the interval. This fact—that the play survives in a mangled form—must necessarily be considered by every student, actor or otherwise, who endeavors to comprehend the scheme of it, and to form a correct ideal of the poet's conception of the character of *Macbeth.* The witch element, expressive of the occult power that impels *Macbeth,* is of primary importance, and the evidence is conclusive that the witch scenes of Shakspere were changed and expanded by another hand.

As Richard Burbage was the first representative of *King Richard the Third,* it has been assumed that he was also the first representative of *Macbeth;* but the manner of his acting that part, if he did act it, is unknown, nor is informative testimony extant as to the appearance of any of his contemporaries in it, or as to his and their successors in it down to the time of Queen Anne. Betterton, in the course of his third season at Lincoln's Inn Fields Theater, acted *Macbeth* November 5, 1664, on which occasion the tragedy was produced according to the original text as given in the folio of 1623; but later, in 1672, at

From an old print
SPRANGER BARRY
From Lane's engraving of Chalon's portrait, Owned by Evert Jansen Wendell
CHARLES KEAN
From the engraving by K. Thew
EDWIN FORREST
From Gaywood's engraving of Williams's painting
EDMUND KEAN
From an old print
CHARLES MACKLIN

FIVE ACTORS IN THE CHARACTER OF *MACBETH*

Dorset Garden, he presented it as a melodrama, using a version made by Sir William Davenant. Many singing witches were employed in that representation,—pretty women, arrayed in fantastic, comic attire, such as Burns indicates in his devil's dance in "Tam O' Shanter,"—the music, undeniably effective, being composed by Matthew Locke, still in use and well known. That music has been attributed to Henry Purcell, but Purcell was only fourteen years old in 1672. It has also been attributed to Richard Leveridge, who was only two years old at that time. One authority states that the music in question was written by Purcell for a production of "Macbeth" in 1689, and long afterward was erroneously ascribed to Locke by the musical composer Dr. William Boyce. It is certain, however, that music was used by Davenant in the presentment (1672) of the tragedy at Dorset Garden.

It has been customary to state that Betterton gave a grand performance of *Macbeth.* Colley Cibber, writing in 1739, twenty-nine years after Betterton's death, declared, "All the *Hamlets, Hotspurs, Macbeths,* and *Brutuses* whom you have seen since his time have been far short of him." Cibber was a good observer. His statement may be true; the nature of Betterton's great superiority in *Macbeth,* however, is not indicated. There is no account of the "business" which he used, nor is there specification of the garments that he wore when acting the Scottish warrior. The custom seems to have been to wear a military uniform of the actor's period, and probably Betterton conformed to that custom.

Davenant's mutilation of Shakspere's play, which had already been mutilated, probably by Thomas Middleton, continued to be used until the time of David Garrick. In 1744, that expeditious innovator produced "Macbeth, as written by Shakespeare," advertising it in those words, and, if contemporary testimony can be trusted, he gave a performance of the fiend-driven, haunted, agonized, desperate, almost maniacal murderer which was marvelously imaginative and effective. A particularly instructive comment on Garrick's performance, made by one who saw it, testifies that "Every sentiment rose in his mind and showed itself in his countenance before he uttered a word." Mrs. Hannah Pritchard played *Lady Macbeth* and overwhelmed beholders by the horrible force of her implacable cruelty, the grandeur of her imperial manner, and the poignant pathos of her ultimate, withering desolation; yet it is alleged on credible authority that she had never read the play, her only knowledge of the subject being derived from "the part," as delivered to her by the prompter, and from rehearsals and performances in which she participated. Dr. Johnson called her "a vulgar idiot." She was a woman of fine character and exemplary life, and there is abundant testimony to her rare professional talents. The "business" ever since used by *Lady Macbeth* in the banquet scene was invented by her. The colloquy immediately after the murder was spoken by Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard in deep, hollow, fearful whispers, a method which also has been used ever since. Garrick, holding the gory daggers, seemed absolutely frantic; "his face grew whiter and whiter" as he spoke,—a phenomenon of nervous sensibility possibly observable in a time when "make-up" was often neglected,—and the expression of horror when he saw and held up his bloody hands was tremendous. His delivery of the speech beginning, "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?" was accounted exceptionally beautiful.

In presenting "Macbeth, as written by Shakespeare," Garrick did not closely adhere to the original, because he not only allowed the use of abundant musical embellishment, but added a long "dying speech" of his own composition for *Macbeth* to deliver after the combat, so that he could keep the stage till the last; but his treatment of Shakspere's play was more respectful than that of Davenant, who, among many other liberties, added, in Act IV, an insipid colloquy between *Macbeth* and his *Queen,* in the course of which the *Ghost of Banquo* appeared, and was seen by both of them, to the special consternation of the lady. That Garrick knew and highly valued the expressive art of his acting of *Macbeth* is specifically denoted by the circumstance that when he was in Italy, in 1763, having been asked by a local prince to show his skill in the art of expression, he immediately assumed the position and demeanor of *Macbeth* when seeing the dagger in the air, and repeated the accompanying speech, with, it is re-

From the mezzotint by John Jones after the painting by Romney

JOHN HENDERSON AS *MACBETH*

lated, astounding and convincing effect. His dress for *Macbeth* was the uniform of a British army officer of his day, a scarlet or a sky-blue coat ornamented with gold lace, snug, white breeches, top-boots, and a powdered wig. He seldom gave attention to propriety of costume. When acting *Hotspur,* for example, he wore a Ramillies wig and a laced frock-coat. All the male actors of the Garrick period —except, in a few instances, Macklin— were equally heedless, and every character, irrespective of era or nationality, was dressed with a huge periwig, large sums of money being expended for that decoration. From the time of Burbage to the time of Kemble the dressing of characters on the stage appears to have been capricious. Once in a while a monarch—*Richard the Third* or *Henry the Eighth*— would be more or less properly attired, but he would be singular in his suitability. English kings customarily glittered in scarlet and gold; French kings gleamed in white and silver. The ruffians who are employed by *Macbeth* to murder *Banquo* were invariably provided with swarthy complexions and plenty of dark hair. "What is the meaning," asked King Charles II, when present at a performance of "Macbeth," "that we never see a rogue in a play but, oddsfish! they always clap him on a black periwig, when it is well known one of the greatest rogues in England [meaning Shaftesbury] wears a fair one?" In Garrick's production of "Macbeth" the *Witches* wore plaited caps, laced aprons, red stomachers, ruffs, and mittens.

Among the actors contemporary with Garrick no one seems to have made an impression of supreme merit in *Macbeth*. The part was played by James Quin, Spranger Barry, Henry Mossop, Barton Booth, Robert Wilks, John Henderson, and Charles Macklin. Quin possessed a formidable person, consonant with the ideal of "Bellona's bridegroom," but in poetic parts he was a somewhat inflexible and monotonous actor, the exponent of "dignity and declamation," and he did not act it in a manner to touch the imagina-

tion. Barry, the *Romeo* of his time, showed himself to be by temperament unsuited to it, being of a soft, silvery, insinuating order of character. Mossop, the originator of the "tea-pot" attitude (the right arm a spout, the left a handle), although he evinced comprehension of it and was correct in purpose, lacked variety of action. Barton Booth, a short man, with a round, ruddy face and tense muscles, was an acute sympathy with the spirit of the part.

Macklin's assumption of *Macbeth* was particularly remarkable because of his investiture of it with a more appropriate dress than had ever before been worn. That original actor played it in 1772, when he was eighty-two years old, and the audience, which had been accustomed to see *Macbeth* arrayed in scarlet and gold

From an engraving by J. Rogers

MRS. SIDDONS AS *LADY MACBETH*

deemed much better fitted for such parts as *Othello* and *Jaffier*—"emotional parts," as they are now called—than for imaginative, weird, ghastly characters, like *Macbeth*. Wilks, essentially a comedian, failed in it. Mills, a ponderous, conscientious performer, was generally inert and heavy in it, though he spoke some of the lines with discretion, feeling, and good effect. Henderson seems to have given a performance much more than respectable, and as he is known to have been a diligent reader of every narrative of horror that he could obtain, he probably felt and expressed and surmounted by a bag wig, then first saw him suitably attired in antique Scotch garb. The garments and appurtenances employed in Macklin's production were Scotch, and the example thus set has ever since been followed; and of course the instruction has been bettered. Macklin's acting of *Macbeth*, while fine at some points, appears to have been more informative than impressive. In the dagger scene and the banquet scene he was inefficient, but in the colloquy with the ruffians employed to assassinate *Banquo* he was exceedingly effective, and he delivered the

leged that when a child of seven he was employed at Drury Lane and assigned to represent one of many goblins in a new caldron scene which John Philip Kemble first appearance at Drury Lane, played *Malcolm*. That was the occasion on which the *Ghost of Banquo* was for the first time treated as a phantom visible only

From a photograph in the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN AS *LADY MACBETH*

The dark band at the throat is a chin-stay to the crown.

had devised for the embellishment of a revival of "Macbeth." The date is variously given, but as the performance is mentioned as the one in which a lake of actual water was used, it must have been April 21, 1794. Mrs. Siddons played *Lady Macbeth*. Charles Kemble, making his to *Macbeth*. Little Kean, then bearing the name of Carey, was wearing irons on his legs, to rectify their shape, which had been injured by the pantomimic contortions he had been trained to make. The goblins were placed in a row at the mouth of a cave, with Kean at their head, the

direction being that, as *Macbeth* entered, they should encircle the caldron. Just as *Macbeth* came on, Kean made an awkward step and reeled against another goblin, being unable to right himself because of his irons, the other goblin fell against a third, and so on, the whole line of imps being toppled over and sprawled in confusion, to the disgust of Kemble and the merriment of the audience. "I tripped the goblins up," Kean is reported to have said, in relating the incident in after years, "and they fell like a pack of cards." It is stated also that, when censured for the mishap, which was surmised to have been a mischievous prank on the part of the boy, he proffered to the angry manager the demure excuse that it was "the first time I have performed in tragedy."

In every performance of *Macbeth* that has been given by an actor of fine ability, the intention has been manifest to denote the haunted condition of his mind—the susceptibility of it to "supernatural solicitings"—by a specially illuminative treatment of the soliloquies, and, in particular, of the soliloquy relative to "the air-drawn dagger." Macready, esteemed in his day the greatest *Macbeth* that had ever appeared, gave exceptional attention to the dagger scene, gazing fixedly for a moment into space, and presently throwing himself in a delirium of horror upon the illusion. In all those passages of the play which involve the element of the preternatural, Macready particularly excelled. Such is the almost unanimous testimony; yet even that scrupulously scholarlike and highly imaginative actor could, and did, mar the appearance of *Macbeth,* in the scene immediately sequent to the murder of *King Duncan,* by assuming a flowered chintz dressing-gown! E. L. Davenport and James W. Wallack, Jr., who had seen and studied Macready's performance of *Macbeth* and had become imbued with the influence of his style, copied him in the dagger scene and at some other points, as in dropping the truncheon from the extended right hand, at "The Queen, my lord, is dead." Wallack, a superb actor when he chose to be, even copied Macready's grunts, gasps, and long, portentous pauses. As *Macbeth,* Wallack's exit into the *King's* chamber, at "Hear it not, Duncan," was prolonged to such an extent that his left leg remained in view of the audience for a considerable time after the rest of his person had disappeared.

In one of Edwin Forrest's productions of "Macbeth"—he did not invariably employ the same business—he introduced an effect which, I believe, was original with him,—certainly I never saw or heard of any one else who used it,—and it is worthy of record as being more imaginative than most of his technical expedients were. After *Macbeth* had entered the *King's* chamber to do the murder, the scene, which was a courtyard within the Castle of Inverness, open to the sky, the three *Witches* appeared above the fretted battlements at the back, slowly and stealthily rising, as if they were floating in the air, and had come to preside and exult over the atrocious crime which they had stimulated their victim to commit. There are several ways in which that idea, with the aid of modern mechanical devices, could be weirdly and well employed, though perhaps it is questionable whether that expedient does not detract from the awful suspense of a supreme moment; whether preference should not be given to a vacant, dim scene and a momentary deathlike stillness before *Lady Macbeth* enters, saying, "That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold"; but it is remembered as having caused a thrill. According to the record, expedients of that kind were freely used by Samuel Phelps in the splendid revival of "Macbeth" that he effected at Sadler's Wells Theatre, London, in 1847, and they were esteemed highly impressive. Phelps was an inveterate stickler for the original text and the original stage-directions in Shakspere's plays—directions which are not numerous, but which, whenever they occur, cast an instructive light on the comparatively crude manner in which plays were presented in the poet's time. In Phelps's production, *Macbeth* was killed "off the scene," and his head was brought in on a pole, according to the directions in the folio.

It was said of Edmund Kean's *Macbeth* that it was like his *Richard the Third*—that he did not completely discriminate between the two characters. The same comment might have been made relative to the acting, in those parts, of any actor, the most judicious that ever appeared. *Macbeth* and *Richard* possess certain conspicuous attributes in common, and al-

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SARAH BERNHARDT AS *LADY MACBETH*

though, as a whole, each character is sharply distinct from the other, there are points of similarity between the two, which acting serves only to emphasize and enforce. Both are inspired and swayed by ambition; both seek a royal crown; both commit murder to obtain it; both succeed temporarily by dissimulation and by deeds of blood; both are haunted by menacing phantoms from the spiritual world; both become frenzied and desperate; and both perish on the battle-field, each slain by his particular foe. The radical difference between the two, nevertheless, is very great. In the character of *Macbeth,* notwithstanding his valor, intrepidity, and fortitude, there is a certain weakness—the weakness incident to infirmity of will, remorseful consciousness of guilt, and dread of ultimate disaster. In the character of *Richard* there is consistent and terrible strength—strength which only once is shaken by terror of inexorable fate. *Macbeth* is an instrument

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Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

HELENA MODJESKA AS *LADY MACBETH*

PAINTED FROM LIFE FOR THE CENTURY BY SIGISMOND DE IVANOWSKI

From a photograph, copyright by Window and Grove

ELLEN TERRY AS *LADY MACBETH*

in the hands of a demon—"The angel whom thou still hast served." *Richard* is incarnate infernal power, sufficient unto itself. *Macbeth* is compact of tremulous imagination; *Richard* of fiery, malign intellect. *Macbeth* loves and suffers. To *Richard* love is impossible and suffering is a transient spasm. *Macbeth,* for aid and comfort, depends on his wife, and the condition of that dependence is so pathetic that it excites sympathy. *Richard* depends entirely on himself, causes the murder of his *Queen,* the innocent, trusting, unfortunate *Lady Anne;* ordains and accomplishes the slaughter of his close associates *Hastings* and *Buckingham;* and in his frenzy, desperation, and violent death is consistently terrific, exciting mingled abhorrence and admiration.

Edwin Forrest's ideal of *Macbeth* was merely the robust warrior. At his first entrance he was simply a victorious military chieftain returning home from the wars, quite cheerful, and with nothing in

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

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his appearance indicative of sinister prepossession. The burly figure lacked distinction. The manner of speech was commonplace. *Macbeth* comments on the state of the weather, but *Macbeth* is already brooding over an ambitious, treacherous, evil thought. Forrest's misfortune in that character and in kindred characters was lack of imagination. His realm was that of fact and obvious, human feeling—the realm of *Othello* and *Virginius*. His embodiment of *Macbeth* was unwieldy, lumbering, prosaic, effective at some points by reason of violent action and sonorous vocalism, but completely deficient of mystical atmosphere—the sense of being haunted and of being impelled by preternatural powers of evil. He did not particularly like the part, and he decidedly disliked to share with any other performer the chief honors of a representation. After his experience in London, where he played for a short season in 1845 with Charlotte Cushman, who, as *Lady Macbeth,* obscured his popularity, he seldom appeared in "Macbeth," and his appearance in it never caused an effect of value to his professional reputation. He customarily dressed *Macbeth* in short breeches and a cloth tunic, belted at the waist and extending from neck to knees. Flat rings of metal sewed on the tunic gave that garment a resemblance to chain-mail. The sleeves reached to the wrists, which were provided with cuffs. Over-sleeves extended from the shoulders half-way to the elbows. At the neck the tunic was edged with white linen. Over the right thigh was suspended a long dirk; over the left thigh, a sword. Across the left shoulder a cord was passed, sustaining a horn. The actor's large, hirsute legs were bare from knees to ankles, and his feet were furnished with thonged sandals. At his first and second entrances and also in the scenes of battle he carried on his left arm a metal-covered "target," having a long, massive spike in the center of it. The head was covered by a wig of short, dark hair, and usually the face presented embellishments of a mustache, a "lip-tuft," and small side-whiskers. On the head was a large cloth cap somewhat resembling a tam-o'-shanter, about which was twined a wide band ornamented with steel spangles, and in the front of which, fastened by a clasp in the shape of a thistle, were two long feathers.

John McCullough and Lawrence Barrett, both of whom were ardent admirers of Forrest, followed his example to a slight extent in the dressing and acting of *Macbeth,* but each of them, possessing more gentleness of temperament and naturally more refinement of style, almost insensibly modified their respective embodiments of the character, Barrett in particular,—who acted the part when associated with Charlotte Cushman,—conveying in a large measure the imagery and the desolate pathos of it. Neither McCullough nor Barrett, however, stood boldly out from the general rank of actors in that character. Many representatives of *Macbeth* have appeared on the American stage; few are extolled in authentic dramatic biography, and fewer still are remembered. Thomas A. Cooper's fame in it has not perished. Old John Bernard (1832), a sagacious judge of acting, deemed Cooper's performance of *Macbeth* "only inferior to Garrick's"; S. C. Carpenter (1810), a competent critic, declared it "preferable, in many parts, to those of Kemble and Cooke"; and Joseph T. Buckingham, a much respected authority in Boston sixty years ago and more, characterized it as "terribly sublime" and "certainly Cooper's masterpiece."

In Edwin Booth's embodiment of *Macbeth* the predominant qualities were imagination and poetic sensibility. Like Macready, whom he never saw, Booth insisted on inherent majesty and martial heroism as the basis of the character. He had seen his illustrious father in the part, and he derived his ideal partly from that instructive example and partly from devoted study of Shakspere's text. He told me that on an occasion when he was to act *Macbeth* in association with Charlotte Cushman, the renowned actress, at a rehearsal, expressed interest in his treatment of the part, but good-naturedly dissented from it, saying, "*Macbeth* is the great-grandfather of all the Bowery ruffians." That estimate of the character would be warranted if the fact were ignored that *Macbeth* (though, indeed, before meeting the *Witches* he appears to have thought of removing *Duncan* from his path to the throne, and to have communicated his thought to his wife) is irresistibly impelled and violently precipitated into perpetration of crime by an overwhelming demoni-

any new "business" for *Lady Macbeth* except that, after reading the letter, she put it into her bosom. One great foreign actress, Adelaide Ristori, whom I have seen in this part, after reading that letter, walked to the side of the scene and tossed it away, as if she were throwing it out of the window! Miss Cushman's "business" of queenlike welcome to *King Duncan,* and of a diversified and quieting courtesy toward the guests at the banquet, was superb in execution, but it was not new: Mrs. Pritchard set the example. To what extent, if at all, Mrs. Pritchard was indebted to stage traditions as to *Lady Macbeth* which had been established by her predecessors in that character, the investigator finds no means of definite ascertainment. Among those predecessors, of superior ability and merited renown, were Mrs. Betterton, Elizabeth Barry, Mrs. Yates, and the actress who successively was Mrs. Dancer, Mrs. Spranger Barry, and Mrs. Crawford. Mrs. Pritchard was not a student. She appears to have been a person of original mind and to have acted from intuition and inspiration. The chronicles of the stage afford abundant evidence that the faculty of acting can exist apart from scholarship and, indeed, apart from a high order of mind. Mrs. Siddons told Dr. Johnson that she had never seen Mrs. Pritchard. She was thirteen years old when Mrs. Pritchard died, and at that time was employed on the stage in her father's dramatic company, performing in English provincial theaters. Her first performance of *Lady Macbeth* was given in 1779, at the age of twenty-four. She was acquainted with the tradition of Mrs. Pritchard's acting of that part, and to some extent she appears to have followed it. She has recorded that on the occasion of her first London performance of *Lady Macbeth* (1785, at Drury Lane), she approached it with diffidence and terror, and "with the additional fear of Mrs. Pritchard's reputation in it." Unlike Mrs. Pritchard, however, she was highly intellectual, a diligent student, and one who thought much and reasoned well. No doubt she was willing to follow good precedents, but she could lead as well as follow. Mrs. Pritchard, in *Lady Macbeth's* somnambulation, had, invariably, kept the taper in her hand. Mrs. Siddons, contrary to the urgent request of Sheridan, set it down, in order that she might act in accordance with the text:

Doctor: "Look how she rubs her hands."

The achievement of Miss Cushman was the infusion of her own great personality into the character,—the regal mind, the indomitable will, the burning passion, the colossal courage,—and therewithal she blended the precision and smoothness of perfect executive art.

Among the many women who have acted *Lady Macbeth,* mention should be made of Mrs. Melmoth, Mrs. Duff, Mrs. Sloman, Miss Isabella Glyn (Mrs. Dallas), Helen Faucit, Mrs. Coleman Pope, Mrs. Ponisi, Matilda Heron, Clara Morris, Rose Eytinge, Helena Modjeska, Sarah Bernhardt, and Julia Marlowe.

As observation investigates the past, and thought ranges through the long avenues of memory, reviewing the numerous and zealous efforts that have been made to interpret the wonderful tragedy of "Macbeth," the mind realizes a profound impression of genius, intellect, study, passionate devotion, and noble endeavor, ardently employed on that sublime subject. Next to "Hamlet" among the plays of Shakspere, "Macbeth" has awakened the deepest interest and caused the most extensive controversy, the reason being that, like "Hamlet," it opens the vast, mysterious realm of spiritual or preternatural life, the boundless environment of the unknown, the abyss of the universe, into which all thinking persons sooner or later peer with anxious eyes, awestricken and perplexed. Whence did we come, and whither are we going? Does death end all, or is it only the portal of life? Do angels of light and angels of darkness hover over us, to make or mar? Is the individual human being a waif of chance, or a creature of the fixed decree of fate? Those considerations, and others like to them, are in the depths of all analysis of the vast subject of "Macbeth." Imagination has not in any work of literature taken a higher flight than it takes in that tragedy. The theories and the technical expedients of the great actors who have attempted illustration of it possess an intrinsic interest for the student of art, but the greater value of their testimony is the help which it provides toward clarification of our thought on the conditions of human life and the destiny of man.

play to the last, the wounded soul of *Macbeth* writhes and cries and groans over its own deterioration; from the beginning to the end of his career the several stages of his progress in guilt are marked by his own bitter consciousness of it." That realm of consciousness—the haunted mind, the agonized spirit, the tremulous human will nerving itself to oppose phantoms of terror and beating against the adamantine force of eternal law—is the particular realm in which Henry Irving preëminently reigned, and accordingly, in the weird scenes of "Macbeth," the meeting with the *Witches,* the doing of the murder, the vision of "the blood-boltered Banquo," the awful desolation at the close of the banquet scene, and the visit to "the weird sisters,"—"Ye secret, black, and midnight hags, what is 't ye do?"—he was entirely great. His struggle against collapse after the disappearance of the spectral *Banquo,* and his appalled demeanor, affrighted turn, and lingering look of horror upon the empty chair, caused a chill shudder in those who saw him. Although a tall, wiry man, Irving did not possess the massive physique of the warrior who cleaves his adversary "from the nave to the chaps," and on the physical side his *Macbeth* was not robust; but he has never in our time, and probably never in any time, been surpassed in that part of the interpretation of *Macbeth* which particularly exhibits the remorse of a mortal creature of good and evil environed by immortal spirits of wickedness, the shuddering, combative, tortured, afflicted servant of an angel of hell. Irving, in his dressing, considered poetic effect rather than historic accuracy, which, indeed, would attire the Scottish warriors in skins, chiefly their own. In the combat scene with which it is customary to close the performance, he wore complete armor that made the doomed king gleam afar like a tower of gold.

The most royal and magnificent representative of *Lady Macbeth* seen in our time (and many have been seen whom it would be idle even to mention), was Charlotte Cushman, and it was the opinion of that actress—an opinion based in part on the frequency of reference to wine, drink, carousal, and so forth, which occurs in the text—that throughout the play *Macbeth* and his wife are more or less intoxicated. It was also her opinion that they should be stalwart persons, and that the representation of the tragedy should be swathed in a sanguinary, semi-barbaric atmosphere. Speaking to me about actors of *Macbeth,* she commented in a half-impatient, half-playful tone on the fact that they often were *"little* men," and I had no doubt she was thinking of Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett, with both of whom she had acted, and both of whom were slender and of medium height. I sometimes wonder, considering the peculiar views of Miss Cushman as to this subject, that her performance of *Lady Macbeth* should have been essentially poetic; yet essentially poetic it was. Art could do no more toward making actual the "sightless substances that wait on Nature's mischief" than it did in her wonderful demeanor, gesture, and tones of voice when invoking "the murdering ministers," when whispering to herself at the door of *Duncan's* chamber, "The sleeping and the dead are but as pictures," when gently saying, "you lack the season of all natures, sleep," and, in the awful episode of somnambulism, moaning, with a long, dreadful, heartbreaking sigh, "All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand." The agonized voice in which she said, "What 's done, cannot be undone," fell upon the heart as a voice of doom, signifying eternal misery. Old records mention "the horrid sigh" of Mrs. Pritchard: it could not have been more heart-rending than the abject, desolate suspiration of Charlotte Cushman in that overwhelming portrayal of hopeless anguish. The performance, as a whole, was traditional; that is to say, it was in line with the tradition of Mrs. Pritchard, Anna Maria Yates, and Sarah Siddons, her great predecessors: it did not involve any element of female fascination. That element has been conspicuously infused into later personations of *Lady Macbeth,* notably by Ellen Terry. Mrs. Siddons, who never acted according to her declared theory of the character, but made the personality predominant and imperial, was the first to suggest that *Lady Macbeth* should be represented as a slight, delicate, alluring, blonde woman, full of fire, but exquisitely feminine, the literal opposite of the formidable, tremendous woman whom she embodied. Miss Cushman did not invent

rant passed it, and it passed the *Cormorant,* Henry Dodd, his eye still on it, walked to the port side of the bridge and saw more of it, for he could look almost down on it. Then it went on into the Atlantic, and so did the *Cormorant.*

Presumably, Mr. Dodd told his captain about it. In the log-book he wrote: "Sighted large creature ahead, and passed it to port, Lat. ——, Long. ——." In his mind, that ended it. It should have done so, too, according to all the rules. The writers of ships' log-books are unique in literature, being the only authors who wish to keep their works from the public. Passengers might be on *Cormorants* and other liners a whole year and never know anything about the ship except the hotel part.

In this case, however, the sailor on lookout at the bow was that rare sea-animal, a mariner of impressionable mind. He told a third or fourth assistant steerage steward, and the third or fourth assistant steerage steward told another underling, and somebody else passed the word on, and in the course of days it reached the cabin.

The ship was then in sight of New York, so Mr. Dodd was spared annoyance at the time; but when the *Cormorant* docked, a passenger told a reporter. Ten minutes afterward the dragon's teeth sown by the passenger had sprung up into an army of fierce newspaper men, and the captain was being besieged by a concert of demands for thrilling official details. For a while he stood his ground. Then, in a weak moment, he referred them to his first officer.

In after days, when Mr. Dodd's native haughtiness and pride had been sapped by great misfortune, he protested almost passionately that he had not told the reporters a single thing. No doubt he believed it implicitly; but it is to be considered that he was assailed by a dozen men accustomed to prying facts out of human towers of silence. The Sealed Jars of Solomon would have parted with their secrets to New York reporters, and probably Solomon would have been entertained, if not surprised, by discovering that more secrets had come out than he put in.

Soon a score of newspapers between the Atlantic and the Pacific cried out with long black or red tongues of ink, calling on the world to admire the artless story of the thing that the first officer of the liner *Cormorant* had seen. They had pictures of him and of it. It was only an academic consolation to Mr. Dodd to reflect that in either case the portraits were not good likenesses.

When he looked at the first paper that morning, though he was angry, he laughed. The artist had done something that spoke well for American imagination. Mr. Dodd laughed again, a little, when he looked at the second paper, and saw another picture of it, utterly different from the first and even more striking. After the third newspaper Mr. Dodd stopped laughing.

The newspapers had "played both ends against the middle." They were bound to give their readers full and explicit details, and they did it, beginning with masterly word-pictures full of sea-language and ending with all the historical and legendary natural history of the ages, from the kraken to leviathan. They did not, however, purpose to make themselves responsible for the fantasy; therefore they made Mr. Dodd responsible. They did it with all the varying human degrees of cleverness ranging from crude frankness to Satanic ingenuity.

The crudest ones worked freely and broadly with the simple plastic material that is produced by blending alcohol and snakes as instantaneous cause and effect. The cleverest ones were so wickedly clever that in detail every reference to Mr. Dodd was respectful and even flattering; but read as a whole, the articles made a hopelessly final portrait of the first officer of the *Cormorant.*

When Mr. Dodd finished all the newspapers, he was a furious man. Never in his life, since he was graduated as a cadet, had any man presumed to make a personal jest in his presence. Another man as furious as he might have gone amuck in the newspaper offices. Mr. Dodd, being the most dignified man in the dignified passenger-carrying trade, did and said nothing.

His captain, conscience-stricken, affected royal ignorance of anything in print. His subordinates, of course, did not show by so much as the wink of an eyelash that they ever read a newspaper.

When the *Cormorant* sailed again, Mr. Dodd looked at the receding jumble of New York with a mixture of hatred and

THE MAN WHO SAW IT

A YARN OF THE SEA-SERPENT

BY J. W. MULLER

Author of "Dead Man's Bar," etc.

WHEN Bob McAllister and I boarded the steamship *Almillo,* tramp, to share with her the sporting chances of reaching Tobago, Port of Spain, Paramaribo, and the painted cities, we recognized her captain at once; and recognizing him, we knew that there was a subject that never, never must be mentioned on the *Almillo.*

The man who stood on the bridge of the tramp, in garments harmonizing with the negligent aspect of the ship, was Henry Dodd. Once upon a time Henry Dodd had been known over the water world as a gentleman more smartly dressed than any of his kind. Now he wore South Street trousers and a collarless shirt, with a pair of red suspenders crossing it.

In his smart once-upon-a-time, he had been first officer of the liner *Cormorant*—at least Bob McAllister called her that because they charged him $400 for a short ferry-passage between an English port and New York. The first officer of a thing an eighth of a mile long, and deep enough to swallow a railway station with all its trains, is a big man ex-officio. Henry Dodd was a big man by personality, too. He was worth money to his company—real money that could be counted by the clerks ashore; for habitual passengers picked ships on which Henry Dodd was, and spread his reputation among others.

He was slated to succeed to the command of the *Cormorant* as soon as her captain could take over a bigger new ship, with race-tracks and colosseums and grand-opera stages. But something happened.

It was a ridiculous happening to everybody except Henry Dodd. That something of the sort should happen on that stupid, staid ocean course was as cryingly absurd as if it had happened on the Strand or Unter den Linden. That it should happen to a scheduled, sober, everlastingly immutable vessel like the *Cormorant* crowned the joke. It was as funny as if it had happened to the White House.

One night not very late Henry Dodd stood on the bridge. It was a June evening, with the sea like a moonlighted park pond. The *Cormorant,* pouring forth light like a burning box, was moving as usual at her steady express gait, her engines going so sweetly that she scarcely trembled. There was not a thing in the wide Atlantic world to trouble, nothing under the skies to bother about except to keep a clear lookout, so that anything ahead might be sighted before it was closer than a mile. A mile would give the *Cormorant* ages of time to avoid it—almost two and a half minutes.

Mr. Dodd may have been, probably was, thinking of all sorts of quite indifferent things. Suddenly he saw something. It was ahead, about a quarter of a mile away. It was big and it was alive.

The *Cormorant* veered instantly a little to starboard. Mr. Dodd looked at the thing steadily. It was heading toward the ship, a little to port. When the *Cormo-*

annoyance in type. Quite unanimously they refrained from considering the question in any natural history aspect. They made it purely a question of psychology, speculating earnestly on the exact connection between sea-going and truth-telling.

On the return voyage the *Cormorant* carried passengers who had read all about it in the English humorous version, which is to the American humorous version as the burning of Rome is to a Fourth of July celebration. Two days after the liner made New York, the company's agents laid before Mr. Dodd a round-robin, signed by a score of passengers, complaining wrathfully about his manners.

Mr. Dodd read it, ripped it in two, threw it on the floor, and ground the tatters with his heel. His neck got red, and then his face. The agent spoke unwisely. Five minutes afterward Henry Dodd walked out, a free man, having resigned his berth.

For a few days his rage was a tonic. Then it came to him overwhelmingly what a total smash had come to his career.

For two weeks he hid himself, nursing a great hatred of the laughter-loving world. All that time his line was eagerly looking for him because rival lines, anxious to get his services, were looking for him, too. Henry Dodd, brooding over a blasted reputation, never dreamed that this could be. So they did not find him.

He did not take to drink. He did something that from his point of view was worse. He gathered his ancestral money—there was a nice little lot of it, for every Dodd ancestor had a family habit of dying at sea and leaving his money in banks ashore—and bought a tramp steamship.

From the point of view of the shrewd world it would seem better to be owner of a tramp than a mere employee on a liner; but Henry Dodds—and there are a great many of them, too—are of a kind that never has been enumerated and classified in census-tables and industrial statistics. They are the sort who do not wish to do any work unless it is of a kind that pleases them, and who never have more than a passing thought of whether they are to die rich or poor.

Henry Dodd wished just one thing in the world. It was to have a huge, quivering ship leaping under him, and to snap it back and forth, resplendent, across the Atlantic, wresting miles and minutes from the sea, and pressing the stars to stand duty as sentinels of his course. Every time he looked over the *Almillo* it made him sick. Every time he saw the liners fretting the harbor waters with their greatness, striding out like flaming gods, the fire-hot bitter sense of a vast injustice so choked him that it was something physical, taking him in the throat like the hands of a strangler.

When the *Almillo* lathered her slow way over Sandy Hook bar that afternoon, the *Cormorant* sprang past her with black sides flashing like the hide of a Trakehnen stallion, white fire spraying from seven hundred feet of crystal and brass, and a creamy-white old genius of the sea sitting afoam at her sharp forefoot. Captain Dodd of the tramp *Almillo* looked at her till she was lost in the shining east. Then he looked over his own blue-smeared stack, the gray and blue iron-work, the red winches, and the greasy forecastle, with its half-clad lodgers. That night at dinner, apropos of nothing in particular, he said that human society was pretty rotten.

That trip the Gulf Stream was troubled. A cool wind tore across it, whipping off wave-crowns. Steamy vapor wreathed the gray horizon. The *Almillo* stumbled knee-deep. Over her low decks and through the passageways between her huddle of little iron cabins the seas surged back and forth as water splashes in a basin shaken hard. The cook, a person easily pleased, was gratified because every little while a dashing wave would leave a flying-fish stranded on deck; but for mere landsmen it was no place. Bob and I fled to the captain's bridge, and there, in chairs lashed fast, we braced our legs against the rail for the better part of three days, and bet on the number of seas that would pass before one lapped high enough to wet our feet.

In those three days we discussed many things with Mr. Dodd, particularly the ingenious magic known as business. He laid down some entirely new ideas. Some of them were so ingenuous that they touched even Bob, and Bob could make a Waterloo out of the safest commercial undertaking.

Captain Dodd's contributions to the science of money-getting showed us that

relief. By the time Sandy Hook's vague, white finger disappeared behind the horizon the relief predominated.

He might have known better. Every man that has been to sea as long as Henry Dodd knows the stories about what came to men who saw something and told of it. They know what the sea lays on a man when for a wild moment it lifts something out of its dark places and lets his eyes behold it. If he tells it, the curse works.

There was Davis, whose ship, the *Marabou,* sank herself by running on something off the Friendly Islands. In making his insurance claim, instead of calling the thing a reef he was thoughtless enough to touch, just touch, on natural history. The underwriters threw the case into court, and the jury enjoyed the succeeding cross-examination very much. There was a disagreement, on account of that bit of natural history; and Captain Davis went out of court more than suspected by the dry-land world of being something in the way of a ship-scuttler. He took to liquor not as a beverage, but what is more dangerous, as a solace. Last year he was working as a 'longshoreman in San Francisco.

Reynolds, first mate of the *Ellen Sayrlie,* barkantine, had a worse experience. He saw something at night, close by. In a moment of emotional insanity he went into details to the skipper about its shape. Captain Graham was a humorist, very simple and direct, without any obscuring subtleties. When Reynolds made his error of confidence, the barkantine was off Pernambuco. Between that port and Rio de Janeiro, the captain was so humorous that the *Ellen Sayrlie* entered Rio with ensign union-down, and delivered Mr. Reynolds to the police for the captain's murder.

Then there was the still worse case of Laycrom of the *San Jacinto,* fruiter. He told about something that swam alongside for all of an hour one day off the Oil Spot in the Gulf of Mexico. When the papers did the usual thing, he had the quaint idea of writing to as many as possible, asserting the truthfulness of his tale. They printed his letters with comments ranging from sober to bacchantic. He became so infatuated with printer's ink that at last he actually wrote a book about the sea. That of course was the end of him.

Men on land can discover lost Aztec gold-mines and still retain their place in human society; shore-dwelling scientists can find a beef-bone and reconstruct from it a creature with crocodile jaws, serpent neck, dragon tail, clawed flippers, and saucer eyes, and they will live honored and die quoted; but no man must speak of something that sometimes looks out of deep water.

Now, Henry Dodd's log-book entry had not been what can be called prolix. Whatever he told the reporters had been as reluctant and involuntary as the gaspings of a man on the rack. After that, he kept his mouth firmly closed, and it was a firm mouth. He was not weak enough even to complain.

But he had told. The curse began to work with his first appearance at table on the first day out.

The passenger at his right hand, an old acquaintance, ventured a jest about it. Mr. Dodd ignored him stonily. A passenger on the left side, two places down, was an amateur naturalist. He answered the first speaker hotly, sustaining Mr. Dodd's narrative, or the narrative ascribed to Mr. Dodd. The first officer rose and went on deck without eating a bite.

Unfortunately for Mr. Dodd, the sea was peaceful all the way across. There was not even seasickness to relieve the monotony, and the subject, instead of being dropped after the first day, became one that was helpful in conversation. Morning, noon, and night, on deck or below, he felt absolutely certain that everybody was speaking of him and it. Whenever he saw two or more passengers speaking, he walked past them with a forbidding face. When the ship approached the fatal latitude and longitude, and even the most indifferent passenger brought out field-glasses to study the far-reaching heaves of the Atlantic, the dumb show filled Mr. Dodd with such wrath that for the first time in twenty years he reported himself sick.

At Southampton the *Cormorant* was boarded by representatives of every periodical in the United Kingdom, all eager to listen to words of wisdom from him. Then Mr. Dodd, the polished first officer of the polished liner, became a mere human man. From reservoirs long locked he brought forth language of the days of shipping before twin-screws. The men of the press were shocked, and they expressed

man in the bow, hesitated one instant, and then dragged the lever hard over.

The *Almillo* quivered as the engines struck up full speed. Bob gripped my arm. The *Almillo* swept round and steered straight at the thing.

"He 's going—" said Bob, and stopped. The man at the bow waved his arms, shouting. Captain Dodd reached for the cord and drowned his voice with the roar of the siren. The *Almillo,* lifted high on a surge, plunged into the hollow beyond, and Bob and I looked straight at the shape as it swam athwart the slope of water that rose before our bow.

In that clear flood it was on show like something in an aquarium tank. The next moment the *Almillo,* roaring, smashed into it.

The sea burst wide open. It cascaded glass-green over the bow and flung itself aft. Through the flying water, Bob and I, our arms and legs twined about the rail, saw a polished, black, tapering shaft in air. At its summit was something monstrously like a forked fish-tail. It fell with the bellowing smack of a solid mass hitting solid water. Something like a war-paddle wavered for a gasping moment over the *Almillo's* deck and then drove harmlessly down into the sea alongside. Then the siren stopped.

Heads popped up all about deck. The first mate arrived in pajamas, the second without. There was nothing for them to see. The *Almillo* was squatting motionless in the lonely, placid Gulf Stream.

Just for a minute Bob and I saw something ghostly glimmer slowly down into the deep sea underneath us. It rolled heavily over as it sank, very dead. Little pillars like smoke came up from it through the clear water and expanded on the surface into films of bright crimson. Here and there floated oily spots.

Up forward the streaming lookout was examining bruises and talking excitedly to the other forecastle hands. Nobody paid any attention to him. Up forward there was something more pressing than an excited lookout. Where the bows of the *Almillo* should have been, there was only a wonderfully twisted lot of metal, some of it sticking aimlessly into the air, and some of it folded back on top of itself like a rough bundle.

The first officer looked down on it with some interest and reported casually: "Bow 's stove in down to the keel, sir. She 's going down by the head."

Captain Dodd nodded and gave a short order. In fifteen minutes the boats were over, towing quietly on the leeward side, and the human contents of the *Almillo* sat tight, belongings in hand, waiting for the last possible moment.

During the peaceful interval Captain Dodd said most perfunctorily to Bob and me: "Where were you when we hit that derelict?" And Bob and I said promptly that we were gazing astern just then.

"Came full tilt on it," said Captain Dodd. A strange expression came over his face. It was a smile. Bob says that once he saw a Scotch trader in Polynesia smile that way when he heard that his Danish rival had been eaten by his customers.

"Came full tilt on it," repeated Captain Dodd. "Damn it! I sunk it, anyway! Hit it plumb."

Then the *Almillo* began to talk to herself and choke deep down in her ugly iron inwards, and we all moved hurriedly into the boats, Captain Dodd nursing his log-book and his papers solicitously. We waited at a safe distance to see the last of the ship. She went down nicely, diving slowly head first, standing for a moment with her red propeller-tail in dry air, and then slipping smoothly, quietly down a mile deep.

This is no harrowing tale of shipwreck. The Bahamas were not far away. It cannot be even a thrilling tale of a cruise in open boats. A Norwegian tramp loaded villainously with green hides picked us up in an hour, and almost literally wafted us back to New York.

No; the point of this story is not shipwreck. It has to do with insurance and prosaic things like that.

Captain Dodd put in his claim for full insurance on ship and cargo. He had to prove to the underwriters that in a dead-calm sea, in broad, bright, staring daylight, the lookout had not seen a derelict big enough to crumple up the *Almillo* like a paper bag until the ship hit it head on, —and that then the derelict had sunk at once, vanishing from the knowledge of man, and leaving not a single splinter in sight.

This aggregation of improbabilities did

the ancestral Dodd dollars would never see a bank again, at least not in his name. The *Almillo* was a gorgeously bad bargain. Also, by a system of calculation entirely his own, he had succeeded in taking freight at rates that, as nearly as we could calculate, would almost pay for the coal he burned to carry them.

When the sea went down and Bob and I could walk on deck without a life-line, he shook his head at me wisely and said that he could see Captain Dodd's end.

"Do you remember," asked Bob, "that Canuck raftsman up in Thunder Lake when the gale hit his drive and stampeded a hundred thousand logs? Remember how he waded out to his middle and shook his fists at the sky, yelling to the storm to come down and fight it out man to man? Dodd 's got a little crack in his head like that. Last night while you were snoring in your chair like old Roncador in a breeze, he let it slip out. That man 's crazy for revenge. What he wants most is revenge on the world that laughed at him. But he can't figure how to get it. So he wants revenge on—you know."

I nodded. Bob had seen something himself once, and had been silly enough to say so before he knew better.

"That 's pretty bad, you see," said Bob. "He 'll carry that unsatisfied grudge around with him, and his crack will keep getting bigger, and then—"

On the fourth morning, the wind stopped kicking the Gulf Stream into heaps. The vapors fled. By noon the big water was true stream water, so blue that blue ran like blue flame from blue horizon to blue wave-crests, so blue that even the froth of the wake had blue glint in it, so blue that everything one looked at had a blue aura. The patches of Sargasso-weed drifted, bright gold, like wheat-lands on those lazy, long blue slopes that lifted so vastly, so slowly that they looked like fixed hills of ultramarine.

In that mild day, over that indolently swelling, kind sea, with a wind that barely breathed, the *Almillo* moved with something like placidity. Captain Dodd stood alone on the bridge in his glory of suspenders. All the rest of the world was asleep. Even the first officer, given to unhuman hours of wakefulness, had retired to his iron state-room to rest after a long spell on watch.

Underneath the *Almillo* there was almost a mile, straight down, of ocean; and out of that mile deep, out of that softly blue sea, in that mild day, came Henry Dodd's revenge.

Bob and I saw it at the same moment. So did Captain Dodd. He sprang to the port side of the bridge, glasses at his eyes.

Of all the multitude of living men, only four living men saw it, the lookout at the bow, Captain Dodd, Bob, and I.

It was a quarter of a mile away. On that sea it was as prominent as a whale would be lying in lower Broadway on a Sunday morning.

This was not a whale. If a long-necked, dark-green Rhine-wine bottle could have been expanded to insane proportions; and if it could have come to life; and if it swam neck first, that would have been it. It made no fuss. It rose simply and quietly, very matter of fact. Its track was as straight and smooth as if a knife cut deep and left a dark, open gash in the blue ocean.

There was a great, long, smooth slope of roller, and then there was a deep, wide trough, and then another great, long smooth slope of roller, and the thing extended across and through them all, and beyond.

A ninety-foot whale on one of those slopes or in one of those troughs would have been just perceptible if one looked precisely at the spot where he was.

"Oh, for a glass!" said Bob.

We saw without the glass. There was a thin, hard, shining back, finless. Where the body crossed a trough, we saw a side "tumbled home" like the side of a man of war, and very deep. Twice, in a heavy roll of sea, something fantastic came above the surface, paddling. It was neither a whale's fluke nor a reptilian foot. It was long, thinnest near the body, and flattened out ovally at the end.

"A South Sea war-paddle!" said Bob. "A New Hebrides war-paddle as big as the *Almillo's* hatch!"

The thing paid not the slightest attention to the *Almillo*. It came steadily toward us, but a little to port. In a few moments it would have passed us.

Suddenly Captain Dodd gave a quick look round. We were hidden from him by a bridge tarpaulin. He jumped to the bridge telegraph, seized it, looked at the

THE AWAKENING OF THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN

SECOND PAPER: THE HUMAN SIDE OF SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT

BY WILL IRWIN

TO study and improve the processes of industry, to revise the day's work upon the principles of the Darwinian scientific method, involves a double course of procedure. The manager must reduce the operation to its lowest terms, and state those terms in a formula; and he must then persuade the workman to adopt his method. When Frederick W. Taylor and his earnest apostles of efficiency set about to revolutionize machine production, they had to reckon from the very first with the working-man's set, negative conservatism. He had learned his trade under the old hit-or-miss system; to do certain things in certain inefficient ways was habit with him. The age-long struggle between capital and labor, which began in the oppression of the English textile operatives, had rendered him sullen and suspicious. The average workman would do just so much and no more. The custom of his shop, if not the rule of his union, set a certain limit, a maximum, to his day's output. Accustomed to a race of foremen whose only idea of increasing production was to drive the men beyond their powers, he considered it his divine right to "soldier on the job" whenever he could escape the scrutiny of the boss. This thing was a game; his move was to avoid work without the accruing penalty.

Taylor has told of his own experience, under the old rules of management, with his first gang of machinists. Convinced that their output should be greater, he tried to "speed them up." They resisted all along the line; as a last resort, they broke their machines; and when brought to book by the superintendent, they put the blame on the "fool foreman." He was working them so hard, they declared, that they could not keep their machines in condition. Morris L. Cooke, one of the corps of production engineers, remembers how a machinist in the Cramp works taught him, a college-bred apprentice, the old law of industry. "Loaf when you can; when the boss is round do something," was the keystone of that law. And Cooke, under instruction from his journeyman, that he might preserve the appearance of industry, would sometimes carry a useless piece of pipe back and forth across the yard. This journeyman had a nook beside his machine wherein he loafed and invited his soul. The operator of the overhead crane, who could watch the whole shop from above, would give him a signal when the foreman was coming. Production, in short, was internecine warfare. Taylor understood from the first that methods of scientific management, which worked out so wonderfully in the laboratory and on paper, must have the consent and coöperation of the worker before they could be applied practically.

The most obvious method to accomplish this was the "piece-work" plan. But industry learned long ago the falsity of such a system. On piece-work certain operatives push far ahead of others. Their earnings become so great that they make what seems to the management an undue wage. Cuts in rate follow; the wages of the expert few reach a higher level; those of the inexpert many go down toward the starvation-point. The operatives work

not seem to worry him. He had that Scotch trader smile on his face.

The insurance people called the lookout and demanded of him why he had not sighted the derelict in time. The lookout was from southern France. He waved arms, hands, and hair, and protested passionately that it was not a derelict. With something that seemed great joy, Captain Dodd urged him on with deft questions. He drew from him a full, detailed description in the French manner. He elicited vehement estimates of length and breadth. He obtained an enthusiastic statement about the paddle-fin.

Then he winked at the underwriters and said that he guessed they could see what had been the matter with that swab of a lookout. And they shook their wise heads and agreed instantly that the sailor was either drunk or crazy, but no doubt drunk, that being traditional in cases of reptilian visions.

Captain Dodd thus got back all his money, which was satisfactory to him, no doubt. He got something else back which was worth more—his self-respect. He had not only squared up with something in the sea, but, assisted by Providential justice, he had squared up with a skeptical, emptily laughing world, even though he had to keep the joke to himself.

To-day Henry Dodd is Captain Dodd of the transatlantic liner ——. Her name is not material. Dodd is not his name, anyway.

SONG OF THE FLYERS

BY MARION COUTHOUY SMITH

WE who play with the strong winds of heaven
May be shattered by their fearful mirth;
We who for their comradeship have striven
May be tossed, like vagrant leaves, to earth:
Yet we ride, to still our mighty yearning,
On the changeful billows of their breath;
Pledge us, lest at some ethereal turning
We may meet the mist-white face of Death.

Few may hear the siren voice that calls us;
Few may follow on our perilous path,
Know the whispered menace that appals us,
When the gale's wild laughter swells to wrath.
Frail, too frail, the buoyant wings upbearing
Hearts that face the hazard of the flight.
Greet us, as we snatch our day of daring
From the very threshold of the night.

From the clasp of earth, like gods upspringing,
Rapt in the wide wonder of our dream,
In our ears the shrill wind-voices singing,
In our eyes the void's supernal gleam:
We have dared the eddying storms to bear us,
Plunged within the vortex of their strife;
Victors then, though Death himself should snare us—
We have touched the flaming verge of Life.

weighed and measured through laboratory methods. By a close and sympathetic observation alone can the manager learn the special capacities of most workmen. This observation is part of the system. In the Tabor Manufacturing Company is a middle-aged machinist earning twenty-five dollars a week who three years ago was a common laborer, shifting heavy material. A teacher perceived that he was adaptable, advanced him to a machine, taught him the motions, so that he was able to earn his bonus in a few months; from there he went on to higher and still higher classes of work.

The engineers practising scientific management have lately taken hold of the printing business, and are in process of reducing its operations to law. They found in one of the clerical positions handling balances a man who had no bent for figures. He was, however, a "reading man"; he had a passionate love for books. When they discovered this, they put him into the proof-room, gave him special night instruction, and made him a master of that craft. The present manager of another shop was a shipping-clerk. Only fairly efficient in a position requiring merely accuracy and a little deftness, he seemed to have a mind for large complexities and a "way" with men. He was tried in the management, and he went up steadily. The present superintendent of a large cotton mill entered its employ less than four years ago also as a shipping clerk. He had had no previous experience in the industry.

To overcome the natural "setness" of unthinking men has been one of the hardest human tasks for these consultants in management. Man, in the mass, is an opponent of improvement; and even the adaptable American is generally a conservative concerning his own little bailiwick. I remember—to wander far afield—the case of the Japanese strawberry farmers at Florin, in the Sacramento Valley. In that country of wide fields, the transplanted New England farmer had settled down to raising grain on large areas. Of intensive cultivation he knew nothing; his only idea of fertilizing was to let his fields lie fallow on odd years. Certain shallow lands had grown so poor by that process that the owners, to quote the local saying, "had to harvest them with a gang plow." One morning a party of Japanese approached a farmer whose soil was only three feet thick above hard pan, and asked for a lease of five acres. He closed the bargain for spot cash.

"What are you going to raise?" he asked.

"Stlawbelly," they answered.

"Strawberries at Florin!" laughed the farmer that evening in the country store. He laughed again when he saw the Japanese carting barn-yard fertilizer to their lands, digging wells, and setting up crude windmills. It was the jest of Florin. But within two years those Japanese had gone home to live on an Oriental competence, made from Florin winter strawberries.

Some such spirit of conservatism dwells in most of us; and it is specially strong in the specialized industries. No railroad man but considers himself a member of a solemn gild, possessed of an esoteric knowledge about railroading which the outsider cannot begin to grasp. Most journeymen believe that the knowledge of their trade which was hammered into them by their old foremen is the ultimate of wisdom on that branch of human endeavor. When a college-bred man with a stop-watch, a table of logarithms, and a set of formulæ comes along and proves that the old way was the wrong way, the journeyman is of the same opinion still. What can an outsider know about it, anyway? A production engineer was working with one of the chemical processes of bleaching. He found, by the exact method of the laboratory, the proper percentage for the main chemical in the solution. But the workman in charge would have none of such formulæ. He could tell, he said, when he had the right solution. How? He tasted it. He ought to know. He had been thirty years learning. The production engineer quietly took, day by day, samples of the solution which the workman's sense of taste approved. Analysis showed that they varied between three per cent. and forty per cent.

To overcome this obstinacy took patience and vast tact. No man needs more of the oil on the machinery of life than the industrial engineer. It is not work for the harsh, the unsympathetic, the impatient, the brutal. He, and the trained teachers under him, must make changes

beyond all reasonable hours or work irregularly; bad living conditions, disease, reduction of the working life, follow, until finally we arrive at conditions like those of the East Side "sweat-shops" in their most pernicious days. Industry becomes disorganized, and both sides lose.

Taylor, therefore, built on the "task system." He discovered, by the collection and correlation of data, the best and quickest method of performing any given task, discovered at what pace the average operator could apply it without injury to his immediate strength or his permanent vitality, and made that the standard. The proper task discovered in this manner, he encouraged the men to apply it by a system of bonuses. "What the workman most wants, after all," said Taylor, "is higher wages." He took as his standard the pay which the workman had been receiving under the old régime. None received less than that; but each workman who, after instruction from the teacher or foremen, learned to perform the task in the new way and in the allotted time, got a bonus. That, so far as the worker is concerned, still remains the kernel of scientific management. The bonuses, like everything else in the system, are carefully and scientifically calculated. The average maximum is sixty per cent. In some of the heavy, unskilled branches of labor, the maximum rises as high as one hundred per cent. The foreman, also, gets his bonus—so much for every workman in his gang who has mastered the system; so much more when all are up to the standard. And no man receives less than he did under the old plan. Let me repeat here what I have said before, lest scientific management be misunderstood: "speeding up" the employees, working them beyond this day's strength, to-morrow's strength, the strength for a whole life's work, is no part of the system. It plans to get a fair eight hours' work from the individual, no more, and to leave him that capacity for play in his leisure which is every man's right.

Correlative with this task system, an outgrowth of it, is the scientific selection of men. That few make their choice of vocation from natural bent is an axiom of economics. Born artists there are, born mechanics, born sailors, born builders; these few are driven by something within them to their best lines of endeavor. The rest are pawns of destiny. The average bricklayer, for example, is a bricklayer because that was his father's trade, because friends of the family offered him a good position as an apprentice, or because, when he first plunged into the world, he happened to find work on a new building. No one, he least of all, has taken natural ability much into account. Yet so subtly are men differentiated, and so wide are the processes of industry, that almost every man has his special task in the world, could he but find it. A has swift "reflexes," but a poor eye for form. It is the reverse with B. So A will be only a mediocre carpenter all his days, where he might be an expert at some of the deft machine trades; while B will prove a poor machine operator, protected from discharge by the custom of his shop, where he might be an excellent carpenter.

Within the somewhat narrow limits of the industry which it is reorganizing, scientific management endeavors to find the best capability of every man, to set him at the task for which he is best suited. The corps of efficiency engineers approaches this problem with its accustomed thoroughness, scorning no good method of test. For example, a bicycle factory, in process of reorganization, employs a corps of girls to inspect the steel balls of the bearings. The process is simple. The girls scoop a load of balls into the "troughs" of their fingers. As the balls roll off the hand, the workers pick out the faulty ones, and sort them for six different kinds of flaws. This requires a sharp eye, quick nervous reactions, and virtually nothing else. The engineer in charge gave all the regular test of the psychological laboratory for reflexes. Those who measured up to a certain standard remained in the sorting-room. Others went on to other departments, some lower, many higher. This girl was slow, but she appeared to have brains and personality; they found her a minor position with the management. This other one, also too slow for the proper task in sorting, was methodical and had a good education. She was advanced to the "planning-room," the heart and kernel of scientific management, wherein the tasks are set, the day's work prepared, the individual efforts of the day coördinated.

Human values, however, can seldom be

zled" nerves which send women weeping to bed. For her, the engineer gained an easier life; for her employer, a more willing employee, with a longer working period.

LET us now consider a little more broadly this question of human value in the system of scientific management. Perhaps the reader has already stated to himself that objection urged against it most often—that it tends to make workmen mere machines. But so, unfortunately, does all modern productive industry. The average workman is no longer constructing a complete chair or desk, from sawing the wood to polishing the varnish; he is no longer putting a little of his own personality, his own vision, into the whole product. He is repeating over and over, with mathematical exactness, one little process. He is pulling the levers of a lathe, watching that it works true to pattern, keeping it in condition. If you substitute a new and more effective way for his old, ineffective way, you do not render him any less individual; you simply make a better machine from a poorer one. By the process of scientific selection, the manager is watching each operative to find his best line of work and set him at it. Here and there, he discovers a man of exceptional taste and originality who is worthy to go to the top, there to set his individuality to work upon a whole establishment.

For art and improvement in modern industry go by a new rule; and that rule scientific management has also perceived and applied. Once there were great individual craftsmen, as Chippendale in furniture, Aldus and Elzevir in printing. They saw the process and worked with it from beginning to end. They turned out jewels and masterpieces, while the lesser hands turned out mere chairs and books, or, at best, mere imitations. Now, when no man makes all of any product for general use, when machines of greatly specialized functions turn out each its little part of a thousand replicas, the Chippendale or the Elzevir is the great planner for a whole process. And it is a final aim of scientific management to find such a man, be he in the office or at the lathe, and move him upward to the seat of his best endeavor. From this man the apostles of efficiency try to remove all burden of little detail, to leave him free for thinking, and, if need be, for dreaming.

Let me cite another example from the printing-trades. Beautiful book-work is to a great degree an art of proportion. By margins and spaces, by the subtle relations of black type-bodies to white space-bodies is it mainly differentiated from mere "commercial" work. Look at this line of type in which I now express my thought, and observe the slight differences, ranging from the wide "m" to the narrow "l" and "i," between the various letters. The variants, in some fonts of type, run as low as thousandth parts of an inch. Now, formerly, the artistic printer, in planning a title-page for example, measured by rule of eye. Until the page was "set up" he could not really judge the proportions. But Morris L. Cooke, and the others who are working with him to reorganize the printing-trades, are preparing a set of formulæ and mechanical devices by which the artist in his craft may determine exactly the line-space for any combination of words in any font or face of type. Thus the artist in typography has a new device to reduce the merely mechanical part of his labor; and by means of it he has more mind and energy left for his real work in industry.

Efficiency is a kind of religion with the corps of engineers who are working out the basic principles of industry after industry, making them operative in factory after factory. And I use the word "religion" as more than a metaphor. The "spiritual unrest" which prevails in these times has driven many to supplant or supplement the formal church creeds with working creeds of their own, looking toward a practical application, in our new, complex time, of the moral and social principles taught by Jesus of Nazareth. And these men, also, have gone at their work with this kind of spiritual fervor. Their object is not only the increase of production, but the ultimate happiness of the world—satisfied stomachs, shod feet, light hearts, untroubled souls. Each believes in the system not only as a means of industrial output, but as a means of social grace. There is a humor of the gods in two opinions I have heard from their body. One, an engineer and a sincere individualist, believes in scientific management because it anticipates "the menace of Social-

quietly and without ostentation, tacking here, trimming there, but steering always toward the point. That point once gained, the natural conservatism of man becomes not an enemy, but an ally. For, having established the habit of doing things in the new and scientific way, the journeyman holds that method for his law and gospel, as he once held the old and unscientific way.

The teacher in the monotype department of a printing-shop determined by experiment the proper height for the operator's seat. In all such operations, as all typists and pianists know, the relative position of the seat and the keyboard is most important. This teacher learned that all the women operators sat too low. He gave no orders and made no immediate changes; but every night, after the workers had gone home, he raised the seats a notch. In a few days he had the proper elevation at every machine, and he added considerably to the efficiency of his force.

Here is an example from one of the largest book-making factories in the country in process of scientific reorganization. After the sheets and the printed covers of a book leave the press, they must go through dozens of processes, both machine and hand. Formerly, each workman had a table at his elbow. As he finished his "batch," a boy carted the work to the table of the next operative. The engineer in charge devised a system of trucks, or standard carriers, on wheels. As the workman finished, a boy rolled his truck away; and another truck, loaded with the fruits of the last process, came to his hand. So, from the printed and folded sheets to the completed book, a given piece of work remained in the same carrier, and the operation of lifting and replacing the work was eliminated. Now even that change, so obviously an improvement, might have encountered opposition had it been installed in a day. The engineer did it all gradually, making his changes, for the most part, after hours. Every night, some useless piece of furniture went to the junk-room. Every morning, some workman, educated up to the change, found a carrier at his elbow instead of his old, familiar table. At last the whole shop was passing the work up by carrier instead of by hand, and a new era had arrived in one department of one mechanical process.

To get the most out of a day's work, and that without injury to the workman's permanent powers—this is the greater formula upon which the pioneers of the new régime are working. Carry the formula to its logical conclusion, and it embraces all those movements, formerly in the hands of philanthropists and charitable organizations, which seek to ameliorate working conditions. As a matter of enlightened self-interest, it incorporates the golden rule into the theory of production. If your factory be dirty and dangerous and unsanitary, your workers will be low in vitality and uncertain of nerve; and so not only do you lower their production, but you make their term of employment short, thereby diminishing those benefits of accumulated experience which form an asset in scientific management. Tuberculosis is a curse both of the printing-trades and of the native New Englander. The new management insists not only on light, air, and reasonable comfort, but it goes further. It employs a physician as a unit on the staff. It is his duty to examine the applicants for positions. The man or woman who shows a trace of tuberculosis or a disposition toward it cannot get employment in that shop. And this is not working hardship on the employee, as might seem to the shallow. It is a matter of scientific selection. For him who lives in danger of the white death, there are many out-of-door occupations; better for him, as for his employer, that he be shut out from an industry which is at best sedentary and confining. Further, the physician regularly examines the employees, that the management may detect the first symptoms of tuberculosis and kindred diseases, and may take preventive measures, such as improved living conditions or sending the invalid on out-of-doors vacations.

So, too, with "nerves." A girl in a certain lithographic establishment sat all day at a machine. Behind her passed and repassed heavily laden trucks. The aisle was so wide that she was in no danger from them; but she shrank instinctively from each of the noisy recurrences. The efficiency expert had her machine turned round, placing her beyond annoyance from the moving trucks. Her output increased twenty-five per cent.; and there was a marked diminution of the "fraz-

hope of a fairer chance. The salaried man, who has been left out of account as a "laboring man," and whose income does not increase with the cost of living, looks forward with relief to lower prices for some of the necessaries of existence. The new leaven of discontent in American life is working to some purpose.

THE CENTURY in its papers on "The Trade of the World" (the most important of which are yet to come) is presenting data concerning the predominant commercial questions of the day. Everywhere business men are considering the competition of other countries for foreign markets and what must be done to meet it. Most realize that a prime necessity is a permanent and efficient consular service. A good many perceive that we must get rid of a certain provincial contempt for foreigners, and meet them on their own ground. Some are still clamoring for the artificial method of subsidies. President Taft has shown us a more excellent way —the abolition of unreasonable barriers between peoples of similar economic and social conditions. If his policy be not indorsed, then will a moral indictment lie against the Government itself as a conspiracy in restraint of trade.

ARBITRATION ONLY LAW WRIT LARGE

A GREAT deal of ridicule has been wasted on the supposed quixotism of the advocates of world-peace, whose confidence in the ultimate triumph of their cause is thought to be a source of laughter for the gods, who, still planted on Olympus, may be supposed to pass their time in making sport of mortals. The believers in war as one of those customs

> which, having been, must ever be,

must have been heartened by the Russo-Japanese conflict (against which, by the way, there was no barrier of arbitral agreement), but they could not have got much comfort from the announcement by General Woodford, our minister at Madrid, that the war with Spain might have been avoided by diplomacy, and that everything might have been peacefully accomplished for which the violent war advocates of the yellow and near-yellow press contended. But may not the tables be turned upon those who boast of knowing "human nature" when every reference of a case to the Hague Tribunal for arbitration has probably meant the averting of a difficulty which might have been fanned into the flame of war by sensational newspapers, or sordid interests, or embarrassed politicians needing to divert public attention from their failures?

If these specific instances—such as the settlement of the difficulties between Canadian and American fishing crews—have thus been softeners of controversy, how much more of conflict may have been or may be avoided by the hundred and more obligatory arbitral agreements among the nations? While the world is marching steadily toward the largest principle of international justice through courts of arbitration, the unconvinced cry, "War! war!" but there is no war. Is it not possible that there are two kinds of "human nature"—the kind that is always on the fighting edge, and the kind that makes sacrifices for peace? The noisy jingo may not realize that the "gentle hermit" is also a force to be reckoned with. The so-called man of the world is often only a man of half the world.

But those who sincerely, disinterestedly believe it impossible to put an end to war would not for a moment aid in defeating an arbitral advance. The most they would say of it would be that it is conceived in childish ignorance of "human nature," and can do no harm. Even some of the advocates of battle-ships that wear out in a few years and of fortifications that tomorrow may be vulnerable to air-craft would not deny opportunity to try the "fad." Looking at the past with single eye, they simply find it preposterous to conceive that men will give up an agency which, as they think, has accomplished so much for the advance of civilization as armed conflict. They are somewhat like the opponent of the Universalists, who said: "Why, they believe that all men are to be saved! But we hope for better things." We are accustomed to rank among beneficent wars (Heaven save the mark!) our own great conflict between North and South, since it erased the national blot of slavery. But what if the statesmen of our first era had grappled boldly with that problem when it was a

ism." On the other hand, I have met two workmen, trained in the spirit of the system, who pin their faith in it because its stimulus of coöperation "will inevitably lead to Socialism." These diverse views illustrate only how each has put into the work the greatest social faith he has, the highest thing he knows. And all maintain that the common good is essential to the system; that unless the workman gets a better wage, easy hours, the most healthful possible sanitary conditions, it cannot succeed. The philosophic observer will not wholly indorse that. Men can pervert to their uses everything high and good, even Christianity and democracy. When, in the next decade or two, scientific management becomes the rule of all industry, there will arise able gentleman pirates, doubtless, who will pervert it to their uses and to the abuse of their workmen. The fact remains, however, that its present and permanent tendency is all toward improvement in the lot of the employee, as well as toward improvement in the output of the employer.

RECIPROCITY THE HOPE OF THE CONSUMER

WHATEVER may be said of the main question of the tariff,—the theory whether high or low duties are best for this country,—the question of reciprocity cannot be thought to be a partizan one. A principle that has had the support of four Republican Presidents, Grant, Garfield, McKinley, and Taft, and now has that of the Republican ex-President, Roosevelt, and of a large proportion of the leaders of that party, has a fair claim to orthodoxy as an article of its faith; while the support on the other side of the political fence is so overwhelming that the question, if not settled at the present short session of 1910–11, is likely to be settled, as it should be, along economic rather than political lines.

President McKinley, identified though he was with the extreme protectionist view, was shrewd enough to see that in the high-pressure development of our manufactures, over-production was the straight road to financial disaster, and that this would cast discredit upon the system he had much at heart. The home capacity to manufacture being, in general, largely in excess of the home power to consume, it was necessary to find an entrance into foreign markets, and the speech at Buffalo which was the occasion of Mr. McKinley's assassination was, it will be remembered, an elaborate and forcible plea for reciprocity as a means to this end. In the apotheosis which followed upon his tragic death, this policy was acclaimed as the height of statesmanship. His successor and the other leaders of the party swore fealty to his policies, and straightway this most prominent and cherished one was definitively shelved, and within six months there was none so poor to do it reverence.

Mr. McKinley was ahead of his time in seeing that protection must come to the complexion of reciprocity or be abandoned altogether. Whether it is too late for protection to be saved by reciprocity, it seems increasingly probable, as President Taft suggests, that this is its only hope, and it is a remarkable state of blindness on the part of some Republicans that they cannot see this. In moving for reciprocity with Canada, the President has shown foresight and statesmanship of a high order. What McKinley held as a theory, Mr. Taft is putting in practice, and he has had no difficulty in enlisting for this policy the support of the plain people. The consumer, so long between the upper and the nether millstone,—the abuses of capital and of labor,—sees in the freer interchange of products with Canada the

redemptive virtue of patriotism. During that struggle, no other country surpassed the United States in unselfish sympathy for the Italians. We harbored their exiles in the days of proscription. Citizens of Boston subscribed one of the hundred cannon that protected Alessandria from the Austrians. When the new nation was proclaimed, our Government at once acknowledged it, and sent, as the first American Minister to Italy, George P. Marsh (later, a pioneer of forest conservation), than whom she never had a truer friend or we a better ambassador. Every year since 1861 has drawn the two countries into closer relations. The bare fact that the United States now harbor a million or more of the frugal, sturdy immigrants from Italy—workers who do better than it was ever done before the indispensable manual labor on which our industrial activity is based—shows that we cannot escape from Italian influence if we would.

Many reasons besides those of commerce, however, have kept our sympathy quick. Men of generous hearts are thrilled at the sight of a gallant struggle against great odds, such a struggle as the kingdom of Italy has waged. Down to 1885, her very life seemed often in peril. Against her warred her deep-rooted past—the traditions of Guelf and Ghibelline, of medieval exuberance, and of post-Renaissance enervation. Imagine the old quarrels of White and Red Roses being revived in Congress to-day, and one can estimate what a heritage the Italians had to overcome. A deputy who, in order to persuade the Chamber, appealed to the example of Arnold of Brescia or referred to the Sicilian Vespers, was more sure to be understood than an American congressman would be who should cite to-day the Wilmot Proviso or the Ashburton Treaty. The mind of Italy had to be released from the mortmain of the past before it could welcome and apply the germinal principles of the present.

The modern democratic, constitutional system presupposes a modicum of education for each citizen. But throughout half of Italy, in 1861, nine out of ten persons could neither read nor write,—in some districts illiteracy rose to ninety-five per cent.,—hence, the imperious need of public schools. But these require money, and money was lacking. The very habit of going to school had also to be created. Modern industry requires ample capital; but, again, Italy was poor. Modern artisans and laborers must have steady habits; but idleness had been for centuries the characteristic of the Italians, whom innumerable holidays and precarious employment taught to disbelieve in work. In many places begging was actually encouraged. Now, after the transformation of fifty years, we recognize that the Italian proletariat is second to none in capacity and willingness to toil. We see the northern half of the peninsula industrially up to date, and that prosperity, though intermittent, has come. In the South, where Nature has made agriculture most difficult, progress has been slow; and yet it is a hopeful sign that evil conditions, which have always existed, are now felt to be remediable, nay, that they lie on the conscience of every ministry and of public-spirited citizens, as an obligation that cannot be dodged.

Allowing for obvious fundamental differences, there have been striking parallels between modern Italy and the United States. The problem of union has confronted both: Italy had to weld together into one state provinces which had always been disjoined; the United States had to reunite regions which civil war had put asunder. The conflict between the democratic civilization of our North and the former patriarchism of our South was hardly keener than that between liberal and feudal Italy. And our negro problem has its duplicate in their backward, un-Italian Southern population, with the difference that the progress of the negroes has been much greater than that of the Sicilians.

For both countries, a generation of prose has followed the poetic glow kindled by a war for national existence. Economic questions, social questions, municipal questions have pressed hard on both, and the Italians have handled them quite as well as we. What American finance minister has equaled Quintino Sella? Rapid industrial expansion, and the hectic stimulation of a high tariff, have led in both countries to inflation, extravagance, and waste. The emergence of plutocracy has been common to both. While the United States has been striving to Americanize the immigrants that pour in here

small one, instead of leaving it to well-nigh destroy the nation they were founding? A little arbitration then might have been determinative of our fate in a happier sense. As it is, the responsibility of that horror must rest forever upon the short-sightedness of our first generation of leaders, the great men of Washington's time, North and South.

And what is there so utopian about the movement for universal peace through arbitration? What is it but the extension of the bailiwicks of justice, the abolition of frontiers in the functions of law. If it be asserted that absolute justice is not so to be arrived at, the reply is that it seldom is, even in courts and very rarely, if ever, by war itself, and that civilization consists in the agreement of citizens in cases of disputed rights to abide by the decisions of judge or jury even at a sacrifice of absolute justice. What gives force to the law is the power of public opinion behind it. When a man takes the law into his own hands he forfeits the sympathy of his fellows. The same will one day be true of nations. International public sentiment will be as lively to repress or punish the offender as it will be effective to give substantial justice. Does any one complain now of the Geneva Award or of the Fisheries Award? The sense of wrong usually perishes when one's case has been fairly heard and the affair has become *res adjudicata.*

If some portion of Mr. Carnegie's princely gift of $10,000,000 to promote the cause of peace (which, we believe, is first to go to the codification of International Law) can be used to educate the world as to this analogy, and as to the extraordinary good that is being accomplished by the first steps in arbitration, it will prove the most useful of his gifts. Granted that our coast is undefended against an enemy in war: its wisest defenders are not the advocates of unlimited battle-ships and forts, but those who are laboring to reduce to a minimum of danger the difficulties that may arise. The old order changeth. We are living in a new era of world intercourse, and the sense of honor and responsibility among nations, which was never more acute, must be relied upon to lead them along the path of peace, which is also that of enlightened self-interest.

OUR NEIGHBOR ITALY

APROPOS OF HER SEMI-CENTENARY

ON March 14, 1861, the first Italian Parliament, by a unanimous vote, proclaimed Victor Emmanuel "King of Italy." A few persons, still bound by the immemorial traditions of the peninsula, wished the title to be "King of the Italians"; but Cavour insisted upon "Italy," because, as he said, Italy meant at last a great fact. For a thousand years there had been Italians, but not until that spring of 1861 did Italy, as an independent nation, begin to exist.

We can hardly realize now the wonder mingled with admiration with which the world had watched the achieving, in less than two years, of that unity and freedom which was the ideal of Dante and had been the dream of Italians for five centuries. In April, 1859, Italy was indeed merely the geographical expression for seven unrelated states, among which Piedmont alone enjoyed a parliamentary government. All the rest were despotisms more or less absolute; all the rest, directly or indirectly, looked to Austria for protection. In March, 1861, Italy was entirely free except a little strip of Papal territory guarded by French troops, and Venetia, which Austria clung to with a desperate grasp. As if by magic, the old régime had dissolved. The incredible alliance of France and Piedmont, brought about by the genius of Cavour, and resulting in the campaign of Solferino, the bloodless revolutions of the Center, the salvation of Tuscany through Ricasoli's unflinching steadfastness, the legendary exploits of Garibaldi and the Thousand, who, screened by Cavour from foreign interference, overthrew Bourbon rule in the Two Sicilies—these events seemed to contemporaries to be of epic glory, as in truth they were. Jaded Europe, oppressed by her inheritance of ancient injustice and sorrows, sick at heart from hopes deferred, skeptical after a thousand disillusions of any relief, appeared suddenly to stand on the threshold of a golden age.

> Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
> But to be young was very heaven.

Peoples, like individuals, may be saved in many ways. The miracle which wrought the national regeneration of Italy was the

The most adhesive objection I ever heard applied to foot-ball was made by the lecturer who pointed out that it is not a man's game. He thought it a great waste of muscle to work so hard in learning the forward pass and tackles-over, seeing one can never use any of it after graduation day. It would be much better, he maintained, to acquire the technic of those sports which one can practise right on into his second boyhood, such as golf and fly-fishing.

The argument sounds convincing; and in this category of men's sports I would give cookery a high rank. For the ordinary man, cooking is always a real diversion. It is a change. It is just as much of a change as leaving the office to play golf, and more of a change than going to the club to play draw-poker.

Cookery requires skill, intelligence, and considerable training. It combines in the most favorable ratio the requisites of manual dexterity with mental aplomb and moral self-control. These are precisely the qualities that make a man's game out of billiards, or a man's sport out of duck-shooting, automobiling, or bull-fighting.

Your wife might be shocked to see me liken cookery to bull-fighting; but I speak of it as a man's sport, not as a woman's vocation.

A year ago last summer my old camp-mate Wagoner and I spent our vacation in the far Canadian woods. We went fifty miles north of the last settlement, established ourselves in an abandoned lumberman's shack, and stopped for six weeks of the most glorious leisure. There was a riotous surfeit of the usual forest sports—still-fishing and bait-casting on the lakes, fly-fishing in the rivers, partridge-shooting in the woods, blueberrying in the opens, with big game, like bear and moose, always within hearing. Yet the one thing which looms largest and pleasantest in the memories of that supernal six weeks is not the big fish we caught, not even the bigger ones that escaped, but the daily cookery.

Oh, the delights of that camp cuisine! We had with us an ample supply of salt pork. Now, every experienced man-camp-cook knows that salt pork in camp is better than porterhouse with mushrooms at a city hotel. Yet the salt junk was used principally only to season the trout, the salmon, and the partridges. We had a big strip of real Canadian bacon, as fine as the best Irish bacon, and not in any wise to be compared with the coarse, flabby substitute which goes by the same name in the States. And we had our dried Julienne, our bag of beans, our condensed milk, our corn-meal, plenty of white flour, and everything eatable and delectable that the most unreasonable gourmet could suggest. With such equipment, what more pleasing game could there be than to cater to two woodsmen's appetites?

It was a fairly strenuous game, too. There was as much real exercise involved as in a set of tennis. We had to do everything for ourselves: cut the wood, set up the stove, find the water, get out the hardware, and wash the dishes; for dishwashing is an essential part of cookery considered as a man's sport.

Did you ever bake bread in a frying-pan beside a camp-fire in the rain? Did you ever fry "flapjacks" and make the salt pork "dope" to go with them? Did you ever manufacture a blueberry pudding in a condensed-milk can? Did you ever spend a day in concocting a kettle of pea soup *à la Canadienne?* If you have done these things, you know what the acme of sport is. You have an inkling, even if you have only seen others do them; but the only man who gets the thick cream of camp-life is the one who does the cooking.

I have dwelt on camp-cookery merely to show the sporting element in its plainest and least deniable form. Thousands of honest men have wondered, coming home from the woods, if those same camp inventions, cooked with the same crude art in their own kitchens, would have any of the zest and poignant appeal which they have amid the smoke and dirt and mosquitos on the banks of the Batiscan. Many of them have never dared try it. In some establishments there is an insuperable hired cook in the way. In other plainer and happier households, where Madam orders the kitchen, there are difficulties still. There are few wives so kind and indulgent as mine, to be sure. *Ça va sans dire.*

But the main stumbling-stone is that the poor, stupid man takes his cookery too seriously. He does not think of it as a legitimate sport. Indeed, his deadly fear is that his wife will make sport of it; his children, too; or perhaps his mother-in-law. So he is

faced down before he begins, and he never learns that kitchen-cookery is just as much a man's play as camp-cookery is.

The other evening I went with my social manager to make a call on the Bellamays. I had known Bellamay for years as a much preoccupied business man, and I had sometimes wondered how he could keep up the grind. But now it is all as plain as day, for we found him in the kitchen, with his camp-clothes on, making pumpkin pies! I see now why his business runs so well. I see why he does not need golf. I see why he does not stay at the club and play pool. I see why the Bellamays live happily together.

There are wives, I hear, who would like to know how to keep their husbands at home. Unquestionably a fundamental reform would be worked in such families by introducing the wayward husbands to the sport of cookery.

In my own case, it began during the first year of married life, and in a somewhat unusual way. I had been prostrated by a long and severe fever, and this was being followed by the usual sort of convalescence. Though I was still incapable of serious work, I had the symptomatic, insatiable appetite. Besides, the reflux of strength made life look bright, and I wanted to play. I just needed some good, sane, homely man's game; not foot-ball nor hockey, but, in short, cookery. So this thoroughly amiable girl with whom I live, then quite ignorant of the management of husbands, allowed me to cater at once to my own gustatory delirium and to my play impulse in her kitchen.

I remember well the vegetable soup of the first course. Those were the days when beef extract was new, and we made the "stock" according to the directions in "Culinary Wrinkles." We had a famous garden, with all kinds of vegetables growing in it, and I had the chance to experiment with horse-radish, gumbo, and dill. Just here we discover one of the great sporting features in cookery—the enticement and uncertainty of experiment. Now, a woman's vocational cooking follows her favorite cook-book. It is scientific, exact, mechanical. There is nothing left to chance. But a sure thing is not a game. There is no fun in billiards or fishing or camp-cookery if one is quite certain from the start just what the end is going to be. One must hazard something.

Even to this day my patient and long-wonted helpmate does not fully understand why I eschew the cook-books and refuse to measure the flour and milk when I make biscuits. But you, as a tutor in the Sauve-qui-Peut Preparatory School, looking at things with the mind of the sportsman, you will understand.

As I grow older, I find cookery more and more fascinating and more fit to be a substitute for tennis and mountain-climbing. This is the great test. This shows it is truly a man's sport. If one can grow old with it, and like it better all the time, and find it more absorbing and congenial, then it is like the good lady who permitted it from the first.

Beginning early is a great point, however. I presume every preparatory school—yours included—has its chafing-dish electives, practised by the boys on the sly. But why should it not be regarded as a useful and legitimate part of one's artistic education? At least, boys should begin in college. Otherwise they may not have the nerve to begin when the strangeness of the honeymoon has put them at a disadvantage with the whole created world.

To refer to my own case still again, I may say that the children have grown up to it, and do not mind it. They have never known anything different. To eat a mess of papa's cookery is nothing strange, and so it is not a hardship. Indeed, they naturally like it. The spirit of play is overpowering in child-life. The game is the thing. They like the sport, the uncertainty, the unexpected results. Besides, they have fearless and fearful appetites, always ready to do me a compliment. And then they have a charity which suffereth long and is kind. It is touching at times to observe the stiff loyalty with which they stand up for papa's excelsior meat-pie or his rumptifoo canapés. I often think with solicitude that my girls may some day tell their patient husbands of certain dishes "not like father used to make." Only I hope they will have the grace to introduce those husbands first to the manly sport of cookery.

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Frank A. Waugh.

ON THE POETRY THAT IS N'T A POEM

From an Amateur of Verse to a Young Writer, with Something about the Sonnet

My dear Arthur:

I have read them all, as I promised, though I did n't know how many there were to be. However, if there had been ten times as many, I should have been glad to keep my word—not merely on the general principle of an old-fashioned code that still holds to the sanctity of a promise (even in a marriage ritual), but also because I never can forget your beloved father's kindnesses to me at the university. What a delight it is to be able at least to *try* to repay such benefits to the second generation! Believe me, my dear boy, you have not in the least "imposed" upon me in asking my judgment and advice about your work, and fortunately I have leisure for such an avocation as reading poetry, making it a rule, or, rather, a custom, before I go to bed to read something by one of the good poets, if it be only a few lines. And then I have the advantage of never having written verse myself, though others might call this a disqualification. Again, you and I read so much together that winter at Capri, and I so liked your taste, that I feel in a sense responsible for your devotion to poetry.

First of all, I 'm glad to see that you take the matter seriously. Unless poetry is pursued as an art, it should not be pursued at all. It is nothing to be ashamed of before the Philistines. When I see the toleration or contempt in which some people hold good poetry, I remember the remark of a distinguished Italian teacher of dramatic singing on first seeing a young girl who had come to try her voice: "Look up, my child! Hold yourself erect! Look noble! Be proud of yourself!" And so, recognizing your sincerity and your poetic feeling, I say, Have no false shame before others in your employment in the art of arts. And yet at the club even the painters and the sculptors who freely discuss their own or one another's latest canvas or cast, would consider it shockingly conceited if a poet so well recognized as W—— or C—— were to pull out a sonnet or a lyric, and offer it for discussion! I presume this is because poetry is the most personal of the arts. They order these things better in France.

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emerge and take form from the mist—yes, *form*. That 's it: you must study form. Your verse does n't have adequate direction, relation, beginning, middle, and end, relief, contrast, progression, climax. If I did not recognize in these manuscripts a distinct poetic quality, I should not think it worth while to speak of all this, for the study of form cannot make a poet. However, it may inspire to expression. Rachel, you remember, attributed her power of interpretation of the classic drama to the inspiration which as a young girl she derived from the study of the Greek sculptures in the Louvre.

In general, I find one characteristic of much American verse to be a formlessness amounting to flabbiness. In two of the most widely circulated of our poets—and they *are* poets—I often find, so to speak, a failure to "jell." They seem to have tired of their own enterprise, and not to value the opportunity which every line offers of beauty and effectiveness. I wonder if they have not been hearing too much music. I should say that music is a fine inspiration for the poetic mood or movement, but very poor for form.

Now, there is one kind of poetic composition which I was surprised not to find among your work; and this is all the more odd because everybody seems to be busy with it—the sonnet. The editor of any one of the prominent literary magazines will tell you that he receives at least a thousand sonnets a year; some of them have the offer of three times as many! And out of all these how many do you suppose are genuine sonnets—not merely fourteen-line poems? Is it regrettable that the poets have taken to this somewhat artificial type? Not at all, if they would only use the mold as one to conform to, and not merely something to depart from at will. For, as an exercise in form, nothing is better. You see, my dear Arthur, I am saying all this because I am going to recommend you to try your hand at it.

But in order that you may get any benefit from it, you must know what the sonnet is. I have therefore transcribed for you, and inclose, Leigh Hunt's "Rules of the Sonnet," which every magazine in the country should republish. Study these and steep yourself in the great sonnets of the Italian, English, and American anthologies; but bear in mind that where you have to choose between the two, a spontaneous and effective poetic thought is better than absolute perfection of form. ("Touch the crude line with fear," said Bryant, a too little appreciated poet, by the way.) Thomas Bailey Aldrich, himself a writer of beautiful sonnets, as Editor of "The Atlantic" was a stickler for the Italian method, and I believe would have rejected a sonnet in the English form from Shakspere himself rather than call it such; for he declared that to be nothing but four quatrains and a couplet. But to me it makes little difference what the label is, if your lines have the true ring, if they touch the imagination and the heart, if, as Emerson says, they

> "charm me,
> Bid my bread feed and my fire warm me."

This is all I have time to write now. When I see you I 'll have something more appreciative to say in detail.

Faithfully yours,

Alfred T. Brooke.

[*Inclosure*]

RULES OF THE ITALIAN SONNET

The sonnet, then, in order to be a perfect work of art, and no compromise with a difficulty, must in the first place be a Legitimate Sonnet after the proper Italian fashion; that is to say, with but two rhymes to the octave, and not more than three in the sestette.

Secondly, it must confine itself to one leading idea, thought, or feeling.

Thirdly, it must treat this one leading idea, thought, or feeling in such a manner as to leave in the reader's mind no sense of irrelevancy or insufficiency.

Fourthly, it must not have a speck of obscurity.

Fifthly, it must not have a forced rhyme.

Sixthly, it must not have a superfluous word.

Seventhly, it must not have a word too little; that is to say, an omission of a word or words, for the sake of convenience.

Eighthly, it must not have a word out of its place.

Ninthly, it must have no very long word, or any other that tends to lessen the number of accents, and so weaken the verse.

Tenthly, its rhymes must be properly varied and contrasted, and not beat upon the same vowel,—a fault too common with very good sonnets. It must not say, for instance, *rhyme, tide, abide, crime;* or *play, gain, refrain, way;* but contrast *i* with *o*, or with some other strongly opposed vowel, and treat every vowel on the same principle.

Eleventhly, its music, throughout, must be as varied as it is suitable; more or less strong, or sweet, according to the subject; but never weak or monotonous, unless monotony itself be the effect intended.

Twelfthly, it must increase, or, at all events, not decline, in interest, to its close.

Lastly, the close must be equally impressive and unaffected; not epigrammatic, unless where the subject warrants it, or where point of that kind is desirable; but simple, conclusive, and satisfactory; strength being paramount, where such elevation is natural, otherwise on a level with the serenity; flowing in calmness, or grand in the manifestation of power withheld.

From "The Book of The Sonnet," by Leigh Hunt.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

BALLADE OF THE DISTRACTED HOUSEWIFE

BY JULIA BOYNTON GREEN

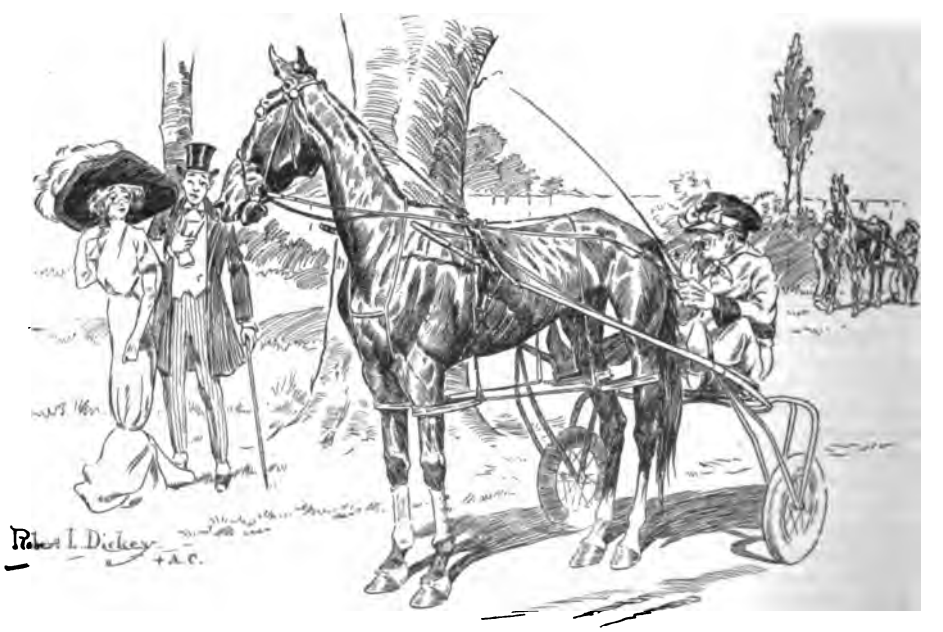
WHAT! no meat in the cupboard? Fie!
Butter low, and terrible toll
Levied on cheese, a morsel of pie,
An olive or two, cold soup in a bowl,
A fig, and a doughnut. Upon my soul!
And what shall I give them for luncheon, pray?
I 'd planned such a beautiful casserole;
But where is the mutton of yesterday?

How *can* they eat so? Appetites! My!
Hungry as bears at the frozen Pole.
"Dinner ready? We 're starved!" while I
Would gladly fast and go for a stroll.
Oh, for the aid of some friendly troll,
With tempting food on a magic tray!
Luncheon-time, of their hopes the goal.
And where is the mutton of yesterday?

Here 's part of a fondu, fallen and dry,
Gingerbread burned to a nauseous coal:
Seems to me Hannah does n't half try.
I find it certainly far from droll.
I teach and flatter and chide and cajole,
But whatever I do and whatever I say,
Bills go soaring beyond control.
Where is the mutton of yesterday?

ENVOY

Cooks a-many with learned scroll
Guide our steps on this toilsome way,
But *"ex-nihilo"*—what 's the whole?
Where is the mutton of yesterday?



Drawn by Robert L. Dickey

HORSE SENSE

THE HORSE: I can't understand why people should wear hobbles unless they have to.

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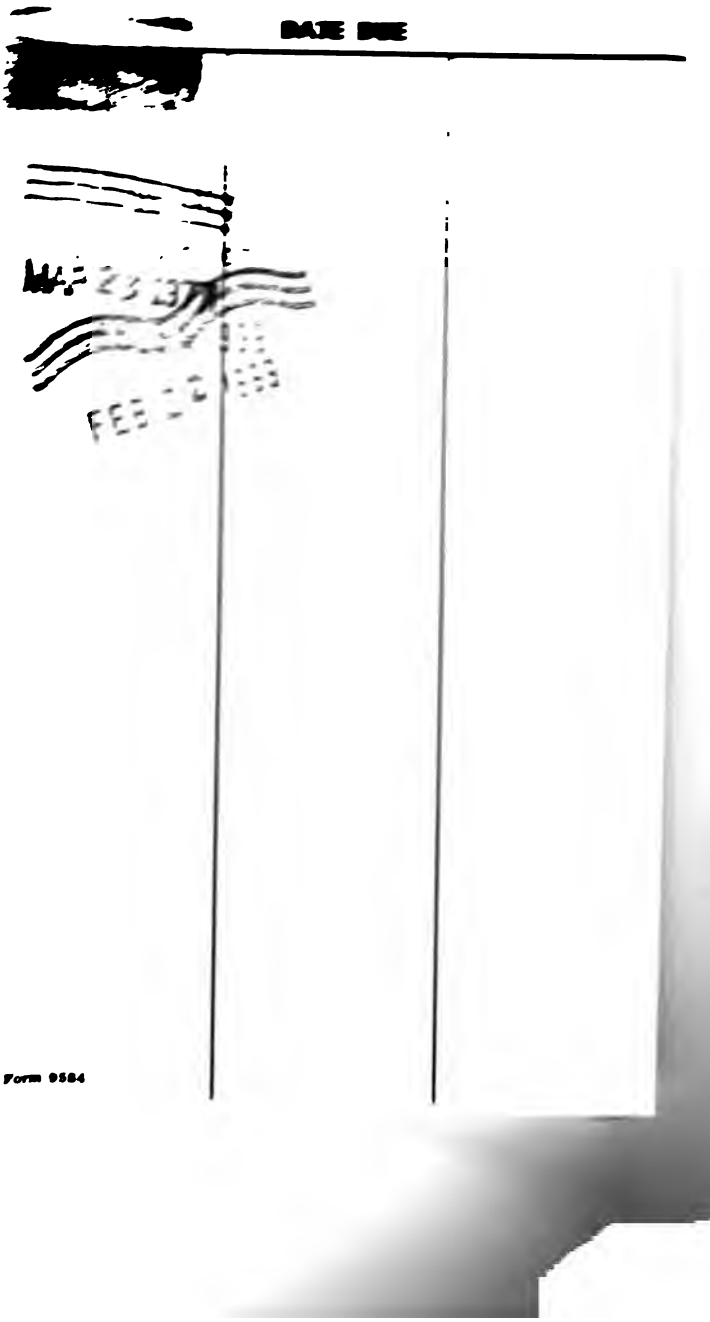

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